

THE KEYS ARE UNDER THE
MILK CAN
EXCERPTS FROM THE DIARIES OF
CITIZEN
JONATHAN SOURS



A COLLECTION OF
HUMOROUS AND NOT SO HUMOROUS: MUSINGS,
OBSERVATIONS, CONSIDERATIONS, THOUGHTFUL
REFLEXIONS, MISOGYNIST REMARKS, ASSORTED LOOSE
CANNONS , MINI MANIFESTOS, SOMEWHAT INTERESTING
ANECDOTES, **SELECT SEX TIPS** FOR BALD GUYS, and more
than a few not quite ... MINI MEIN KAMPFS!
THE STRUGGLES OF A PERHAPS “NOT QUITE”
FULL TIME LUNATIC
FRED POHLMAN

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• FOREWORD •

*Most of what you will read here in 'Keys', was written
between 2003 and 2008 .*

*Since I wrote these 'shorts', I have written a good many
more, and so I may put out another PDF edition of this
book which will include those materials concerning more
recent events more familiar to those born before the turn
of the century..*

*And oh yes....Concerning Jonathan Sours?
He's just 'one' of my alter egos! If there's anything you
personally find offensive here... Please, write to him!*

Nuff said!

F.P...or Jonathhh...Ohhh, well...

...Whatever!

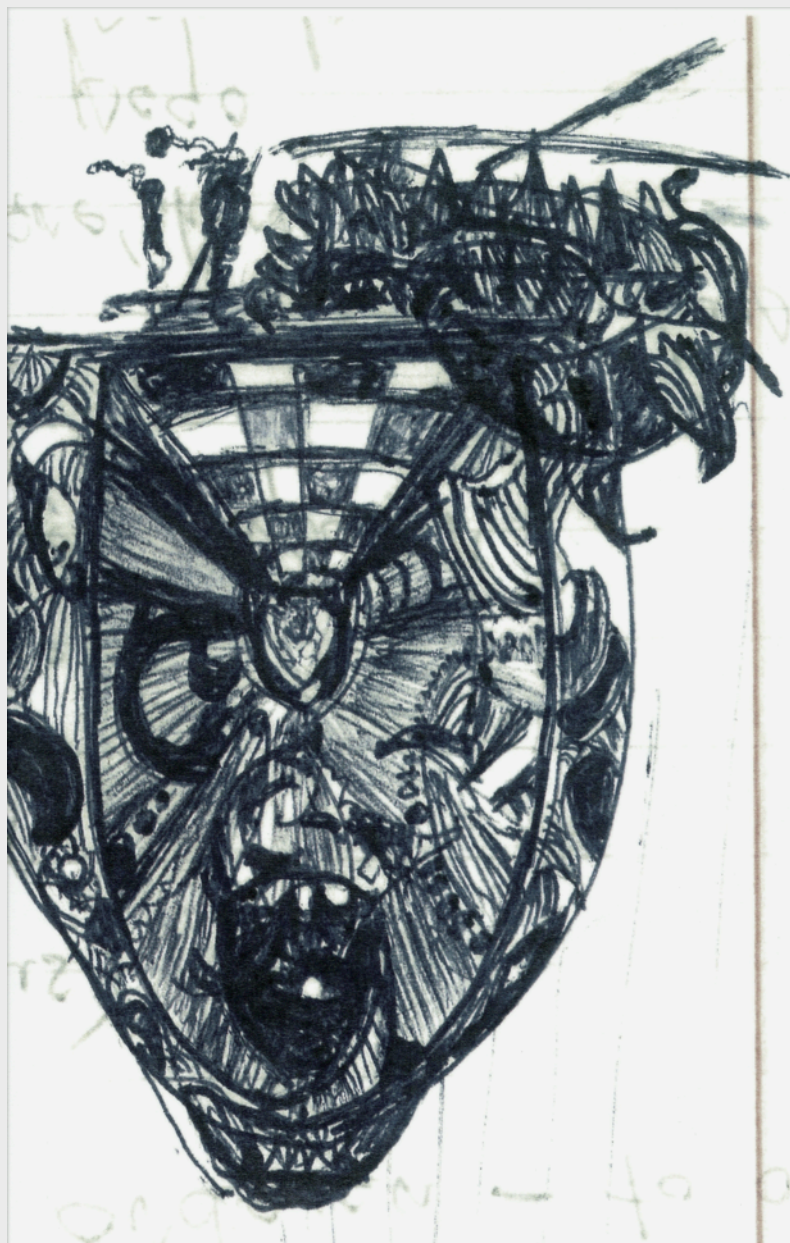
• DEDICATION •

*This book is dedicated to my good friend
Shel Silverstein,
who once told me that the most
important thing in his life were children
and, also that everything he ever wrote
of any worth, was written while laying
on his back in bed.*

F.P.

(alias)

Jonathan Sours



The Keys

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HUMOROUS AND NOT SO HUMOROUS:
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The Personals

I used to be really quite naive about things like the personals. I really thought you could meet someone like

that. It all seemed so perfect in that you could just put an ad in the paper telling the world what you were like and then get thousands of calls. Well, that was before I fully realized the fact that sperm was cheap and that eggs are expensive on the Planet Hell.

I really should have known better **after the first ad**

I placed in the New York Village Voice.

I advertised that I was a Willy Shakespeare look alike and that I had inner stuff to match.

Well, you can guess where that one went! So anyway, years later I thought that I would try again with the Yahoo Personals.

I posted an absolutely great photo of myself and I wrote that I was a playwright, poet, composer and painter. I mentioned that I lived ‘theeeee’ life that I chose to live and that I would be willing to share everything I had in this world with the right gal. I didn’t ask for more than she be goodhearted, physically fit and in good health. Well, out of the hundreds of thousands if not millions of people that are on the Yahoo Personals, I got one response in six months...and you *don’t* want to know about her.

Sooooo...I thought I would try something different...and this is what I came up with. This was the very last ad that I sent in to Yahoo.

About me:

First thing I gotta say is that the girl for me has gotta have at least one good breast and a color TV. Just wanted to get that out of the way. So, now, Let’s go ! Well , I hate all Music and Artistic things except for Gangsta’ Rap and my Worlds Greatest Hungarian Accordion solo's collection, so there won’t be any fights over ‘taste’ or anything like that. I am fairly stable (though I have to take some medication for a slight mental condition.” I love animals, and I collect mice from all over the world. (Although sometimes I can't tell the difference between the exotic one's and the regular ones that run around the apartment...) Religion? Fuggitaboutit... Hallelujah, Halleluiah, Yabba dabba Yippie ei o ki ay Amen. Is that good enough for ya?



And my philosophy? Life is like your colostomy bag! You gotta deal with it , but... there's nothing smells so bad in life that a little squirt of that Strawberry stuff that you hang from the rear view mirror in your Buick, won't help. As for kids? I don't think so, bad bad idea; but look at it on the positive side, there won't be any fighting over the good breast then.

So... If you hate truth and beauty like I do, and your idea of a great evening is to sprawl out on the couch together with some big bags of chips a half gallon of Haagen-Daz, some crackers and can's of cheese whiz, or maybe even just some Malomars and Twinkie's and a nice bottle of Ol' Smuggler (and some matches of course) watching endless hours of NFL football or a great collection of Saturday morning cartoons on video, then you may be the lucky gal for me. I'll be lookin'' for your email next time I get computer privileges here at the State Penn.

About you... If you are between 18 and 40 and have at least one good breast and a decent ass, AND ..You don't have a problem with mice or roaches. OR colostomy bags, OR my beer can collection (221,841 cans strong)..OR my Worlds Greatest Hungarian Accordion Solo's collection...And ...You can hold your liquor AND your favorite apostle is Paul, and you don't mind an occasional patronizing pat on the buns, and have some nice wheels, maybe we can work something out! No I'm not Mr. Right... He was here before, so any resemblance to that Philosophical Composer Playwright painter Mary girl sissy boy's photo is purely coincidental. If you have a photo of those wheels by the way; I 'd be much obliged! Thanks.

The "Dishwasher"

Of course the ad was immediately rejected by Yahoo....Tsk tsk....Such prudes!!!!

Before we go any further here... First a few testimonials as to my pristine character from some of my neighbors up her in woods... I got them all to put in a few...Hmm.... good words for me, and so first...is Beuford...he is a bit opinionated ...but he means well... and so...!

Beuford



[https://youtu.be/ uaE9Rj XcM](https://youtu.be/uaE9RjXcM)

And this a testimonial from
my neighbor **Thurston Furmore**

...

a 60's burnout ex-pat from
the West Village..Well hey
... Ya' know...I promised him...
gotta go with it now!

On PDF copies

[Click Here](#)



Thurston Furmore Testimonial

On Airplanes

1. I usually fly economy class, even when I can upgrade to fly Business Class. There are almost never any interesting people in first and business class, and all the good-looking women are always in the cheap seats.
2. Did you ever land at the airport in Hong Kong? They got this one runway with all of these really big tall buildings right on both sides of the runway with wash hanging off the balconies, but, you can't see the runway so you think the plane is crashing into the middle of the city. You're absolutely totally convinced that you're gonna die. It's *very* exciting.
3. Are you ever sitting over by the wing when you are landing and then when the pilot puts on the **reverse thrusters**, the spoilers go up and you can see all the gizmos inside the wing? I think they should can that. It looks like an industrial nightmare inside there with all those gears and gadgets with dirty oil all over them. I say.. “**never** show the passengers ‘greasy airplane guts’, it can only serve to upset them”.

True fact:

I went out on the streets of New York a few times and did interviews from a questionnaire I made up to see just how much people knew about the world and the universe they lived in. I asked simple questions like, “Do you know how far away the sun and the moon are; approximately? When I asked one gal about the distance to the sun and got an answer of about 100 miles also, I then asked about the moon. She (a valley girl type) looked a bit confused for a moment and then remarked, “Aren't they ...the same thing? Isn't it like... the sun in the day and then the moon at night?” Nobody knew what a galaxy was, and many people thought that stars were just lights. What was most incredible was the fact

that many of them were college graduates. **Now...am I *missing* something here**, or am I living in ...perhaps... **a world of morons?**

One good thing about it though, it's a great way to meet *exceptionally* beautiful women.

On my shit list

1. Those people who have a problem with people with cell phones . I say.. **Get a life....** Here is an opportunity to get your fat ass out of the house or the office and you have a problem with it? My God, they're wonderful! Now I don't have to wait at home for a call and I can take my notebook out to the park and work there if I want. And if you are one of these bozos , please don't give me this “ Oh , I don't want to be reached” crap.” It's called an “on – off ” switch. If you don't want someone to reach you pal, **turn it OFF**...Rocket science here folks!

The American journalists I recently saw being interviewed on a news station in Mexico City. When asked why the American media refused to address the question as to where the weapons of mass destruction were, the New York Times Washington office rep said something like : “Well the subject is not *newsworthy*. When pressed further he said, “Well, anything like that right now would be considered unpatriotic. Jeeze....is this the beginning of the end or what...????

You can almost ‘*always*’ tell a religious group from a distance when you see them in the streets or airports. It seems that they're always trying to keep the group together. It's as if one of them were to break away from the herd, they might get mugged or lose their faith or something. The women all dress the same, usually in pastels. The men often look identical with shirts and ties, and it seems there is always some character there with a strange name like “Midge”.

I don't know about you but I say **lets keep an eye on these ‘Midge’ characters.**

***Select* Sex tip for bald Guys**
289

Whenever your ‘rug’ starts to resemble either :
A helmet or a wet or dead animal...OR...
takes on the appearance of one of Howard Cosell's or William Shatner's toupees....
it is time to consider hanging out by the elevator on the lobby floor of your next prospective wig and toupee vendor.

Cars

I NEVER trust anyone who puts a leather jockstrap on the front of his car, and neither should YOU.

RESTAURANTS

‘Medallions’ of beef! What in the hell is that all about? I don’t eat in restaurants that serve ‘Medallions’ of anything. Anytime I ever did, the food was terrible, the place was expensive and everybody seemed to have a stick up his or her ass. I say: “Never eat in any place so pretentious as to have to need to compare the cooked flesh of another sentient being with a badge of honor”.

FOREIGN COUNTRIES

When I travel to foreign countries, **I rarely speak to the Americans** anymore, especially in Mexico. They always exaggerate about their experiences with the water or bandits or some such nonsense. I have been going there 4 or 5 times a year for the last 27 years, and I still haven’t seen one of these famous ‘banditos’ that all these ex-pats talk about all the time. Where are they? I am still waiting. And, I always hear all these stories about the Mexican police and how evil they are. Well, they are always nice to me, and so polite. They will even invite you for dinner sometimes. And this crap about Mexicans trying to sell their little sister to you. What kind of bullshit is that? Ex-pat gringos would have you believe that there is no law and order in Mexico. The reason that they propagate these stories , is because their own lives there are so empty that they have nothing better to do than to sit around in places with names like “Harry’s Bar” and make this crap up all day long. None of them speaks more than a hundred words of Spanish even after they have lived there for many years.

Ex-patriots? I say “avoid ‘em”! When they call out to you from ‘Harry’s’ and say “ Hey Brother...speak English ?”....Just look perplexed and answer... Russky! Nyet!!! Ruussia speaking....Not In-ga-lish.

Questions for Bush: (and oldie here)

Hey there Mr. Prez , got a question for ya! Since it was testified of in front of congress recently that a quantity of radioactive Cobalt 60 the size an ordinary lead pencil coupled up with some ordinary TNT and detonated in lower Manhattan would render the island of Manhattan permanently unusable from Battery Park to as far north as Central Park. **AND** that it would of course have to be permanently evacuated, **AND** the fact that it would then have to be entirely entombed in concrete **AND** that there are many hospitals in places that you have recently ‘liberated’, like Iraq and Afghanistan that have machines for treating cancers that do in fact have a least that much Cobalt 60 as the active element of their makeup **AND** considering all of this Mr. President, I just sort of want to make sure that you uhhh ...how should I say....considered? That maybe there might be a possibility of a say...uh..looting?... of hospitals ?...by terrorists?????... **You did have that covered, right?** That’s all for now Mr. President...Oh... and yes , just one more question Mr. President! Do you know uhhh...how close is the sun?

On the subway

Have you ever been on the platform of a subway station and seen a puddle of something slippery like ice cream or greasy food? Doesn’t it occur to anyone but me that someone could fall there and go under the wheels of the train? Sometimes it’s just a soda bottle that some Einstein leaves there....Wait...what am I saying ..if everyone sees it there , then EVERYONE is leaving it there for someone to possibly trip on...! Well, anyway, then when you go to clean up the mess?... Everyone looks at you like you’re crazy!

Me..???????...if you want to find me, I’m the fool cleaning it up. How do I know that *I’m* a fool ? It’s easy to tell, cause everyone is laughing and rolling their eyes at me.

It’s called **‘Community’** folks! Let’s *get* with the program.

Death Wish List:

All phony smily politico guys

All... valley girls.

Most blonds...

Almost *any* woman named “Dawn”

‘Anyone’... who rolls their eyes for *any* reason ***whatsoever!***

Sex Tip for bald guys

No. 227

...Nothing... looks worse than a heavy gold chain

on a perfectly tanned ‘bleep’ over 50 years old, **especially if he’s bald** , wearing a toupee or has comb over.

NOTHING...!

In the Restaurant:

Do you ever encounter these ‘functionaries’, who work at institutions, where when you make a complaint about something, they look at you like you’re homeless or crazy? For example , you’re at a restaurant....

“is everything all right tonight”?

“Well, the soup is so salty that I can’t eat it”

“well... sir, no one else has ever complained about our soup”

“Well , I’m just saying....taste it and...”

“I don’t have to taste it sir....”

“Well, tell me then! Why did you bother to ask if everything was OK?”

Or have you ever had them come out with a bottle of wine that they recommended? They come out and bring it with a towel wrapped around it like it was some vintage Lafitte Rothschild , and then they pour you a taste, and it’s just pure swill....**PURE**...swill! So, you tell them that the wine is no good and you don’t want it.

“Well , sir you have to take it”

“No I don’t...”

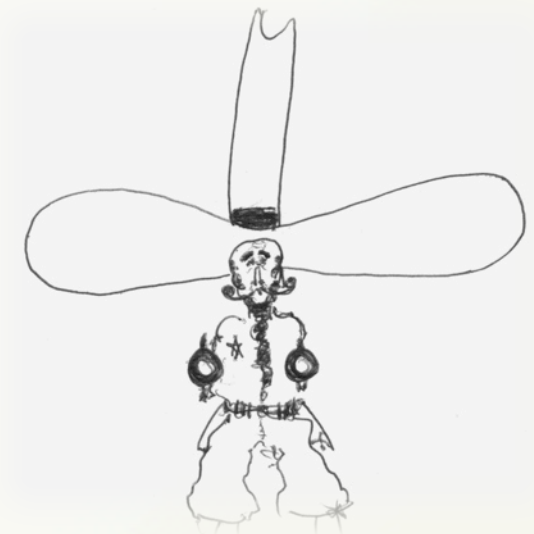
“ Well no one else has ever turned it down”

“ Well now you have one person that did, and hey! I have a great idea waiter...why don’t you take this bottle of swill home with ‘you’ and I’ll pay for it. Bring me the check and how about I don’t eat here anymore and you are out the \$3000.00 in business I do in here every year?”

Actually, this usually only happens in restaurants that I am eating in for the first time.

Although I’ve stopped the practice, **I used to leave an extra big tip** when the service was unusually bad. When questioned about it by either the person with me or sometimes even the waiter themselves, I would reply that incredible fucking morons have an extra hard time making their way through the world and can always use the extra funds. For those that doubt... I swear it... I have really done this.

It’s sad sometimes, when I go away from New York for a long time and then come back and see all the people walking down the street all so full of themselves.



On the subject of News?



Do you realize that a nation can be held captive by just ONE...
sicko like Rupert Murdoch? He has more control over a population far greater than the Ancient Pharaohs had
over Egypt... Does this populace need a Moses to set them free?
Perhaps, we can liken the FOX channels to that which presented such a problem for the actual Moses in his time..
And what was that?
'The Fleshpots of Goshen' as it's described in the literature...
Well, it seems they do!

A while back I decided to start monitoring creeps like Shawn Hannity, Rush Limbaugh and that
absolutely pathetic **Wiener**...what's his stage name...? Oh yeah... **Michael Savage!!!!** I have

gotten into the habit now of turning them on while I am on errands in the car. What I do is I toggle between Public Radio and the Right Wing FOX
affiliate extremist whacko nut job station which up here in the mountains is AM 810 on the dial. At first I would just check them out for a few
minutes and then turn the radio off completely and analyze the twisted logic behind their rants. As it is now though, their techniques are so
completely transparent to me that I just monitor in order to keep up with their latest 'talking points'.

It amazes me how many followers they actually do have. Anytime I casually bring up some political topic up here in the mountains, the locals are
on me like a rash with these bozos talking points. They apparently swallow these sophist's arguments hook line and sinker. Many claim that they do
not listen to these creeps...but ...they are not telling the truth. I know this because I observe the patterns of their talking points and their listeners
parrot them exactly.

Each of these psychopath mental cases has his their own style and technique of course. Ex Drug Addict Limbaugh (I call him Hog face), is this
pompous pseudo intellectual windbag liar that likes to quote various experts on this, that and the other thing (global warming is a farce, Smoking is
not all that bad for you, We've got to drill drill drill etc.etc.). Shawn Hannity is a different breed altogether. He, (who I just call 'Sinister') it seems
to me, is a first class pathological liar and traitor to every good cause under the sun. In my opinion (and of course all of what you read here should
only be considered...my opinion until you can prove for yourself otherwise), he is the lowest of the low. All day he mouths off on President Obama
and the Democrats with his phony patriotic flag waving twisted Moonie logic. The injustice he has done to the Rev. Wright, in making him out to be
an America hater and a racist is completely unforgivable in that for more than a year he has failed to mention the fact that most of that famous
sermon of Rev. Wright's, that we hear sound bites of so often on his FOX programs, is almost verbatim quoting former Ambassador Edward Peck
just 4 days after 911...and that interview took place on his own FOX news station to boot.

Michael Savage? Also sub-human in my opinion. A vindictive vengeful little boy in a man's body. Serves him right that he has been banned from entering the U.K. for his sick fascist ideas.

To sum it all up I just want to say that as far as I am concerned the aim of the three of them (and there are many more) with their tea party's and their Heritage Foundation and all of it, is to: obfuscate truth and to incite their weak minded constituency to violence. Their whole thing it seems to me is FEAR and HATE! It just sickens me to see how many people are so weak minded as to fall for all of it.

Hey...call it what you want.... Reagan Conservatism, Conservatives in Exile...whatever, and with their Moonie 'New Sons of Liberty' and phony patriotic 'Heritage Foundation'.....My Aunt Mae had the best description of all for this kind of thing

...just plain....**Mumbo Jumbo!**

On Children

I was just thinking the other day how I just love children so much, **but**... I was in Mexico when I was thinking that thought. I have to think before saying anything like that out loud here. After all, ...I am in America now.

On the Presidency

I say there is almost *always* someone within 300 yards of you that will make a better president than the one that is now in office.

(...one exception, and that IS the one who is 'now' in office... President Barak Obama... the finest President that we've had to date.)

NOTE: I said 'almost'...!

On Ring Dings and Manachevitz wine...

Now... *there's* one bitchin'' food combination!

A lot of **people who know** me think that I must always be thinking about writing and composing and painting . And although it is true that , being an artist, that my thoughts often tend to run in those directions, the truth is that I think about sex much of the time. I rarely meet a woman without the thought of what she would be like as a lover.

Someone please tell me, is it just me , or **is everyone always this horny?**

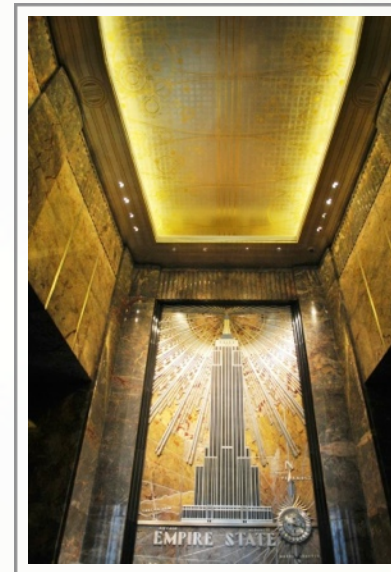
8th Grade

When I was in 8th grade, **this guy Freddy Dobson** always used to get a ‘boner’ when we all rose to say the pledge of allegiance at lunchtime. He was also in the Navy Cadets and had one of the highest ranks there. Today Freddy Dobson is in prison doing life without parole for 1st degree murder and can’t do a damn thing about what I just said about him.



There was another nut job that I knew by the name of Peter G. He lived up the block from me and was an assistant scoutmaster in my local Boy Scout troop. One night I went to Central Park with Peter and when we were about to leave after throwing raw sodium into the lake to make it explode, he grabbed me and tried to kill me by drowning me. It was amazing! This nut job just started coming at me like the terminator. When I went to rebuff him, I was surprised just how easy it was to fend him off. We were in the lake up to our knees in water and I just started punching this ‘military nut’ and he went right down. What is even more amazing is the fact that we walked back to the block we both lived on ...together...in complete silence. I never spoke to him again, but when I last inquired about him, I heard that he was still with the Boy Scouts of America.

the EMPIRE STATE BUILDING



I First learned about the police from my Aunt

May and Uncle Frank when I got out of this orphanage and was put into their care at the age of 9. They told me that if I ever got lost, I should just go up to the first policeman that I saw and he would take me to the police station and give me ice cream and let me wear his hat until they came to fetch me.

I Second learned about the police on the day I ventured as far as 86th Street and ...I think it was from 3rd or Lexington Avenue that I spied the Chrysler building, and so decided to make my first trip away from the neighborhood . When I got down to the Chrysler building they told me I couldn't go up there, but that if I went a few blocks further downtown , I would be able to go up to the top of the Empire State Building. So, as it was, I soon reached my destination, paid my 50 cents admission and went straight to the top of what I took to be the civilized world at that moment. After a while I got thirsty, and so I bought a coke from the machine for 10 cents, and as it was that I left the house with only 60 cents on me, well...that left me with ...nothing!

And so, after contemplating the incredible world that would be my oyster for the next decades, I came back down to earth and started to make my way back to 89th street and York Avenue.

So anyway, as it was that I had not had my afternoon nap as yet, and was getting hungry, cranky and had my undies all in a bunch all too boot, I thought back on those words of assurance that my aunt and uncle bestowed upon my youthful ears only perhaps a week or two earlier, and sure enough there straight ahead of me on the next corner was a patrol car with not only one , but two of the real live saviors of all lost children: policeman! Oh yes, and let me mention also that I remember they were eating something.



So I walk up to the squad car and I say to the policeman in the drivers seat, “I’m cold and hungry and tired and I want to go home to my parents”. And so this cop says to me, “So uh...what do you want me to do kid?”.... “Well, my parents said If I ever had trouble to go to the policeman and he would help me and...and...can you get me on the bus (only 15 cents at the time)... “We don’t give out money kid... you better go your way! ”... And so that was that.. I walked a little bit in the cold there and a little old man came up to me and asked me what was the matter and then put me on the bus and paid for it.

Needless to say I didn’t get to wear a policeman’s hat, and there was of course no ice cream, but you know, some ‘thing’ or some essence of the whole episode still sticks with me somehow. I don’t know what it is exactly, but for some reason, I think it has something to do with the fact that I sometimes register the distinct odor of jelly doughnuts whenever I see a cop car parked and sitting idly.

Manufacturers of Crap:

When I was just a little boy, I felt I was lucky because I thought my Aunt May was the greatest cook in the whole world. At the same time that I was enjoying all of those incredibly delicious meals, I was also suffering from totally incapacitating headaches, and at one point they were happening everyday, all day, 24/7.

What none of us were aware of was that my Aunt was cooking with a product called Accent. This product when sprinkled on food, made the food unbelievably tasty. The problem with Accent and other things sold under different names , is that that are pure MSG.

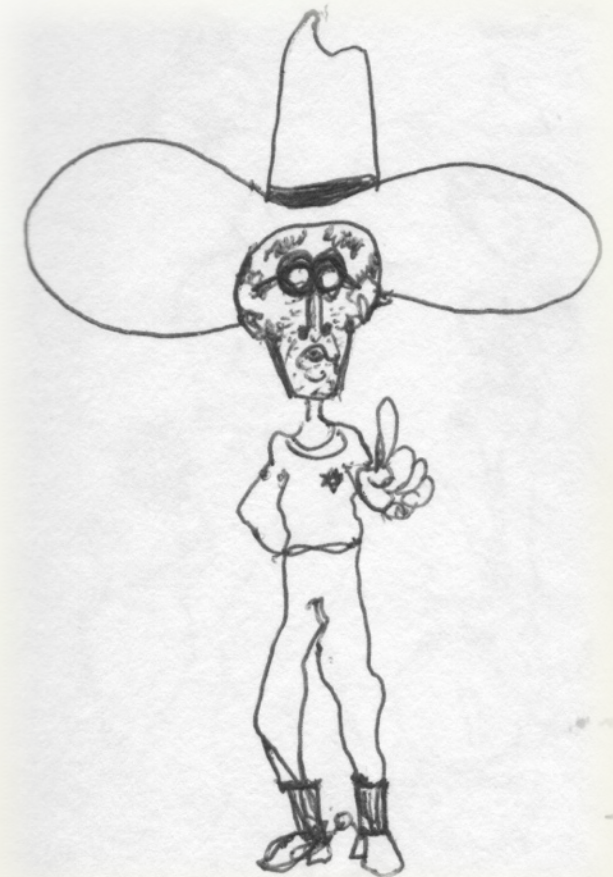
Anyway after I finally left home at the age of 16, the food was of course not as tasty as my Aunt May’s home cooking, but at least the headaches were gone.

Today of course I realize what the cause of these headaches were. But you know, it drives me absolutely crazy to see that this crap is still on the shelf in the local supermarkets. Not only that, but it is in all different kinds of corn chips, snack foods and soups.

I tell you I am sickened, especially when I meet someone down in Mexico who tells me that they and their children suffer continuously with intolerable headaches. I look at their kids eating this shit and drinking soda pop filled with caffeine, completely unaware that the very substances that they are consuming are making their lives a complete fucking hell; and we’re talking on this planet not a few hundred thousand kids but perhaps in the tens of millions of kids in third world who have this shit put in their food by these scumbags that can get away with it. It’s not bad enough that they have to get by on about 300 pesos a week (which is 30 dollars roughly as of this writing), but they have to suffer this too.

I would just like to have the license to go out and make mass arrests of anyone involved in the manufacture of this garbage, and when their fucking lawyers came to defend them, I’d cut their balls off too and make goddamn sure that their kind wouldn’t be spreading any of their defective seed around the planet.

I say: check out everything that you feed yourself or your kids, read every label, and make an issue of these matters with your congressmen and everyone you know, and if they continue this and do nothing about it then I say let’s fuck ‘em where they breathe.



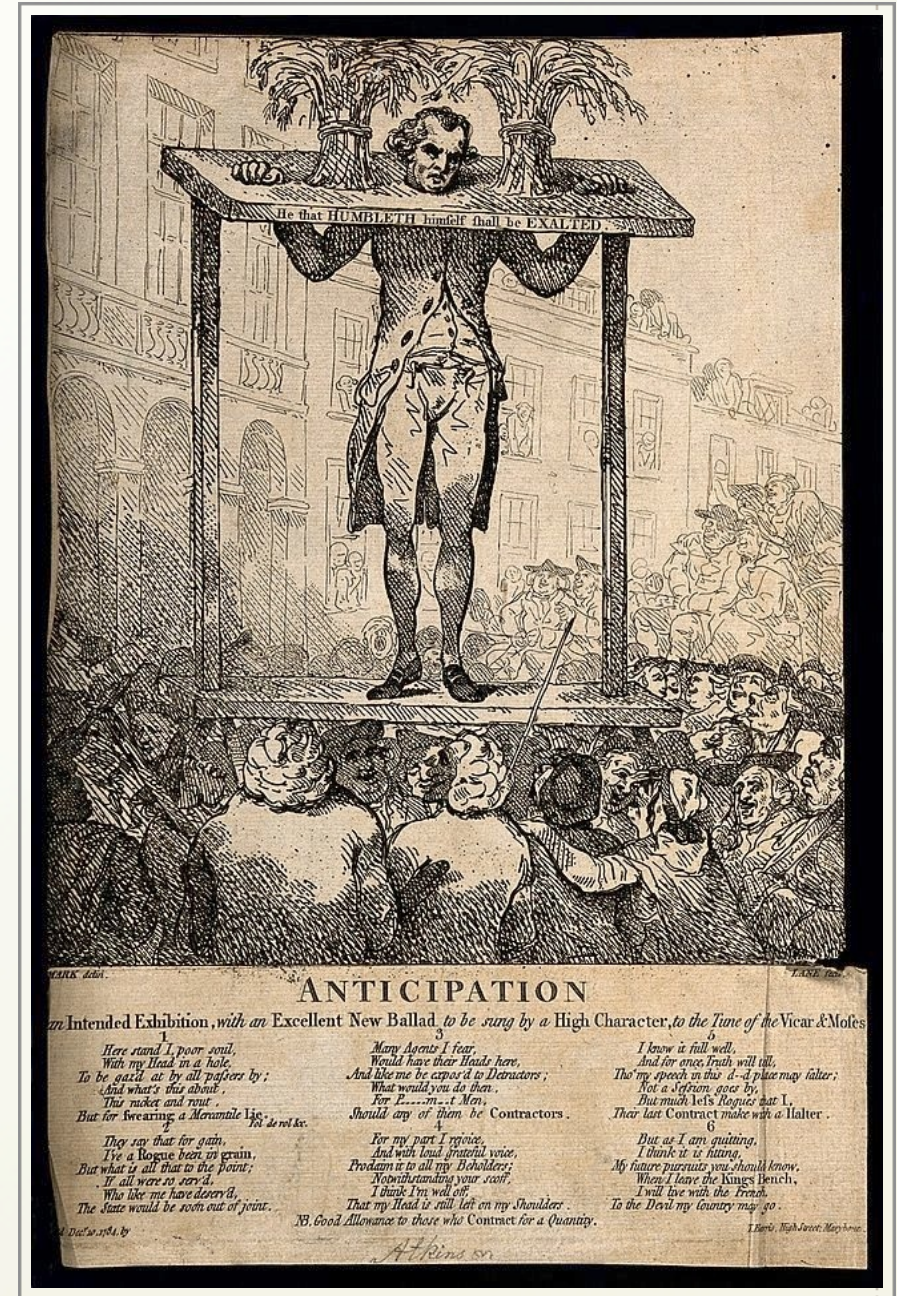
Stocks and Bonds?

Whatever happened to good old fashioned “stocks”? No not the kind like where you invest in a company. The stocks I am talking about are the ones where they put your hands and feet and head, so that you can’t move. I think they’re a great idea whose time has come around again. Now, before you get your panties all in a wad, just think about it for a minute, it really makes so much sense.

Take a guy for instance that comes to your neighborhood and has been **stealing things** from honest hard working people or from honest merchants. Doesn’t it make much more sense to put them on public display for a week or two and let everybody get a good look at them? It’s a hell of a lot better than throwing them in jail where they will just rot and learn more of the same kind of thing. We could build them so that the culprits are as comfortable as one can be in a set of stocks and they could be kept inside of a semitransparent shelter so that we could see them while they could not see us. I am not saying that we be cruel to them, I am just saying that it would be good in that once they were on display in a neighborhood they wouldn’t be coming around there anymore. Of course they could then go on to the next neighborhood, but then when they got caught there, it would happen again and again for as many times as it took to cure them . Pretty soon they would be running out of places to go.

It makes absolutely no sense to put someone in a jail if they cannot make good with their time. Sentences for petty crimes are punished much too harshly. I say lets bring back the stocks, and since the stocks are already a form of bond, well...

.....that’s covered too!



Do you know why a dog licks it's own ass?

Well, certainly one reason is because... it can reach it, that's why! Think about that. Are you like a dog? Do you do things simply because you 'can' or simply because it's legal or because some law has a loophole that you can get your sleazy lawyer to get you through? Are we MAN or are we dogs? If we could reach our own genitals, would we lick them, just because it felt good? Think my friends..think, think, think**think.**



On Pretty Girls

My friend Rod
called 'Pretty Girls All
they almost all do.



MacDonald wrote a great song
Have Boyfriends'. And it's true;

Even though it may not really mean anything that they do have one, nonetheless the reality sticks. If you want to meet a pretty girl, then you have to find them in that narrow space of time in between beaus which is usually somewhere between 45 minutes and a few days. Sometimes it can even be a few weeks or a month, though rarely more than that. But you know what? I've come to a great conclusion about the whole thing...**why bother!!!!**

On Boyz and Cheatin'

Many girls cheat on their boyfriends! OK, so now, You're probably thinking, "Well, that's a bold statement" or maybe "that's his opinion".

Well, all I can say is opinions are what people with no real knowledge of something express. In this case though I have to tell you that it is based on real experience. I made my first contact with the opposite sex in the early 60's. I used to fall in love constantly and many of the girls were quite accommodating. I would always get hurt though because after I'd slept with the gal with the sincerest of intentions, she would on many an occasion announce that **she had a boyfriend**. NOW...You're getting this straight I hope, it was usually...after... not before...that they slept with

me that they told me. It didn't even quite dawn on me at first what was happening, I mean I was appreciative of all the attention, and I was probably getting more loving than most of my peers, but the reality was it seems that most of those women were cheating on their boyfriends. OK, maybe it was just me, I don't know and maybe I'm wrong. Anyway, perhaps this has something to do with the fact that I almost never believe anything a woman tells me anymore.

Never trust...EVER, a good looking divorced woman with perfect makeup and lip liner who is wearing very expensive Luxury styled boots or shoes and is in the Real Estate business....NEVER ...

EVER

Soda Jerks

I am always amazed when I see a poor family with a bunch of kids with candy and bottles of soda in their hands. Usually it's either Coca Cola or one of the sodas that come in many assorted colors that are loaded with caffeine. When I was a kid my Aunt and Uncle were very poor, but because I worked, I could afford to buy and drink sometimes 3 or 4 Pepsi's a day. What does all this cost today? Let's imagine a poor family in New York with 4 kids! Even if you get the stuff at the supermarket it will cost a few bucks a day and it could run near 20 a day if they buy them at the candy store or the market. Wow...just think of mom or dad working for minimum wage... before taxes. **How many hours a day do they have to work like slaves just because the kids 'gotta have it'?** That's what they will answer, you know, "You gotta give it to them or they'll throw a tantrum". Of course they will Mom, it's because there's a drug in it called caffeine. Think about this and do the math Mom; there are 'heaven only knows' how many milligrams of caffeine in a bottle of Coke and more than an ounce of sugar. That's almost a kilogram of sugar in one week if they have the equivalent of 3 cans of soda a day. **WOW !** Why don't you parents just go out and purchase the caffeine in powder or pill form, It's a lot cheaper and you might want to buy the kids a set of works while you're at it.

Think about it...you are breaking your back to give your kids poisons that are going to cost them tens of thousands of dollars in medical bills in the future.

Well now, many of you reading this probably think I am a bit nuts". Well folks, I want to tell you that I have about



\$20,000 in dental work in my mouth over the years thanks to the “oh you gotta let em have the candy and soda to shut them up” attitude of my parents. That’s right \$20,000, and...I’m being conservative with this figure. Then there are the headaches these kids get when they don’t get the exact same dose of caffeine each day. That’s right, just the way you get a headache from coffee withdrawal, so too do they get one when they don’t get their dose.

There is a great fucking substitute folks, its called water. It’s the most wonderful thing in the world. Even out of the tap, here in New York, it’s ice cold and delicious, and I don’t care what the hell you think is in it, it’s still a thousand times better for you and your kids and your wallet than any of that crap that is eating away at your kids brains, bones and teeth. Try it folks, just say **NO.**

I am sitting here on the R train

going into Manhattan today.

There is a kid across from me with his mother.

He has on a T-shirt that says ‘Egypt’.

He is working his second

3 pack of Reese’s peanut butter cups...

fucking ‘3 packs’! His mother hasn’t

got a real tooth in her whole mouth.



**Your Choice...
its’ either; Stop
eating theses.... OR**



**Get used to eating
with these**

**Hmmm...that’s
strange!**

You know that you’re getting old when:

You need your glasses in order to find your glasses.

You go into the other room to get something and then when you get there you forget what you went there for, and so you go back to where you were and then remember and so you go back and then forget again and so you go back again and then you go up and forget again. Then you start to wondering if this has anything to do with past substance abuse...

Is it me, or are all pretty women on speed when they are walking down the street?

Seinfeld's George Costanza wonders if they all don't have a motor in their ass. I'm 6 feet tall, but a beauty of only 5 feet can leave me in the dust with no effort at all. I guess the speed thing is in their genes, with them being constantly pursued down through the ages. I should really feel sorry for them, although I honestly don't. I guess their parents probably told them never to talk to strangers

On Talking to Strangers

I love.....talking to strangers!

Follow this

In Mexico City ... a few years ago I took

up the habit of going over to the Zocalo and buying those wonderful little foodstuffs that they lay out on the ground in piles. They are all packaged in cellophane, and they have Amaranth, Tamarind and nut bars. They are only 1 peso each, (9 cents) though sometimes they might cost a little more or less depending on whom you buy them from, but nonetheless, they are a real bargain.

The reason I did this was because I got sick and tired of walking by the beggars on the street and saying NO. That big fucking ugly word NO. In a moment dear reader I want you to ask yourself which is more ugly about what I just said the 'big fucking' part of it, or the NO...

So anyway, I bought a bunch of these things and when anybody on the street asked me for something or had their hand out for any reason, I gave them one, and sometimes two or three . People were so grateful I couldn't believe it. For 9 lousy cents I was feeding hungry people and children.



I made this a habit for while and for a while I walked on air everyday. I spoke with the Senoras and with all the smiling children that everyone for years there told me to avoid. One night I sang in the street with them. Then just before I left Mexico City this time, I decided not to do it. I walked around for a while and then as I went back to my place, I felt somehow empty and ashamed of myself.

NO... is a very very ugly thing to say to someone who is desperate for help.

I swear I'll never be that way again.

Select Sex Tips for Bald Guys

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When choosing the color of your new toupee, **Mahogany**, should **‘NOT’** be an option !

On High Schools

and

Teenagers

If you want to control or stop a certain kind of behavior in anyone, it can probably be done with the right advertising campaign. Utilizing very good-looking members of the opposite sex making a fool of sample culprits for example. I do not for the life of me understand why this has not yet occurred to our educators.

It is so simple, for example if you have a problem with boom boxes the thing to do is make up a poster of a scene where some kid thinking he's cool is walking around with a boom box on his shoulder, while a number of very good looking women are bent over and on the floor laughing him to ridicule. Voila! ...Problem solved...well, almost! The problem is the people in charge of making up posters would be deciding what is acceptable and what is not.

But it's true, it is a great way to get things done fast. **Anytime a kid feels like they're going to be ostracized by attractive members of the opposite sex**, for something, they'll stop it in a heartbeat.

The same kind of thing goes for government in trying to control littering. Just put up a poster of someone littering and put a pigs face on them and have some beautiful people laughing them to scorn. It will work wonders.

On this 911_{thing}

I don't know if it has occurred to you, but I have noticed that these terrorists often seem an awfully lot like 'the gang that couldn't shoot straight.' Think about this a minute! Take the bombing in Bali. What a perfect opportunity for the press to play up the fact that these Rhodes scholars could not figure out that the club they bombed was NOT filled with Americans.

And does the government do anything to exploit the fact that they use the phrase "Allah be willing" so often? Has it occurred to the government to perhaps suggest to the Arab world with a tiny percent of the Billions that they are spending on this whole thing, that considering the fact that we have caught so many of them and that in reality they are very... 'Ineffective,' that perhaps...

... Allah is 'NOT WILLING' ?

Has it occurred to anyone but me that considering that these people are fundamentalist religious fanatics, that a good way to get them to stop might be to employ people in the fine arts to graphically depict in paintings things like for instance ...the other 14 World Trade Center high jackers getting fucked in the ass by uh...let's say. MOHAMMED ATA IN HELL?

What part of the fact that they are dealing with billions of little children afraid of the Bogeyman, does our government NOT understand?

Prison Release

Another thing I could never understand is how this government can release people from prison and leave them on the street in front the prison with only a few bucks and not expect them to get in trouble immediately upon their release. If you question the average voting moron in the south, they will probably say something like "Well why should the taxpayer give them anything at all"

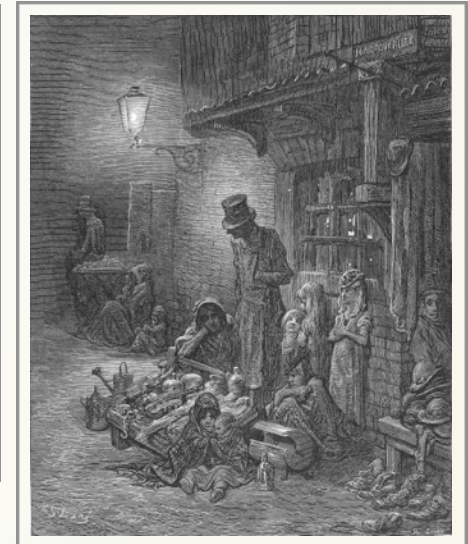
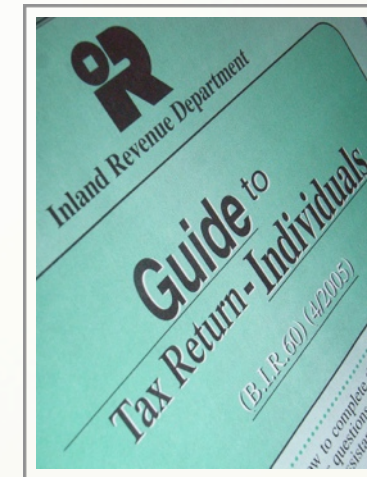
See...this is one reason why some of our founding fathers thought that only a select elite should have the right to vote. It only makes great sense to invest in the future of those being released from prison. They should be treated with compassion and given a chance to accustom themselves to the outside world. Imagine how different it would be to come from a world twenty years ago and suddenly step into this modern one. It would be quite disorienting, and then what the hell are you going to do there when you only have twenty bucks and no job and no place to sleep. Yes, I realize that they have halfway houses now, but not everywhere. God help you if you're black and just got released from jail in Bumfuck Georgia.

On Taxes

What the hell is wrong with everyone in this country always looking for the elimination of taxes? Have any of these people ever been to a country where people do not pay taxes on a regular basis? In places like Mexico, some people pay taxes and some do not... legally do not that is. The result is that the portion of the society that doesn't, lives in such slum like conditions that they make some of the ones we have here seem like vacation holiday resorts. The people living in these conditions complain and complain, but they DO NOT want to pay.

I have a friend who is always complaining about the system of government here. To listen to him, (and many people do) you would think that he is a model-concerned citizen, but the reality is that he has not paid a cent in taxes in years. He doesn't even file.

I say if you don't pay, shut up! I want to pay my taxes, but of course I want something for the money. I want it to be spent wisely. I want a welfare system that addresses poverty and shows compassion to people on an individual basis. I want to see MY money spent on the arts and sciences. Tell me ...Does this make me weird or something?



Have you ever noticed... that there are no real artists or great thinkers in the Republican Party? No transcendental poets, no composers, no playwrights, no great painters...None! think , THINK...
THINK...!

Cartoon by
Ian Marsden
This drawing does not
reflect any opinion of the
Artist!



On Ronald Reagan

The Great Communicator? My ass the great communicator! I remember very clearly how in those days we would all sit around and watch this guy on television and remark among ourselves that it seemed that he might have **Alzheimer's Disease**. He would go on and on and never say anything about anything. "Well, uhh!!! Our people are speaking with uh...their people and uhh... Well..uhhh"...That is all I can remember of that guy. What I could not believe was the fact that America bought the whole thing up like he was some God or something.



You might say that Reagan was all done with mirrors and an old trick that every intelligent child is familiar with; **it's called...**

Puppetry

The best way to get rid of and unwanted suitor is to turn things around and start to pursue them. Most people are so full of self-loathing that they would never want to be a member of any club that would have them as a member.

On National Pride...

**I am just reading... on the Yahoo news here,
“Georgia Governor Approves New Flag,
Urges Calm”.**

It seems that Governor Sonny Purdue of Georgia has backed away from some promise to allow voters to resurrect a flag linked to slavery and segregation, and offered a compromise, so he had to Urge Calm??? Am I on fucking Mars or something?

That a headline and a story like this can even exist at all just completely astonishes me. How can grown men with even a 2nd grade education, have such low intelligence as to want to resurrect a flag that will take us back even deeper into the dark ages. And you know what? 99% of them are probably Christians. This is why we have to destroy the system that let's these monsters vote. That's right! ...Fucking Monsters.

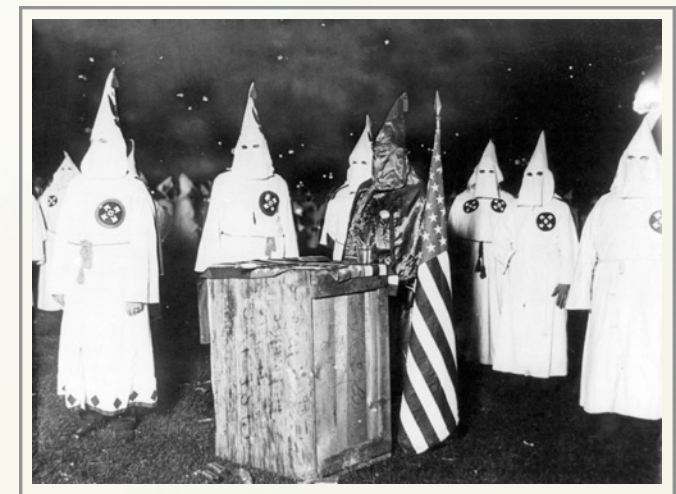
And Hmmmmmm!!!!

Oh my!!! Doesn't the above look suspiciously a whole lot like this >

Did I say National Pride ?

Whew!! Jeeze, I just pushed one of my own buttons when I wrote those two words, ‘national pride’!! Soccer stadiums full of incredible morons is the first thing that comes to mind. Well, all of us know what goes on there with the fights and trampling and all. I wonder though if they had a Superbowl for jerks whether the Soccer fans or the Ice hockey fans would come in first place.

Maybe it's just me though. When I was a kid I was taught to just play the game for the fun of it ; for the ‘sport’ as we used to say. Today though it is a lot different ! So much rides on the outcome of a game. Out here in Jackson Heights where we have a multiethnic community , the police are called out on days of big playoffs between foreign countries. It can get quite rowdy around here when there is a problem with a referee's decision.



No , I was never into **any of that pride thing**. During the Viet Nam years, I was actually quite ashamed of my country. And these days when I see the President of the United States (George W. Bush at the time of this writing) act like an arrogant street tough I feel a real sense of shame also.

So then do I have ‘nothing’ to be proud of for my country whatsoever? No actually, quite to the contrary!

I was proud when I saw those space shuttle astronauts on CNN in the week before the Columbia disaster. When I saw the face of that Indian girl doing here science thing , and there was a black astronaut there also , and of course there were 2 women on the mission. **Yes, I was very proud of America for that.**

Actually , **I wept even before the disaster** to tell the truth.
“This

could **NEVER** happen in almost any other nation on earth” I thought

I was proud when

I saw that the former president (GWB) chose to appoint
an African American as Secretary of State and an African American
as National Security Advisor,
**even if I do think that she is an evil witch
with a heart as cold as Ice.**

I was proud of that,
but even more proud of Clinton for his intelligent appointments.

I feel proud that the building I live in has tenants from all over the world, and I feel proud that a neighborhood like Jackson Heights can exist in this country. I feel proud of lot’s of things, but only of those things that my country does to raise the level of human dignity of the oppressed of this world.

So I don’t know, I don’t think that I’m all that bad. I just don’t buy into all this right wing phony moonie money backed patriotic bullshit, that’s all.



But as for the other kind of National Pride, Just chuck it pal..chuck it and **think... THINK!!!!!!**

On Freedom of Expression!

I live in New York City, and I love it, but lately, that is to say the last few years I myself and everyone else has had to put up with these street bandits, that is to say street performers that take over vast sections of public property as if it were their own. There is one guy who sets up a bunch of cans on the street and plays them like drums. He does this continuously all day long and nobody stops him. There are theaters within easy earshot of this jerk, that are paying hundreds of thousands of dollars a month rent just to exist. The noise from this moron and others, (yes, there are many others) leaks into the theaters on Broadway and the police do nothing about it.

I do not think that letting morons like this have their way was the original intent of the founding fathers of this fine country. But because of the way the we educate and appoint judges in this country is so fucking backward, I guess you and I and all of those theatre goers will just have to put up with this Buddy Rich wannabe until somebody gives him a job. I am surprised someone hasn't paid him (them) to leave. Whoops ! Better watch what I say here, I could start a trend.

One thing about this country that scares me is that you can say anything about or against it. Just **DON'T** ... get *too* well known.

Select Sex tip for Bald Guys

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There is no such thing as a bargain toupee or wig! If it cost \$29.95, then, It looks like it cost \$29.95...**No** matter 'what...' you think!



On Cats..

I love cats...**but**... I am allergic to them



On People with cats

I can appreciate people with cats. I used to keep cats myself until I realized that they were the reason that my eyes were always almost swollen shut. I thought it was the blankets or something at first, but I soon learned...it was the cat.

On women with a cat

I had a girlfriend once with a cat. In fact I have had a number of them. I am thinking of this one in particular though. I would go over to her apartment and stay over. She was one of the best women I ever had in my life. She even told me she loved me.

She saw that I was in hell though about the cat. It was quite obvious with my eyes swollen and my wheezing and all. So I said to her, “either the cat goes or I go...it was me!

On women with 3 cats

Well, what can I tell you?
If you don't know what is wrong with a woman with 3 cats,
then you are probably one of these nut jobs



On women with up to 33 cats



X '11'

I knew a woman once who lived on Fifth Street in the East Village. She was about 40 and although I was quite a bit younger than her at the time, I was quite attracted to her. Every time I got near her though I started to wheeze uncontrollably. When I asked her if she had a cat, she told me that she had dozens of cats. And oh yes, she smelled like cat shit too.

Well anyway, she never became my girlfriend, and in fact, I don't think I ever saw her with any guy.. Ever. I bet she actually wonders why.

Mr. Marco told me today that Mayor Bloomberg is laying off 300 teachers aides . Hmmm, **That's strange!** I thought we were making so much money with this lottery thing, and that was all supposed to go to education. There must be a mistake, I know there has to be one. I know because every morning when I go to the candy store to buy my New York Times, there is long line of old retirees waiting to spend all of their SS check on those little 'scratchy' cards that promise them instant winnings. In fact they're in every candy store and all over the fucking place spending millions a day on this fantasy.

So Guvna ...where's the beef?

WHERE – IS –THE - FUCKING-MONEY? ...WHERE?

I consulted my friend Mr. Marco On this matter, and he says:

“They're all Godless whores these politicians. Not prostitutes as in the sense of some poor gal out on the streets trying to make ends meet, but Godless Whores who will fuck with anybody, anytime, anywhere, whatsoever...for a buck”.

Thank you Mr. Marco ...I love you still as my true friend (May he Rest in Peace..Mr. Marco... RIP)

Government Crackdown on Fatties?

I read in the New York Times yesterday that the government is going to crackdown of obesity, but I'm wondering just how far they will really go? As I am writing this, a woman has just come into the diner that I

Figure -.- Click here to open video window



am sitting in, and **from the looks of her, I would estimate her weight up around 300 pounds. That's quite a big gal by New York standards!** Most around here would be considered fat at even 10 to 15 pounds overweight.

Well as I said, I was wondering...hmmm....Crackdown!! Like in ... Pogrom? I can just see the 'fattie squad' walking into the dinner here with their walkie-talkies blaring to make an arrest of this one.

I do think the government should be involved in that they already involve themselves when it comes to the decisions people make about killing themselves rapidly. That is to say that when the authorities get wind of the fact that someone might want to commit suicide, they come right in and bust them. So, what about when about when you are trying to kill yourself slowly? Is the fact that I might take a little bit of arsenic every day for thirty years any different than the fact that I might choose to clog my arteries every day for thirty years? Is there really a difference between taking a few micrograms of arsenic everyday and eating a few pounds of junk food?

You know folks; I don't really think this is one for the scholars.

On Boredom

I used to get Bored all the time..

...But now I almost never do. Even recently when I drove all the way back from Mexico I took my sweet time and only listened to the radio for about an hour and a half on the whole trip. And it was a long trip because I stopped in a lot of cities and spent at least a day or two in each one.

One of the reasons I don't get bored is that since I have given up regular television viewing, I spend infinitely more time at the piano composing. Also I have taken up oil painting again and I devote the rest of my time to writing and walking. There is always something going on in my mind that I am working on. I made a list the other day of the projects that I am working on and the number came to 31. There are 4 Musicals with the music already complete for roughly 85 or so of the songs contained in them. Then there are my personal albums I am working on, and a number of books under different pen names; there is an Education Initiative project I want to launch on the Internet. Then there is of course my personal website that I still have to get up and running, (it is up now of course... www.fredpohlman.com)Children's albums and the work is just endless. There is just no time to get bored.

I say, screw the TV and just 'chuck it'. Life is too beautiful to waste on bullshit like that.

On the ‘B’ word

We all know what the ‘B’ word is, but it means something different to men than it does to women.

When a man says he’s busy he is usually telling the truth. When a woman say she’s busy to another woman, she is probably telling the truth, but when she tells it to a guy, she is probably lying. Not necessarily always, but ...almost always.

And all these poor guys out there just don’t seem to understand that. Perhaps I can clarify all this by saying that.. When a guy asks a gal if he might see her at some specific time, and she says she is busy *and* does not offer a specific alternative time and date within 3 days, then she is really lying. If you don’t believe me, just suggest to her another time, and she will tell you she’s busy then too. By the time you’ve done it a third time, she thinks that you are a jerk and now she no longer respects you either. That is because she cannot understand how you could not see right through her lie.

You might be thinking, “that’s ridiculous, maybe she really *really is busy*.” I just say something to them like “ hey look fella, I got like 31 projects going in my life . I got musicals and books I’m writing, children’s albums I’m working on, oil paintings. If anybody's fucking busy it’s me, and... **I have time for everybody**. So how is it that this bimbo you’re so crazy about who does nothing more than get up go to work and maybe go to a dance class or two, has no time for you? Don’t you think that there might be the possibility that she doesn’t know how to tell you that you are not her type?

My advise : when you hear the B word? **The conversation is over...!**

Go home... **GO HOME...!!**

Select Sex Tip for Bald Guys

78 Never, **EVER**

should your hairpiece or toupee resemble either:

a Head of Lettuce OR...

a Cabbage with Fur.



On the Street

I love meeting people on the street. When I walk on the street I am that guy who smiles at you when I pass you. I am often lucky too and get to meet someone almost everyday. Sometimes I will stop on a street corner and just say something to everyone standing there waiting for the light. Sometimes they all look at me like I'm crazy and sometimes they will answer back and we will walk together for a block or two; sometimes even a few of us will walk together. **I never ask anyone for their phone number or anything like that. That might scare them.** I just leave them with the best feeling I can.

And it's not just in New York that I do this either and not just in the U.S. It is even better in Mexico and third world countries. When I meet people there, I **DO** ask for their phone numbers, and they do not think that I am crazy. In fact today most of my closest friends are those people that I have met in the streets there and I communicate with them on a regular basis by email, telephone and in person. They are one of the great joys of my life.

After 911

In the days and weeks after 911, I went into Manhattan and was surprised to see how many people were going about their business as if nothing had happened. They were sitting in outdoor restaurants and there were some very beautiful days in terms of the weather.

I was very proud of my fellow New Yorkers in that period. We would often talk to each other on the streets and in the subway as though we had known each other for years. It only took making eye contact with someone on the street to get them to stop and talk. Sometimes I would walk up to a group of them sitting in a sidewalk cafe and just tell them how wonderful it was to see them and all of these other New Yorkers out and about going

to shows and restaurants. I took up a motto in those weeks and shared it with everyone I met. **“ I would rather die among the living, than live amongst the dead”** I would tell them. I would repeat it twice and once more as I left. It seemed to have a very profound effect on some of them.

What is knowledge is often expressed as and taken to be an opinion, and what is an opinion is often expressed as and taken to be knowledge. There is a difference between the two.

What is knowledge is often necessarily expressed as an opinion, and what is an opinion is often expressed as knowledge. There is a difference between these two statements and more of a difference between this statement and the one in the paragraph directly above it.

Grand Jury

Seems everybody is always trying to get out of Jury duty. Personally I like Jury duty, especially Grand Jury that is.... It's actually quite exciting, and a wonderful experience even if it rarely seems to serve any real purpose. Ooops! There I go again. Now I have to explain that.

It's like this folks. A Grand Jury is supposed to be made up eighteen solid citizens that are drafted into the judicial system in order to determine whether there is enough evidence for the prosecution to go to trial or not with some alleged criminal. However that is not at all possible when the Grand Jury is made up of people that would indict someone for a ham sandwich; that is to say, just to get to lunch. Yes, that's the way it is, and you know damn well that's the way it is if you have ever served on a jury.



I remember how day after day the District Attorneys would bring in between one and five or six cases to put before us. Often they would come in with what seemed to be extraordinarily circumstantial evidence. Sometimes the evidence was so circumstantial that they would come in day after day and continue with the same case. The poor fella or fellette, (scuse my French) would usually sit there and just listen. If they did elect to speak, then they had no right to council and they would just have to take their chances on incriminating themselves. As I said, the prosecution often had a sketchy case and felt it necessary to keep reminding the jury that this was not a trial. He or she would tell us that their guilt or innocence would be determined 'at' trial.

Well, first let me ask you, have you ever had to go to court for anything? It is the ugliest of experiences, I cannot... Oh ..wait a second... yes I can express it....it's my fucking book.....It is the **fucking ugliest experience that a human being can be put through... I think that most judges I have seen in operation do not even deserve to be members of the human race...**

Well anyway, to continue! The kinds of arguments that these prosecutors (future judges, and they might as well be called persecutors for that matter) use to make their case are often similar to arguments that children make. Actually the prosecutors are very intelligent and realize that the Grand Jury has a majority on board that actually does think like little children, that is to say 'good guys' vs. 'bad guys'; you are either one or the other! They tell you what you may and may not presume, and sometimes this is done correctly; but often is not. They will for instance demand to know where someone was— at the time of the crime— if he or she claims they were not at the scene of the crime.

Now I don't know about you, but as far as I am concerned even if someone offers a stupid phony alibi that he was at his grandmother's house a hundred miles away at the time of the crime, and the prosecutor can prove he is lying, it is still not reason to bring someone to trial.

Last time I checked, this was the United States of America and you were supposed to be innocent until proven guilty. Yet here in this Grand Jury room the prosecution is expecting us to send this poor devil to trial where he will have practically no chance at all, especially if he or she is not white. I am telling you, that if it wasn't for myself and the others that I managed to convince in that room of the sham of justice that was happening, many of those people that passed before us in those three weeks would have had to spend maybe as much as a hundred thousand dollars on lawyers fees in order to get themselves off.

Why should any human being and especially a Black Man in this society have to explain his or her whereabouts at anytime or place anywhere....EVER. Here for example, we had one situation where this guy was taken out of a book of mug shots of previous offenders of one thing or another. The woman he was supposed to have robbed **admitted she never even saw his face clearly because he came up behind her**, and then perhaps simply because the guy had a gap in his front teeth that she *thought*... she could match up with one in the book, they go to this guys house, drag him out in the middle of the night and demand to know where he was on a certain time and date weeks before? **Give me a fucking break!**

And this is only part of it. We would be deciding the fate of someone and 'they', the other jurors – would argue that we had to go to lunch soon. These fucking super citizens would rather indict a person and cost them and their families perhaps years of pain and suffering because they can't wait to get a Hot Dog and Café latte over at Starbucks?

I don't really know what we can do about these people, but one thing I do know for sure that we can't do, and that is to take them before a Grand Jury.

Sometimes, or even a lot more often than just sometimes, they bring a real Einstein in front of the Grand Jury. It is amazing what's out there folks. Here's one example, and this is typical:

This kid attempts to rob the video repairman who had a shop downstairs from his mother's apartment. He broke in and repeatedly stabbed the guy who fought back. When this genius realized that, 'repair guy' wasn't going down, he runs outside and goes straight upstairs to mama leaving a trail of the other guys blood all the way up to the apartment, and then throws the knife in the kitchen sink.

Boy you shoulda seen the victim testify in that grand jury room. It was just like scene out of 'The return of the Mummy.' They of course caught this Savant just moments after someone called the police.

Words of wisdom from Mr. Marco

I was just speaking on the phone with Mr. Marco, and he was arguing with me about something that I was writing in this book about him. And so I said to him, "What the hell is the difference if nobody will ever know who either you or I really are?" And he said to me 'Yeah Yeah, but once you put it in print, it becomes true'

I think that that should become the motto on the masthead of every filthy yellow rag in America from now on:

**“Once You Put It In Print ,
It Just *Becomes* True”**

Now isn't that the truth? And to think that Mr. Marco is only five years old AND he died in childbirth...and it's true...it's in print isn't it?

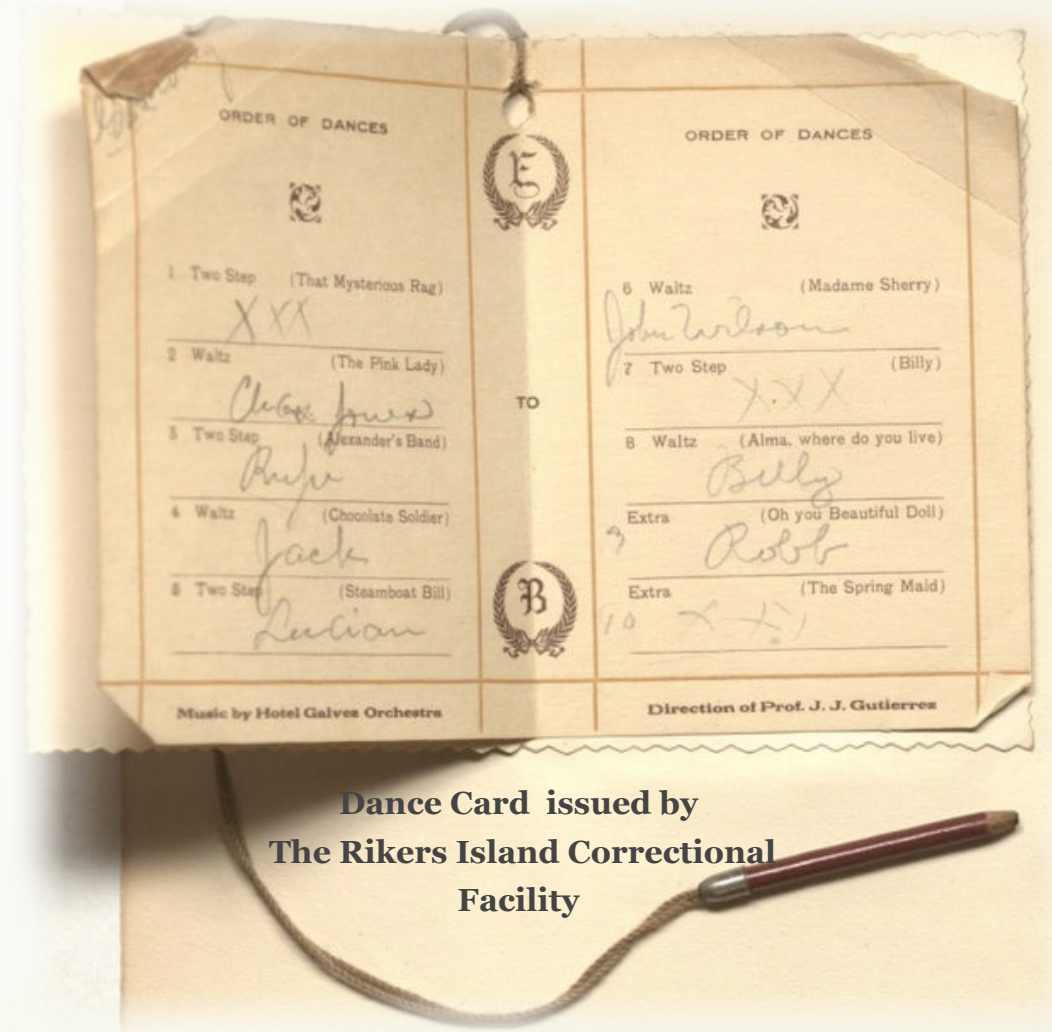
One problem with maintaining control in primary and secondary schools is that the kids cannot at all relate to the possible consequences of their own actions. What is needed in all of these problem schools is a closed circuit connection directly to the jailhouse, where the student can observe what goes on round the clock in institutions such as those that he or she might wind up in as a result of their, let's say....aberrant behavior? It makes very little sense to be continually making what only appear as empty threats to them.

If a kid can clearly 'see', that he just might wind up in a situation where his butt can be traded for a pack of Camels,... he just *might* ...think twice about some of his actions.

The child must be absolutely convinced of the fact that he will be issued a 'dance card' upon entry into one of these penal institutions and, that he will soon find that dance card 'filled' with unwanted entries.

As I may have mentioned earlier this can also be accomplished with the right kind of poster advertising. Let the kid realize that:

**'The only' def babes' in the 'big house' are guys like himself.'
And anyway 'hey', they don't call them 'penal' institutions for nothing!**



Segregation

I believe it is 'immoral' to segregate people by race. I do believe however that it is *imperative* to segregate people by 'class.' I don't mean Rich or Poor here... I mean 'CLASS...! And of course, people with *real* "class" have no real problem with 'race'.

Racism and Prejudice

Although someone might be quite 'prejudiced', they are not necessarily "racist". There is a huge difference between the two. The racist will have nothing to do with anyone outside his own race, while the individual who is sometimes prejudiced, may 'discriminate' on the basis of his own personal experience. This same individual may readily socialize with peoples of any persuasion providing he believes that he has no reason to fear for his safety or believes he may be able to share something with them.

There are times though when the atmosphere of a society becomes so poisoned with hatred (as in the case of 'Gangsta Rap' poisoning the airwaves with hate music and violence) that even the classiest among us may at times find it difficult to risk contact with a stranger of another race.

It's sad but true that sometimes we feel we have to pre judge in a situation where we may be placing ourselves at risk based on experience.



On the subject of... Crackpots

The Image: A 'Vessel' filled to beyond its capacity, overburdened and strained to the maximum, *cracks*. That vessel is then seen as a cracked pot.

Often the search for truth leads us to strange places. For example when an individual discovers that something he has always taken for granted as being truthful is really a lie concocted by say, the church or government, he may then find himself on a search for the real truth about the matter. In his attempt to find that truth he might tend to obtain information much more rapidly than he might possibly be able to assimilate it. The resulting emotional response may cause him to "spout and blabber" in such a manner that might be perceived as fanatical, zealous, over animated or "unreal". As an example he may have only recently realized that not attending church services *was not* really a sin, but that poisoning the rivers and the environment *was* a sin. Now this realization might start him searching to the point that he discovers that the church the government and multinational corporations are all working together. The next thing you know, he's talking about the CIA and cover-ups and BINGO there you've got your "Crackpot"! Very simply, the information overload has cracked the vessel that contains it. Actually many of the things that the poor fellow is saying might be all quite true, but the people he is trying to communicate too, may not themselves be either ready, capable of accepting what he is saying or for that matter, even interested in what he has to say or offer at all. In the case of their lack of capacity it might be said that their own vessels simply cannot contain what he is telling them, and so they therefore dismiss him as a crackpot. So therefore the concept of the crackpot might be considered to be nothing more than a "projection" of a collective, not yet capable of assimilating certain facts or truths. Of course, just as Freud once pointed out that sometimes a cigar is just a good smoke, so too is a crackpot, **only just... a crackpot.**



Movie The Keys.1 RESENTMENT



This is about a tragedy we see all around us all the time... Many of us are guilty of it ourselves in one form or another...Hopefully not to this extent!

On the subject of

Resentment

Click Above here

ON Modern Slavery...

I think it is truly amazing how it is that most of the world just outright accepts their situation in life without *any* notion that in truth...they are really all just...slaves. I understand of course that it isn't really the same as the slavery (in terms of the physical abuse etc.) of yesteryear, but really, other than the fact that individuals are not bought and sold outright, they are, for all practical purposes..... **SLAVES!** The truth is, that in one form or another, **literally billions** of people each day suffer at very minimum, some kind of verbal abuse at the hand of some psychopathic boss type, but they really can't 'see' and 'think', clearly enough to really 'consider' their plight.

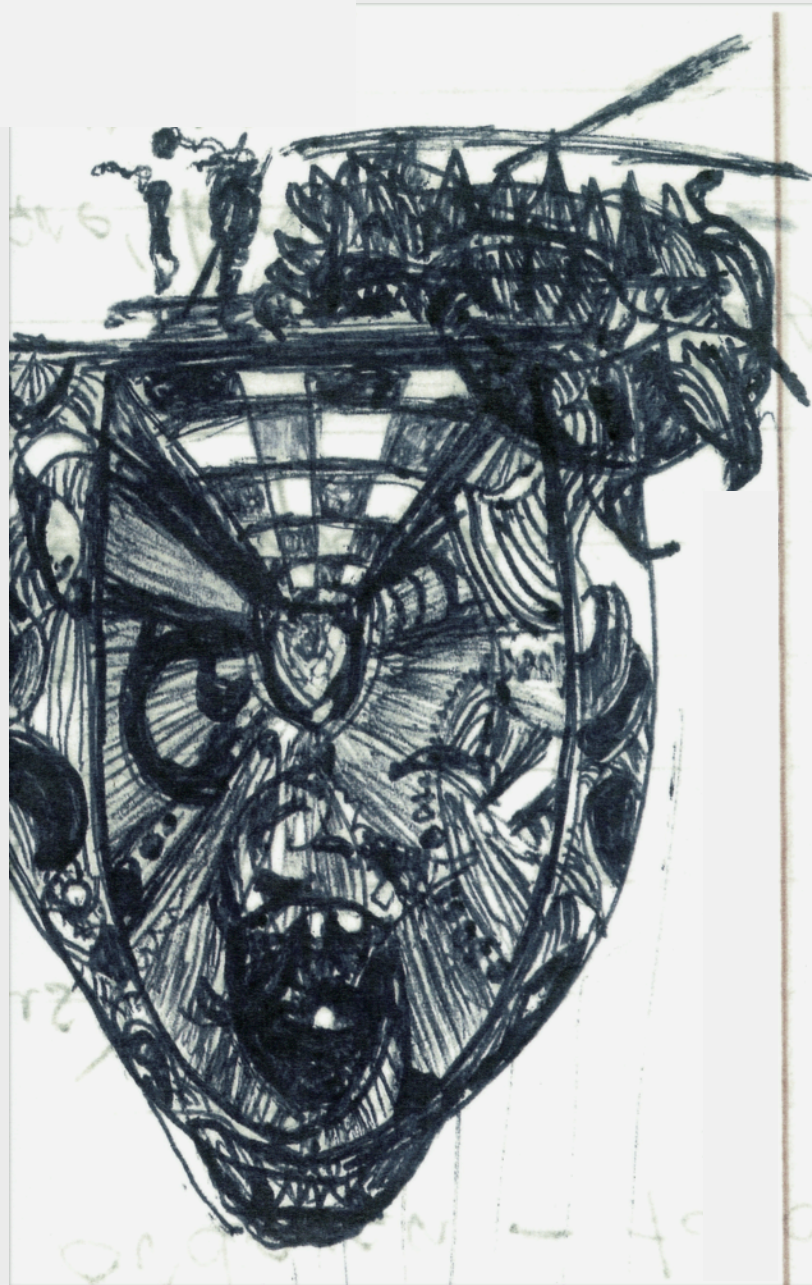
The ramifications of this are 'immense' in terms of the effect this has on their creativity and quality of life, but, because this is the 'only' life that most have ever known, they just naturally assume that it is normal, and acceptable to go through life, in a sense 'hand to mouth' on a daily basis. Of course many have their own homes and cars, gaming consoles and computers, and so they will say, "We have most everything we want!" They may envision having more, but, really, only through the clouded lens of what they have been taught they 'should' have. One thing is for sure though, and that is that: regardless of what they have, or think they can even realistically attain, they are still slaves in one sense or another, and more often than not, have to put up with some creep like the above for a boss. Fortunately, I personally managed at one point in my life to 'escape' the rat race. One of my greatest fears these days though, as I get on in years, is that it might be possible that I may have to again answer to someone like the character above just in order to survive. The fact is: The retirement checks do not 'at all'..cover even 20% of the bills...Hmmm! Better sell some of these Ibooks...huh?...and Quick!!!



Worst Boss On Earth [Figure -.](#)

[Click here](#)

Half Way ...



Sometimes...

In the Middle Of a Book...

...you say to yourself, “This is not at all what I thought it was”.

See, it’s like this! There you were, looking at the cover and the title thinking....Ahhh! this looks interesting! So you open up the book and see that it is in one of those easy formats, the kind where if you only want to read for a minute here or there or on the John, you can do it with no real obligation or commitment. Some ‘joke stuff’ you think, and basically easy reading.

But now here you are **In the middle of the book**, and you are thinking something very different, hopefully very different and probably if not *really thinking*...at least **wondering**.

Different, isn’t it?

That’s because I’m talking to **YOU**,
and now
YOU...
are just a little more in tune with...
ME.

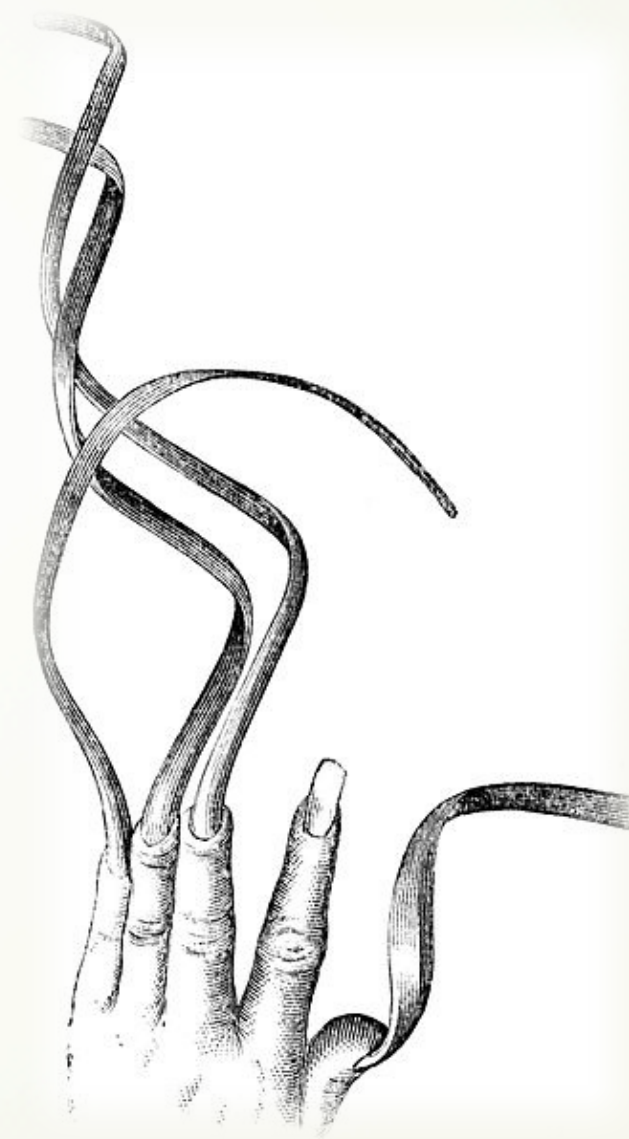
On Women with Long Nails

**How sad it is to see a woman with
ridiculously long painted nails.**

**What it says to me is that this woman has very little real
consciousness. Here she is, in possession of these
magnificent**

**appendages that took hundreds of millions of years to evolve to the
point where they are capable of producing something as beautiful as a
Bach Chaconne or a Mona Lisa, and she can find nothing better to
do with them than to adorn them to the point where they are nearly
absolutely useless.**

**Even for the purpose of seduction they are useless being in reality
quite repugnant and serving only to support what is usually an
already failing façade adorned with other such artifice.
I don't even consider these women a possibility.**



Mexico City

It's interesting to note that: in all the years that I have been going down to Mexico City I have rarely seen very much litter in the street at any one time. The streets there are just infinitely cleaner. When I was a kid in grammar school the teacher once told us that in Mexico City the streets were free of litter because the people were so poor that they used every scrap of paper. When you think about it, that was quite a racist thing to say. The streets of Mexico City are free of litter because the people there rarely litter them very much.

It takes all kinds huh!

On the Thought of

My Own Death

It is so strange even seeing the words go on to screen. The feeling is so final. I just read a comment that Vincent made on his Wheatfield's. He said that he had done them terribly rapidly just the same way that a harvester would work in those very same fields. Of course he died shortly after that.

Lately I have a feeling too that I must work quickly. There are so many projects as yet unfinished and then there are those that are finished that must be delivered to the people. The urgency suggests to me that death is immanent, and yet somehow I also feel that I will survive to an old age. It is almost as if the choice were really up to me.

Do I fear death? Well, my attitude about death these days is something like an attitude I adopted as a child about who would get the bigger piece of cake. I used to fight with my brother and sister about that, and then one day I realized that it really didn't make that much difference. The difference between my attitude now and then is that now I don't really care whether I have any of the cake at all. The only things that I fear right now are that if I should die unexpectedly that the work that I have completed thus far might be discovered, coallated and disseminated amongst so called artists and philosophers that will attempt to edit and finish that which they themselves have no authority to either edit or finish. What I mean by authority is not authority granted by a university, but rather authority granted of the spirit. Here is just one good example



Example
...
Scheher
azade
and the
Magic
Ring

[Click To Hear the opening Song
of My Scheherazade and the
Magic Ring](#)



The other day **during preparation for takeoff** on a flight to New York from Mexico City, I decided to thumb through a book I purchased on the paintings of **Remedios Varo** the great surrealist. As the flight attendant passed my seat in preparation for takeoff, she was taken aback and stopped to look at the remarkable prints I had in front of me. She stood almost spellbound for a moment and then said to me nervously, “ these are amazing ...not that I am into witchcraft or anything like that, I am Catholic ...but... they are like dreams ”.

Of course the paintings have nothing to do with witchcraft or the devil or anything like that at all, but she felt the necessity to excuse herself for even looking at it, just in case... there was the possibility. It was in fact apparent that she thought that the prints were indeed... beautiful.

But what amazes me most about this whole episode is the thought that here I was in the 21st century in a 60 million dollar state of the art aircraft with more than 200 people on board, and SHE... was one of the people in charge. I was wondering if they might not have some rosary beads hanging from one of the cockpit windows.

I have **this space** on the wall in my bedroom where I hang things. Usually I frame one of my own paintings and put it on that spot and then leave it there for a month or so. This time though I have on the wall a photo that I found in the New York Times. It is a black and white photo taken during the Viet Nam war. In the photo there is a tent of mosquito netting set up in the jungle somewhere and there are four young women, wearing surgical masks. Whether they are doctors or nurses, I know not. There is an operating table there in the jungle under that net where they are awaiting the arrival of the next wounded patient who is being brought in on a stretcher. They are all standing in about a foot of water and it looks like just about the most impossible hopeless miserable situation that one could ever imagine in the whole universe.

I have blown this photo up and framed it of course and I stare at it every day. This photo is one of the most beautiful and one of the most important things in my life at this time. In some ways it is like a prayer to me. I ‘know’ that it will lead me somewhere and that through my contemplation of it that it has benefited me and others around me and I will leave it there until I feel it is time to replace it with either one of my own paintings or something else .



Since I wrote the above, I had the good fortune to make friends with a very special individual whose name was Glen. Glen was a Viet Nam vet, an African American all around good guy. We used to walk around the country roads together and discuss hippie days and Viet Nam and our hopes and dreams. When he saw the framed photo that I speak about above, he was visibly shaken and choked up. He asked me for the photo, and so I gave it to him feeling that it might have some healing effect on his soul that was still so tortured about the war. He came down with lung cancer shortly after he took possession of the photo. He is of course gone now. A fine man was Glen. A sort of Unknown Soldier and a really great American!



Sometimes when I write a melody or paint a painting, someone, (usually a friend) will hear it or in the case of the painting, they will see it and say something that gives me insight as to what I have done.

Once I played a melody for a friend of mine and he remarked “A Grand Canyon Waltz”, and now, that is exactly what it has become today because I wrote the words only after he said that.

In this painting I have here on the wall, my friend Chu Lynn came over and saw it and exclaimed... “Hope”, and now that is the name of that painting. As I listen to the ‘Grand Canyon’ Waltz and as I look at ‘Hope’ I can think of nothing else that these works could have been. Perhaps maybe they were what they were, long before my friends or myself had any input or anything to do with any of it at all whatsoever.

I used to think **I wanted to get rich**, and then , **I DID** get rich

I remember the day that I had realized that I had a million dollars. I was exhilarated for a bit, but it soon wore off though. I found that I still worried about money coming in and going out just like I always had.

Money is very good in some ways though, but not like most people think. Personally I have never felt the need to own fancy cars or expensive houses. Practical safe cars, and houses that will serve as a comfortable place to work and study perhaps, but nothing fancy, that's not my style.

Now I want to get rich again, but this time I 'know' that I don't want the money for luxuries. I only want the money to provide **more time** for myself in order to complete more works. I also want to provide moneys in order to further the studies of certain people that I have made the acquaintance of that I happen to think are very talented and might have the ability to change things for the better in this world.

Unfortunately, people who want to do something really useful with money, are deprived of, or denied access to 'it' by those either in possession of it or those who might provide the means of getting to it. Vincent Van Gogh once stated, (and I think he was even quoting someone else.) "Poverty can leave even the best of minds frozen in their tracks."



Sometimes we think that we are different, that we are so different that we might be able to change the world if only we can get our own ideas out there. But then again, isn't it somewhat preposterous to think that we are so unique as to have been the first to be confronted with this dilemma?

This suggests to me that either the world is a stage with all of this set up for the enjoyment of some cruel despotic demiurge OR perhaps that it is only a manifestation of the workings of 'natural selection' in that only the best of the best ideas are selected by the animal of man in order to further him in his quest for realizing complete perfection.

On the darker side of it all I have made an agreement with myself that I won't leave the theatre till the fat lady sings.

On the brighter side of things though, I have to admit, this is one hell of an **incredible fucking opera.**

Viet Nam (My Lai here)

I am always amazed with all the lies that persist about the Viet Nam War and that whole era in particular. We are always led to believe that ‘Our Boys’ were fighting for freedom and that they were so brave and all of that sort of hogwash. The truth of the matter is though, that during the Viet Nam years, the only people that went into the army to fight were either those that were drafted, those that were Gung Ho, or those that were either too stupid or too naive to know any better. The truth was plain and simple to anyone who gave themselves over to it. The war was immoral and no one with half a brain allowed themselves to get drafted in the big cities in those days. It was different of course for those living in rural areas, because they were not hooked into the information pipelines of the underground network. So today when I hear a politician tout the fact that he served in Viet Nam, in combat duty, I can’t help but think what an ugly human being he might be considering that if he had any intelligence at all, he would have had to have been aware of the real situation at the time of the war. My conviction is further deepened by the fact that I perceive this individual’s now trying to capitalize on that whole ugly affair.

So many of them who were pilots of the jets that bombed those poor innocent civilians like to tout themselves as decorated heroes when the truth is that they were nothing more than little boys who wanted to fly supersonic jets so badly that they were willing to put aside the thought that they would have to drop bombs on people they had never met, simply on the say so of the so called authorities and powers that be that ruled over them.

The Viet Nam era was an ugly epoch in this nations history and we will not be truly cleansed of the blood on our hands as a nation until we recon with what we have done to the Vietnamese people as a whole and ask of their forgiveness. I was ashamed of my country in those days, not proud of it, and I am ashamed of any politician that makes reference to his participation in that war in order to further his own career.

Hippies

Everybody seems to get a kick out of the images of hippies that the media always portrays. The realities of the so called ‘hippie movement’ were really quite a world apart from the depictions we see made of them in so many movies.

What really went down back in the 60’s was that the youth had been influenced by the Beatles, the Rolling Stones and other groups in terms of fashion . In all the big cities like New York and San Francisco, these youth sought each other out in the public squares in places like Greenwich Village and the Haight Ashbury. When I personally arrived on the scene at Washington Square in 1963, I remember that park there was filled with

long hairs and musicians gathering around the fountain to sing Civil rights and protest songs. These people were very friendly and brotherly and they all had one thing very important in common as far as I was concerned, and that was the fact that they were not 'greaser' types as we then called them, in fact they were completely non violence oriented. Furthermore, these people were an order of magnitude and just light years above the types that I had been hanging out with in my own neighborhood up until that point.

Among the assorted characters that I met there were painters philosophers, songwriters , poets, runaways AND teenyboppers as we called them . Latter as I got more familiar with the Village scene, we came to start calling these teenyboppers, "HIPPIES". What eventually happened was that the media picked up on the word and then very irresponsibly labeled the whole lot, as 'hippies' , and a movement was born. The so called hippies of the succeeding years, were really composed more of those people who had read about the hippies created by the media , and who had decided to become one of them. In fact the Hippies of today, that is to say the " Grateful Dead' followers or 'Dead heads" as they are called, are really an almost 100% artificial entity created almost entirely by the media. In the eyes of anyone from the early 60's they are like a caricature of sorts or the real thing . The bright tie die t- shirts and the bad taste in music and all of it is just a sort of cartoon shadow of what the real thing was like.

Many who read this will say " But the Grateful Dead was very popular back then and hippies did wear psychedelic colors etc. etc.

Well, some of this is true but although the Dead may have had some following back then, it was very minuscule really and most of the people that I knew were listening to the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, the classical guitarist Andreas Segovia, Ravi Shankar, Pandit Pran Nath, and many like them. In the village we were going to the coffee houses and clubs where we did not limit ourselves to Rock and Folk but listened to music of the middle east. I myself was a regular at the old olive tree and the fat black pussycat where I would listen nightly to live Arab and Israeli music. The tastes of the so called hippies was very eclectic and not at all limited to the garish groups that the media would have us believe they were interested in .

Also in those days because of the stigma on long hair, it was very difficult to get work. Often we lived communally in apartments where there would sometimes be quite a few living under one roof. Everyone was very clean however and not at all like they are depicted in the movies. As for those tie die shirts, the truth was that many of us wore either denim or beautiful flowered shirts, but they were always clean and tasteful.

Yes, in those days, you were quite a nerd if you were not a long hair. As I remember it , all of the really beautiful girls were hip and they would have nothing to do with you if you were a greaser.

I only hope someday that someone does a movie that depicts what life was really like in those years. I feel it would be good , even if just for the record.

**Yummy!!!!
Right?**

Lead Sinkers



When I was a kid my family was very poor and not very well educated as to the dangers of toxins in the environment. I guess it really doesn't matter that they were at poverty level as much as it would these days. In those days even the well educated were oblivious to things like kids being exposed to lead.

Well anyway, I was very into fishing at the age of 9 and 10 as are most kids I guess. In those days you couldn't catch much in the east river, maybe an old shoe or something like that, and although we never caught anything, we nonetheless persevered.

What I liked though, and so much, was to play with all my fishing paraphernalia. I had a rod and reel and different types of lines and of course bobs and sinkers...lead sinkers.

I don't know if you were like me at all, but I just loved to walk around with those sinkers in my pockets and when I was bored.... I liked to chew on them. They were so soft, and it just felt so good when you sunk your teeth into them. I would never suck on them, just bite into them with real relish and gusto. I don't know what it was about them, or if they were really dangerous, but I am sure that someone will use "this" which I have written here to explain away my philosophy of life as nothing more than the ravings of some lead poisoned madman.



Moths...

... do they disgust you ?...Look at them again...touch one, or let one light on your hand. Study

them for an hour ... or two...OR...maybe a month ...or a year or two....Some of them have even evolved what seem like human faces on their backs. Other have evolved eye spots. Are you letting yourself be terrified by the simple artifice that they have evolved in order to ward off predators like bats or rodents that might eat them? Are you in some way like a bat or a rodent? Moths are indeed *very*...beautiful creatures, the same goes for bats of course,...but don't let *them* light on you .

All my life I have loved the wilderness and wild things, and I have always heard stories about the dangers of coyotes ,bears ,snakes and the like. I guess I should be curious as to why nothing has ever happened to me after so many years camping out like I did. Even when I have unknowingly camped out near to a nest of giant rattlesnakes on the Rio Grande in New Mexico and awoken the next day to discover so.... ? I received nothing more than a warning from them .

Hmmm!! With all those stories about being eaten by wolves and bears., I wonder... did I miss something? (ILLUS...my cabin out back))

Sometimes when you can find a **captive audience**, you have an opportunity to make good friends for life.. that is assuming you yourself are worthy of *their* interest . At least that's the way I see it. I find that many of the friends I have made in other countries are people that were working in a shop somewhere I just happened to stumble into. Sometimes it was because I was attracted to a girl that worked in the shop, and so I would keep coming back to talk with her. Eventually I would meet all the other people that were friends of hers (or theirs). After a while I would forget my original intentions altogether, and just get to know them as regular people. And so it is now that I have a whole group of friends that I have come to know simply because they were held captive by their position at work, and made available to me for more than the few seconds I might have had in trying to get their attention in the street.

Some might say that taking advantage of a captive audience is unfair, and I guess that is true if you come on to them like an idiot, but maybe in reality that is the way my detractors in fact view themselves in their own interactions with those afforded less freedom to come and go as they please.

I find it interesting that all those who would think of me as scraping the bottom of the barrel in terms of those whose friendships I seek out, are in fact among the most boring and colorless of all the acquaintances that I have ever made.

It was sad to read about what happened at the **New York Times** with that fellow that was caught shaping stories out of his own imaginings. But what I was glad to see was the way that they immediately posted notice of it on the front page of their own newspaper as though it were big news.

Isn't it ironic though how the two other big papers in town which are those filthy yellow rags that go by the name of the Post and the Daily News, which have actually 'institutionalized' such practices have come up with even bigger nasty headlines about the matter. Such hypocrisy!! I wonder sometimes, considering the kinds of people that read and believe such crap, if they aren't just getting what they deserve.

It's amazing how we **guard all our stuff**. For most people their stuff is really just that...their stuff, like clothes, books, gadgets etc. for me though the situation is different. The stuff that matters most to me is the stuff that is written in my notebooks and computers, and the various works that are on floppy disks near my piano that contain all the notes and sketches of the many songs and projects that I am working on.

It is sad to think that for most of us when we die, our 'stuff' will immediately become the property of others or wind up being shoveled into big garbage bags by the guys from the department of sanitation that will come to clean out the apartment after we've expired. If I am not careful to get my work done before I pass away, I am sure that these guys will surely steal the computers and erase the hard drives immediately. Maybe if they bother to read anything that is on the drives they will get a good laugh. Maybe though something that they read will touch them and they will know to go to the notebooks and look further.

Sometimes I think my spirit might be better off though with having these guys peruse my stuff rather than my friends and relatives who might only try to salvage what works they find in the demised premise. I fear that they will turn the works over to so called 'accomplished' poets and composers in order to bring them to completion. Perhaps I should leave a great big notice on the wall that declares exactly how I feel about those types. Something like.. **WARNING:** Absolutely do not hand over any of these works to anyone that has not graduated from the school of hard knocks...IN GOOD CHEER.



On Piracy and intellectual property

Have you noticed lately that the media is always talking about **how much crime has gone down**? The truth here is that there are just as many thieves as before, only now they are stealing

intellectual property and pirating on the streets without getting molested by the police. Sure, of course the cops will bug those guys with the counterfeit CDs and movies, but that's just to get them to move along. It amazes me that the government just thumbs it's nose at artists while billions of dollars is being stolen from them a little bit at a time.

I think it must be about 30 years ago now, that I first realized that those road safety ads? were all a lot of bunk!

The way Madison Avenue put them together , one might really think that the government gave a hoot about the pain you or your family might suffer because of a traffic accident on some interstate on the labor day weekend.

The truth is that the government doesn't want you to get in an accident because then they have to clean up your mess, and that means spending more on police , sanitation and EMS services.

I guess a lot of people still believe that the government cares , because they still make all those kinds of ads for television . It's hard to believe that we live in a world of complete morons.

Mr. Marco just mentioned to me the fact that when prisoners are released from Riker's Island, that they are taken to this one street in Queens and left off with a Metro-card with a couple of fares on it and a few bucks. I know that this happens everywhere. When I told Mr. Marco that I thought that that was a terrible thing, he said "Why"?, and that is exactly the problem with this country. Everyone thinks that it is OK to just send ex inmates packing without even the means to feed themselves until they can get on their feet, They argue thinks like "Why should the taxpayer pay for it?" they cannot put themselves into the position occupied by the poor felon. It doesn't occur to them that perhaps the reason that he was in jail in the first place was because he couldn't get a meal together or couldn't find a place to sleep.

Doesn't it make more sense to put the ex-con up in a hostel and give him a couple of thousand bucks so that he can get his act together? Think about it, if he winds up in jail again just because he had to steal some fruit from the greengrocer, the taxpayer will have to dish out several hundred dollars a day to pay for his room and board for another 6 months or more .

The truth is that these people that see this as a waste of the taxpayers monies are just like the kid that thinks it's OK to torture a rat or a roach simply because they are a pestilence. Yes, it's true, there are actually grown men and women out there that see rats and roaches as deserving... punishment.

I was in Mexico again recently and was sitting around the cabanas where a lot of the backpackers like to stay. There were a bunch of kids there from different countries and we were all drinking Mescal and Tequila.

One of the guys from New Zealand suddenly says... "Did you know that when you set a roach on fire, that you can actually hear them scream?"

I was completely astonished. Not at the fact that roaches scream when they are set on fire, but by the fact I was sitting there drinking with this monster. He went on and on about how they deserved it and how he and his friends like to do it for fun. I don't remember what his line of work was , but I seem to remember that he was traveling with some law students.

It is strange when I think of the difference in the way I perceive “ love” now, as it pertains to man and woman as compared to the way I thought of it when I was much younger.

I think of it now as a commitment that I shall take on toward a beautiful exemplary woman with a big heart whereas before I thought of it as a state that one “fell into” or “came upon” in a more mystical sense so to speak . Interestingly, with my new improved attitude I have more choices of possible mates to pick from , and I need not worry about falling into or out of anything. My commitment now is based on observations that I make of qualities which I have already had experience dealing with.

Probably many an individual might read this and think “how studied and unromantic”, but that is not the case at all, for with this attitude I am free of those “trappings of falling in love” that only serve to bring down those that think in the old way, and am therefore more capable of participating in both of our worlds in such a way that our expectations will be more directed toward development of the Self rather than the other.

It seems to me now that it is more important to simply be there for someone . **It is not that important to always have to understand “why”.**

I have this little Gizmo I invented that could save millions of lives. It is the simplest of things and I can't discuss it in this publication because I have not as of yet secured the patents on it. I am presently having to deal with a dilemma in terms of getting it to market.

First of all , my lawyer assures me that the idea is so good that everyone will try to steal it from me. He says that if I then try to sue them for copying my gizmo, that I will be in court forever and it will be nearly impossible to collect damages.

Secondly , this gizmo needs FDA approval. They have informed me that I will have to pay \$2,187 for each application (of which there will be 7) and I have to pay over \$154,000 to have the product tested. I believe the cost of clinical trials and all that is extra. They will wave the \$154,000 for the first time applicant, but that doesn't help because there are 7 versions. When I complained to the very helpful guy at the FDA, he just told me that it was a new policy and

to thank Mr. George W. Bush .

Amazing!! Here I found a billion dollar idea that would save millions of lives, and I have to go through all of this. Sometimes a feel like someone that has the code that will prevent the big bomb from going off. I go to make a phone call to the authorities that are trying to diffuse it, start to relay the code, and then the operator butts in and demands 5 cents for the next three minutes, and all I have is a 20 dollar bill.

Oh...yes... thank you Mr. Bush.

Sometimes we are between a rock and a hard place. Sometimes, there is the rock, there is the hard place, there is a thousand mile layer of shit, and then, there is **you**.

Many women are like banks in a way A Bank will only lend money to someone that doesn't need it. And so it is the same with most women . As soon as they find out you want something from them, they already know that they won't give it you. They only give sex to men who look like they have plenty of it. It's true really. If you don't believe me just go and stand in front of the jail house down by the courts. The beautiful women are lined up outside the place to see their felonious boyfriends, who also probably beat them as well. These guys often have a number of women chasing after them.

I don't know, maybe it's the testosterone!

I live in this most wonderful neighborhood in Queens New York, called Jackson Heights. It's supposed to be a high crime area, but strangely I have never come across a single incident in the four years that I have been here. It's not that I don't get out into the neighborhood, in fact I walk around here all the time, and at all hours of the day and night. I find the people warm and friendly and rarely have I even heard people raise their voices, much less in anger.

So you can imagine that it was very strange for me then when the other day I passed two undercover policemen on the street here and overheard the one say to the other with real gusto **"let's make a bust"**. These were young cops, I would guess in their early twenties, and obviously not from around here. I felt at that moment a mix of emotions. It was a mixture of fear and at the same time sorrow. I was thinking things like "Who will they pick on"? I remembered how in my own youth I used to fear Latinos and how I believed that they were all going to mug me. It wasn't just me, It was all the kids in my neighborhood that thought like that. We were victims of our parent's racism, and the hate and ignorance *stuck* with us. When on occasion I have spoken with cops in the neighborhood, they insist that it is a dangerous place, and that I don't know. Well, I do *know*... that they don't know. And I *know*,...because **I was once one like them.**

Responsibility seems to me to have more than one definition really. The word responsibility the way I see it should really be replaced with ‘responsability’. The two words are close, but it seems the first has lost most of its original intent in many cases.. The word responsibility should never be used in a negative declaration, as in “We are not responsible for.....etc.”, unless it is completely understood that the statement is a declaration of the persons or entities declaring its inherent inability to ‘respond’ to consequences due to lack of the moral substance that is required ‘to respond’ in such circumstance. Yes, lets take another look at that word before it goes the way of the dinosaur and the Edsel.

At the risk of seeming ...I don't know...maybe a bit unpatriotic? I just want to say a few things about the whole 911 thing and Osama Bin Laden and all of that. It seems

to me that the government just could have handled it all in a much better way. What I mean is like for instance, it would have made much more sense to have portrayed Al Qaeda as ‘the gang that couldn’t shoot straight’. Am I right or what? It’s true. Everything that they have attempted since the World Trade Center went down.. just fizzled out. If the CIA was so damned smart, they would have made something out of the fact that these guys were always saying “Allah be willing”. They could have pointed out that with all of the subsequent failures that al Qaeda was experiencing, that maybe Allah was “NOT WILLING”. It is just the obvious, but no one seemed to catch on. Playing this up, could have had an incredible effect on that part of the Arab world that was teetering on the edge, and was not quite sure whom to side with. And there are so many other things that the government could have done. Even the fact that the world trade center fell down could have been down played. After all, it was only a couple of buildings. They were making it seem like these guys were rocket scientists the way they planned the whole thing. It was really no big deal.. buy the tickets, coordinate the schedules and don’t tell the other 15 that they’re going to their death....real deep stuff... but definitely not Quantum physics. They were calling Mohammad Attah a mastermind and a genius....give me a break.. any asshole can hijack a plane even now. How hard is it so swallow some condoms filled with plastic explosives and then shit them out in the bathroom of the airplane, tack them to the wall and light a match. Again... more rocket science.

It should occur to these CIA guys that maybe these ‘Terrorists’ just don’t really want to bring America down all at once. Maybe the truth is that they want to be listened to and are meeting out their intent, in a measured way.

We think we know a lot and we all feel a lot safer, and perhaps maybe we are, But...not necessarily because we did the right thing. Only in the long run will we really know. Tomorrow we might find several of our cities rendered ‘useless’ by radiological bombs. Our economy could disintegrate if such a thing happened. But regardless of what does happen, one thing I am sure of, and that is that the PR work around what did happen, was very poorly handled, and if it had been handled correctly in terms of making these terrorists look like inept blasphemous fools, We would have all felt a whole lot safer a whole lot sooner.. than we did.

Out “there”

It amazes me how whenever scientists get to talking about ‘life’ being discovered beyond the confines of the earth, how some of them always go with the argument that ‘life is so rare’ and that the possibilities of it occurring are so infinitesimally small. It is a wonder in my eyes that they cannot see the plain fact that everything out there is either alive or part of another living system. The Sun the stars the planets, galaxies, quasars, all living systems that spawn other living systems, like living wheels within wheels.. they argue that conditions would have to be absolutely perfect for life to occur and take hold. They somehow can’t seem to see that there were eggs before there were chickens. It does not occur to them that stars in fact are eggs of a sort. They argue that the temperatures on stars are much too high to support life and that conditions on the primeval earth were prohibitive for the formation of life, when in fact they were life itself. It seems that somehow, for as smart as he might appear to be, that man has still not really learned how to ‘think’. They argue that even if life is found beyond the earth, that it would not be intelligent life. Does it not occur to them that all life is intelligent, and that there are only different kinds of intelligence?

Man wants to communicate with other beings like himself though. He wishes to parlay with beings that have developed civilizations, and can communicate via radio. It is interesting to note that when you take a man from one so called civilized country and put him into another suddenly, that he often cannot seem to make heads or tails of: where he is. I remember once simply being disoriented in a South Korean subway station. What the hell would it be like to be plopped down in the middle of a city on some star system in another part of the galaxy. We can’t even communicate with each other yet without fighting, so how will we act when confronted with other so called civilizations.

I say let’s first learn how to communicate with simple life forms like termites and ants and bees. After we master communication with the other billions of intelligent life forms that are already here on earth, we will have the ability to deal with what certainly is alive and stealthily waiting beyond the confines of this planet.

On the Olympics, Ice Capades and Songwriting

There is something that is instilled in us when we’re kids that tells us **we must ‘win’**. Have you ever seen the ices skaters in the Olympics, how they are going along just so gracefully that it could bring you to tears, and then all of a sudden the announcer says “OK.. now he’s he going to go for a triple lutz... and...and..Ohhhhhh no...”

It just kills the whole thing. There you are moving along with them like it’s the most effortless thing in the world and then.. Whomp.... They’re on their ass. The triple lutz thing has turned them into a triple klutz and for me anyway, the whole performance is ruined.

And it’s the same thing with all those competition ballroom dancers. Have you ever seen them in action? It’s horrible! They are so professional that’s its disgusting. For all the ability that they might display, they still somehow come off as very cold calculated and worst of all rigid. They just do not seem to be enjoying themselves.



Now the **Ice Capades? thats my style.** There is nothing to prove in the Ice Capades . They hit the high notes alright , but there is not *any* need to try to go beyond one's limits , and so it all flows naturally . And that's the way it should be with songwriting. A song should not be a gymnastic exercise in trying to compete for some prize to prove something to the world. It is not power walking, It is more a walk in the garden that is life.

The kinds of gymnastics that we see demonstrated in competition should only be practiced in order to bring our skills up to the level where the performances that result from these practices seem effortless .

Yeah, I guess I'm really not an Olympic kinda guy really. Ice Capade guy... that's me ! I'm the observer in the street . Turtle guy... No power ballroom dancing, just midnight moonlight starlight tangos and stuff like that.

If we want to succeed in the arts, we will just have to learn to 'boogie in place' when the music hits us. There is nothing to prove. **Art is definitely not a sport.**

Guys like David Sanborn and Ishtak Perlman are really the ultimate in Amateur musicians. Ahhhh, but see now? I say that and half the people reading this will be up in arms about the fact that they are in no way amateurs, but in fact top professionals. And, I am in perfect agreement with that statement, but nevertheless, they are the ultimate amateurs . They do what they do because they 'love' what they do.

What so many people fail to understand about the 'virtuous' artist , is that they live, work, eat, and breath what they do twenty four/ seven. The great artist often only becomes a so called professional because of the fact that if they did not become one , they might literally starve to death. In order to achieve the levels of perfection that guys like Sanborn and Perlman achieve , they have to be doing it all the time, and so they have no time for any other kind of work. You cannot go to a dishwashing job or go out and practice litigation all day and then come home practice for a few hours and expect to play like a virtuoso. It just doesn't work that way. Sure, you might get to become a 'very good' player, and even play professionally, but that is not enough. I have known many musicians that work professionally that can't seem to play anything with real heart. The real virtuoso consistently reaches transcendent levels. They reach our hearts because they reach their own hearts in daily practice. It is a 'way of life' for them and the word 'practice' to them has a completely different meaning than it has to the dilettante. It is more a 'practice' in the sense that what a doctor does is practice.....Get it?

On Faith Hope and Charity

Faith? Faith in what? that God exists? So what!

And what if he's an incredibly evil bastard? Tell me what good is all your faith then? If any God exists, then perhaps 'hope' that that God is good, and all merciful and compassionate., *might* be of some use, but even that is doubtful!

What good does it do us, the human race to simply exercise faith in the existence of a God? Does it do us good because if we don't have that faith we will go a place called hell for failure to have recognized his existence. Gee.. I'd much rather have faith that a god like that in fact did **not** exist. Why would I want to have faith in an almighty despot?

I think that anyone that believes that they must have faith in the existence of a 'God' simply because some church told them they must, is just living a holy roller lie. I want to believe... Yes , I want to believe that that any supreme being is a benign and a just being. But will it do me any good? Think about that!

Perhaps when considered in this light we might truly understand our predicament in terms of the suffering of sentient beings. We might begin to fathom that what we experience as true hell is our having lost contact with that thread that connects us directly to HIM.

Indeed...

God seems to be a four-letter word these days...!

Why is it... that everyone...

feels they have the right to have their way with the "reputations" of
Used Car Salesman?

Personally, I have owned about 13 or 14 used cars including the three I now have. All of them were great cars even the Ford Pinto which was the first car I ever owned. I have just never understood what all the fuss is about . People call them rip-offs, sheisters and thieves.

Where do these notions come from? Am I lucky or different? I don't think so really. It is not as though the used cars I bought never broke down, many of them did. But they are "used", and it is understood when you buy something that is not new, that it has been owned before and that everything has a limited useful lifespan. This is why they tell the buyer to beware.

I think it is just that people need to have scapegoats , and used car salesman are just a convenient lot to dump upon.

Thank God for used cars.

I could never afford to buy a new one, and with the insurance and payments and all that, well, you just become a slave. Give me a good three to five thousand dollar car any day, and let's salute these heroes that have to put up with these whiners who think they have a right to a refund just because they got their panties in a bunch when the battery went dead six months after they bought their heap.

Cell Phones?... Cant live without 'em these days ! And as for brain tumors ? Always thought I had one anyway!

But you know, those headsets that everyone is using now in order to avoid getting zapped with radiation, don't really do any good at all. In fact they actually act as an antenna and supposedly cause you to get zapped with even more radiation than you normally would get without using it. But they are still a good thing for some people like myself because now when we walk down the street with one in evidence hanging from our ear, people don't think we are so crazy anymore when we talk to ourselves out loud.



Knights

For a while I lived in what's called a 'Home for Children'. It wasn't really all that bad a place actually. I made friends there right away and fell into the routines without too much trouble. They had a system there called the 'Knights' system, through which you could make your life a little more comfortable. You got to be a Knight by scoring points. You could do this by having your bed perfectly made and by doing a few extra chores; little things that would add up to a change in your life.

So one day I actually accomplished scoring enough points to become a Knight. "Wow" I thought, 'this is gonna' be great'. So anyway, that day, they appointed me a new place to sleep in the dormitory (next to the other knights of course) and likewise, they changed my table at meals and I could sit closer to the television set on the rare occasions that we got to watch it, but; I was completely miserable. I no longer got to hang out with my friends. Now I had to eat and sleep next to all the 'goody two shoes' and tattletales.

One day there was a bow-tie or a sock or something that wasn't accounted for at laundry collection. They searched all of our lockers but couldn't find it. They lined up all the kids in my group in two rows and then came down the aisle whipping every ass in sight, with the exception of the knights

of course. As it turned out, the sock was in one of the knight's lockers and of course he wasn't punished at all. Needless to say, I got myself quickly demoted down to regular civilian status ASAP.

And so it is these days that so many things work according to the 'Knights' system. In the music world, you can get booted up to a record contract and in the world of literature and poetry, you can become 'published' or even the Poet Laureate of the United States. It doesn't at all mean you can write good music, poetry or literature, though it sure might mean that you're good at kissing ass.

You want to make me a knight? No thank you, I'll pass..., not for me!

If you want to understand government, a good place to start might be to study your own co-op board, that is if you happen to live in a co-op. After a few months of living in my new apartment in Jackson Heights Queens, I couldn't help but notice that those people that were members of the board, more often used the service entrance to the building than the front entrance. I asked several of them why they did not use the entrance in the front of the building and I got some very strange answers. "Oh where I'm going is on this side of the building" or "it's just easier" and stuff like that. The truth is though that it is not easier and I often see them from my window circle around to the front of the building after exiting in their preferred fashion.

The reality is that just like in big government (or in the knight system), they have formed a cliché (and an impenetrable one at that) and within this cliché they rob the building blind with projects that I imagine will eventually bankrupt the building. Recently they wallpapered the halls with some of the ugliest garbage I have ever seen and charged us over a hundred thousand. I did some math and I figured that even if the workers got 30 bucks an hour, the whole job could have been done for about fifteen grand. And, they do this with everything. When you try to complain about it you have to get through that system that they have set up, that they are in control of and it is just impossible. It is so much like real government and I think the minimum lesson that can be learned by observing your board is that your haven't got a shot in hell if you want to try to change things.

When I was a kid, I asked my aunt what people did, when they went to heaven! My Aunt told that that when you got, there you would praise God and sing in the heavenly choir. I thought about it on many occasions. It even became somewhat of an obsession to me in the same way that I thought about hell. I would imagine all these old people standing in a large crowd bowing down all day and singing all these "Jesus loves you tunes" Geeze, it was like a friggin nightmare for a kid to hear that. These were my choices? It was like they offered you the frying pan or the fire. What kind of a choice was this? My God, I hated all that phony hymn book stuff. What a thing to tell a kid.

The absolutely worst trauma though was when they told me about the ‘End of the World’. I just completely lost it when they told me that! I went into hysterics for days and days weeping and crying “why ,why” I demanded to know — the injustice of it all hitting me so hard. They told me that the Angel Gabriel would come and blow a bugle and then there would be the judgment followed by fire and brimstone. Surely my erotic fantasies having to do with little Dorothy Shatz, and the sinful practice they led too, would put me in at least the 7th or 8th if not the 9th rung or circle of hell itself!

I went around for many years after that in tremendous fear. Anytime I heard the 12 o’clock siren or the bugle over the loudspeaker at summer camp, I went completely white with fear. And I mean “paralyzed with fear”. Years later , and especially through the years of the cold war with the Soviet Union, I was obsessed with Air Raid sirens and the testing of the emergency broadcast system. And , believe it or not, this went on until I was about 29 or 30 years old.

NEVER TELL A CHILD ANY GOD DAMNED FUCKING BULLSHIT LIKE THE WORLD IS GOING TO END AND HE IS GOING TO BE CONSUMED AND PUNISHED IN FIRE FOR ETERNITY. **NEVER** . Keep YOUR fucking psychotic sicko pseudo religious bullshit to yourself.

On the subject of teaching...real teaching that is!...It seems to me that when bodies of knowledge of real ‘substance’ , are disseminated, or absorbed, it is not necessary that the teachers or the students involved necessarily be aware that ‘they’ either ‘are’ or have become an exponent of any organized ‘school’ of higher thought.

Higher thought and the processes that are inherent in it, do not necessarily have to conform to the preconceived notions of scholars or the accepted criteria of such thought held by the masses ; for those very processes themselves are at times above and apart from the mundane expectations of the vulgate, in that entirely different types of cognition not even familiar to ordinary men may be available to them.

In the realm of the ‘realized’ man, it is not important for him (or her) to feel that he is following the curriculum of an accepted school or even that he was of the ‘elect’..of say ...the Sufis , Sikhs, or any ‘elite’ group for that matter, for he would of necessity be following the dictates of the heart, where such distinctions are seen as vanities. And of course this goes for the teacher as well as student. Neither might be aware of anything in terms of ‘titles’ of distinction, and in fact that individual might be still be left wondering as to their status in the world of ordinary men in terms of their progress and finding a teacher . What they *would* be aware of however, is a ‘perception’ or cognizance of these higher states..and moments of what would seem to them like enlightened thinking, interfacing with their normal state . At a certain point in their development, they become aware of *everything* stated in the above . In fact a statement like the one above, whereas it is apparently opaque to the vulgate, is *completely* transparent to them. It is then, at this point in the individuals development perhaps, that it could be said of them that they are on the first inroads in terms of making headway in terms of both teaching themselves and, becoming a teacher themselves.

Now, may I ask, where are you in terms of the above statement?

Here’s a thought that perhaps **you undecided voters** in the swing states might want to consider. We all have the right to vote pretty much, that is to say ; if we are over the age of 18, and we are not a convicted felon. There is another factor though that many do not

consider, and that is the fact that our ‘soundness’ of mind is pretty much taken for granted at the polls . There is no test or quiz that we have to pass in order to enter the booth and pull the lever for the candidate of our choice. But the reality is : that although we may all have the legal right to vote, many really do not have either the capacity to understand issues or the moral right to vote. And yet probably much too often, the critical vote is determined by just exactly those individuals.

It should be taken into serious consideration , that when we see a candidate put on the spot , as for example the way that John Kerry was often put on the spot about his voting record or perhaps on the spot in terms of what he might have done about Iraq., that first of all he *is keenly aware* that his audience is filled with a certain number individuals whose thinking is of such a simplistic nature, that for them the world is essentially either black...or white...good...or bad...There is nothing in between for them. They are like children that wanted to be cops and soldiers and firemen when they grew up , but never became them and never grew up. Nonetheless, they still have the legal right to vote.

When John Kerry says something like “ just go to john kerry.com and read the answer for yourself, what he is really saying is...*the answer to this question that you have just asked will inflame the simplistic voters present, because they could never understand the nuances that have to be considered concerning this issue...GO...to my website, where YOU...who are capable of understanding these nuances...can learn .the truth about this issue.*

Of course John Kerry or any other candidate cannot just come out and say something like this openly because this would offend those people who do not have the capacity to understand If for example John Kerry wants to say something like, “I think we must reach out to the Arab world”. He will immediately be pushing the buttons of those registered voters who think all Arabs are terrorists and should be locked up or executed. The other day he slipped and was pounced upon for saying something about “passing the global test”. I myself and millions of other Americans knew exactly what he meant , even if only intuitively. But George Bush jumped on him , and appealed to those self righteous and self serving voters who think that we are the center of the Universe and the police force of the planet earth. Here John Kerry has to be very careful in how he deals with what he has already said. He has to downsize the ‘globe’ in global for those simpleminded voters and yet convey to others that he is still with the ‘moral’ program that requires him to consider not only every person living on the planet, but every living ‘thing’ as well.

In short what I am saying is that the better candidate must walk a very narrow line and there is little or no room for error when the spinsters are looking for sound bites to clobber him with just up the road. Always realize that in order for a man of great worth to make his way into the white house, that he will have to please people of all persuasions, and therefore must speak to the public in much the same way that you might have to speak to a group on some serious matter with children present. If we are confused about an issue in a campaign we can learn very quickly what the truth is very easily . This is after all the age of the Internet. Anyone can go to Google and write in a few word and put a book together in a few hours on almost any subject. The answers are all out there. We cannot expect a candidate to put all his cards on the table when there is the risk that a large percent of the people listening will misunderstand. No...not on the table, but he should at least point in some way to where the cards are hidden or stored so that we can go and look at them at our leisure. I think John Kerry has done just that in telling us to go to johnkerry.com. Do it today and learn about this wonderful candidate who is running for the Presidency of the United States of America.XXXXX



I got on this tiny plane the other day. The story

is that: I was going to Puerto Escondido from Oaxaca City and I thought “ Sure, it’ll be a small plane, but... hey ...whatever!” What I didn’t count on was that the Cessna 182 three passenger job would be such an old rattletrap. Well anyway, as it was I walked out of the terminal and unto the tarmac where I saw two planes parked and waiting and, of course, I headed toward the larger handsome and more modern two engine job. I was quickly redirected to the antique parked right next to it. I got into the back seat where there was already a young Oaxacan beauty buckled up and ready for takeoff, and then my brand new friend Charles (Who I met only ten minutes earlier) and the pilot , took up positions in the 2 front seats.

So as it went we watched a few state of the art jets take of while we warmed up, and then, as we started to move out to the runway I begin to wonder to myself (because the engine has revved up now) “is this the final rev up before takeoff?” The thing was rattling around like crazy, and so I decided to fasten my seatbelt. I guess I shouldn’t have been surprised when the buckle wouldn’t close properly, but...well...I was a teensy weensy bit concerned..for a few seconds anyway. As it was though, for all the rattling around, we were only taxing and the real shakeup was yet to come. Suddenly, the thingamajig starts going up and; you know... how jets just go up like about five thousand feet a minute? Well this baby was doin’ about a hundred or less feet a minute; which isn’t so bad if you are only going to be crossing some cornfields in Iowa for instance, but this was the Sierra Madre in front of us, and like I was thinking of the days way back when I used to make this hop in an old fossil of a DC3 with a cracked windshield and a door that had to be tied closed.

And so as we started to rise and to slowly gain altitude (I’m watching the altimeter you can be sure) I relax a bit and start to wondering if it is possible to take advantage of the situation by somehow endearing myself too, and then.... possibly... making love too... this young Oaxacan

beauty sitting next to me in this... Hmmmm...precarious magic moment might I say? I entertained this idea up until my new friend Charles who was seated in the co-pilots seat, turned around and offered to take a picture of the young beauty and myself against the backdrop of the Sierra Madre. Needless to say that the fires of my interest in the Doncella were quickly extinguished when I saw her beautiful cherubic face illuminated by the glare of my ancient snow white beard in the window of my Cannon digital SLR camera.

As we continued on , I was actually surprised that I had no real fear at all. I looked down on the mountains and thought to myself “ Well, this...or that might be a good place to land (or crash)!!



Well, the trip was beautiful. The morning mist , the mountain passes, the image of the rattletrap and Charles (76 year old Texan wanderer) and the pipe smoking pilot up front; it was just fantastic!

After we had landed with a lurch , and after I bid adieu to my lovely backseat companion; Charles asked me where he might stay for the night. I took him to the Santa Fe hotel in Puerto where I lived for 16 years, and as we had breakfast in the Santa Fe's restaurant which overlooks the Pacific, we were surrounded by a sea of smiling faces that live and work there,, As I went to my own house I thought "Yep, Charles gonna' be a happy camper", and after I got a little sleep I woke up and thought to myself...

Wow...I'm home!



As it is that I live this very simple and free life, I have people asking me all the time, how I am able to do it . I explain to them that because I forgo a few luxuries and also because I set my life up without debt to pay, that I am basically a free man. I explain to them that I bought my house in New York for 18,000 cash rather than buy something with amenities for 200,000 with a mortgage. I explain how I only work on the house when I have the money to spare. When they ask how I make money without working a nine to five, I explain that because I never get that attached to any place I buy, and, because I fix them up to make them infinitely more beautiful then when I bought them; I can therefore (without any sentimental attachment), sell them at an enormous profit and thereby live another seven years or so being free.

Whenever I invite them to my mountain home, they always imagine that that they will be coming to some mad bombers cabin. When they get there, they are shocked to see just how nice and comfortable and cozy everything is.

After they are there a while they quickly come to realize that I have to carry water from the spring and that if they need to use the bathroom, they have to go the out house. If it is winter, they will see the roaring fire. Sometimes they might say something like " Where do you bathe?" I then take them outside and down a hill to another tiny building which is a sauna. They are shocked that I have to make a fire just in order to use it. If I invite them to use it, they are often afraid. They do not for example understand that when they leave the sauna and go outside to rinse and wash with the icy water from the spring; that they will not only not freeze to death, but in fact find that they feel quite warm and fresh even if the temperature outside is well below freezing. "I could never live like this!" they say, and yet if they try it...they are blown away at how relaxed and how great they feel after it. One guy was so uptight though, that although he agreed to take the sauna with us , still he refused to take his clothes off. He just got up at one point soaking wet with sweat and headed back to the house without even washing himself.

"But you're so isolated!" they will say " Don't you get lonely? I point out to them that because of this isolation and because I don't watch TV or listen to radio, that I have 'my own' thoughts which are highly creative, and I point out that when I do travel I make lots of friends all the time and that when I go home to my house in Mexico, I am practically treated like the mayor for all the wonderful friends I have. They will say "Mexico?" "And isn't it dangerous there?" When I try to tell them that their concept of countries like Mexico are formed for them by the media, they CANNOT...believe that Mexico is so much safer than the media makes it out to be. They imagine a world of banditos, drug dealers and other such nonsense, sold to them by FOX and other like entities, and so they simply refuse to believe that it could be any other way.

Anyway as it makes me sad and sorry for them , I soon realize that I am wasting my time trying to help them make a change in their life. They just cannot break away from that ‘grind’ they claim to hate so much. Perhaps the problem in trying to get across to them is that I don’t charge them for what amounts to a consultation. Sometimes I think I should set up like one of those ‘life coaches’ I hear a lot about these days, but then as I think about it a while, I think...**Not!...**

There is a whole breed of Asshole that believes that they are entitled to express themselves at public expense. For example those idiots that believe that they have the right to blast music from their windows or boom boxes whenever they feel like . And then there are those street performers who go out into the public streets and play their own music and sometimes even through loudspeakers. There are a few that I know of that play drums in the street at deafening levels. Sometimes they play right in front of a Broadway theatre with a show in progress and nobody does a damn thing about it. Imagine this now; playing drums in front of a theatre with 3000 people inside paying up to a hundred or more dollars for some of the seats and the cops don’t do a thing. ‘Freedom of expression’ they will answer you. **Freedom of expression? Give me a break already!** Please , do not get me wrong now. Of course everyone has a right to express themselves, but our founding fathers never had it in mind that it would be all right to forcibly shove ones opinions down the throats of the masses. It is supposed to be done ‘peaceably’. Just as one has the right to express themselves, so to has another the right to not have to hear it if they choose not to. The spirit in which these freedoms were granted was so that all men might harbor whatever beliefs they held sacred and be able also to voice those beliefs and also opinions they might hold about other’s beliefs and for that matter any issue whatsoever in general. It is and always was I believe intrinsically understood that forums and ‘soapboxes’ if you will were as provided for in the public square near the seat of government.

Why is it that our police departments are not educated in these matters to the point at least where they know the difference between legitimate self expression , and disturbing the peace and creating a public nuisance. Or at least educated as to where the one overlaps the other.

I just do not think that it is right to have some street rapper or some evangelist nut job going off at the mouth at the top of their lungs while there are people present that might effectively be being held as a captive audience.

Yes, if I have seen it once, I have seen it a thousand times and the cops do **nothing** about it ever.

I was browsing this paperback today It is called **‘Genius Instruction Manual’**. What is ironic is that it seems to have been compiled by near complete idiots. There are actually a couple of interesting blurbs in it, but for the most part , it is 200 pages of complete bullshit and fluff. There is one reference to Handel’s mentioning of how he wept while writing the Messiah; having been overcome by it’s beauty. It then goes on to say “We can just picture it ‘ I am such a genius *sob!* Ah, what a pleasure to see these notes spring forth

from my pen *sob!*” I cannot believe that shit like this is actually in print. What these morons do not realize is that probably *all* of the greater works of MAN have been written in tears. Their author’s simply did not mention the matter so as to avoid having to be humiliated by the likes of two bit critics that have inherited enough money to manage to weasel their way into the publishing racket.

It might interest some to know that the ‘world’ of the ‘genius’ is really only the world as it is just supposed to be for everyone. Just because you , I , or anyone else for that matter choose to live the banal life and call it ‘normal’, does not make it so. If we lived in a society that knew how to regulate and disperse energies efficiently, *everyone* would be able to function as a genius.

So, Collins Press, Mental Floss...or whatever the hell you call yourself... Take a hike! Thank God that the internet will provide us a means to one day completely annihilate entities like YOU.

Some people are autograph people... I am definitely **NOT** one of those. People

have asked me over the years, how I have met so many famous or influential people. I explain to them that when you ‘travel’ you can’t help but to meet all kinds; the famous and influential included. The deal is though that when we meet each other, we never discuss ‘business’ or the ‘biz’; we are simply all as equals. It doesn’t matter if you are the Anchor of the 6 o’clock News and World Report, the curator of a major museum or just a dishwasher . We are *all* the same and never discuss what we do very much. And what brings us together ‘is’, that we are ‘being’ everyday people, and involving ourselves in a thing called REAL LIFE.

But..., it is sad though. So many believe they cannot; and you know as it’s said:

“So you think...so you are”.

If you have ever had anything at all written about you

in a newspaper or magazine, you are probably aware of the fact that half or more of what they wrote was complete fiction. Most people are not at all aware of just how much crap they are being fed each day .

Back in 89 I had the pleasure to visit Nicaragua during the war there. My girlfriend at the time was a government official living in Managua. I made her acquaintance in Costa Rica at the airport. We just struck up a conversation there and just decided not to part when we got to Managua, and so I wound up living at her house for the duration of my stay. I remember arriving at the airport in Managua and being greeted by the Sandinista Immigration officials. They welcomed me and told me to please understand that although our countries were enemies , that the people of Nicaragua liked Americans in general and understood that ‘WE’ were not our government. He wished me a Merry Christmas and asked me to please get written permission if I wished to enter a war zone, so that the authorities in charge would be aware that I was in the area. As I left the

airport with Carmen and her friends that came to pick her up, we drove into the warm sultry night and made a number of stops at these really beautiful tropical like hostels. As it worked out though, as I mentioned, I wound up staying with Carmen.

Each day Carmen would go to work and I would go and walk around Managua. I walked through every kind of neighborhood and was often invited into peoples houses for coffee, where we would discuss everything from politics and music to philosophy and well...coffee. The people I met in the streets were just wonderful and I took an especial liking to those most lovely and physically fit anti-aircraft gunners. It seemed like they were all smiling tanned shapely striking beauties of between 18 and 21 years of age. Sometimes Carmen would arrange for me to go to another city with one of her assistants and at other times, I would go with Carmen out to the war zones where she was in charge of different agriculture projects. At first I worried about things like bombs in the road, but got over it quickly. The way it worked is that we would go out with a driver in a jeep, take a main highway out of town and then go down some dirt road where there was usually a barn or a shack or both. They would be expecting us, and so when we came into the clearings we would be identified by sight by the guards in the field. I remember how they would rise up from their knees with their machine guns and all weighed down with belts of bullets over their shoulders, and again; smiling from ear to ear as usual. We would go inside where there would be handsome young men and women wearing caps that said things like 'John Deere' and 'Caterpillar' and ...they were just like American farmers. Carmen would take the stage and lecture them on the project as they would all be gathered round attentively. At the end we would all shake hands with each other, and then Carmen, the driver and myself would take off for the next place.

One time we stopped for lunch only about a mile from where there was a lot of action going down. We had lunch and listened to the jukebox in the crowded restaurant. There were a couple of German kids there that were camping out. They told us of how they could actually see the fighting going on in the distance from where they had camped. They were amazed that they seem to have been somehow ignored.

Anyway, before I get to the point here just let me say that I had a great time and was at Christmas parties almost every other night . It was all fabulous. When I got home, a few months latter, I saw on the cover of 'Rolling Stone' magazine that there was an article (the main article in fact) on Nicaragua. I will not mention the author's name here for fear that he might sue me, but be assured; he is a household name.

When I read the article , I was in complete shock. He wrote of a Managua that was unrecognizable to me. He claimed the streets impossibly dangerous and filled with sinister characters. I wondered "What is he talking about?" I remember he said something about not even being able to go outside his hotel without guards or something like that. I do not remember the name of the hotel now , but at the time I read the article I knew right away which one it was because I walked by it every day. I just could not believe that the lazy sun bleached town whose streets I traversed from morning till night was the same town he was talking about.

Now perhaps things had changed since I left, but when Carmen came to the U.S. to visit me with her son, she assured me that life was going on as usual in Managua. I don't know, you tell me. Was I missing something there?

And of course , as I may have already mentioned in another blurb here, the same goes for what they write about Mexico and how dangerous it is. I can tell you concerning that also. It is all lies. What amazes me is how these journalists bullshit their way into jobs that wield such incredible and awesome power.

Dates? ...Who goes on dates? I remember when

I was a kid, we rarely went on dates . When you met someone you liked and they liked you, you just hung out, got it on and did everything together. It is very rare that I have gone on a date and had it come to

anything. It is just too bad that we cannot be more honest in general when it comes to dealings with the opposite sex. We should be able to look our interest in the eye and say right up front in the beginning “Do you like me?” Depending on their answer, we could say something like “Well let’s get it on” or “Nice meeting you Gotta go! Have a nice day”

Ah, the good ol’ days! Let’s bring ‘em back

Have you ever sat down in a restaurant with a date when all of a sudden the waiters are running up your bill to maybe ten, fifteen or even as much as fifty, sixty or more dollars than it should be. Before you even start to order? Of course this is all with the cooperation of the Bimbo who slides right into their slippery trap. Like for example, you go into an Italian restaurant in Little Italy and the waiters rush the table with plates of horderves. They don’t ask you, they just set them on the table like they’re free, and of course the bimbo starts picking at them immediately. On some occasions you can actually get billed for the whole plate though usually just what you actually eat.

Here in Oaxaca the other morning I went to meet a friend for breakfast. Now mind you , what I am about to tell you is happening in a city where the minimum wage is less than a dollar an hour. Even an expensive breakfast should not run more than six dollars and can be had for two or three. So anyway the waitress comes over and suggests fruit. My friend is tired from her flight and so she agrees, and asks for something else too, I forget what. So they bring out this platter of fruit big enough for a family of six and then come the pancakes and whatever. The bill she gives us is about three hundred fifty pesos or thirty five dollars. I felt like exploding.

Now, I met this same gal a week later in the Santa fe restaurant in Puerto Escondido and the waiter walks up and says “ may I suggest the fish”. I immediately said to him/ DO NOT SUGGEST THE FISH....DO NOT SUGGEST **ANYTHING!**, We didn’t come in here to eat forty dollar lunches.” My friend was a bit taken aback I think, but we got out of there for about 10 bucks.

Now the above was not with a bimbo. It is even worse with them , because they will open the menu , order a filet minon and take one bite and leave the rest on the plate. I feel like asking them “ Would you just walk up to a cow, kill it and take one bite?” sounds a little extreme perhaps, but that’s the way I see it.

I had put an ad on Craig’s list a while back looking for musicians for a musical I wrote. One guy answered and I liked the way he sounded on the phone , and so I asked him to meet me over at the Europa Café on 57th St. across from Carnegie Hall. When I am in the city I go to the Europa Café almost everyday and I order usually a coffee and maybe a pastry if I feel hungry. The bill usually comes to only about 4 bucks.

So anyway this guy shows up and we go to sit down at a table to talk, and he starts ordering. I was impressed at first by the way he spoke. He had with him an oboe , a clarinet and a third instrument. As we talked on he ordered different things periodically. He seemed to like white wine by the glass and so he ordered quite a few. At the end of our conversation he gave me a CD he made where he was playing four instruments. When the bill came it was over \$ 60. I was absolutely stunned.

Below her sisters Agostina and Ophelia

I went home that night and listened to the CD. I was....again **ABSOLUTELY STUNNED**. He had **no talent** and **no ear...**

...WHATSOEVER!!!



On Magic Tricks

I used to love to do magic tricks . it is a great hobby and a great way to meet new people. Recently though I had a few problems and so I have cut back on the practice somewhat. It all started when I was in Central Park one day. There was a very beautiful girl that I wanted to meet and so as I caught her eye I approached with a deck of trick cards. I had her spellbound right then and there, and so we hung out for a few hours. While I was going on about the nature of illusion, I would every once in a while pause to do another trick for her . At one point I had shown her how I could pass a pen through my cheek without leaving a hole and I

said something like “Well it’s all just tricks’ .She turned to me in shock and confusion and said “NO”....No.... What are you saying?” I said “It’s tricks, all illusions and tricks” I showed her then how it was done and how the cards were done. She was stunned, almost still refusing to believe it, but I was even more stunned. It wasn’t so much that she was so naive that shocked me so much as the fact that ‘I’ had gone on and on with her for a few hours thinking I was speaking with an intelligent woman.

Again , I was down in Mexico where I live and I had done a few tricks for my friends Fausta, Ophelia and Agostina. Well, I was shocked when I found out latter that Fausta thought that I was a Brujo and in cahoots with the devil. Her sisters Ophelia and Agostina knew better, but , barely, and so we went to Fausta and calmed her by showing her how the tricks were done. I finally came to the conclusion that if it had been another time or place where I was not so well known and respected, or if it had gone down with different people, I might have actually gotten myself badly hurt or even killed.

Yes folks, this is the 21st century.



On the brighter side of it though. I was doing this other trick that usually has people mystified where I take a shoelace and a metal ring and seem to capture the ring with the lace in a closed loop. I was doing it in the Tlalpan neighborhood on the south side of Mexico City with a small crowd around me when a little 5 year old kid who was watching called out in Spanish rather matter of factly “there’s a magnet ”... So much for Brujos with this kid !

Many of the kinds of people that don't even ordinarily read books, will read this kind of book . This is because it's simple and written in blurbs that don't for the most part take up even one entire page. One can open the book to almost any place at all and find something that will hold their interest, albeit only be for a minute or two. Even I myself will occasionally pick up a book like this one simply because it serves at one and the same time as both food for thought and a means of vacating my mind of overly serious matters.

In this collection of observations, reflexions , anecdotes and what have you, I have taken certain liberties in terms of style that would not ordinarily be either available too, or considered acceptable from an unknown author publishing his first book. The only reasons that I can and 'will' get away with it is first of all because I am the publisher of my own books ; second of all because the other works which I am publishing simultaneously are so radically different that they bear no resemblance to this one whatsoever; and third of all, because I don't need the money and don't give damn what anyone thinks.

I had considered the possibility of putting blurbs, quotations and references to those other works in this one in order to move those works along, but I fear that if I did that, it might only serve to confuse the reader; and in the case of certain works that might in some way be of real value to them, actually cause them to not even bother to check them out at all. A very few blurbs from here however will appear in one of the compilations of my other works , but only because it is appropriate. There is literally NOTHING in *those* works that would be appropriate here at all.

And so therefore I have decided to let any reader that might be curious as to what else I have to offer, go and search for themselves. I can only say with absolute confidence, that if you do bother , you will be pleased if not astonished, in no uncertain terms. Those that do bother to delve further in to my work will soon come to realize that in terms of language and style, everything I do is deliberate and often designed to impact my audience without mercy. In terms of my music, I can also say the same. Also you should know that I am as at home writing a Broadway style musical as I am writing , a sonnet , a country song or even a rap tune .

If you like what you read here, please know that you can go to my website and discover a whole 'world o stuff', that will really set you to thinking. Just DON'T expect it to be the same as this. For that you will have to wait for Volume II, which I will certainly put out if I live, for this has not only been a catharsis for me, but also one helluva fun project.

If you do visit my website you will be directed to where the other works are available. If you want to write to me, please know that I do not answer email from an unknown source. I will however selectively answer any mail that is sent to the address provided either in this book or on my web pages.

Thank you so much...

Fred

Some people got rats and some people got roaches....and me?...

I got goats!

Yep, 'G-O-A-T-S' ! I mean, my God...they piss all over the place (though not in the house exactly) . I have to admit that one gets used to the smell. It's a kind of a country smell...you know , like cows and donkeys (Oh yeah! Got one of those too...lives in front of my door sometimes) but still... those danged goats and their herders ! Always comin' around asking for water.

Well, I feed them chicken soup and whatnot, but they will not go away. OK yeah, sure sometimes they are in school and sometimes they go down a different street, so it's not like it's all the time, but still....I see their little faces ; smiling ...grinning, laughing in the distance with their stinky goats in tow.

I know, I admit already;
they're my neighbors and I even know their names.
Abigail and Omar they are called, but tell me,
Still...

what... am I ever gonna do about these little pests???
Tell me already , tell me, Pleeeeze tell me!



Abigail and Omar... my
Goat herding Neighbors



Rush Limbaugh, Shawn Hannity, Savage.....all Fucking....

Mumbo Jumbo

Steppingstones

Here is the way it works! First thing you got to give up in life is usually the

‘Tooth Fairy’.

It’s not actually too difficult, and we all kind of eventually suspect that our parents put the quarter under our pillow anyway.

The second thing you gotta give up is

Santa Claus,

And...

that is followed almost immediately by

the Easter Bunny.

Granted , they are more difficult , but not by much really.

Now the next one...

is a bitch!

and that one is to give up

‘Jesus Christ’

Not the teachings, just the fictions that surround this great sage. Very few would even dare, much less be brave enough to chuck him.

But the most difficult of all— and I think only a tiny percent of the population are even remotely capable of it — is to give up

‘True Love’ .

It will rain rosewater in Detroit before that will happen.

It is just **TOO much** to ask.

I am sorry to have to say this, but for the most part, when I leave New York City for any almost any other place in the U.S. with the exception of the other big cities, I find almost nothing but mediocrity everywhere, There is just **NOTHING...**out there. A vast wasteland is America these days.

This may surely be outdated by the time you read it, but here goes:

John McCain

is a **complete moron**

surviving an enemy prisoner of war camp does not qualify anyone at all to become President of the United States. First of all, McCain was a member of an invading force supposedly going in to liberate Viet Nam from Communism and protect us and the free world from it's spread. In fact they were entering a sovereign country without that government's permission.

Well, we lost the war and did they spread communism by force to the free world? I think not my friend McCain. Just ask anyone on the streets of the cities of Viet Nam today. Walk into Starbucks or any mall in any Gucci or Botecelli shop and ask them if they are suffering under any communist government. Ask any one of those smiling kids in the street with the cell phones if they even know what communism is. They will look at you like your crazy.

So what were you liberating us from Mr. McCain? Tell me...Please...

Tell us all.

Also, you wanted to fly Jet Planes so badly that were willing to drop bombs and Napalm on Innocents... **Some call that Patriotic... I DON'T..I**

call that: **INFANTILE**

It might interest some to know that the 'world' of the 'genius' is really only the world as it is just supposed to be for everyone. Just because you , I , or anyone else for that matter choose to live the banal life and call it 'normal', does not make it so. **If we lived in a society that knew how to regulate and disperse energies efficiently, *everyone* would be able to function as a genius.**

So, Collins Press, Mental Floss...or whatever the hell you call yourself... Take a hike! Thank God that the internet will provide us a means to one day completely annihilate entities like YOU.

And oh Yes, while I am hot on the topic of newspapers and journalism I just want to mention a couple of things. A number of years ago when I first started coming down to Mexico I was passing through Oaxaca City. When I got to the Zocalo there were hundreds of demonstrators positioned round and about in complete silence wearing signs reading things like ‘ Where is my brother ’ and ‘where is my father’, and there were signs with the names of their friends and brethren who had ‘disappeared in the night’. When I got back to New York and reported it to the major Newspapers and news programs. They all told me the same thing. ‘Not Interested’.

Here’s another one about our friends and allies in Taiwan. I was over in Taipei city in 86, and is my habit , I was wandering through the city at all hours when I came upon this strange neighborhood with an outdoor market. **There were people like snake oil salesman selling cures** and doing prognostications . I was strolling through the crowd — who were all staring at me — when I came upon this street which was made up of a series of corrals on both sides. Inside each corral there were about 20 to 40 scantily clad little girls. None of them could have been more than 10 or 11. I say this because I don’t think there were even 2 fully formed breasts amongst the several hundred or more that I saw there. Each corral had a guard that kept an absolutely straight face while the girls stuck their tongues out at the passersby. As I remember , I had a small camera with me, but did not dare to take a picture. When I got back to the U.S. and reported this to the major newspapers and evening news programs, I got the same response I got when reporting the demonstrations in Oaxaca. “Not Interested”

Just thought you might like to know this!!

I am sure that there are some people that will say after reading this. ‘He’s either exaggerating or he’s just a liar”. My answer to them is “ Fuck you you naive asshole . Move out of your mother’s house and open your fucking eyes to the real world.”

OK now... gonna’ wind down....

..... for minute!

Back in 1986, I was in Bangkok Thailand, I decided to go out for an evening stroll, and came upon a lively discotheque. After I entered I realized the place was absolutely packed and so as I made my way through the press of the crowd, I started to panic a little thinking about how I might get out in a fire. I looked around for a way out, when it happened that my eyes fell upon a young woman that was so absolutely beautiful, that my whole world there just seemed to go silent. I forgot completely about the panic I had felt and tried to approach her and her friends. But as it was, she would not even so much as look at me. I couldn’t believe it! It was like my bowels were melting in my gut. I managed to speak to her friends who told me that she was not at all available. As they were telling me the story of her recent life, I could not help but notice that she was quite drunk. They told me that she had worked in a house of prostitution before in order to help out by sending money to her parents who were weighed down with many burdens. It seems that she had met a customer there who she had fallen in love with, and

who promised her that he would return and that he would care for her and her parents and that she would never have to work like that again. He left Thailand and I assume he left her with a little bit of money, but he never did return there again. They told me that she absolutely refused to see any man and that she drank at least an entire bottle of Thai Whiskey every night.

As the night went on I began to feel the situation was hopeless and that even just getting to know her was simply impossible. But then suddenly she turned to me after having spoken with her friends. She grabbed my arm and took me out to the street. I was in shock and somehow... for a few minutes... the happiest man in the world. She made a gesture toward a Duc Duc taxi and we got in and she took me to her place which was a high rise apartment on the other side of Bangkok. When we got upstairs she ordered some excellent food from some takeout place and as we ate, she told me the story of what happened in her own words.

She said to me, “I love this man and I cannot be with you, I’m sorry.” I asked her his name and she told it to me, and then I made a strong mental note without writing it down. When I suggested to her that time would heal the wound, and that she could start over, she just answered that that was impossible. When I asked her why she felt it necessary to drink a whole bottle of whiskey every night. She told me that her life was just so unbearable without him, that it was the only thing she could do to stay sane.

Finally she said to me “you will have to leave now.” As I left the house, she would not so much as give me a peck on the cheek. I went heartbroken down in the elevator and off into the night in search of a cab.

When I finally got back to New York, I looked up the name she had given me of this man. I found where he lived, and to my surprise , he was living with his girlfriend in the exact building I was raised in on 89th street in Manhattan. I called the number I got from information and his girlfriend answered. I asked to speak to him and she said “ He’s in Japan”. I said “Oh Really? There’s something I have to talk to you about. Did you know...? And so I related the whole story to her and ended like this: “ And this poor girl is killing herself nightly drinking a bottle or more of Thai whiskey just to kill the pain until ‘your’ Mr. Right comes back to her”. I Told her “He has probably got 10 different ones” as is often the case with these kinds of guys. I told her , “You get in touch with him immediately and tell him all that I told you” and then I hung up on this poor woman whose life I had just devastated.

I have a feeling as I write this, that I did the right thing. I can only hope the best for all of them....my own self somehow included.

I’m a strange sort of guy! I say this because I am the type that actually checks out stuff like conspiracy theories, miracle cancer cures and flying saucer reports. This does not by the way: make me a ‘popular’ kind of guy. It is amazing what you can discover with a minimum of foot work. Sometimes it only takes a phone call or two. Like with a flying saucer report for example. All it takes is to call the local police or sheriff’s department where the incident supposedly occurred. No matter what you read in the Enquirer, or whatever filthy yellow rag you read it in, it can often be cleared up in a few minutes simply by speaking to the supposed witnesses or the cops.

As to cancer cures ? Amigdaline was a big one a few years back. The literature on it was amazing. I thought though...too amazing! I called information looking for the phone numbers of all of the names listed as cures in the literature. Not one of them could be located. There wasn't even a mention that they might be an unlisted number.

I am glad to see though that these days, others are out there ready to debunk this crap also. My friend recently sent me this very convincing video of a flying saucer. It was amazing I must admit, but I did immediately suspect something was fishy, and so I did a search on it and came up with stuff immediately. Some of the stuff debunking it was excellent and stuff I never would have even thought of myself.

Conspiracies too, they abound these days. What is sad is that some parts of some of them are probably true, but because the information is being bandied about and mixed in with highly doubtful material, it is hard to take any of it seriously at all. I discovered this years back when I worked for an acupuncture doctor as his assistant. He was a neurologist over at New York Hospital. We had our own little school over in a studio apartment on 68th St. As I had worked with Dr. Chen for quite a while, I became quite familiar with what exactly acupuncture was good for and what it was not good for. I remember one publication out at the time. It dealt with 'New Age' phenomena like Kirlian Photography (a lot of bunk) and other things like it. There was a section in the book on Acupuncture. When I read it, I could not believe the claims it was making. The claims were absolutely ridiculous with all kinds of pseudo mystical theory behind them. I thought to myself "Well now once someone discovers that these claims are false, they are not going to believe anything at all about the real efficacy of acupuncture."

Simply because this character wanted to sell a book, and because the publisher bought into his BS, there were probably numerous people who might have in fact benefited from acupuncture, that probably outright rejected it completely because of the context in which it was introduced to them. **I say thank heaven for people like RANDI...**who put these charlatans to disgrace on a regular basis....

On IQ

Some say that the definition of an imbecile is one that cannot understand or fathom simple relationships of cause and effect. If you ask me, **I think** the whole damned world is made up of mostly a bunch of asshole imbeciles.

ON

Water boarding

It is amazing to me that there could be any doubt whatsoever that water boarding is torture. And I ain't talkin' bout no boogyboard or surfboard. Anyone who has seen it demonstrated 'knows' for sure what it 'is' for sure. But I want to make a point here is about the ethics that surround this practice. Before I go into it though, let me pose an example or two.

1. There have been massive explosions going off around the city at precise 20 minute intervals all morning .You have just seen caught red handed by the police an individual that was strapped with dynamite. Is it all right to torture or water board this individual immediately in order to get information that might save others?
2. There have been threats made that a dirty bomb will go off in the city sometimes within the month. Three individuals are caught with small amounts of a highly radioactive substances, TNT, and also the means to make a. bomb. Their excuses for possession of these materials is lame. Is it permissible to water-board or torture these individuals in order to find out more?
3. Here's one on a personal level. Your husband , wife, son or daughter or some loved one is kidnapped. One of the kidnappers is somehow caught red handed carrying out some part of the scheme to extort money from you in order to get them back safely. They refuse to talk. Would you water-board them personally in order to get info leading to the safe release of your loved one?

Anyone who says no...is obviously either lying or stupid. If you have to ask what makes torture correct in this case, perhaps even your right to vote should be taken away.

When an individual is caught absolutely red handed as in the above cases , and information that they might have could save countless lives, it is certainly not the time to be playing morality games.

The problem with the use of torture as it stands now, is that the administration of it's use, is in the hands of people that seem to lie for a living, and would use it unsparingly as a means to get *anything* they want.

There are two reasons that **you and I cannot condone** water-boarding at this time in history. The first is because the importance and necessity of it's use at times, has not been properly explained to us by individuals that we consider moral and credible. Imagine the difference it would make if for example a Democrat that we respected came before the American people in a crisis like the second example above and said something like "My fellow Americans. We are now in the midst of a national emergency situation. We are facing what appears to be an imminent attack on several of our major cities with dirty bombs utilizing nuclear materials. We have captured several individuals red handed with nuclear materials this afternoon and believe that they have information that may save the lives of hundreds of thousands if not millions of our citizens. So therefore , we have found it necessary to try to extract information from these individuals utilizing 'whatever means necessary', and this will include means that we would never use on any individual where there was a modicum of doubt present as to their innocence. Please understand that just as these means of extracting information are repugnant to us, so too is the idea that an individual would destroy the lives of thousands of innocents just to score a few points in getting into some imaginary heaven where he might enjoy the company of 72 virgins".

See, this makes more sense than trying to pretend that water-boarding isn't torture. That's like trying to tell us that 2 plus 2 absolutely does not equal 4.. But there is a second reason that we cannot officially condone water-boarding at this time . (2008) and that is because we must do everything in our power to make the powers that permit such acts at this time, to appear to be the heinous careless sinister individuals that they 'indeed' are.

All in all though the use of torture in the near future will remain officially prohibited, and perhaps that is the best thing for now considering that even the most moral and wise of politicians must often pander to a constituency that is made up of the least common denominators in terms of

capacity and intelligence; and this constituency will at least for the time being always require that their political food be served up in digestible 'sound bites' . It is only when a large percent of what makes up the general voting public begin to be able to read and comprehend complex sentences, that we will know that we are on our way to a more enlightened society.

Questions of a lesser understanding

Actual conversation at the dollar store: (In Catskill New York)

"That'll be one dollar sir!"

"Here's four quarters!"

"I can't take that sir, I can only take dollars!"

"Are you serious? 4 quarters *is* a dollar!"

"Sir, I only work here I can't take it."

"Hmmm....Well can you give me a dollar for 4 quarters""

"Sure ! Here you go sir."

"Thank you! Can I pay for this now?"

" No problem sir!"

At customs:

"What countries have you visited sir"

'Mexico'

And what were you doing there?

"Working on some..."

"You were working in Mexico? Are you reporting that income you're.."

"Sir, I am not making any money there I just.."

"Well you said you were working sir, so I'm going to have to have you speak with

You see, this is how it goes. The flunky at the customs thinks because he works 9 to that all work is like that. It does not occur to him that 'work' can have a completely the writer or painter or composer.

At planned parenthood:



a...."

5 and gets paid for it,
different meaning for

“What can I do for you today sir”

“Well uh...sir. What gives you the expertise to do such a thing....are you a doctor?”

“Well sir, I don’t know what to tell you ...if you’re not a doctor sir, I can’t help you”

At the CDC: same kind of thing.

Typical conversation with Pharma company:

“Sure”.....And give him the same explanation that appears above.

“Excuse me!!!! Am I to understand that I shouldn’t expect to get much for an idea for a condom that is: undetectable, attractive enough to sell at Victorias Secret, is nearly indestructible and feels just like the real thing? Do you think that I am going to believe that?”

“Sir I don’t think this is right that you are asking me for all this information over the phone...sir I have \$14,000 dollars of my own hard earned money invested into this thing and...”

‘If you don’t want to tell me the materials in it sir I can’t....

Conversation with Condom company: same as above more or less.

Final conversation with my patent lawyer:

“Bu..but you said that we were all paid up”

“Listen Erick....You said this patent was fantastic and that it would probably go right through. They are arguing this point and that point. I don’t understand, there is no argument on these points. Everything is perfectly clear.”

Well Fred, this is how it's done. It's a kind of a back and forth game with them and...."

finally told me something like “look! You just forget about this and we’ll make the other thing go away”. I just couldn’t believe this was all happening again.

Another time I had been passing through the Saint Anthony feast on Sullivan Street. I had a number of times seen this game over there where you take three balls and try to get them through a hoop to win a prize. The game went down like this. They had a sign in tiny letters that read: ‘ No Free Shots’. The proprietors would go for easy marks like Japanese tourist couples or naive out of towners. The aggressive hawk would call out to the couple to take a ‘try’ or shot for free. Then when they (the woman usually) didn’t get the ball in he would start in to coach her. “See, it’s like this” he would say. “Turn your wrist, n... not like that, like this !” he would keep putting more balls in her hand. The innocents would sometimes take twenty thirty or more shots and then the guy would say \$30 dollars please. (one I heard of was \$87) When the innocents would complain, the hawk would point to the sign that said ‘No Free Shots” and would threaten to call the police if they gave him any trouble. Most would gladly pay rather than make a scene, especially the Japanese tourists. Some would call to speak with one of the priests at Saint Anthony’s’ and in those cases they worked something out.

So anyway, as it was, I was walking by one day and the hawk yells out to me as I am passing “Hey, take a free shot” . And so I point to the sign and say to him “Can’t you read your own sign there? It says no free shots! What are you trying to do...run some kind of a game on me?” He told me “get the fuck outta here”, and that’s exactly what I did. When I went to find one of the priests who might be in charge around there, I found this tall disturbingly sinister looking priest that went out with me to see what I was talking about. (as if he didn’t know) He spoke to the hawk and his partner for a minute and then told me that until something happened to me personally that there was nothing he could do, and so; I went to get a cop. I brought the cop over who spoke with the guy for a minute and then he took me behind the guys game setup and said to me “ you got any ID? I showed him some ID and he grabbed me by the shirt and as he pulled up on it toward my throat he said to me “ I’ll put you in the fuckin' system! You stay the fuck outta here and mind your own fuckin’ business!” I went straight away outta there with a “yes sir officer.”

What amazes me about this whole thing is that they are notorious for this. It happens in all the feasts in little Italy and the practice is not limited to this game. I just happen to be more familiar with stories surrounding that particular scam. Can someone please tell me. Why is this still going on? I have even called the newspapers about it and they do nothing. If we cant even get our police departments to work how are we supposed to be able to see that our own governments are policed? Tell me ...Please tell me!

One final note on Police and conspiracies . Many years ago there was **TV program called Starsky and Hutch.** Two good looking Hollywood cops out to get the bad guys, but you know what? They were always getting foiled by the judges for violating the suspect’s Miranda rights . I kept seeing it happen over and over, just always being foiled by those damned Miranda rights. Or breaking into a place without a warrant.

Now I had read and heard about the techniques used by the CIA, and I know from what I read that it would not at all be below them to actually sponsor a program (a television program in this case) to bring about change; such as the one I speak of above ; the eroding of the laws surrounding Miranda. They in fact, do it all the time in other countries.

It just seemed so perfect. Just put a program on the air where the handsome guys in the white hats are always being foiled by old senile judges in black robes from putting away bad guy no good-niks with black hats. America could identify with that with no problem!

If you can ever get hold of a few old video copies of Starsky and Hutch, I wouldn't be surprised if you came up with the same conclusion as I did, knowing what we know today.

You know, with all this **Blackwater** stuff going on, I have to wonder, does the public have any idea at all of exactly how dangerous a thing like this is? And it's not just them, there are any number of these paramilitary groups in existence. **There is even a magazine for them, It's called Soldier of Fortune magazine.** In my opinion it is one of the most disgusting sinister things a human being could ever lay their eyes on. Years ago I bought a copy to see what it was about. It was all about killing; killing people. The ads in the magazine were for stealth methods of taking out an enemy. Special kinds of 'sniper 'stuff and all that. I wondered to myself at the time "Can this be legal?" Well not only is it legal, you and I are now the biggest employers of these types that they pander too. Look at the name even...

Blackwater! What is Backwater? It's filth IT IS SEWAGE... The essence of life and purity contaminated with urine and feces....piss and shit! And they call themselves this....? I have an idea for a better name for them....no

one seems to have thought of it so far....how about instead of Blackwater, we call them.....**Potential**

Death Squads... Wake up America...Wake the Fuck up!
Wake up and Think...! NOW!!!!

On Hunters and Killers

I have a friend who's a Folk singer. He is noble fellow, poor, and he lives in a forest and so he often hunts for his dinner. I don't think there is a mean bone in his body. He does this because he is on a budget and is quite far from the kinds of markets where things are available inexpensively.

I myself live in a forest, but I do not hunt because I see no reason for it at all. I keep a bow and arrows around, just in case I get snowed in for a long spell,, but still, even then I would be hesitant to use them and would rather rely on a store of rice and cereals that I keep around.

But there is another type of hunter I know of . Actually, he is really a killer that calls himself a hunter. There are a few of this type that lives around here, but mostly they come up from the city and New Jersey to KILL.that's right , I said 'kill' not hunt...kill !

There are many killers that live among us that are quite well respected members of society. You know them well in fact! They are sports fisherman that 'throw em back', and the trophy hunters that like to bag big game. Even some of the regular kinds of hunters that come around in hunting season. They are killers too. Where I live, there are hundreds of them. They go into the forest at night with their jeeps and get coyotes in the headlights and just blow them away with the excuse that 'they're 'varmints',. I have seen it right behind my house here at 2 and 3 in the morning sometimes. They think they are big men. Probably mostly they really just have small penis's or perhaps the problem with them is that they are always so fucked up on beer(they like to brag that they can put away a 48 pack) that they have to vent their frustration at not being able to get it up anymore.

There are other kinds of sanctioned killers too in our world. There are the prosecutors that put away poor innocents to meet quotas and then there are the politicians that send our young men and women off to useless and pointless wars ...XXX

Any chef, housewife, or even just anyone that likes to cook,

knows all about this one! It goes something like this:

"OK you guys, what'll it be for diner?"

"Lets have that 'Kung Pao Shrimp' dish that you made last month...that was fantastic!"

"Ok then 'Kung Pao Shrimp' it is!"

"Oh yeah, before I forget....no salt or sugar in mine...and only use olive oil!"

"But, but but...It won't taste the same! it needs salt and sugar and peanut oil."

"Just don't make mine with salt or sugar or peanut oil. It'll be fine!"



Twenty minutes later....

“Dinner served!”

“Scarf scarf, woof woof ...scarf woof , Hmmmm... scarf scarf....??????

“Well how was everything?”

“ Well...ughhhh...you know I like the way you made it last time better...I don’t know ...

I think you cooked it too long or..I don’t know... did something different!

An so it is folks, and life goes on ! **Life goes On...!**

On

Sending away for stuff...

The rocket in my living room

I can never forget the first time I sent away for anything. I had become transfixed with this ad in a comic book that advertised a miniature rocket. It pictured a smiling child in the cockpit commandeering the craft, and needless to say —considering my quite vivid imagination—I was SOLD, to say the least.

After convincing my Aunt and Uncle to send away for this marvel I spent the next two months daydreaming of how I would go about commandeering this craft to the amazement of all in the neighborhood. I saw myself at a control panel that would make the dashboard of my grandfathers DeSoto Plymouth, seem like mere child’s play.

When I got home from school one day my Aunt told me that my new vehicle had arrived. When I asked where, she pointed to a long thin paper box. “What it this?” I thought! “How can this be...in a long thin paper box...a rocket?” When I finally got the box open, I saw that inside there were large corrugated pieces of cardboard with fold lines. The controls (that would fit in holes in the cardboard) were nothing more than little plastic thing like bottle caps. I kept looking around and thinking that there must be some mistake. I just could not believe that this was all you got for five bucks and 2 months of waiting.

Well anyway, I finally came to my senses and realized what went down. But you know it’s funny! These days there is something that happens to hundreds of thousands of Americans each day that is somewhat similar. **It is called:**

The Home Shopping Network !

I went down to Woodstock this evening to have a dinner at the Little Bear, which is a great Chinese restaurant there, and as I was coming in the door I took notice of an ad that was running on the television they have at the bar. It was for **a medicine for the treatment of RLS** or ‘ Restless Leg Syndrome’. As I was watching, transfixed by the lovely woman utilized in the ad, I saw that the generic name of the medicine was Rapinorole. “Hmm!” I thought, “ isn’t that the name of the medicine that they use to treat Parkinson’s Disease? The one that has a reputation for a notorious side effect that causes ‘sudden sexual impulses’ ?” And sure enough , as the ad went on , they eventually mentioned the side effects of this particular drug, and so; I ‘m waiting and waiting and Ahhh!...there is:

“If you experience sudden sexual urges, report it to your doctor immediately!”

So let me get this straight the way it came off to me at least. There is this lovely sensual woman, in bed with her mate. She is so restless that ...she feels she just ‘must’ get up and walk? And what’s the cure for this?

You know what? For some strange reason, I got a funny feeling that we’re going to see a sudden surge in the caseloads of doctors treating

‘Restless Leg Syndrome’

Banks will tell you, that they are NOT in the real estate business, but that simply is not true, because they just call the real estate business by a different name. And don’t it seem that just about *everyone’s* talking about the big Mortgage crisis these days, and *everybody* wants a bailout. Well, I got news for them! It ain’t comin’ ! I don’t have to imagine what was going on a few years ago with these banks and lenders, because I ‘know’ what went on, and it simply went something like:

“ Hey, I got a great idea! What do you say... we give all these low interest and ‘interest only for the first few years’ loans, to all these people that will *never* be able to pay them back?”

“ Yeah, wow... yeah, great idea! Then we’ll just collect up all the houses when they can’t pay, and we’ll become zillionaires overnight!”

It was actually just simple arithmetic, but John and Janey average couldn’t of course do it because their vision was clouded by something I think they call...Ughhh....**Greed!...** It was so simple, just give a loan of \$400,000 on a \$300,000 house and collect interest only which is about \$100 , 000 for three years, then, after you take the house back sell it again to someone for a \$340,000 with a normal 15 to 30 year mortgage and make another \$700,000 for the life of that loan. Ah! But look! They make the first \$130,000 or more right off the bat, because of all the bank fees and the down payment which is going to be at *least* 10 to 25% if the second buyer wants a good rate.

It’s a simple concept folks; it’s called:



Racketeering !

Think about this my friends...think...think....Think...

...THINK!....

I hereby call for the
arrest...
trial and conviction of:
George W. Bush

as a war criminal,

**for complicity in both the deliberate creation of materials for presentation to the American people with the intent to ‘deceive’ them for the purpose
of invading the Sovereign Nation of Iraq,**

and...

the obfuscation of the actual facts, that would have rendered any argument for the invasion of Iraq

without merit !

Anyone...

**Having a problem with what is written in the above, is in serious need...
of both spiritual and psychiatric help!
And
most certainly
does not
deserve the right to vote!**

soft 'No's'

On a CNN Poll, Matt (whoever that is) says, that McCain won two republican states. He says the 'point is' not that he won among the conservatives, but that he won among the Republicans....and this is something that the democrats do not seem to understand!...

On the subject of Catholic Priests

First... a Good One... (and there are many)

Al Capone

When I was a kid I used to love to play with army war surplus items like De commissioned Machine gun bullets, emptied grenades and all that kind of thing. I think many kids do. Well anyway, one day I was on one of my forays down to an Army surplus shop near Canal street where they had a particularly nice selection of this stuff available. I picked up a few choice items and then left the store. I was walking alone, and playing with these massive emptied bullets, when this priest happened up beside me and said hello. Being the good little Catholic school boy that I was, I saw no harm in speaking to this stranger so we walked along together for a while laughing and talking . When we sat down to rest for a

while and talk, he asked me something that changed my whole life. He asked me... **“Do you know what these things do?”**. I looked at him perplexed, and then he continued... “These things” he said “can rip a human being to pieces. They maim and kill , and can destroy the lives of families like your own” ..and many things more he explained to me. He was so sincere and so...graphic. I just sat **listening...stunned.** ‘No one’ **had ever...** made me think before . He told me he was a visiting priest at the church called the ‘Transfiguration’ in Chinatown.

Well anyway, as it was nearing sunset, we parted ways and I headed back for home. I held onto my bullets and war paraphanelia for a while yet, though I gave a lot of thought to what he said that day. I eventually got rid of all that evil crap.

Well, I don’t know. I am not a Catholic anymore, and I certainly do not have much respect for priests or Churches . But I do know one thing for certain, and that is that that man...that priest or whatever he was , changed my life permanently...he taught me how to think and he for sure in some sense somehow, managed to Transfigure me. I always wanted to thank him so much but I never saw him again . I still think of him every time I pass by the church of the Transfiguration in Chinatown.

Now.... The 'Bad' Ones... (Priests that is...)

Well, what can I say really? I think these little vignettes below should pretty well sum up the impression that priests have make on me... I am of course playing all the characters here: NOTE: All BAD PRIEST LINKS

Movie 1.1 Lorem Ipsum dolor amet,
consectetur



*Lorem ipsum dolor sit amet, consectetur
adipiscing elit, sed do tempor incididunt ut
labore et dolore magna aliqua.*

Movie 1.2 Lorem Ipsum dolor amet,
consectetur



*Lorem ipsum dolor sit amet, consectetur
adipiscing elit, sed do tempor incididunt ut
labore et dolore magna aliqua.*

OPEN ON ONE WEBPAGE BY CLICKING [HERE](#)

Movie 1.3 Lorem Ipsum
dolor amet, consectetur



Movie 1.4 Lorem Ipsum
dolor amet, consectetur



Movie 1.5 Lorem Ipsum
dolor amet, consectetur



And so it is! There is not much that is worse, than betraying the trust of a child.

There is a certain moment in the video below...where it is pointed out that the reason that apes have not made the 'leap' in development that humans have made: is not because it is an issue of intelligence... but rather, that it is an 'emotional' issue!... This is fascinating because we witness the same stunting in growth in the lowest of classes in places like Appalachia for the same reason . COPS...the TV show demonstrates 'numerous' examples ' of this on the human level. Both in terms of the Societal victims, and the 'cops' themselves. Of course in this (and these) example(s), the cops seem to be in control, but the underlying reality must really be considered, in light of why it was that they became cops in the first place. This 'emotional' dysfunction that they both seem to share, is with the apes simply manifest differently in that the one (the ape) is 'in your face' while the other (the cop) , is manifesting 'repressed' rage and justifying it in what he thinks is socially acceptable manner. Even the prosecutorial elite are not exempt in being apelike in their development...they are simply ...more 'sophisticated'!

There is a huge difference after all, is there not... between a Buddhist Monk and a Steven Segal...? and even though he had in the past he has managed to feign his sincerity quite convincingly, and even, with sincere **piety...!** The truth becomes painfully evident in his self righteous appearance as an arrogant vulgar 'Blotavator' on those last episodes of COPS!...

NOTE: There was a documentary I had posted here on the subject above, but it seems that it has been removed from YouTube. I will post a general page here on the subject of of Gorillas and their emotions , and let you browse for yourself.

YouTube is truly a wonderful tool. I don't know where I'd be without it..

https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Gorillas+and+Emotions



*Well Uh... **Hey!***

*It's been a slice of heaven... Thanks for reading
and hope you'll be visiting my website to catch up
on some of my other projects, and perhaps even
make a donation if at all possible*

*There are many projects in various stages of
completion there, and I'm sure that you'll find at
least one to your liking*

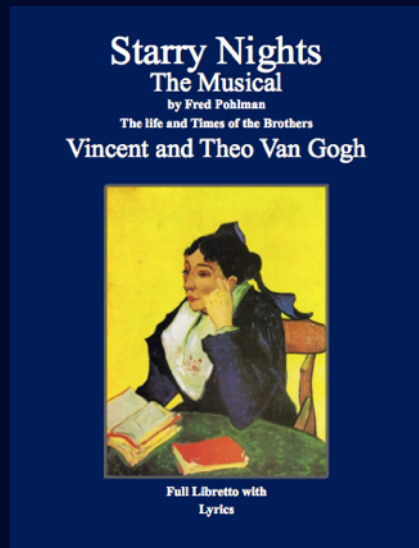
Take a look...

*You might even want
to become involved in one of them*

www.fredpohlman.com

*On the following pages here you can find some of
what is on the Web site*

Starry Nights



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This is for those individuals who are admirers of Van Gogh's Paintings,
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Fred Pohlman's
The Jonathan Sour's
Get Off Your Fat Ass and Stop Eating
Like A Pig
High Moral Fibre Diet Plan



Fred Pohlman's
An Owner's Manual for
The

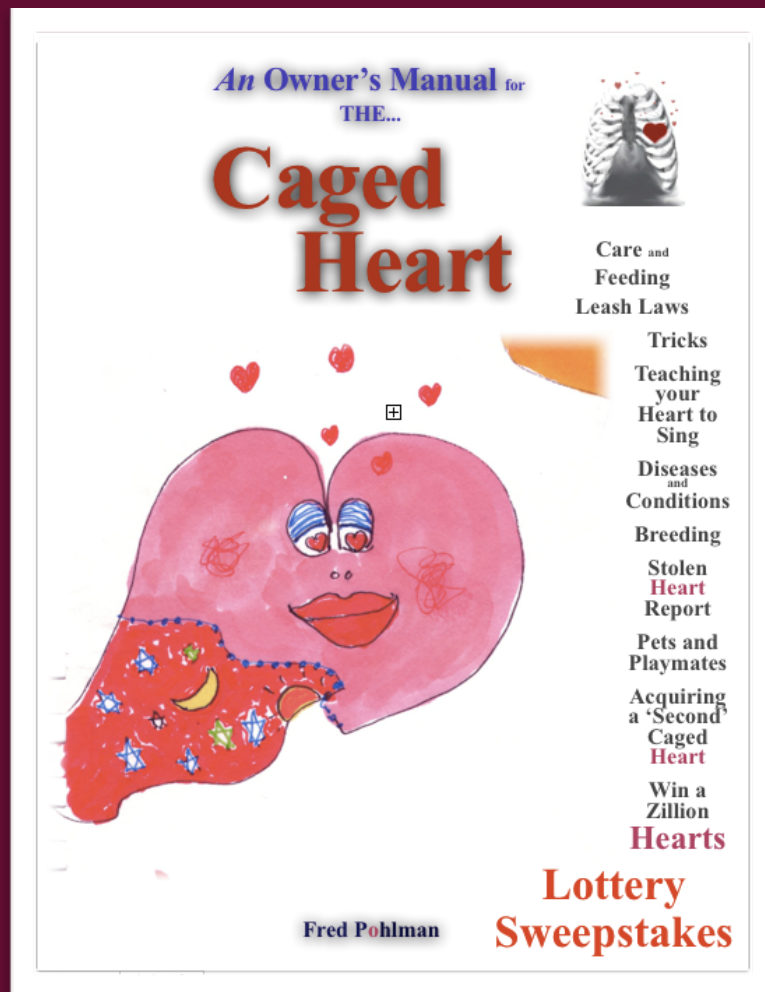
Caged Heart

Just a few illustrations away, this little 'Gem' will be available shortly... Probably around July 15, 2017
All you will ever need to know about caring for your 'caged critter',

The manual comes with
instructions on teaching your Heart to sing
Stolen Heart Report ,
a chance to win 'Zillions' of Hearts in the
Win a
Zillion Hearts
Lottery Sweepstakes

and much much **more...**

Here is a sample on the next page...



INTRODUCTION

A Lost Mythology

Now, there are some that believe that there was a time when these wonderful creatures, (who are the subject of our book), once roamed the earth like little bandits on the winds of the forming human spirit. Of course, since there is no actual written account of this, one can only conjecture what their world might have been like; reckless little vandals that they were, traveling in gangs by the light of the moon going about the business of making their way through the world: lying, cheating, thieving and of course... romancing; and with kidnap and capture being their trademarks as it were, no one was really safe.

And of course because all of this was well before biblical times, and was of an age when animals talked, angels fell to earth and all ‘other’ such strange things were possible, some even believe that when the world was first created, and the angel repeated that first decree of the Most High, what he most probably actually said was:

Let there be light....

One Sun by day,

One Moon for night

One Heart

To see...”

As it was though, that man would not truly become fully conscious for yet another age, (perhaps symbolized by the deep sleep that overcame Adam in that place once called Eden, when the Elohim took of Adam’s rib to provide for him a companion and a help mate), it seems that when he finally did awaken, that not only did he find himself accompanied by that help mate called Eve that the Lord provided for him, but also that the Angels had bestowed upon them ‘both’, perpetual guardianship of that thieving little bugger monster nemesis that had formally only served to relentlessly hunt, hound and plague him. Again, we can only conjecture how it all came to pass that the little vandal became trapped there in the (rib) cage of Adam’s torso, (who knows, maybe he snuck into the temporary hole left by the missing rib or...well, whatever!)

But as it was though that these fearless critters commenced to now evolve under the guardianship of the animal of Man, they so too did then begin to acquire those prized attributes of nobility that would eventually see bestowed upon them the monikers of Valiance, Bravery and Humility; and as they then faithfully accompanied us down through the ages from battlefield to boudoir, they virtually never ever... even ‘once’... left our side. (Or even our ‘actual’ left side for that matter)

The Great Dilemma

And so it was that through the ages, man would begin to contemplate the mysteries of the heart and the cage.

“Which came first, the Heart... or the Cage?

The ancient records of this dilemma, though lost to us now (most probably gone up in flames with the torching of the Great Library at Alexandria in Egypt), at one time in the distant past, took precedent over even the great ‘Chicken or the Egg’ paradox. And so, though great wars were fought, battles won and lost and empires fell in this noble quest; these questions remain still unresolved to this very day!

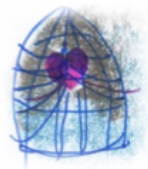
Ah, but should any of this really be of concern to us at all? Some believe that it is best that we leave these matters to the scholars, who will investigate (hopefully) in a responsible manner.

Know the truth though, that as surely as we have most certainly become the guardians of the cage, so too, have we also become prisoners of the heart. For their remnant still roam wild in the modern world, and though admittedly they are caged, still, our fate is all too often in their little hands (even though they don’t actually have any... hands that is...or... Umm ok OK...)

And so with this said, **First...**

First...

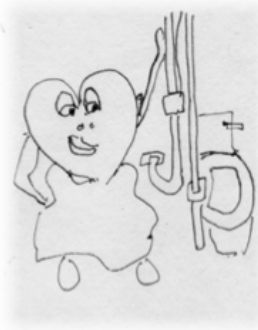
a word about The Cage



Unlike the confines of a canary or a parrot, the cage of the Heart is a wonder and a miracle onto itself. In the millions of years of evolution that it took man to rise to the level where a technology of such, that the self cleaning oven was even a possibility, that wonderful little bugger that we all love and cherish so much, had already figured out that it was such a desirable creature, that it was only a matter of time before someone would eventually try to capture and subdue it for the sake of it's own pleasure and companionship. And so, in the struggle to survive under the phenomenal pressures of, (God only knows!) natural selection and, whatever; it managed to evolve with it's own self cleaning cage. Now this may sound preposterous but it is absolutely true. The cage of all hearts comes completely fitted with it's own plumbing, and since the critters have been in the cage for so long, they just know to do all their business in

there, so there is no muss or fuss for you, unless of course you fail to take proper care of your little friend to the point were he or she gets all pissed and has to be taken out of the cage with a team of specialists.

So in terms of caring for the cage, just try to think of your little caged friend in the same way that you would think of an armadillo or a turtle. Now you wouldn't want to be scooping them out of their little shell, would you? You just take care of yourself and everything will be fine with the cage. If you are really confused, simply refer to the section in this book on feeding and exercise.



Val says...
...It's all
connected!



2

NEVER, EVER...

Getting the Critter

Out of the Cage

Warning

STOP

attempt to enter the cage. Only a skilled licensed physician should try to enter the hearts cage. This action can result in the heart attacking and killing its owner, and besides, you would need a saw and all other kinds of special tools that you probably don't have and all you would find anyway, is a whole lot of stuff that wouldn't make any sense to you, but that is very important to your caged heart.



*Take a tip from
Val...*

**Don't even let it
'begin...' to cross
your mind!**

3

Songwriting
AND THE
Process of
Individuation

The Emergence of Song
In The
Natural Alchemical Processes
of
The Human Psyche

FRED POHLMAN