

**VIEWS**

**FROM**

**THE**

**ASYLUM**

**BY**

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There is but one truly serious philosophical problem, that is, suicide. Judging whether  
Life is or is not worth living amounts to answering the fundamental question of  
Philosophy.

Albert Camus

The Myth of Sisyphus

## Psychotic Views Part One:

I have reached another tipping point, or as I like to call it, snapping point. I had reached such a point early last year from my three years of caring for my mom. She had, in that period of time, had suffered congestive heart failure, total renal failure, and a fractured hip. The congestive heart failure was in 2008. The renal failure in 2009 & the fractured hip in 2010. There were many trips to the hospital, coupled with the conditions listed above were an irregular heart beat, a blood clot, blood thinners, blood draws, pneumonia & repetitive fistula difficulties.

Month by month, her health progressively worsened. There would be no recovering from congestive heart failure, no recovering from the irregular heart beat, no recovering from renal failure, no recovering from the fractured hip. These conditions all took their toll in both a singular fashion and in combination with one another. I was her sole care provider during that time. She did not want to go into a nursing home. She knew she did not have much life left in her. Death was coming soon, she knew and when it came, she wanted to be in her home.

Mom's health problems had taken its toll on me as well. Caring for her and watching her slowly shrivel into insignificance affected me mentally, emotionally, psychologically and physically. From October of 2009 to October 2010, I had four major surgeries. Early in 2011, when mom was clearly living her final handful of days, I had reached a snapping point. The toll had overwhelmed me and I had conquered my ability to end me. I had reached a tipping point, a breaking point and a snapping, whatever you choose to call it. Now in early 2012, I have reached such a point yet again.

I have reached yet another snapping point. Something, I feel, is going to happen soon and when I say feel, I mean it in the truest sense of the word. It's a feeling. A feeling that permeates every atom of my being from head to foot, from hand to hand, from consciousness to sub-consciousness. It surrounds me, stalks my every step and mocks my every word.

I have fought it for some time now and when the battle had first begun, there was a deep reservoir of strength at the ready to engage in the long, protracted siege ahead. That was so long ago, a time when I was certain I could outdo this better for by sheer strength of will.

There has been a serious miscalculation of strength it seems. Both my enemies' and mine. His strength is as sound and formidable as ever, mine is not. It is but a fragile shell of its initial state. Time and circumstance have made it so. I just don't know much longer my defenses can hold. Not long I fear. It could be as soon as a couple of weeks.

I am frightened. Make no pretensions to the contrary, I am frightened, more frightened than I have ever been before. My body trembles often during the course of the day, shaken by a hell that has weakened

my body and poisoned my mind. The light that's necessary for living is fading little by little, day by day. It's glow is becoming fainter and fainter. It's warmth is becoming less and less profound.

There is no peace of mind for me now. Not even in my dreams. Dreams of chaos and darkness, of foreboding and fear, of silence and death. My psyche has always held such dreams. They are conjured up by the deep mysteries of the human mind, a cerebral spell cast from a source born long ago. A source whose purpose can only be guessed at, but never fully understood.

These dreams have always been with me, but in the days and years up to now, they have only shown themselves to my sleeping mind sporadically. They might occasionally appear in a small cluster, then a significant period of time would pass, thankfully by before they would rise up from my layered sub-conscious and show themselves again.

Now, they appear more frequently, much more frequently than ever before. Their intensity, clarity and their ability to provoke psycho-emotional lingering effects have increased as well. Strong unknown creatures come for me, clutching and reaching for me, meaning to do me the worst kind of harm. Arms, tentacles or whatever the hell happened to be, wants to ensnare me in their unbreakable grasp. Once in their grip, there would be no escaping. My horrifying doom would be sealed. I wake from these dreams violently kicking my legs and thrashing my arms in all directions, my panic driven defense against a sinister attack of unknown origin. There have been other dreams as well. No less dark, no less disturbing. Me on a table, a medical table of some sort, maybe an operating table. I'm being jabbed, needled and cut. I can feel the metal piercing my skin in different areas of my body. My skin flinches in repetitive reflex and I am squirming and twisting on the table. I do not scream, I am even silent. Strangely so, I do know why, but it is so. I don't know what they are doing to me. It can't be good though. It hurts like seven different kinds of hell. My body is

suddenly still. Maybe they have given something to me, I don't know. What are they doing to me? Then I wake up.

Yes, I think I've reached another snapping point. Last time, I came very close to crossing that point. The tension that had stretched the fibers of my being to the very point of collapse slowly eased back and avoided imminent disaster. Over time, though, the tension began moving back in the wrong direction and here I am again coming closer and closer to crossing that point, that snapping point, that point which is a one way trip without the possibility of return.

I am afraid. It is the worst fear I have ever known in my short anonymous life. I see no easing back this time, no avoiding imminent disaster. What the exact nature of this disaster will be, I don't know, but I fear it will be some kind of an end. A deep, bottomless end. It could be my freedom to move. It could be my sanity. It could be my life itself. An end is near. What kind I don't know, but an end is near. I can discern no way of avoiding it. I can see no light at the end of the tunnel. Hell, I can't even see the tunnel. It's too dark, too dark to see anything at all.

It just isn't me who's facing darkness, there's enough of it and more to cover the whole world round seven times over and hour by hour, day by day, year by year, the darkness is going to grow. It's going to roll through the streets. It's going to seep into the ground, it's going to cover the sky, it's going to blanket peoples' homes, it's going to sheathe this entire rounded globe.

Who can say how soon this will come into being? I don't think it will be too long now. Man, I believe, as a species has this coming to him. He is going to reap the seeds that he has sown. Whether by accident or by great divination, he has been given the greatest gift ever bestowed on any living being on this insignificant,

floating grain of universal grain of sand called Earth. Who know, maybe it was the greatest gift given anywhere at any time to any living thing?

What has he done with this great gift that he has received? On the whole, he has wasted it, he has taken it for granted, he has perverted well beyond the darkest corners of a madman's dreams. Good, decent examples of the species are plentiful to be sure, but how many of them, motivated by the selfishness of comfort and pleasure and with the affections of apathy and indifference coursing through their veins, have idly by and watch the darkness grow? The way the world is now, the way the world will be, the way the world has always been, is not because of the existence of evil.. It is because of the existence of a do nothing goo. Evil gets away with what good let it get away with.

The numbers for life threatening diseases are u. Respiratory diseases are up: asthma, emphysema, etc. Brain tumors are up, cancers, birth defects, etc., etc. Now, how does this occur in this modern age of modern life and medicine. What's the explanation? Modern life itself, chemicals: chemicals in the air, chemicals in the water, chemicals in the food. Oil companies, natural gas companies, food companies, coal companies, home product companies. What does the public say? Nothing, what does the public do? Nothing.

How the fuck can you be apathetic and indifferent to the water you drink and wash in? How the fuck can you be apathetic and indifferent to the air you breathe? How the fuck can you be apathetic an indifferent to the food you eat? Air, good and water are three essentials to life. Anything threatening them, threatens life itself. Take them away and you take away life. Millions die, tens of millions, hundreds of millions die. More death and more death and more death until there is no more human life at all. The public doesn't even care, "Go ahead and poison the air, " they say. "Go ahead and poison the water, go ahead and poison the food, I don't care. I've got an I phone, a laptop, a Wii and all is right with the world."

Tens of thousands of people die in this counting every year simply because they don't have health care. Add those deaths up over say a 20 year period and you have at least, at least half a million deaths. A half million dead because they didn't have health care. Is the federal government ashamed, is all this going to happen? Is the AMA ashamed in allowing this to happen? Is the national media ashamed in allowing this to happen? Is the health insurance company ashamed in allowing this to happen? Is the public ashamed in allowing this to happen? NO! NO! NO! NO! NO! No one is ashamed. Hundreds of thousands of their fellow citizens die due to something that is easily preventable. Yet, no one feels shame.

Does anyone in this country feel shame? Does any institution or industry feel shame? Is there any shame on a larger scale national level? No, there isn't. Unrestrained self-absorption and selfishness makes shame impossible to exist. There is always government ready cash for unnecessary things. Take war for instance. When have you ever heard the federal government say, "You know, we'd really like to start another war, but we just don't have the money for it." No, there's always available cash for war. National health care everyone. It's, "Sorry we can't afford that, it's too expensive." The trillion dollar plus spent in Iraq, Afghanistan, we can afford that. The hundreds of military bases in 130 countries, we can afford that. The 700 billion plus Pentagon budget, we can afford that. Saving lives by instituting a national health care plan? Sorry, but does anyone feel shame? No, no one feels shame. Not even doctors, hospitals, politicians, the media, nor the public, no one. They're all too self-absorbed and selfish for that, then when you push people into a moral and ethical corner, they defend their behavior with the rusty, old weapon of the damned: "It's not me, it's the system."

Who makes up this system, assholes? Huh? Slugs? Worms? Dung beetles? TseTse flies? NO, human beings. Humans make up the system. The financial system, the political system, the law enforcement system,

the judicial system, the health care system, the corporate system, the media system. They are made up of people. People, you know, the living beings who have risen above all other living beings due to the size of their thick cranial species and their ability for reason and thought. You know, people.

So don't give me that old, worn out shit, " It's the system:. That's a weak, sorry assed cop out. A convenient, pathetic blame shifter. You see the reasoning of it, don't you? No humans are ever to blame. The political system is fucked up. It's not anyone's fault. It's the systems. The financial system is fucked up. It's not anyone's fault. It's the system. The health care system is fucked up. It's not anyone's fault. It's the system On and on and on.

If a world catastrophe happened and only seven humans were left on Earth and these seven human beings were all politicians, you know what they would do? They would form a committee to study what happened and you know what conclusion they'd come to? None of them were to blame.

Oh no, no one's responsible. The world just is what it is by magic. All of the world's ills march stallworthy on year after year, decade after decade, century after century by sheer outside chance. No one's to blame. The world is the way it is by an unlucky roll of the dice that came up craps.

No one's to blame when drone planes drop bombs and kill women, men and children, civilians who just happen to have the dark misfortune to be citizens of a country we so righteously decided to declare war on. No one's to blame when the death numbers rise into the thousands, tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands. What's the term used to describe these people, I remember now: collateral damage. Sounds like a fucking dented fender on a car. "Call my insurance company and they'll take care of the collateral damage."

Human beings are dead. Fathers, mothers, children, grandchildren, grandparents are dead. You dismiss it all, diminish its importance into nothingness by using the term “collateral damage”. Assholes.

The world just is what it is. This is the way the world is and its not going to get any better. Its never going to get any better. You can hope and pray and wish and dream all you like. You can do it hours on end day after day after day. You can do it standing on your head, sitting on your ass, or laying on your back, but a wish, a hope, a prayer and a dream is all its every going to be. Whatever infictional changes there have been for the better since humans began, are now at an end. They have come to a complete, tire squealing brake groaning halt. There will be no more better days ahead. We, the entire human race, has seen to that. Whether by direct action, indirect action, or no action at all, we have seen to that.

We are all human beings of the world and all of us have to some degree, royally fucked it up. Some more so than others, some monumentally more so than others, but all of us have played a guilty role. Everything we do, everything we say has consequences. So too, does everything we don't do, everything we don't say, consequences can be large, medium or small. They can produce light, dark or the dray that lies in between. Make no misjudgment about it, everything has consequences. A smile, a kick, a curse, ignorance, apathy, an act of violence, an act of kindness, a pat on the back, a punch in the face, etc. They all add up to make the world what it is. The world just isn't what it is, we make it what it is, all of us.

Few people want to admit that though very few people indeed. The idea that all of us of culpable for the way of the world, for the conditions of humanity's existence. It's a frightening and sobering thought, isn't it? We are all connected, we are all part of a long, twisted, complicated chain. Disassociation is so much easier, isn't it? Disassociation that the small “I” can never be connected to the large “we”. That “we” are either going to survive together or die together. People of all types are good at this kind of marked

disassociation. It is a prolonged wide scale mania. Divisions upon divisions, nationality, ethnicity, race, religion, class, sex, have been and will always be used as premeditated tools of division.

## Psychotic Views Part Two

Does anyone really stop and think about how lucky any of us are to even be here, about how lucky any humans were ever to be here? The conditions for human existence had to be ideal down to the narrowest detail in space and time. Think of our planet Earth. How old is it? How long did it exist before humans in any form existed. When you look at the age of Earth and you look at the age of human existence, human existence amounts to a pathetically small percentage of the total time of Earth's existence.

Everything had to be just so, everything had to be aligned perfectly with just the right combination of quality and quantity of components. Biological, geological, atmospherical, etc. Otherwise, human beings would've never come into existence. The same can be said for all other living things too. Carnivores, omnivores, herbivores of all types, shapes and sizes. They wouldn't have come into existence without all possible factors coming together in the right way at a particular place of space and time.

If a large percentage of our current human population would have spent enough time thinking about this, idea, kneading over in their minds enough times, they would have come to clear precise realization concerning human existence. If a certain, exact formula of components were necessary in order for human beings to exist, then if that exact formula of components is tampered with and altered then human existence cannot help but be tampered with and altered too. Changes made to the formula that allowed humans to come into beings therefore brings changes to human existence itself. If these changes are drastic enough and create permanent alterations in the formula, then you could very well end up with total human extinction.

Personally, I believe that's right where we're headed. We're certainly cruising along over the right road certainly and we've been on this road for some time. It's like the idiot man who refuses to admit he's

taken a wrong turn and needs to alter his course, we refuse to admit we're on the wrong road that one day will lead to an eternal, cavernous abyss.

Are humans an inherently self-destructive species? Does everyone deep down believe we're headed for annihilation and just doesn't care? Is it stealthfully buried deep inside our complicated sub-conscious while being completely denied by the conscious above. Whether done consciously or sub-consciously, a sound argument can be made in favor of humans as creatures of self-destruction.

We are altering the complex mixture of components that came together at a certain space and time and provided the exact conditions necessary that allowed humans to exist. We've been altering this formula for some time knowing all the while that it will certainly lead to the gravest of consequences. Consequences are already occurring and they're only going to become bleaker and bleaker as time goes on. Yet, here in the United States, you have less people even remotely concerned about it than there were 20 years ago. Less people concerned not more, less.

The air we need to breathe is tainted. The public doesn't care, the politicians don't care, corporations don't care. The water we need to drink, wash and to support sea life is tainted. The public doesn't care, the politicians don't care, the corporations don't care. The food we need to eat is tainted too. Again, no concern from any quarter. Are we knowingly so self-destructive? Is it ignorance? IS it a case of vicious indifference to the fate of future generations?

To me, there has always been wrong with the human species since it began. Look at human history. Take European history for instance, say from year 0 to 1945. War, war, war, war, war, war, war, war, war, war, war! If it wasn't a foreign war, it was a civil war. Look at the United States since 1945 to now. War, war, war,

war! It's where all our government's money is spent. It's where all of time and effort goes. Rotting public education. What? A heartless, money grubbing health care system. What? High child poverty. What? A total disregard for a cracking and crumbling infrastructure. What? War, war, war! That's what governments for.

Have we evolved over the many centuries since our beginning? Certainly, but have our basic nature's changed? Well, have they? Have we evolved into something drastically for the better than when we started?

Look at the 20<sup>th</sup> century, the cruelest, most violent, murderous, brutal tyrannical century in all of human history. World War I was called the "War to end all wars". 20 years later it was the "War to end all wars Part 2", with even more blood, dismembered bodies and death than the first one.

So, what have we learned about war? Nothing. If human beings haven't learned, after all this time, after all this destruction and death, what a monumental waste of time, effort and life war is, then what the fuck are they ever capable of learning. Huh? What? If we can't even learn that basic obvious thing, then there is something truly wrong with us. We are fucked up. We are seriously fucked up and as usual the public is disinterested. They are at least disinterested enough not to raise hell and demand a different path, a better way. There is a clear and easy explanation for the public's reaction to the current wars we are engaged in the wars of our past. Civilians don't die. The wars we engage in are always on someone else's ground, never on our own ground. U.S. soldiers die, but U. S. civilians don't. Old people don't die, young children don't know and schools aren't bombed, hospitals aren't bombed .

It is a unique perspective and it explains the general blasé attitude of the public in this country toward war. Your viewpoint of war is going to be much different if the bombs are being dropped on you, instead of you dropping the bombs on someone else.

If you go to work and you came to find your family has been killed by bombs or you were at home and got a call saying the place where your loved one worked was laid to ruins by bombs, would your attitude be the same? It's easy for civilians in the U.S. to either be gung ho for war or not to think about war for even a second out of the day because it doesn't directly affect them. There is no serious looming threat of destruction, injury, or death from the skies above or the ground below. There are no foreign bombers overhead, there are no foreign troops occupying our ground.

War is just sheer fucking lunacy. What is the gain compared to the loss? It is a question that the warmongering powers that be never want to honestly and openly address. If they did, if they made a sincere assessment of the cost of war, both in terms of lives, destruction, money, loss of good will, then they would never even consider an act of war as even a remote possibility, but these warmongers would never do that because they have a hard on for war and when these guys have hard on some foreign country is going to get fucked.

If you want to psychoanalyze the whole thing, I'd say the entire country suffers from a deeply ingrained psychosis. I myself, suffer from a psychosis, so I'm not omitting myself from this list. My psychosis is of another type. The psychosis the country suffers from is a special type of psychopathic personality.

I don't mean by this that the country is up to its nose in serial killers type personalities. People who are not only lacking in remorse, shame, empathy for the suffering of others, they actually cause physical suffering by torturing, raping and murdering other human beings. The type of psychopathic personality the entire country suffers from is not of this type. The type of psychopathic personality the entire country suffers from is the inactive type.

The inactive type does not carry out any type of acts of violence personally. They are not psychopathic in the sense that they murder, rape, torture, etc. Other human beings, they are psychopathic in the sense that feel no shame, no remorse, no empathy for the suffering of other human beings. They stand by idly watching with blank, amoral eyes, see it happening and experience no emotional pangs of any kind.

It is this kind of psychosis this country suffers from with regard to the rest of the people of the world. People have this highly inflated sense of themselves and their importance in the world. There might be as many as one million human beings dead in Iraq due to our invasion of the country. There is, at the very least, hundreds of thousands dead. Mothers, fathers, children, grandchildren old people, young people who had the same right to life as we do. What thought as a country is given to them. Where is the remorse, regret, guilty, shame and empathy for their suffering? The same can be said of our wars in Afghanistan, Korea, Vietnam or anywhere else you care to name.

People in this country have an absurd sense of themselves, distorted perspective of humanity. We are vastly more important than any other people in the world. We are the greatest civilization ever to exist on earth. We have no real respect for any other country but our own. Sure, we have allies, but do we respect them? Do we have a high regard for them? No! They are our allies out of sheer political expediency.

Look at some of our allies of the past. We have made allowances with some of the most brutal, murderous oppressive dictators in world history. Why? Political expediency. During the cold war, you could be an ally just by saying you were anti-communist. You could murder, torture, rape, oppress your people all day long if you want to just so you were anti-communist. The same approach was used even after communism fell, or should I say the European version of communism. The entire Middle East is ruled by brutal, murderous, oppressive dictatorships, but some were our allies and some were our enemies. Our allies

were no less brutal, murderous and oppressive than our enemies. That fact, though, never entered into it. If you went along with our geopolitical game plan, you were our ally and you had carte blanche to do whatever you wanted to, to your own people.

We have military bases in over 100 countries, it is somewhere near 130, I believe. So, there are U.S. military bases and U.S. soldiers in 130 countries at all corners of the world. Now, to these 130 countries, U.S. soldiers are foreign soldiers occupying their land. Which is what they are, foreign soldiers occupying a foreign land, but we don't care, do we? We don't care what they think or what they want. Other countries are there to be used as pawns in our sick little game of world domination.

We talk a great game in this country. We prattle on ad nauseum about democracy, freedoms, self-determination, etc., but the government cares nothing about those type of ideals. They are just words to use as a mask to hide behind, as a subterfuge as to what their real desires are.

Look at the Middle East. Do you think the U.S. government supports and applauds all of these citizen uprisings there, the signs of people wanting more freedoms, more say in the fate of their nation's future? No! The last thing the U.S. government wants in the Middle East is for the masses there to have a say in how their country is run. Why? Because, if the people of these countries had a real say in the policies of their homeland, one of the first consequences of this would be to be to lose U.S. military bases and tell all of the people who occupy them to go home. The last thing the U.S. government wants in Middle Eastern countries is anything giving credence to the power of public opinion. The U.S. government has a long sordid history of supporting dictatorships all over the world. Why? Because it's much easier to get one man to do what you want than an entire country.

The war mongering psychosis certainly isn't new. It's been around since the beginning of man. Humans of every type have some form of this psychosis. No one is free of it, but some in history have had a much more virulent strain of it than others. The empire seekers belong in this category. It's not enough for them to war monger locally or close to home, they have to expand their war mongering into a much wider field of operation. Take on the whole world, so to speak. I'm the sheriff of the world see, and the world is going to do what I tell it to do and anyone who crosses my, gets it, see; so, you better obey the law, but I don't have to, but you do.

Psychosis, it has infected us all. I know it all too well. I've been infected for over 50 years. I admit it. Unlike most others, I admit it, but until now, I'd only ever admitted it to myself. Until now, I'd never even wrote the words down, putting ink to paper, even only for my eyes to see, but I see them now. Yes, I see them now. I've always known. I never lied about it, not to myself. Never to myself. Well, I've never lied about it to anyone else either. I've never had to, no ones ever asked me. Your answer can't be a lie if there never was a question. Did people suspect it? I don't know. Were they suspicious without ever directly putting it to me? I don't know. I'm never telling anyone though. They won't hear it from my lips. Hell, it's affecting me right now, badly too. I don't feel good at all, that's an understatement. It's so much of an understatement there's no descriptive word to do it a real justice. I am in a bad, bad way. I can't see the sunshine anymore. I can't feel any warmth, I'm alone and I'm cold and more colder by the day. I'm a wreck, an unstable emotional wreck. Nitroglycerin during an earthquake is more stable than I am. I'm having another episode and it's scaring the fuck out of me. This is episode number 2,392, I believe. That is really just a rough estimate. It's probably more than that. There's darkness everywhere I turn, so much darkness. A foul odor wafts up my nostrils. I can't get away from it, it doesn't matter where I go, there is no escape, I am surrounded and being dragged down. Farther and farther down I go. I open my mouth to scream, but nothing comes out. The air is

thinning and harder to breathe and the darkness is getting deeper and more pictured. My body is weighted and still. I can't seem to move, I'm not sure if I'm trying to, I'm not sure I want to. Is this the time? The end of all things. Part of me wants it to be, part of me wants to end the pain, the torment, the isolation, the chill and part of me doesn't want it to be, part of me wants to go on. How much of me doesn't want to go on isn't clear, neither is how much does want to go on, but I deeply fear that somewhere way down inside of me, the answer is there, written in the darkest folds of my subconscious. I fear the answer is that the part of me wanting to go on has ceded too much ground, drained too much of its reserves.

### Psychotic Views Part Three:

You don't know this, but there was a break in my writing. I blacked out for a little while. I remember sitting in my recliner, jotting away with pen and paper and the next thing I remember is waking up in bed an hour and a half later. The in between is gone, a hard blank wall with nothing etched on each side of its surface.

My mind is still in a bad place. The fear, chill and isolation are still here with me. I am not rid of them, but their weight is a little less heavy now, their presence a little less threatening. The worst of their being here seems to have been done, this time, and I am still here, for now. For how much longer though? How many more times can I survive these attacks. They are more frequent and more intense than ever before and then tell tale effects on my entire being linger on afterward for longer and longer periods of time. I am going to let this go now, it's time I got off the subject of my own personal psychosis and address a subject of another type of psychosis, religion.

To me, all religions are false. I have never understood why people of all race, ethnicity and continents belong to organized religions. Organized religions are just more people telling you what to think and what to believe. None of them like loose, minutely detailed scrutiny of internal doctrines and belief systems. None of them like to be questioned. Where is the freedom of thought in religion? There is none, you're told what to think.

I have a two word motto that I have always applied to my life: Question everything. I do not accept anything and any information at face value. Blind acceptance of information makes you an easy target for manipulation, brain washing, gullibility and cons. I give all information I take in, a thorough examination

before I accept it. In my opinion, no religion can hold up to a thorough examination. A thorough examination is the last thing religions want you to do. They all use the word faith when describing a belief in a particular religion or a particular religious idea, but what does the word faith connote. Just believe what we're telling you is true, don't question it, don't examine it, don't look into it. Just believe it's true because we're telling you it's true.

Let's take this idea of one god, an all-knowing creator, god, monotheism. Monotheism has only been in existence for a short period of time. People who are monotheists, believers in the one creator, god, believe this as undeniable, unquestionable truth. They believe, as if it is so obviously true now, but it has always been obviously true, but why do they have this monotheistic belief and why do they believe so strongly. Why is it such a psycho-emotional belief that they are willing to hate, oppress, disdain, abuse, torture and even kill other human beings who don't share their monotheistic beliefs or don't share their particular brand of monotheism? What is their monotheism belief based on? Why do they believe in monotheism, because their parents raised them to be monotheists, because the culture of their homeland is monotheistic. Whatever the reason is, why do people just accept what they're told concerning this idea of a monotheistic creator, God. Why do people accept his idea without question and without thought?

In my particular culture, small children believe in Santa Claus, the Easter bunny and the tooth fairy. Now, these are all just stories, myths, fables and when children reach a certain age, they stop believing in these things and they no longer believe there is a Santa Claus, an Easter bunny or a tooth fairy. They now believe these were just stories, fables or myths. They let go of the old beliefs and now have new beliefs. People will not let go of old beliefs and have new beliefs when it comes to religion. This, of course, is a general rule. There are always exceptions to the rule. There are those who change from one religious belief system to

another, or change from a religious belief to no religious belief system. Such people are a small percentage of any specified population. Most people hold to the belief system they were raised in, the belief system of the culture of their environment. People who don't even consider themselves religious people who don't attend any religious services, will say they believe in some type of a single creator, God.

Monotheism basically has been around form 2,000 years and 2,000 years might seem to be a very long period to most people, but when you put 2,000 in perspective of the total time human beings have existed on Earth, 2,000 isn't much time at all. In fact, it is a very small percentage of human existence. So, from the beginning of human existence to about 2,000 years ago, no one on earth believed in an all knowing single god creator. No one was monotheistic. For most of human existence, the entire world was polytheistic(the belief in many gods).

What is now called mythology used to be called religion. Greek mythology, Norse mythology, Roman mythology, Egyptian mythology are all used to be accepted religions in their day. People don't hold to these beliefs anymore, so they are called mythology, but people thousands and thousands of years ago were believers in a polytheistic explanation for the creation of Earth and the existence of humanity. They held their beliefs just as fervently and ardently as people do now.

To my mind, this raises a lot of serious and difficult questions. If there is a single god, creator, why did he wait so long to make himself known? Why did he sit around for 90% of humanity's existence and say nothing? Why was he so silent for so long? If this single god, creator was responsible for all living things on Earth, Earth itself, the stars and all the rest, wouldn't have proclaimed it so from the very beginning of human existence? Humans believe they are the most important living thing ever created by this one god creator, why were humans such late arrivers on the existence front?

Earth is what, 6.4 billion years old? Something like that anyway, and humans, in some form or another, have been around for what, a couple hundred thousand years? So, the Earth existed for about six billion years before humans ever showed up. When you put in direct terms such as this, humans don't sound so fucking important anymore, do they? If you add in the fact that Earth is nothing more than a tiny pimple on a gigantic, universal butt, then humans become even less significant. Yet, human ego touts the idea we humans are the most beloved and most important living thing ever brought into existence. This creator god loves and cherishes us more than any other of his creations. We are the pinnacle of his work. If humans were so goddamn important, why were we so late on the scene, and why is Earth, instead of being the center of a vast universe, only an inconsequential, microscopic dot evolving around the sun just like everything else?

Exactly what is our importance anyway? Earth doesn't need us. The planet existed long before we did and it would still exist if all of us died tomorrow. The planet would continue on, other living things on the planet don't need us. Hell, our existence on the planet has done much more harm than good to the other living things. Sea life, animal life, planet life and all other life on this planet would be much better off if we had never existed at all. How many species of life have passed into extinction due to human existence? How many more are in danger of joining them in the near future?

Human ego has inflated its own importance and one of the results of this is theism. First it was polytheism across the board, now it's a mixture of different types of theism. Accounting for his great importance was one of the reasons humans invented theism, another reason is fear. Humans fear that their physical life on Earth is all there is and they fear that once their physical body dies there is nothing else. They fear the rest of eternity is a cold, lifeless emptiness. They fear a definite, finite mortality. So, they invent an after life and call it by any name you choose, but it is what it is, a human invention. Can I say for certainty

there is nothing after the physical body dies? Can I say we don't exist in any form? No! I can't for certain, but no one can be certain about anything after our physical bodies die, not 100% certain. What evidence is there that an afterlife, any kind of afterlife, exists? Has anyone in history, famous or infamous or completely anonymous ever contacted the living and told them what a great state of being they were going through. My mother and father are dead. Why wouldn't they contact me somehow and tell me about their new existence to soften my fears about death.

All types of after lives have been concocted by humans in the course of human history. They have been infused with many different forms, but they are not fact. They have no basis in fact at all. They are wish fulfillments of a particular culture, a particular group of people, or individuals within a group who imagine slight variants from the core belief.

Personally, I don't believe in an after life. Saying so brings me no great joy or satisfaction. I wish there was some magnificent continuation of being after the death of the physical body. I really wish it were true, but wishing does not make something so, it never has and it never will.

I have often wondered if anyone really believes in gods and afterlives deep down at the inner core of their being. People say they do, but is it all talk. After all, if humans really believed that an all powerful, all seeing creator god was watching and judging them, would they really behave the way they do? If people really believed there was a possibility of torturous, eternal damnation, would they continue acting like such dick-faced assholes all the time?

I am not a religious person, but if I thought religion and belief in supreme beings improved the quality of human behavior and made the world a better place, then I would be all for it. Anyone, though, all of this

seems to be forgotten by the staunch Christian supports of Israel. It's just another grandiose example of convenient amnesia. You know what convenient amnesia is, don't you? Convenient amnesia is the type of amnesia that allows human beings to remember all of the wrong done by other people, but forget all of the wrong done by them. History is filled with an endlessly supply of cases of convenient amnesia, so too, are history books themselves. Now you have the government of Israel, the U.S. government, and other allies hiding behind a sacred wall of historical persecution in order to shield themselves against accusations of wrong doing by the Israeli government. How convenient is it to level a charge of anti-Semitism against anyone who dares to question their actions, by their reasoning, because the Jewish people have a long recorded history of people anti-Semitism, this means all criticism of Israeli government policy is just more anti-Semitism rearing its ugly head. So, the Israeli government has set up the perfect government scenario of operation. They can do no wrong. Everything is under the guise of self-defense. They are certainly not alone in this way of thinking, there are countless examples of governments of all types adhering to this very same belief that they can do no wrong.

European, Asian, North American, South American, African, Middle Eastern, there isn't an area of the world that hasn't been touched by this mania at one time or another, especially the empire seekers. The current reigning master of this theory put into practice, of course, is the United States government and at the back of all those who have been practitioners of this theory is often the religious belief that their supreme being deity or deities has given their blessings to all of it. With regard to the attempted genocide against Jewish people in Europe, the question can be asked: Where were the religious leaders of all the Christian faiths in Europe while this was occurring in the 1930's and 40's? Where, for example, was the Pope and the Vatican during this time? Why were they so outrageously silent and indifferent to what was going on? Where

was their voice? Where were the continuous uninterrupted attempts to give aid and sanctuary, this can be said of other religious leaders as well.

The same can be said for religious leaders during the 350+ years of the legal African slave trade. Where were they? Where was their voice? The whippings, the rapes, the degradation, humiliation, the murder and all the rest. On the whole, they were not only silent on the institution of slavery, but gave their moral approval of the practice. There were exceptions, of course, there usually are, but the African slave trade could not have started and continued on for so long if all Christian religious leaders had stood united in their vehement opposition to it.

The same can be said for the treatment of Native peoples of North, South & Central Americas. Religious leaders could've used their moral authority on behalf of the Native people. They could've used their voice to speak against the lying, the cheating, the land grabbing, the genocide, but few did. Most approved of the sanctioned actions of the U.S. government. The Natives after all, had their own religions, they were heathen savages.

Citing numerous historical examples of religious leaders condoning brutal acts of inhumanity by one group of humans against another isn't difficult. I have named some already. You could also cite European colonialist activities in Africa and Asia that spanned hundreds of years. You could mention the Crusade wars fought between Christians and Muslims from the 11<sup>th</sup> century to the end of the 13<sup>th</sup> century. Wars were fought because Christians believed the Holy Land belonged to them and Muslims believed the Holy Land belonged to them and now here in the year 2012, bloodshed, brutality, misery and dying are still occurring over who the Holy Land rightfully belongs to. Humans have come a long way baby.

If religious beliefs had an across the board positive effect on the human condition, then life on Earth would have progressed ages ago into a world much different than the one history has recorded until now. Earth would've become Edenesque, but our world is hardly Edenesque, is it? Money, greed, hate war, indifference, abuse, egotism, self-centeredness, etc., have remained quite fertile in the human soul.

I believe that every individual who has ever occupied space and time on this planet is what kind of a person they are regardless of religious beliefs. A decent human being is not decent because of the religion he or she belongs to, an indecent human being is not indecent because of the religion he or she belongs to. We are what we are. Religion plays no part in what kind of a person we are. If John is a decent man, a religious man, he is not a decent man because he is religious. If John stopped being religious, he would still be a decent man with or without religion. He is a decent man. If Joe is a complete fucking asshole and is a religious man, he is not a complete fucking asshole because he is religious. With or without religion, Joe is a complete fucking asshole.

People will say, "He's a good Christian". He's a good Christian, so what? He can be a good Christian and still be a lousy goddamn human being. He can go to church, put money in the plate, participate in the sacraments, pray and believe everything his religion requires him to believe. Yet, he can be a drunken, racist, anti-Semitic, selfish, self-serving, arrogant, mean, wife beating son of a bitch. This is true of all religions. Whether it's Christian, Jewish, Muslim, Hindu, or any other religion big or small. You can be a good religious person and a lousy human being at the same time. The world doesn't need more good Christians, more good Jews, more good Muslims, more good Hindus, etc. The world needs more good human beings. The world is not lacking good religious people, the world is lacking good religious people. The world is lacking in good human beings. There aren't enough of them, not nearly enough.



## Psychotic Views Part Four:

Frankly speaking, I'm sick of this apathy and indifference to this godforsaken fucked up world of ours. People in the U.S. muddle around completely capitulated in their attitude toward their condition and the condition of the country. The walking dead, they're defeated, they've given up trying to better their lot, they listlessly accept whatever occurs.

Lousy jobs, lousy pay, little or no health care. Change is just an empty word with no real world meaning. They drink, they smoke, they fuck with no thought or care. They drone on endlessly on their cell phones, talking and talking and talking without ever really saying anything. They speak as if every work is a life affirming, high witted gem, instead of the life draining, mind numbing pile of shit that it is. Immature zombies satisfied with themselves and life because they have toys to play with: cars, phones, tvs, computers, video games, etc. Things, this is what is important in life. Things, not people, not how we interact with our fellow human beings, not how we treat them, not anything so humane. No, we are segregated, separated and disconnected from all that. It's a game that nobody wins. The person with the most stuff wins, what do they win, more stuff? When people die, do they have themselves buried with their stuff? There's a saying that goes: "you can't take it with you". Really? Why then are so many people trying then? Why is it the more people get, the meaner and more selfish they get? They act like vicious chipmunks hoarding all of the nuts for themselves. Share my good fortune? Fuck you! Why don't you just go away and crawl off into a cold dark corner somewhere I don't have to see you and be reminded that people like you even exist. Compassionless, consciousness, inhuman, unhuman, inhumane. Go through life with blinkers or without even a slight periphery, tunnel vision, no more like pinhole vision. Head down, eyes narrowed, mind existing in a small gray boxed in corner. Never expanding, never challenging, never crawling out of your homemade, self-design,

comfortable little hole you occupy, the square walled ditch you call home, living but never alive. Never sticking your neck out, never raising your eyes above the waterline, never taking the time to pause, never fighting for the lost cause, never seeking a new path, never seeking a new way, never veering off the lines of expediency, never living for other, never living beyond the self. Expediency, the greatest sin of all. Never stick your neck out, never do what is the most difficult, take the easy road, take the easy way, don't strain yourself, no risks, don't put yourself out, no boat rocking, no howling into the wind, play it safe, don't dare to swim against the tide. Self-interest, self-ease: expediency.

There is another deep psychosis at play too. The culture of fear. The people propagandize the idea that you cannot exist without being afraid, you cannot live without fear. This country cannot exist without it. There is a bogeyman around every corner, lurking and laying in waiting to do you harm.

Those 10 years between the time when the U.S. cold war with the U.S.S.R ended and when the war on terrorism started drove the war profiteers crazy. They didn't like this time at all. There was no global bogeyman out to get us, there was no global bogeyman which could be used to coquet the easily gullible public with. There was no global bogeyman to use as an excuse to ever expand the Pentagon budget, to invade more countries, to open more military bases, to start more wars. No, these profiteers didn't like this time at all, but then came 9/11/2001 and all was right with the world again. Once again, the mass hysteria could begin. Another global bogeyman had been created to fill the delusional void. Welcome to the world of globalized paranoia. We have the biggest, most expensive, most powerful military that human history has ever seen. Yet, we are always afraid. This massive, out of control spending, this ever growing expansion of influence, this ever increasing hi-tech power of weaponry never buys us any calm and peace of mind, does it?

Corporations with government ties, military contractors, politicians, media, mercenaries, military lobbyists, special interest groups are all unabashed proponents of this global paranoia. They are so because they profit by it and it is a purely insidious motivation on their part. They promote the fear because they profit by it. Millions, tens of millions, hundreds of millions, billions of dollars are at stake. They are lining their pockets from the money made by this cultivation of the global culture of fear. It is a dark, premeditated plan and the motivation is clear, money and power. Be afraid everyone, be very afraid.

Won't you see, we don't want to spend all of this money on the military, we don't want to build all of those military bases around the world, we don't want to invade countries, we don't want to start wars, we have to do these things. We are doing them to protect you, to make you feel safe from the global bogeyman! You see that, right? You see that all of this is necessary, don't you? Of course you do!

Yes, there is a deeply entrenched, wide ranging culture of fear sowed at all levels in this country. A major reason for it is control. The small percentage of the true, well-moneyed power players in this country need a way to control the masses, so they use fear. It is used on a large global scale. The power players need a reason to justify their behavior on a global scale. Create a global bogeyman. If they need to justify their behavior on a domestic scale, create a domestic bogeyman.

Yes, these power players need to keep the masses in line. They need to keep them in lock step with their thinking. They need to keep them from questioning them, doubting them, casting suspicious eyes at them and worst of all, opposing them. They know that if the masses would ever come to oppose them in large enough numbers, there is nothing they could do to stop them. Their nasty little endless plans of unabashed money and power would be defeated. You see, the small percentage of well-moneyed power players know where the true power lay. It is in the hands of the masses. If the masses were united on a large

national scale, there is nothing that could stop them. The small percentage of rich, power people know they are greatly outnumbered. They must not be allowed to unite, so the small percentage use an old war strategy to see that this never happens. Divide and conquer, a divided public will not unite or survive. This divide and conquer strategy can be applied in many different ways. Racially, ethnically, religiously, sexually, etc. There are a couple of reasons why this strategy works. One is because the people who are applying it have the power and money resources to put it before the public on a large, relentless, influential stage. The second reason is because human beings on the whole, have an inborn natural suspicion and wariness of anyone who is different from them. Whites will be suspicious of anyone who isn't white, Christians will be suspicious of anyone who isn't Christian, Americans will be suspicious of anyone who isn't American, heterosexuals will be suspicious of anyone who isn't heterosexual. Whites can be pitted against black, black against Asian, Asian against Spanish speaking and etc.

This divisional strategy can also easily be applied within groups. Chinese against Korean, Korean against Japanese, light skinned Africans against dark skinned Africans, western European against eastern European, Northern European against Southern European, etc. The same approach can be used with religions as well. They can be used to pit Christians against Muslims, Muslims against Hindu, Hindu against Christians, etc. Again this natural suspicion can be used within different sects of the same religion as well. Class used to pit people against one another too. High middle class, average middle class, low middle class and the poor class. Even where you live can be applied to divide people. Rural people against urban people, urban and against rural, outer city against inner city, inner city against outer city, city against suburb, suburb against city, etc. All of these means of division are not carried out accidentally, they are enacted with a cold, precise, premeditated reason. The one thing which the well moneyed high powered, privileged few fear more than anything is a united public. This idea scares them like no others. To them, it is the worst of all possible

nightmares. It would mean an end to the way things are. It would mean an end to their unrestrained, hedonistic approach to rule and reign.

The culture of fear also displays a strong prominence in the area of crime. Crime statistics prove out that a crime is going to be carried out by one person against another and a large percentage of the time when the two people know each other. Total strangers committing crimes against people is a lower percentage, yet everyone in the culture of fear is indoctrinated with the idea of fear, the stranger. Fear your neighbor, fear the person in front of you, beside you and behind you. Everyone is suspicious, everyone is a potential robber, burglar, purse snatcher, rapist, child molester, batterer or terrorist. Be afraid! Be very afraid!

Home security companies certainly profit from this strategy, so does the gun and other weapons manufacturers, judges, law enforcement and governments, and again the culture of fear is always purported for the same reasons. Money, power, and control and it will continue on this way unless the public fights in large numbers to conquer it, but as much as I would like to see this happen, the odds are high against it ever happening. The public, as with all things, has the power to do make it happen, but they lack the will. This is what the perpetrators of the culture of fear count on. This is why they continue to apply the strategy of divide and conquer.

Nothing is ever going to change for the better, I fear. Those who occupy the exalted seats of power don't want things to get better and who don't occupy the exalted seats won't fight to make things better. They are either too distracted, too indifferent, too apathetic, too naïve, too ignorant, too easily manipulated or too corrupted. They are used, abused, manipulated, lied to, deceived, degraded, demeaned,

laughed at, ridiculed, raped, robbed, cheated, persecuted, beaten, tortured and killed and yet they will not fight for a better way.

Frankly, I don't know why the masses are so lacking in boldness and courage. Why they are so unwilling to give up a known bad entity and fight for a better way? Why are they so unwilling to stand up for themselves and demand to be treated more humanely and with all of the freedoms, liberties every person on Earth deserves. Fighting for a better way would have an unknown outcome, an uncertain result, but isn't it better to take on this unknown with its possibility of a marked improvement of the human condition than to just accept the dark known as just the way the world is, the way things have to be. There are over a billion people in China, what if one out of three of them actively fought for a better condition for themselves and demanded more freedoms and liberties. That's over 300 million people, what could the Chinese government do? Lock them all up? Beat, intimidate, or torture them? Kill them? Jail them? 300 million people, but I am almost 100% certain that this will never happen.

The number of dissidents in China has always been insignificantly small. Their numbers are nowhere near where they need to be to cause a positive significant change. This small number is what allows the Chinese government, the U.S. government, the Russian government, the Indian government, or any other government to get away with its institutionalized abuses of power. Public strength, as I said before, is dependent on large numbers. In order to influence change in any type of governing system, you have to make those governing fear you. This is the only way change for the public good can occur. As it stand now, it is the public who fears the governments. Small numbers allows any kind of ruling system to intimidate, to torture, to beat, to harass, to jail, to murder and to cow tow in order to keep the status quo. Small numbers are what make these methods effective.

No, I don't believe the Chinese will ever rise up en masse against their government and demand a better condition for themselves. Nor do I believe the people of the U.S. will do either. Why? Patterns, if they were going to do so, they would have done so already. People in this country may have fought for civil rights, women's rights, workers' rights and all sorts of other things in the past, but the people of 2012 U.S., are a whole different breed. What exactly are the masses, on the whole, willing to fight for? Better pay? Cleaner air? Clean water? Safe food? Better public education? Fairer treatment? What? What are they willing to fight for? When I say fight, I mean the high risk kind, where people are injured, beaten and yes, sometimes even die for their cause.

In order to gain a lot, you need to risk a lot. Any positive gains in human history anywhere in the world proves this out. People fought, people were injured, people were killed. People want fairer treatment. People want better pay and better working conditions. People don't want to be cheated by banks, investment companies and real estate dealers. People want clean air, clean water, safe food and a good education for their children and a better health care system. People may want these things, but they don't want them bad enough. In order to gain a lot, you need to risk a lot. The less you are willing to risk, the less you are going to gain. Most people in the U.S. aren't willing to risk enough. Many aren't willing to risk anything at all. Give people a little comfort and it goes right to their head.

Yes, yes, of course freedom of speech and the right to free assembly are important too, but do I have to miss my favorite TV show to fight for them? Clean air, clean water and safe food are important too, but do I have to stop talking and texting on my cell phone 14 hours a day to fight for them? Sure, civil rights, civil liberties, workers' rights, and these sort of things are important, but do I have to stop twittering and facebooking in order to fight for them? I mean the fate of our country is in the hands of people who park in

handicap parking spaces because they're a whole 20 feet closer to the door or people who trample and mace each other the day after Thanksgiving for the sole purpose of gluttonously getting their hands on some highly prized hi tech toy, or people who are willing to sit in the cars in the McDonald's drive in lane with their engines running for 15 minutes because they can't muster the fucking energy to get out of their cars to go the monumental distance of 25 feet to the door. I don't care anymore. I just don't care. The world is never going to change, not for the better. Spinning on its axis day after day after day. Rotating around the sun over and over and over again. Human nature is never going to change, not for the better. Things are just going to get worse from here. They are not going to get better, they are never going to get better ever again.

Humanity has evolved as far as it wants to go. It shows no signs of any wide scale telling improvements. Humans were given a great gift. So full of great potential, but to me, we failed to live up to the hype. We, on the whole, failed to live up to our potential, miserably so. We are a failed species. Humanity could've been so much more than it is. Life could've been so much more than it turned out to be, but selfishness, arrogance, egotism, greed, hate and the need to war all got in the way. Humanity is a failure, a pathetic abysmal failure. The evolution process is over, it is now complete. No more progressions, no more steps forward, no more reaching a higher ground. What a waste, what a colossal fucking waste.

I am through caring about humanity. I am tired of investing my emotional state of being in the actions and outcomes of my fellow human beings. I am spent, exhausted, worn out. My once well stocked reserves have long been drained dry. Why should I care about humanity anyway? Why should I care about its quality and quantity of life? Humanity doesn't even care about itself. I have nothing more to give, not physically, not mentally, not psychologically and not emotionally. I gave all I had to give and now it's gone. It's gone without even the slightest possibility of it ever coming back. Am I supposed to care about a world that declares

corporations are people? Hello Mr. Apple, Mr. General Electric, Mr. Exxon Mobil, so glad you could come. Will it be the usual today again today? Fucking people in the ass until they bleed and then a couple of more times just for fun. Now money is free speech. Step right up and place your bribes, I mean bids. Now, what is the opening bid going to be, do I hear \$100,000, I have \$100,000. Do I hear 2? I have 2. The man in the back has just upped the bribe, I mean bid to \$500,000. Do I hear 6? I have 6. 7? I have 7. The man in the back has just raised the price to \$1,000,000. Going once, going twice, sold. The man in the back has just bought himself some free speech for \$1,000,000. Is most of the public aware that these things have occurred? Do they even remotely understand the significance? Do they even waste a minute of thought on the subject?

Why waste time on boring topics such as corporations are people and money is free speech when you address more important things like the Kardashians, a new line of Nike sneakers, award shows, phone apps and sporting events, you know, all of the important necessities of life. How informed are the people when it comes to serious issues? On the whole, woefully and pathetically informed. When elections approach, I hear people say its important to vote. How informed are the people who vote? Do they actually know how the candidates voted on bills? Do they know anything beyond that the candidate is a Republican or a Democrat? Do they know any real facts at all? Do they really believe that voting for a Republican or a Democrat is going to cause any significant change in the way this country is run? Are they ever going to wake up, or do they prefer the naïve, soothing comforts of continuing to play the delusional, hope crushing game enjoyed by people from all over the world.

Let's pretend. Yes, let's pretend is a popular game. In fact, it's the most popular game in the world. Let's pretend those people over there aren't really human beings, so we can massacre them, brutalize them and kill them. Let's pretend we're superior to them, let's pretend I'm superior to you, Let's pretend my

religion is better than your religion. Let's pretend my god is better than your god. Let's pretend there aren't two sets of laws, one for the rich and one for everyone else. Let's pretend there really is such a thing as a democracy. Let's pretend that because I'm well moneyed, I can lawfully abuse everyone who isn't. Let's pretend the world's oil supply is never going to run out. Let's pretend there's such a thing as clean coal. Let's pretend that pharmaceutical companies really do want to find cures for diseases. Let's pretend CEOs have a conscience. Let's pretend that you can keep running the world at the behest and benefit of the rich forever without worldwide, horrifying consequences. Shall we continue? No? You don't want to play anymore, why not? I was just starting to warm up. I could go on like this for a long time, at least a couple of hours or more. Don't tell me you can't think of anymore, "Let's Pretends"? Sure you can, you're just not trying. What do you mean, you don't like the game? You play it all the time, don't you? Everyone in the world plays this game. Why do you play it so much then, if you don't like to play it? What? Oh, I see, you like the game, you just don't like the way I play it.

Well, well, you don't like the way I play the game. Fuck it then, just fuck it all to hell. What's wrong with the way I play the game, huh? Is it the tone of m voice? Too much sarcasm for you? Too much \_\_\_\_\_?

Hell, there's nothing wrong with the way I play and you damn well know it. Strike a nerve did I? Or was it several nerves all at the same time? Well, you can go now asshole, you've ruined my mood and ended the game. So just piss off and do it in a hurry before I decide to push your face in farther than it already is. Walk away, that's it, walk away and don't stop walking until you've done humanity a great favor and walked right off the planet.

I got a little excited there, didn't I? Yeah, I know, I admit it. I don't why I showed my temper to that degree. His reaction was not all surprising. In truth, everyone I've played the game with has had the same

reaction. They all play the game, every minute of every hour of every day. They all play the game and I know why they all have the same reaction to me. The game isn't meant to be played out in the open, it isn't an overt kind of game for the general public. It is a covert kind of game, a private internal kind of game. Talking about it externally out in the open is going to provoke a quick, negative reaction most of the time, about 90%, probably more, with me so far, it's been 100%

## Psychotic Views Part Five:

Capitalism is an economic system in which, all or most of the means of production and distribution are privately owned and operated for profit, originally under fully competitive conditions. Generally characterized by a tendency toward concentration of wealth. In its later phase, its tendency toward great corporations, increased government control, etc.

Communism is an economic theory or system based on the ownership of all property by the community as a whole. A hypothetical stage of socialism characterized by a classless and stateless society and the equal distribution of economic goods to be achieved by revolutionary and dictatorial means. State control of economy, emphasis on state requirements instead of individual liberties, a one party political structure.

Socialism is a theory or system of the ownership and operation of the means of production and distribution by society or the community rather than by private individuals with all members of society or the community sharing in the work, the products. The stage of society in Marxist doctrine, coming between the capitalist stage and the communist stage, in which private ownership of the means of production and distribution has been eliminated.

Three big “isms’ of rule during the modern era. All of these are theoretical systems, put into purely theoretical terms, a lot of things can sound good, worded in the proper way, theories can sound enormously positive, even \_\_\_\_\_ or Edensque, but put into practice in the physical world, they turn bad quickly and become a dark exploitive force that bears no resemblance to its theoretical counterpart. All three of these systems have proved to be abysmal failures in terms of the treatment of the general population by those who rule over them. They are also failures in terms of their original structures as models for national

operation. People in the U.S. love to commend the day that communism was defeated. My first question is: "Was Communism defeated? Totally defeated? Russian controlled communism in Europe collapsed, fell into shards and rubble, but what about China? Isn't China still Communist? Well, isn't it? One party rule.

Would you like my theory why the Russian European version of communism collapsed? Well, you're going to get it anyway. The Russian version of communism didn't collapse because it was evil (it was), it didn't collapse because it oppressed, brutalized and murdered its own citizens (it did), it didn't collapse because a key ingredient in its operation was delusional paranoia (it was). The Russian version of communism collapsed because it closed its doors to trading with the West. Now, you can disagree all you like, but that doesn't mean that I'm wrong. The U.S. and its Western Europe allies have always been mealy mouthed hypocrites when it comes to the subject of communism. They point out all of the reasons why communism collapsed and why it was a force for evil and needed to be combated, fought and defeated at all costs, but again I ask the question: "What about China? China is a world power, China is Communist."

The reason the Chinese version of communism lasted longer than the Russian version is because the Chinese version was never more practical and adaptable to the realities of the world. The Chinese version took into account what the U.S. and its Western Europe really stood for money, not democracy, own people just like the Russian version did. The Chinese version of communism chokes all attempts of basic human rights and freedoms just like the Russian version did. No free speech, no free press, no worker rights, etc. Both engaged in murdering purges, but the Chinese version opened its doors to U.S. and Western European trade. The Chinese version allowed U.S. and Western European companies to come into China and set up operational methods of business. The Russian version did not allow this to happen. The Chinese version allowed U.S. and Western European companies to come into China and make money. Lots and lots of lots of money was made.

The Russian version did not allow this to happen. The Chinese version was open door, the Russian version was closed. Those operating the Chinese version knew the U.S. and the Western European countries could openly yak all they wanted about democracy, freedom and human rights, but privately they knew what mattered most to them. Money, international mega corporate money.

The U.S. government doesn't give a fuck about human rights, it never has and it never will. Oh, they mouth the words beautifully on cue at times, but they don't mean them, after all, words are just words without coinciding action.

DON'T BELIEVE A WORD

Words are only spoken

And a heart is like a promise

There to be broken.

"THIN LIZZY"

If you are willing to go along with U.S. business's political interests, then you can do anything you please: oppressing, torturing, killing, etc. When Saddam Hussein was warring with Iran, he was an ally. We sold him all sorts of killing weapons then. Why? We did it because he was killing Iranian, a country on our enemies list. So, fuck all the human rights violations. Human rights violations against Iranians never came up, not did the countless number of human rights violations against his own people. It was only after he invaded Kuwait, that it mattered. All of a sudden, he was an oppressing, torturing, murdering bastard.

If you allow military bases in your country and U.S. businesses, then you are an ally; otherwise, you're not. What you do to your own people never enters into equation. The U.S. government has allied itself with some of the worst human rights butchers the world has ever seen. Pinochet, Videla, Suhanto, Pol Pot, Somoza, Mobutti, Amin, Bother, Truyillo, the Saudis, etc. What has the U.S. government done about the stifling, oppressing, human rights violating and party rule of China? Nothing, and Saudi Arabia and other countries have done the same. If, for whatever reason, this money would be pulled out of U.S. banks, then goodbye U.S.A. This coupled with all of the U.S. business dealings in China buys a whole lot of silence on the subject of human rights violations. Mums the word is the U.S. government's approach with China. No mention of workers rights, civil rights, child labor, lack of free speech and other freedoms.

U.S. businesses are in monetary orgasmic delight in China. Spend a couple of dollars of labor there, then bring it over here and sell it for \$500, \$600 or more. Check the human right violations that went on so you could carry around your fancy little laptop, PC, Dell, Apple, or even your standard desktop office type computer. Check the human right violations that went on so you could do your shop all in one convenient shopping at Wal-Mart. It all comes back to that word, expedience. The best friend government ever had. Expediency, not ethics, not right and wrong, not decency, it's expediency.

This greatly admired model by both the Chinese government and U.S. corporations cannot sustain for a long period of time. This ultra rapid Chinese growth will only succeed in speeding up the amount of time it will take to collapse and it will collapse. There is not doubt of it, this Chinese model of open trade communism is going to collapse. There are heavily underreported stresses on it even now, and as time moves forward, the stresses will become more and more apparent, more and more intense and more and more difficult to deal with.

One thing government officials of all political system have in common is that they live in a world of impenetrable denial until it is too late. How many systems of rule have there been? Did all of them all believe their system was invulnerable to collapse? Yet, they all collapse: monarchy, oligarchy, plutocracy (which is what the U.S. really is), autocracy(1 man rule-dictators, despots), capitalism, communism, socialism. All have been tried as ruling systems, All in the end, collapsed. Some collapsed sooner, some later, but they all do collapse. One reason for this was stated in the previous paragraph, denial. They all live in a world of denial. A second reason is the lack of long term planning. Everything is thought in the short term. A third reason is corruption. The old saying, "absolute power corrupts absolutely" applies here. There isn't a brand of ruling system that hasn't seen its demise occur, to some degree or another by corruption. Corruption has torpedoed a lot of ships in the past and will continue to do so in the future. It is doing so as I write, right here in the U.S. Time will only bring more torpedoes and more holes in an already failing ship.

Going back to the original definitions of capitalism, communism and socialism, let's look at each in a little more detail. The definition of capitalism states that it is a system based on private ownership for motives of profit. Which is certainly true if you use the U.S. model as an example then it is obviously true. The last 30 years have greater and greater amounts of large sums of wealth ending up in fewer and fewer hands. Another part of the definition that rings true is capitalism's tendency toward great corporations, but the one glaring aspect of the definition which clearly rings false is the tendency towards greater government control. In the last 30 years, the U.S. government has ceded so much of its control over to big business that it could appear to the eye that there is little to no control at all. Oh, the structures are in place that could exert control if it so chose, all of the U.S. government cabinet departments were supposedly organized for such a purpose. OSHA, FDA, FCC, EPA, etc. were brought into existence with the idea that reins had to be placed on big business in order to keep them from getting out of control. Rules, laws & regulations were to keep big

businesses in check to keep power and money from getting into fewer and fewer hands. These cabinet departments have had their budgets and staff cut repeatedly and if they are honest people trying to do an honest job in the middle or at the bottom, their hands and mouths are going to be tied by the politically appointed department heads who are in charge.

The FDA was supposed to ensure that the public would be eating safe, clean food and safe, clean prescription drugs, which it no longer does, even in the most basic sense. They are just shills for mega food companies and mega drug companies. The food companies and the drug companies are literally writing bills passed in the U.S. Congress.

The EPA was supposed to ensure that the public would breathe safe, clean air, use safe clean water and to be safe from being exposed to toxins, chemicals and other health damaging environmental factors. Again, they aren't doing this anymore and again big polluting companies such as oil and coal companies have the privilege of writing congressional bills.

I could go through all of the cabinet departments one by one and show how they are blatantly failing to do the job they were supposedly set up to do, but I won't, you get the idea. All the departments are failing and all for the same reason. Corruption; oversight is minimally to non-existent. Corporations are running the government, not the other way around.

IF you read the definition of capitalism, you see that no where among the descriptions are the words liberty, freedom, civil rights, human rights, or civil liberties. Capitalism is an economic moneyed system that by its very definition, gives no thought or regard to these things. Is it any surprise then we are now in this current, pathetic condition with the only prospects are for the condition to worsen. By definition, the U.S. is a

plutocracy. Plutocracy- government by the wealthy, a group of wealthy people who control or influence the government. Can anyone, in truth, deny that this most accurately describes the U.S. system of governance? We are not a democracy, we never were.

Now, I know that statement will incite screams, protests, name calling and threats. Democracy- government in which they people hold the ruling power. Rule by the ruled. The principle of equality or rights, opportunity, treatment, or the practice of this principle. The common people as wielders of political power. Does this describe our system of rule as you know it? Does this more accurately describe our system of rule or does the definition of plutocracy describe it better?

Here is a short history lesson. Our forefathers, the men who formed the country and framed the Constitution and created our form of government were rich, white landholding men. For the first few elections for President the only voting was electoral voting. After that when open voting was put into place, the only people who could vote were rich, white, land holding men. Jefferson penned the phrase, "all men are created equal", but the only men created equal, in the minds of our forefathers were rich , white, land holding men. This was not a government by the people, for this was not a democracy. Our forefathers basically formed a government for themselves, by themselves and of themselves.

All of the native peoples were declared heathens, savages with no rights or privileges of any kind. They were declared inferior to white people, a socially subhuman class. So, they could be lied to, cheated out of and stolen from and they could even be massacred into genocidal oblivion if it comes to that. Black people too were declared a racially inferior racially subhuman class. They too were not deserving of any rights or privileges. They could be chained, whipped, raped and murdered. They were enslaved for over 350 years.

Women too were seen as inferior, they too were not deserving of any rights or privileges. They were used, abused, neglected, beaten and raped. Women too were seen as a subclass who, like all except white males, were seen as much less capable intellectually. So were Mexicans, Japanese, Chinese and other non-whites, non-Christian and the poor were not deserving of any rights and privileges. They were seen as a subclass and inferior. They were expendable and if they died doing dangerous work, it didn't matter.

Everything stated above is historical truth. I didn't fabricate a single thing. This is what life was like for non-white, non-male, poor people. Now, you cannot possibly suggest that this was a democracy, could you? Democracy is either for every person or it doesn't exist. You cannot claim a nation is a democracy if they declared rights, liberties, freedoms and privileges only apply to a small percentage of the people. If everyone does not have them, then your nation is not a democracy. All claims to do call it so are false.

The definition for communism states that it is a system based on property ownership by the community as a whole. In theory, this might be seen as a human, fairly equitable situation, but his theory was never realized in practice. Now, as an inherent criteria for the implantation of communism, individual rights, freedoms, and liberties are sacrificed as a trade off. In communist countries, though, there was no real trade off. Individual liberties, freedoms, and rights were sacrificed for nothing. The people received nothing in return. Communities had no power. Communities had not say in anything. There was no prospering for the community as a whole. The is glaring massive contradiction even in the very definitions of communism. In the definition of communism, it says it is characterized by a classless society and the equal distribution of goods. Later in the definition, though, it says, "state controlled economy with an emphasis on state requirements'. You cannot have a classless and stateless society and a state controlled economy emphasizing at the same time.

Lenin cohorts in Russia did not give a damn about equal distribution of wealth and privilege spread equitably among the entire Russian population. They wanted it for themselves. The Russian people in getting rid of the 300 year old Romanov Tsar rule and bringing in the 70 year rule of state run communism, merely exchanged one tyrannical, bloody nightmare for another. This nightmare reached its peak during the reign of Stalin, who has the dark distinction of being the most murderous ruler in human history. His degree of paranoia, to this day, goes unmatched. Which is really saying something because there have been some severely paranoid leaders in human history that have held the reins of power. Look at Russia now, with Putin running the show. He's not Vlad the Impaler, but he's certainly not Vlad the Liberator either is he? Another maniacal leader who's in love with himself and power, both in equally high doses. He does not care about his country or his people, just himself.

Look at those countries to the south of Russia used to be controlled by them under communism, Turkmanistan, Uzbekistan and the rest. They are a mess, with corruption, spilled blood, murder and brutal regimes.

Western Europe is also a mess, a different kind of mess, but still a slowly withering on the vine. Greece, Italy, Ireland, Iceland and others all suffering through severe economic and financial difficulties and now drastic austerity measures are being imposed on the people at the bottom of the ladder, which is always the way isn't it? The people at the top spend money like they're printing it themselves on things they want giving it to big moneyed people without thought or care. Then, when the people themselves need the money, it's 'sorry everyone, the well has run dry'. Can't be much longer before the big three economies of Europe, England, France and Germany start suffering the same fate?

One of the chief tenets of socialism is all of members of society or community share in the work and products ownership. Under such a system, ownership and operation of the means of production. Distribution is carried out by society or community instead of private individuals. In theory, such a system can sound much more equitable and just to the public as a whole, but completely eliminating private ownership leads to a strict absolutist state control of every aspect of people's lives.

Socialist heads of state can be democratically elected or take power through a coup or military dictatorships. A democratically elected socialist can seem benign and decently intentional at first but then become more and more oppressively dictatorial. Primary concern can be less and less about the public good and more and more about staying on the throne of power. Elections can become more and more questionable. Opposition voices can become silenced more and more through violent means. The national press becomes less and less free. Theoretically, there is little to distinguish socialism as a method of operation and communism as a method of operation. Both are defined as to eliminate private ownership and want ownership, production and distribution to be carried out and shared by the community as a whole, but communism places strong emphasis on the state control of the economy and heavy emphasis on requirements made on the people by the state. You could possibly say that communism is an extreme version of socialism, or you could say that socialism is a watered down version of communism.

In practice, capitalism, communism and socialism are all systematic failures. All are guilty of abuse, neglect, enslavement, tyranny, exploitation and mania. All have blood on their hands that time and history can never wash away. All to different degrees of course, but all present just the same. I have always believed that the people who would do the best job serving their country in a position of power never seek such a position. Such people are too humbled in their opinion of themselves, too selfless and too wary of the

nature of power. Their egos are too modest and their need for vain glory too weak and the opposite is true for those who do seek such positions.

I think I've said all I have to say on the matter of systems, of rule. For now, every possible system has been tried. They've all proved to be failures, some more grandiously and dramatically than others, but they have all failed. It is a common ground that they all share.

Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm going to stop writing for awhile. I'm not even remotely sure for how long. It might be forever for all I know. There's another attack coming on, so I'm just going to turn out the lights, try to ride out the dark wave that's slowly rising before me. Last time I wrote about it while it was actually happening, but not this time. This time I'm-----.

## Psychotic Views Part Six:

Well, I've done it now, I tried to kill myself yesterday. It's the first time, the first time it went this far. Oh, I've thought about it before, plenty of times, too many to make a reasonable guess. I'd close my eyes and picture what it would be like, what it would be like to die at your own hand. How much pain would there be? How long would it take before I'd take my final breath? I thought of these questions while running through the various methods in my head. Before now, it had never gone past thought and into action. There were times I came close. There were times when I would walk right up the edge of the abyss and look in. Sometimes I'd be so close to the edge, the tips of my shoes and stick out in the open darkness. Sometimes I'd get close to falling in, so close it scared me. So much so, It rattled my body into the cold shakes. Something had always stopped from falling in, something had always stopped from that next open step. I don't what it was that reached out and pulled me back slowly and carefully away from the edge. Until now, I took that next open step this time. Whatever it was that reached out and pulled me back before, failed this time. I'm not sure why, maybe the reach came too late, or maybe its grip was too weak. I don't know. So, this time I fall into the abyss. The darkness seemed to have no beginning or no end. There was a chill, but there was no wind. The chill was coming from within. I closed my eyes as I started falling. I was fully prepared to hit bottom, but I didn't hit bottom, something broke my fall.

So, the secret is out, the soup is out of the can, the cat is out of the bag and the fat is in the fire. When I say the secret is out, I mean officially, which means, other people know it now. It wasn't a secret to me, not for a long, long time. I knew I was a manic depressive. How could I not know? So now others know. It had to happen sometime, but I would've preferred no one ever knew except me, or maybe I've just been lying to myself ever since I've known, maybe others already knew. Maybe others have known for a long time

too, but these others would be people who knew me personally. That couldn't be very many people. I've always kept to myself for most of my life. I haven't been close to a lot of people. I hadn't wanted to, maybe the reason is I didn't want people to know. Once people know something like that they will never look at you the same. They would never treat you the same.

Mental diseases frighten the holy hell out of people. It scares them like nothing else in the world scares them. Why? What are they really afraid of? That it's going to rub off on them? That it's highly contagious? Or because it is a deep, dark unknown? Something you can't see, something you can't touch.

Well, the others who know about it now are doctors and anyone else who comes in contact with me. They know now, maybe they should have known a long time ago. Maybe I should have told them. Maybe it was a deep rooted irrational fear to tell them. I don't know.

In today's world, almost everyone blurts their entire being out into the air for everyone to hear. Here, take a good look everyone: my heart, my mind, my soul. Can you see them? Oh, just look at them. Just look at them, will you? What makes people do this anyway? Is it vanity? Ego? Is it the absence of real connections in their life? What is it? Is it over inflated self-importance? A need to be seen, to be heard everywhere you go. Childish self-absorption. I don't know, I do know that I've never been so inclined. I'm a private person, intensely private. I've had things happen to me that I've never told anyone about. I've had thoughts and dreams I've never told anyone about, but so much is coming out, my manic depression, and this prolonged action of putting so much of myself down by way of pen and paper. I don't know why I'm doing it, I don't know why at all, but I do know that I can't stop doing so until I've reached some sort of acceptable end. Whatever the fuck that is.

I mean I've written before and nobody's given a damn, not the tiniest whiff of a damn, no interest at all. I've written novels, short stories, opinion pieces, all to no avail, never been published, but hell, book publishers are cowards for the most part. Like most of supposedly high minded people involved in the arts. High minded about money, not just simple, small scale whoring, big time, big money, large scale whoring. No risks, no chances, nothing new, just mindless repetitive plabum. Give the people what they want. We make truck loads of cash feeding mind candy to all types and sizes of children. Has anyone famous, even for five minutes ever been turned down on a book deal? No, become famous and you get a book deal with a six figure advance. It doesn't matter how long you're going to be famous. Hell, it doesn't even matter if you're fucking illiterate, never read a book in life, don't know how to write, no problem. Someone will write it for you.

Your face and name are there on the cover and you're famous, that's all that matters. So, the only reason I'm even writing of this is just for myself, because who else would care? Who would have any interest in it? No one has before, so why would anyone do so now. No, I don't think I'm carrying out any delusions of grandeur here. This is by me, for me, and of me. Maybe once this writing is over, I'll be over. Maybe it's the only thing I have to live for. Maybe it's the only thing keeping my alive. Maybe it's the only reason I've survived my fall. I'm in for it now, they're going to pop the top skull open and take a peek inside. They'll be nodding heads, furrowed brows and a revolving door of people coming in and out of the room. Given the course my mind had steered itself onto all those years ago without ever veering off, it was inevitable I would end here. It could've been sooner, much sooner, I know no rhyme or reason why it wasn't I don't know how I held out against its dark calling for so long and this dark calling, dark calling for so long and this dark calling almost certainly going to come again and again and again. How can I find the strength of will to hold it off the next time? Or the time after that? Do I have such strength still inside me? Or have the reserves all been

siphoned away? They were all troubling questions, questions which had no answers. I struggled to let the questions go for a time, put them out of mind long enough to get some sleep. Finally, the questions faded into nothingness lets my mind drift off into a quiet place of ease, but then, with my eyes closed and my mind nearing the world of dreams, another question played across my cerebral screen and do I even want to fight it anymore? The question lingers there for a minute or so before fading into nothingness like the others. Then sleep came and the world of dreams

It's the bluest blues

And it cuts me to the bone

It's the bluest blues

When you can't find your way back home.

Bluest Blues—Ten Years After

## Psychotic Views Part Seven:

I had a horrible night, I didn't sleep much, no more than three hours and it took me forever just to get that much. It was after three in the morning before I went to sleep. The goddamn clock was driving me fucking crazy. Tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, tick. It kept getting louder and louder. I wanted to bash the clock right in the face or rip it out of the wall. Anything to make it stop ticking, but I refrained from going so, somehow. At some point, I didn't hear the ticking anymore. It was soon after that when I went to sleep, but it wasn't a restful sleep, I had dreams. Three of them, three dreams in three hours. One dream would end then another one would start right up. Does a lot of other dream this way? Dream, dream, dream, bing, bang, bong, one right after the other. Which would be okay if the dreams were positive and enjoyable in some way, but I rarely seem to have those kinds of dreams anymore and none of these dreams were like that. Wait a second, someone's poking their head in the doorway, "Yes?" It was a man of religion, a professional man of religion, a priest. "I was wondering,..." he said, "If you'd like to take communion". "The answer is no", I said. I was raised Catholic but I hadn't done any participating in at least thirty years and now, now I was probably as anti-religion as anyone on Earth. "No, I didn't come to see you about that..". His voice was how, barely above a whisper, it was middle ranged, a little gravelly and touched with subtle empathy. "What did you come to see me about then?" I asked. "I wanted to know if you'd like to talk to someone." "You?" "Yes"

Company sounded like a good idea to me, but a priest wouldn't have been my first choice nor my tenth choice for that matter. Given his views on religion, my views on religion, it was far from an ideal match. Company is company, though given my situation, I couldn't afford to be choosy. I waved into the room and over to the chair beside my bed. He angled the chair around so we could evenly face to face. He

was a small, frail built man with a genuinely slow, soft speaking voice. He was a few years younger than me. Late 40's and his light brown eyes were large and heavy ringed underneath a habitual lack of sleep.

“Do you stop here often?” I asked; “as much as I can, but not as much as I'd like to.” “Making rounds?” “No, someone else is doing that, I came specifically to see you.” “You did, why?” “Because...” “Because I tried to kill myself?” “Yes” “This isn't going to be a moral lecture about suicide being a mortal sin?” “Not if you don't want it to be” “Suicide is far from being the worst sin. They are much worse things than suicide, no suicide is the saddest sin and the church would do much better for the world if it expressed sympathy and sorrow instead of moral indignation.” “I see you have very strong opinions on the matter.” “I've earned the right” “Yes, I guess you have? “aren't you going to tell me I'm wrong?” “No” “Why not?” “Because telling you so isn't going to help you.” “Are you sure you're really a priest?” He smiled, mostly with his eyes and pantomimed reaching for his wallet. My eyelids were hanging heavy in front of my eyes, closing part way and then opening up full over and over again. I yawned twice in rapid succession. The priest yawned once in reply.

“You're tired, “ he said.

“So are you.”

“But not the same kind.”

“No.”

“Do you want me to go. I can come back another time.” “Do you want to come back another time?”

“Yes.”

“You can stay now for a little while too, if you want.”

“Okay.”

“I only had two or three hours sleep last night. I haven’t slept well at all lately. Either too much or too little. That’s been my pattern, and dreams, always dreams.”

“Bad dreams or good dreams?”

“Mostly bad. Dark, negative, people chasing me. Inanimate arms reaching out trying to grab me and pull me away. When I wake up from that one, my legs were thrashing is someone leaning over the head of my bed, reaching down to touch me to wake me and then that’s exactly what happened. I woke up. One of my dreams even seems to have prophetic.”

“Which one? One of the ones you just told me about?”

“No. This was another one.”

“Could you tell me about it?”

“Do you really want to know?”

“Yes.”

“Okay, the first part of the dream I remember had me flat on my back, at first I was moving. There was a lot of wild talking. I couldn’t understand any of it. Wherever I was, it was bright, but sunlight bright. The indoor lighting was kind of bright. I stopped moving, I was put on a table, things were being jabbed into my

arms, IVs, needles. I could actually feel the pain as they went into my skin. More wild talking. I still couldn't understand any of it, it stayed chaotic for sometime longer, then it finally calmed down, then I woke up from the dream."

He sat there for a long minute, not moving an inch, not saying a word. He then leaned forward putting his elbows on his knees and stared hard at the floor. His eyes remained on the floor when he finally broke his silence. "Are you sure this was a dream?" he asked. "Or could it have been when they were actually working on you. Maybe you were partially conscious and just seemed like a dream."

No, it was a dream. There's no doubting it. I had it just over two weeks ago."

"So, this could have been your sub-conscious telling you something bad was going to happen. Some sort of trauma"

"You mean subconscious knew I was going to try to kill myself."

"It's possible."

"But in the dream I had, I never saw the source of the trauma. It was like walking into the middle of a movie. I missed the beginning

"So your conscious mind didn't know what caused the trauma. It could've been a car accident, a physical attack, or some health related issue like heart attack or a seizure."

"The beginning just wasn't there. I would've remembered it if it had. If this really was my subconscious with some sort of pre-knowledge, why did the damn dream start in the middle and black out the beginning?"

“If you would’ve seen it from the beginning, would you have scared enough and aware enough to get help?”

“I don’t know, maybe. Tell me is it possible for someone to sue their own subconscious?” His face broke into a wide grin as he laughed quietly at my dark wit.

“I was told about your sense of humor,” he said.

“Oh yeah, by who?”

“One of the nurses.”

“Really? Which one?” Maybe I could talk her into climbing into bed with me when her shift was over.”

“You know, I like talking to you. You talk to me like I’m not a priest.”

“You’re a priest? I didn’t know that. I just thought you were some guy with the strange fashion sense of wearing his collar backwards.”

He stood up from the chair and stretched out his back a little. His face tightened a little from a twinge of pain, then reached down and put the chair back in its original place.

“Back a little stiff?” I said.

“Yeah, it acts up on me sometimes. I need to stand up and move around a little more. Too much sitting.”

“You have to go?”

“Yes, I have other things to do. Too many other things if you must know and you need to catch up on your sleep.”

“I can do that anytime. What else is there to do here?”

“It’s been good talking to you.”

“You too.”

“We’ll talk again. Although I don’t know when.”

“Okay.”

He walked around the foot of the bed and had reached the doorway when a nurse stepping in front of him. The two then had a short, hushed conversation. The nurse’s eyes panned over to me a couple of times while they talked. He didn’t take much detecting to figure out the subject of their conversation. Hell, it didn’t take any detecting at all, I was the subject of their conversation. Me. The conversations could not have lasted more than a minute. Maybe a few seconds more. When the talk ended, both of them turned and left the room without looking in my direction. I closed my eyes and tried to sleep. My body seemed eager to do so. As I slowly faded into slumber, a long remembered song played inside my head:

‘ The sun don’t shine

The moon don’t move the tides

To wash me clean

Why so unforgiving

And why so cold

Been a long time crossing

A bridge of sighs'

'Bridge of Sighs' Robin Trower

## Psychotic Views Part Eight:

The priest came to see me again three days later. I had moved since our first visit. Not to a different room, to a different place. A place for someone like me. Other people were there for the same reasons I was there and then there were people there for different reasons all together.

The elevators moaned and wailed almost as much as the patients. Maybe the elevators were empathetic and were experiencing sympathy pains, or maybe there were just old and hadn't had any maintenance since FDR's last term in office. I tried telling them to shut up a few times, but it didn't do any good. They didn't listen to me. They just kept right on groaning. I wonder if it made them feel any better.

It was sometime in the early afternoon when the priest came. Around 1:30, I had finished another lukewarm bland lunch at 12:30, then fell asleep for close to an hour. When I woke up, I turned my head slightly and saw him sitting in the chair next to the bed. He was reading something, not a newspaper or a magazine, it wasn't a book either. It was writing. Pen on paper writing, my writing. For a long time, I said nothing. I just laid there in the bed watching him read my writing, at least it seemed like a long time. He was wearing glasses, narrow lenses with black frames. I watched his eyes moving across the words line by line by line. I wondered how much he had read. I wondered what he thought of it. I shifted slightly in bed. There was a slight groan. He must have heard it, because his eyes lifted up to see me watching him.

"I hope you don't mind me looking at your writing. This is your writing?"

"Yes and no. Yes, it's my writing and no I don't mind you looking at it."

"Has anyone else looked at it?"

“Until now, no one has seen it except me.”

“Is this the first writing you’ve ever done?”

“No. It’s been awhile, though, since and done in this hard.”

“How much have you written before now?”

“Four novels. I’m not sure how many short stories.”

“Nothing published?”

“No.”

He closed the folder that held my writing and placed it back on the table next to the bed. He then slid the chair next to the bed. He then slid the chair out and around in order to get a better vantage point.

“This writing you’re doing now.” He said. “You’re holding nothing back, are you?”

“I’m opening up the windows and airing out the world.”

“It needs it. Not exactly optimistic in your world view, are you?”

“There’s a famous saying that goes: ‘Optimists are people who just aren’t paying attention.’”

“Somebody famous say it?”

“Yes, but the name escapes my memory.”

“Are you going to try and sell it when you’re done?”

“I just want to finish it.”

“Is that a no?”

“A definite no? No, it’s not a definite no. It’s a probable no. A more than likely no.”

“That’s a lot of nos.”

“Do you think it’s worth selling?”

“A definite yes. A very definite yes. Will you excuse me for a few minutes? I need to make a phone call and get another cup of coffee.”

“Sure, go ahead. Take your time.”

He stood up slowly, let out a muffled moan and left. I get out of bed and went to the window. It was raining. It was always raining. The rain was gray, cold and gray. The wind was blowing in gusts. Calm one minute, galling the next. When the priest came back about ten minutes later, I was still standing at the window, looking out.

“See anything interesting out there?” he asked.

“It’s hard to see anything through the rain.”

“Well, at least you’re up and moving.”

“Yes, I am.”

“How are you doing?”

“Well, standing here in the near past and the near future, okay.”

“What do you mean the near past and the near future? Don’t you mean the present?”

I was pacing around as I talked. The room was small, the pacing even smaller. He was sipping his coffee and watching me only when I crossed in front of the window.

“No,” I said, “I don’t think there can be such a thing as present time. Time is never still. It’s always moving. If I ask you when the present is and you say now. By the time you finished the word now, its already in the past. To me, everything is either past or future.”

“So, now is it just an illusion? It’s an impossibility.”

“Yes, but who am I to say so”

“Can I ask you a personal question?”

“You can ask anything you want, but I won’t guarantee an answer.”

“Have you had any visitors other than me?”

“No.”

“You have no friends or family?”

“I haven’t told anyone yet.”

“Why?”

“Shame.”

“Is it that you don’t want to leave your room?”

“Yes. How did you find out about that?”

“A nurse told me. She’s concerned about you. I’m concerned about you and there are others who are concerned about you, you have to tell them.”

I went to the window, lowered my head and pressed it against the glass. I closed my eyes and fell into a hard silence. The priest let me be, he continued drinking his coffee and waited until he thought I was ready to talk again. It seemed like an hour, but it was really only five minutes.

“In your writings,” he said, “You wrote there’s not enough shame in the world. You’re saying it’s a good thing to feel shame and it is. This is the kind you wrote about.”

“Shame is good both in personal behavior and how we treat others.”

“But shame, a different kind of shame, can be dark and destructive. That’s the kind of shame you just talked about in this room.”

“Yes, I know, but do you understand why I’m reluctant to tell anyone. Once people know you’ve been in a place like this, they might come after me with torches like I’m Dr. Frankenstein’s monster.”

“Now you’re exaggerating.”

“Am I? You damn well know what the public is like when it comes to this stuff?”

“People can be irrational?”

“Irrational? Irrational? There’s not much worse people can know about you. It’s amazing how fast a supposedly rational group of people can turn into an irrational mob.”

“Why do you think that happens?”

“Because the rationale is only a mask, a guise for people to hide behind when they show their faces to the world.”

He stood up, finished his coffee, then tossed his cup into the wastebasket. After a small interval of pacing near the chair, he circled the bed and came over to where I was sitting.

“This is why you never got help before, isn’t it?” he said, “You’ve had this problem your whole life, haven’t you? You’ve carried it around with you all this time.”

“Yes.”

I put my head down in my hand and started crying. Quiet but--- tears flooded my eyes, streams cascaded down my cheeks and dropped into my lap.

“I have to go now, “ he said.

“Okay.”

After he left, I started thinking about that one particular dream I had. The one where I was flat on my back and they were jabbing my arms with IVs and needles. I started to re-examine the dream. On the first pass, I took the dream to be a portent of what just happened to me, of my attempted suicide, of their saving my life. On the second pass, here, I began to wonder about that first conclusion. I closed my eyes and played the dream, once again, in my head. This time, when I was done, I formed no firm conclusion. I had serious doubts about my first conclusion. Now, I had serious suspicions that the first conclusion was wrong. A new possibility began to rise from the ashes of an old, fading fire. Maybe that dream wasn't a portent of something already happened, but of something yet to be. Something I don't survive, something whose end chapter is my death.

I couldn't shake this idea off. In fact, the possibility of its veracity became stronger as time went on, even when I was thinking of other things, it was there. It just wouldn't go away. It shadowed my every thought, it lurked on the heels of my every step. Enough of that for now, onto other things. Things I want to say, truths that need to be heard. I know people say they want the truth, but do most people really mean what they say or is it just more words made meaningless by the human inability to deal with things as they are and not with things as they would like them to be?

Many people will say they believe in the truth, but vociferously deny it as it really is. Many people will say they believe in the truth, yet live their life at polar opposites of the truth. There are people who have institutionally, individually, denied the truth so often day after day after day for so

long that they live in an opposite world. A world where lies are truth and truth are lies. Who was that asshole that said: ' If you repeat lies often enough, they become the truth. Was it Josef Goebbles, that Nazi propaganda mother fucker? It was him, wasn't it? Hell, it doesn't really matter who said it. The statement bears out, doesn't it?

Individuals can't run away from the past, neither can countries. The past is always with you. You can't escape it, you can't bribe it, you can't run from it, and you can't kill it, you can deny it all to seven different kinds of hell, but it will still be there. The first step to resolving a problem, it has been said, is to admit there is a problem. To rid yourself of an addiction, you first have to admit there is an addiction. A problem cannot be corrected if it is denied.

The first step to resolving a problem it has been said, is to admit there is a problem. TO rid yourself of an addiction, you first have to admit there is an addiction. A problem cannot be corrected if it is denied. I'll give you an example of what I mean: the U.S. has a problem of spending too much money on the military, policing the world and warring with foreign countries. Now, there are a few people in the country with the courage to say these things are a problem. A Godzilla sized problem, but these people aren't in the position to change the problem.

The Pentagon is certainly in a position to admit there is a problem to change it, but they will do neither, why, because they're boatloads of money and the only way they can induce hard ons is to build dick shaped missiles and start wars.

The president and congress are certainly in a position to admit there is a problem and to change it, but they are corrupt moral cowards who care about re-elections and making money for

themselves and their friends. Did you ever notice what kind of jobs politicians get when they leave office, lobbying. This is proof of their corruption, their self-centeredness, their cowardice and their total lack of regard for the well being of this country and its people. The media is in the position to admit there is a problem, but they are not in a position to change it, but they are in a position to influence change. On the whole, though, they will do more of these things. Radio? Forget it, newspapers? Forget it. The so called big liberal bastion papers like the Washington Post and the New York Times never fail to beat the drums for war.

They only become skeptical after the fact, when they can get fat publishing money for writing a book. Before the war starts, when they could use their power and influence to try and stop the war from happening, all you hear is direct press quotes written by and fed from the Pentagon. Remember Judith Miller? That great so called liberal reporter working for that great so called liberal newspaper, who spread her journalistic legs for the Pentagon, the State Department. Where is she working now? Fox News, that was mighty liberal of them to hire her. There are only a few news media outlets that run against the norm. Free Speech TV, Link TV, Mother Jones and maybe a couple of others, but they are all outside the mainstream. They are nibbling at the fringes. The mainstream media, where there is much money, power, influence, are all corrupt.

The public is in a position to admit a problem and they are in a position to change it, but they will do neither. Some will admit there is a problem. The numbers, though, are pathetically low. The way they could change it is by admitting there is a problem in extremely large numbers, raising hell about it, then voting for candidates who support their view. This is never going to happen. The public, on the whole, doesn't pay anywhere near enough attention to the political process and the way it

works. They let themselves be lied to, used, and manipulated into thinking what the powers that be want them to think and if you bring this up to people who vote, they are smug and self-satisfied with the themselves for just the mere act of voting, but even large numbers of people who vote lack basic knowledge and facts. They are stuck in this two party black hole with any desire to get out. They vote with Democrats, or they vote with the Republicans. The two party system is a colossal failure and by participating mindlessly in it over and over again, you're just adding to the size of the failure. You think because you vote that lets you off the hook? What is your vote based on? Do you keep track how your representative votes on bills? How many specific details do you acquire before you vote? How many facts. I am Democrat, he's a Democrat, I'm a Republican, he's a Republican, Jesus fucking Christ.

One thing that never fails to rile my blood is when there's a war going somewhere halfway around the world and everyone starts chanting that old, propagandistic lie: 'The soldiers are fighting for our freedom'. This often repeated truckload of shit drives me so far up the wall, I often pass Spiderman along the way. He always waves to me when I go by and he says, "Did someone say the soldiers are dying for our freedom again?" I answer, "Do you even have to ask?" Then I ask him how he and Mary Jane are doing and he tells me they're having personal problems. Mary Jane's complaining that she's tired of fucking on walls and ceilings all the time and would like to have sex in a bed once in awhile. So I say, "What are you going to do?" He replies, "Nice talking to you again, until next time." We then shake hands and go our separate ways.

## Psychotic Views Part Nine:

Sorry, I wandered off there for a minute. Now, what was I talking about? Oh yeah, the phrase: The soldiers are fighting for our freedom. Let me expand it a little bit and make it. The soldiers are defending our country. They are fighting for our freedom. These two phrases have been repeated for the purposes of selling a product and the product that's being sold is: This war is a just war. This war is a righteous and noble cause, for liberty, for freedom, for the rights of oppressed people everywhere.

Let's examine the defense aspect. 'The soldiers are defending our country' or put another way, 'The soldiers are defending our home.' Okay, let's say I have a gun at home, and the reason I have a gun at my home is to defend and protect my home and myself. Can I take my gun and go to a house all the way on the other side of the city, invade a house, throw the people living in it outside, destroy the house, shoot a couple of people, then later when asked to explain my erratic, idiotic, violent behavior in a court of law, stand up, salute the flag and proudly say: Your Honor, I was merely defending my home against a perceived threat and when the judge say: But you were in someone else's home, they were not in yours and with a somber, straight-face, I respond: It was a pre-emptive defense. They were planning something, so I attacked them before they could carry it out.

The only time you can rightly use the words defend or defense as a justification for an action taken is when you are being attacked. Who threw the first punch? You can't just walk up to somebody and start beating the seven hells out of him and then later claim you were defending yourself. Now, this guy could've been a total asshole of a human being, but he didn't start the fight, you did, and the only time you could rightly say U.S. soldiers are defending our country is if our country was actually attacked. We cannot do the attacking and call it defense. The only time in U.S. history that the

mainland of the U.S. was attacked were the wars against the British in late 1700's and early 1800's. Korea, Vietnam, Iraq, Afghanistan, these were not and are not wars of defense. Were Korea and Vietnam to load up their fishing boats, sail across the ocean unseen and invade the U.S. Were Iraq and Afghanistan threats to invade the U.S.? We attack, we initiate, we invade, and call it defense and hundreds and hundreds of military bases in 100 countries also defense. How can any country have sovereignty when they have our bases and our troops occupying them. We wouldn't want foreign troops on our soil, right? So why would any other country?

Do you know why the powers that be chant those lines: 'The soldiers are fighting for our freedom' and 'The soldiers are fighting to protect our home' and why they insist on its absolute unquestionable veracity, because if these phrases are lies, then the war are lies, that is why they chant these lines like Holy Scripture from the Bible. That's why they get the corporate owned, mainstream media to repeat the phrases endlessly in order to brainwash the public. Corporations, after all, profit from war and from the massive war machinery spending in the Pentagon's budget.

Why wouldn't the corporate owned media then do their best to justify Pentagon budgets and wars? Those in politics know the real reasons why we have military bases in over 100 countries. They know the real reason why the U.S. spends more on the military than the rest of the world put together. They know the real reason why we have wars, U.S. business interests. Wars are business and business is money and that old retread of smug glibness, if you criticize the war, you hate the troops. This phrase was invented to intimidate the public, the media, and politicians in order to mute criticism.

The phrase is mind boggling absurd in its logic. Let's examine the innuendo, if you want the war to end, if you want the soldiers to come home, if you don't want healthy young people to be

killed, to lose an arm, a leg, an eye, or some other permanent physical disability to be permanently fucked up in the head, or commit suicide, then you hate them, but if you don't care if they lose an arm, a leg, an eye or some other permanent physical disability, be permanently fucked up in the head, or commit suicide, then you love them. Think of the logic at play here. If you don't want soldiers to be harmed in any way in a foreign country war, you hate them, but if you don't care if soldiers are harmed in a foreign country war, then you love them.

If I say, I don't want any kind of harm to happen to my brother. IF I don't want him to lose an arm, a leg, an eye, or to suffer some other permanent physical disability. If I don't want him to be permanently fucked up in the head, if I don't want him to commit suicide, if I say all of the things is it because I love my brother or because I hate him. So, just shut the fuck up, will you? Wishing no harm for someone is not hating them and being indifferent to someone being harmed is not loving them, but I'm sure those who say otherwise knew this already anyway. This is just another example of their psycho brainwashing technique for the masses.

If corporate children would die in one war,

If political children would die in one war.

If media children would die in one war,

War would cease to be glorious,

War would cease to be glamorous,

War would cease to be grand,

War would cease,

War would cease,

War would cease,

War would be, no more

'War No More'—Yours truly

Mama take a look at your boy

He's a military man

Mama take a look at your boy

He's crying

Mama take look at your boy

He's a soldier

Mama take a look at your boy

He's colder.

Mama take a look at your boy

He's a military man

Mama take a look at your boy

He's fighting

Mama take a look at your boy

He's frightened.

They have trained your boy to kill

And kill someday he will

They have trained your boy to die

And ask no questions why.

'Military Man'—Gary Moore

## Psychotic Views Part Ten:

As long as I'm on the subject of war, I'm going to address war of another stripe. The war on drugs. There's an old saying that goes: 'The definition of insanity is to keep doing the same thing over and over again and expect a different ' Is that how it goes? I think so. Well, if it isn't exact, it's close enough. I can't remember where it originated. Anyway, there's a damn good example of this phrase playing itself out in real life with the war on drugs. Yes sir, the war on drugs is a fine, fine example of mass insanity on a grand scale. Everyone involved in this war on the political side, the president, congress, the supreme court, all of the lower courts, judges, district attorneys at all levels, law enforcement people at all levels all know that the war on drugs isn't working. In fact, that is a canyonesque understatement, to put it more suited terms, the war on drugs has been a massive money wasting, a colossal life wasting, a monumental time wasting failure. The war on drugs is absurd.

Everyone knows this to be true. Everyone knows this is a fact. Yet, all of them keep participating in it, all of them keep promoting it, all of them keep saying its working. If that isn't an example of a dark, deep seated psychosis, I don't know what is. It's insane, or, if you prefer a more blunt and colorful description: It's fucking nuts. Welcome to the White House and the Capitol buildings everyone, or as some people like to refer to them as: Prestigious Houses for the Criminally Insane.

1<sup>st</sup> Man: I'm going to bang my head on the wall

2<sup>nd</sup> Man: Why?

1<sup>st</sup> Man: I want to get rid of my headache.

2<sup>nd</sup> man mumble under his breath something about idiots being born every minute, but does nothing to intercede.

The 1<sup>st</sup> man bangs his head against the wall, "Ouch, that hurt," he says.

2<sup>nd</sup> Man: Did your headache go away?

1<sup>st</sup> Man: No, I just made it worse.

2<sup>nd</sup> Man: So , now what are you going to do?

1<sup>st</sup> Man: I'm going to bang my head on the wall again.

2<sup>nd</sup> Man: What for? You said banging your head on the wall only made things worse.

1<sup>st</sup> Man: Maybe I didn't do it right. I'm going to bang my head harder this time.

2<sup>nd</sup> man mumbles under his breath again this time it's something about the first man.

The first man bangs his head on the wall again, this time with more impact than the first time.

The blow jars his equilibrium, sending him struggling backward three steps.

"Jesus Christ that hurt", he says.

2<sup>nd</sup> Man: "Did your headache go away this time?"

1<sup>st</sup> Man: Hell, it's fucking ten times worse than when I started.

2<sup>nd</sup> Man: Ready to give up and try something new?

1<sup>st</sup> Man: Not yet.

2<sup>nd</sup> Man: Don't tell me you're going to bang your head on the wall again.

1<sup>st</sup> Man: Yes, I am. Maybe if I get a good running start first, it'll correct whatever I'm doing wrong.

This time the second man doesn't mumble a single word. He has seen plenty of displays of idiocy before, but this display was so off the planet moronic that it rendered him speechless. Despite this, he still does nothing to intercede. So, the first man backs up as far as he can go. He summons up all of his courage, strength and energy. He charges ahead at full speed, determined to rid himself of his headache once and for all. Just before impact, he lowers his head and prepares to meet the wall. The force of the blow staggers him in all directions for well over a minute.

Finally, the staggering stops and he is standing dead still, he looks over at the second man completely perplexed and says: "I still don't know what I'm doing wrong." He then lurches forward, shudders once and passes out cold on the floor. The second man shakes his head, turns and heads for the door. Just as he is about to leave, he stops for one last look at the other lying unconscious on the floor. "I don't want to be around when he wakes up", the second man says. "Even money says he just gets up and bangs his goddamn head again." And that, ladies and gentlemen, is your war on drugs. How much has been spent on this war? How much time? How much effect? Improving is it? What is it now, half of all the people in U.S. prisons are there for simple possession? More than half?

Families, communities and the country would all be a hell of a lot better off if they'd end this asinine war. Do they realize the damage they're doing? Do they care? On top of all of the other wrong

things about this war is the clearly racial and class brassiness of it. How many white people from upper class, well to do families are in prison doing serious time for drugs? Compare that number to how many black people and poor people are in prison doing serious time for drugs? Do cops cruise rich, lily white suburbs looking for people doing drugs? You wouldn't want to accidentally arrest a politicians kid, a well connected businessman's kid, or a judge's kid, would you? No, rich people go to rehab, poor people go to prison. What do you think moneyed kids at fancy, mostly white upper crust schools don't do drugs and they don't drink and they don't fuck. They're teenagers for Christ's sake, but all have a get out of jail free Monopoly cards, don't they?

Hell , this whole goddamn war on drugs could be nothing more than a plot to keep the poor down with no hope of even trying to get anywhere. The CIA certainly has had its dirty little hands in the drug trade on several occasions. Winking, nodding and dealing, Manuel Noriega, the once CIA asset, was a Panamanian strongman dictator. He was also a drug dealer, The Contras were armed rebel para military guerillas in Nicaragua. They were trained by the CIA. They had the backing by the CIA and they were given money and arms by the CIA. They were also drug dealers. Think of how much damage this war on drugs has done to families and communities.

A vast majority of time the person being jailed for drugs is male. So , you're taking males out of a household and putting them in prison. SO, you're taking males out of a household and putting them in prison. So, what does that leave you with? A single income household. A poor female with minimal education the ability to only get a minimum wage job and many times there are one or more kids in the mix, which makes the household even poorer. If there are children involved, then someone has to

watch them because she can't afford daycare. You take the male out of the household like that and you will guarantee the household is down, it's going to stay down, all the way down.

If the real goal of the war on drugs has been to ensure that poor people stay permanently poor then, in those terms, it has been a major success, but these are the only such terms it could even remotely be deemed so, and the argument that if you legalize drugs, everyone will do drugs. Look, anyone who wants to do drugs now does so. This argument, like all of the other arguments involving drugs is as weak as Superman sitting his ass on a kryptonite toilet.

Look at prohibition, look at what banning alcohol did, it pushed the entire alcohol business into the hands of organized professional criminals, and it created a lot of violence, spilled blood and death that otherwise wouldn't have been there. Did anyone in a position of power learn a lesson from that? No. They don't learn lessons, it's their job to keep making the same fucking mistakes over and over again. This is my view of anything that's a vice. You can make it illegal and push all of the profits into the hands of violent, organized criminals or you can make it legal tax it and use the money for public good and by vice, I mean drinking, smoking, gambling, fucking and drugs.

People are going to do these things whether they are illegal or legal. Making something illegal isn't going to stop people from doing it. Look at playing the numbers. It used to be all under the table and illegal. Now all of the states run daily numbers and make a lot of money, perfectly legal. Then the very same officials who used to say it was illegal, now say it's legal. Look at all the states with lotteries and casinos.

Cigarettes kill people. Can you even estimate how many people have died from cigarettes in the last 100 years. How many health problems they have caused. They're legal, they might be disdained, looked down upon and barred to the outdoors, but they're legal and how about alcohol. Think about all the damage alcohol does. Liver damage, cancer and other related issues. Drunk driving deaths and injuries . High health care costs, violence, stabbings, shootings, assaults and murders. Domestic violence, men beating on women. How much of this is related to alcohol, all this damage done and not only is it legal, it is allowed to seduce the masses with millions and millions of advertising dollars each year. So, cigarettes kill people and cause a lot of health and financial related damage to a lot of people, it's legal. Alcohol kills people and causes a lot of health and financial related damage to a lot of people, it's legal. So, too, prescription drugs kill people and cause a lot of health and financial damage to a lot of people, they're legal.

So, what's the criteria for making, say marijuana illegal. Has marijuana killed more people than cigarettes? Has marijuana killed more people than alcohol? Has marijuana killed more people than prescription drugs? Has marijuana ever killed anyone at all? How does the damage done by marijuana ever killed anyone at all? How does the damage done by marijuana compare to the damage done by marijuana compare to the damage done by cigarettes, alcohol, and prescription drugs and the old brain cells. Hell, TV has killed more brain cells than marijuana. Kim Kardashian alone kills millions of brain cells every week with her reality show.

I can hear all of those people who disagree with me saying, ' Now you stop right now mister, you stop trying to make me think. My head hurts when I think. I do it so seldom, it can't help but hurt. SO, you stop this right now. Stop confusing me with facts, logic and reason. It ain't right, it ain't right I

tell you. You see what you made me do. You had me trying to think and walk at the same time and now I've walked right into a brick wall and hurt myself. Thanks a lot asshole.

I will wander off of the subject of the war on drugs and say that prostitution too should be legalized. Prostitution is sex. Sex is fucking. Is fucking illegal? No, fucking is legal. So, why then is prostitution illegal? There is not good reason for it to be, but hey, who said the people who makes laws in this country need good reasons for doing anything. Think of the revenue marijuana and prostitution could bring in if you legalized them and taxed them. No only would there be a lot of revenue, but you have the added benefits a safer and less violent environment for every one, but hey, who really wants that, huh? Safer, less violent and more revenue.

Look everyone, the emperor has no clothes. Jesus Christ emperor, will you please put some fucking clothes on. You're scaring the children, your confusing the animals and you're making just about everyone else sick. So, could you please put some clothes on. What a douche bag. This is the DEA and Homeland Security speaking. Do you hear? This is the DEA and Homeland Security speaking, put your hands in the air. Now, drop the weapons and kick them slowly over to us. Drop the facts first, then the logic. Now the reason, and the humor too. No, you're not allowed to keep the humor. Sir, hand over the humor now, sir, this is your last warning. Kick the humor over to us or we'll be forced to jam a grant stick up your ass.

Well, I finally got around to telling a couple of people about my situation. Two of them, in fact and I called them, both on the same day. It was very hard for me to do. They both care about me I know. They'd want to hear my voice and knew how I'm doing even if the news isn't good. They'd want

to know. They deserved to know. Still, the calls were hard, shame for why I was here still rode my heels with each step I took. The first call was in mid-afternoon.

“Hello,” the voice at the other end said

“Hi, this is ...”

“Hey how are you doing? I haven’t heard from you in awhile.”

“Yeah, there’s a reason for that.”

“What’s up? Is something wrong?”

“Yes”

“What is it?”

“I could dance around this for a long time if given the chance, but I’m just going to blurt it out and get it over with. They have me in a psychiatric care facility.”

“What? What the hell are you doing there?”

“I’m a patient.”

“Did you have yourself put in?”

“No, I did something to earn my way in.”

“What? What did you do? Did you have a nervous breakdown?”

“I’m afraid it’s a little more serious than that. I tried to kill myself.”

If you want a conversation to come to a cold, hard, white knuckled stop, there are few sentences made which could do a better job and the following prolonged silence wasn’t just awkward. It was full of pain. Deep, dark emotional pain. The kind which is so far down inside you, it goes to the very core of your being. I don’t know how long the silence lasted. It could’ve been a minute, it could’ve been an hour, but when it was finally broken, it was at the other end.

“When did this happen?”

“A few days ago. I was in the hospital for a couple of days. Then they moved me here.”

“And you’re just telling me now? Why didn’t you tell me sooner. Why didn’t you tell me right away. Why didn’t you call and talk to me before you... Goddamnit.”

The voice at the other end was emotionally charged, full of fearful loving anger. It was good to hear, it was hard to hear. There was another prolonged silence. This time I was the one who broke it.

“I’m sorry,” I said. I started to say more, but it was all that would come out of my mouth. The two words were inadequate, but there were no words which would’ve been adequate. The two words carried my shame. Almost to the point of suffocation. “I’m sorry too,” the voice at the other end said. “I don’t mean to yet, it’s just that...” “It’s okay, I deserved it, I should’ve called right after. I was... I was....” The last word wouldn’t come out no matter how hard I tried. “Ashamed? You were ashamed, that’s why you didn’t call?”

“Yes.”

"Can I come and see you? Are you allowed visitor?"

"I don't know, I'll ask."

"How long are they going to keep you there?"

"I don't know that either. Asking won't help with that question."

"Do you want me to come and see you? Are you up to it?"

"It's not a matter of me wanting to see you or not. Of course I want to see you. It's just..."

"I understand."

"Do you? I hope so."

"Can I at least call you and talk to you every day?"

"Sure."

"Good."

"I think I'd like to go lay down for awhile, okay? I'm tired."

"Okay, talk to you tomorrow?"

"Yeah"

"For sure?"

“For sure.”

“Okay, love you.”

“Love you too, bye.”

“Bye.”

I wasn't lying when I said I had to go lay down. It wasn't an excuse to end the conversation. The call had taken a toll on me. It drained my emotional state dry. The tank was now empty and what affects the emotional state also affects the physical state. I needed to sleep. Desperately so that I went to bed, closed my eyes and went quickly to sleep. The second call would have to wait.

## Psychotic Views Part Eleven:

It was late evening when I made the second call. It wouldn't be any easier than the first. Calls of this nature are never going to be easy. They're never even going to be in the same area code as easy. No matter how many of them you make.

"Hello," said the voice at the other end of the line.

"Hey, it's me."

"Making an actual phone call, huh? What happened? The text function on your phone not working?"

"It's not that."

"I can't even remember the last time we had an actual phone conversation."

"It's been awhile, hasn't it."

"Eons."

"Well, a text message wasn't going to cut it this time."

"No? It must be something serious."

"As serious as it can get."

"What's going on? By the sound of your voice, it doesn't sound good."

"I'm in a care facility."

"A care facility? A hospital, you mean? Are you in the hospital, again? What's the problem? Another operation? Was it an ulcer? It wasn't your heart was it? Don't tell me it was your heart."

"No, I didn't have another operation. I was in the hospital for a couple of days though."

"Are you home now? I can come up and visit tomorrow."

"No, I'm not home."

"Where are you then?"

"After they released me from the hospital, they moved me to another place."

"What kind of place? Rehab? Did you hurt yourself?"

"Yeah, I hurt myself."

"Is it serious?"

"Very."

"How long are you going to be there?"

"I don't know."

"I can come and see you tomorrow. Give me the address and visiting hours."

“Wait, wait.”

“What?”

“This place isn’t a physical rehab facility, it’s a psychiatric facility. They say I’m a manic depressive.”

“They? Doctors, you mean?”

“They have good reason, I tried to kill myself.”

Just like the first time I admitted this over the phone, the line went completely still at both ends. This time I was the one to break the spell of silence.

“It happened a few days ago,” I said. “I should’ve called sooner. I should’ve called right after, but I had so much shame in me. I still do, I’m sorry.”

“How are you now? Is everything okay?”

“As well as it could be under the circumstances.”

“Do you need anything from home? I can stop by and bring stuff down for you.”

“Music, you can bring my music down.”

“The MP player?”

“Yeah.”

"Anything else?"

"That's it for now, I guess."

"Is it okay if I bring it down tomorrow sometime?"

"Sure."

"Can I come in and see you when I do?"

"Maybe, I'll have to check."

"I can just ask someone when I get there."

"Thanks."

"For what?"

"You know."

"Yeah, take care of yourself, okay."

"Okay."

"If you need to talk to someone, to just talk, call me, even if it's late."

"I will."

"See you later."

“Bye.”

Well, it had to be done, and I did it. I made the calls. I should've done it right away, I know. I should've called then the first opportunity I had in the hospital, but I didn't. It's been written and typeset in the past and I can't change it.

It was good to hear their voices again. Damn good, part of the reason I hadn't told then was shame, as I had said before, another reason I didn't tell them, though, was that I didn't want to add burden to their lives. Especially because the burden was all my fault, no one was to blame but me.

Still, the calls did help ease my mind and take some of the darkness out of my mood. Sometimes, if you're talking to the right person it doesn't matter what the two of you say. It lightens your mood. It makes a burden a little less heavy. It makes the horizon a little less dark and this, for me, was one of those times., but for some reason, I was reluctant to have them come and see me here. To see me in his place. Somewhere inside of me, I was wishing I wasn't allowed to have visitors. If there were only two people I could have visit me here, or anywhere else, these were the two people I would choose. Yet, here in this place, I wasn't sure I wanted them to come.

The priest visiting me, tough, didn't bother me. Strange, isn't it? Someone I only met a couple of days ago is more welcome than the two most important people in my life. It's very difficult to understand, at least, for me it is, and not only is this person someone completely new to me, he's a priest yet, a priest, me? I am probably as anti-religion as anyone on this magical orb called Earth. In the entire span of human existence, organized religion has caused much more harm than good. So, why then, on that day he poked his head into my hospital room, didn't I just politely shoo him away and tell

him never to come back. No, I let him come in, sit down, and start talking to me as if we'd known each other our entire lives. At the time of his first visit, I thought the overriding factor in my decision to let him in was my want of company, but that couldn't have been the reason. The two people who mean the most to me want to come and see me and I'm hesitant about their coming. The priest, though, has already visited me twice. Once here and once at the hospital, I've had no other company except his. Like I said, strange.

Early the next morning, there was a knock on my door. A rapping, a gentle rapping on my door. It wasn't Poe's 'Eleanor', I can tell you that. It was a must. She came in.

"Who is it?"

"Your nurse."

"My nurse? I'm broke. I don't have the money to pay for my own private nurse. I can't afford to pay for my own nurse," I said. "I can't afford to spend half the morning standing here feeding lines for your jokes."

"That's too bad, you were off to a good start. What do you want?"

"I'm remembering you that the doctor wants to see you in her office in a half hour."

"Tell her I can't see her today. The President coming for tea and I have nothing to wear. Then right after that I'm off in my private jet to solve the global hunger problem."

"Look, I told you what I came to say."

“That’s it, I’m leaving.”

“Okay, but don’t forget to take your charming personality with you.”

I think I actually heard her growling as she left. It was either her or my stomach, I’m not sure. I sure as hell didn’t want to be reminded of my meeting with the doctor. I tried to forget it and I had done a good job of it until now. Couldn’t that damn nurse just have come and told me when it was time to go. Now, I had to sit here for a half hour thinking about it. Thank you nurse.

Now, there was a half hour that crept slowly by, like a turtle going uphill wearing lead shorts, carrying an anvil on his back. Anyway, the time finally arrived. The doctor was in. What was her name again? Dr. Freud? No, that wasn’t it? Jung? No, that wasn’t it either. Let me think.

“Your mood is better today,” she said. The way she said it I wasn’t sure if she was asking me or telling me.

“Are you asking me?”

“No, I’m telling you.”

“So soon, I just got here.”

“I watched you come in and I watched you sit down. I watch.”

“You weren’t watching me go to the bathroom before I came in here, were you? Are there any cameras in there?”

“You see, you are making jokes.”

“Isn’t that good?”

“Not necessarily.”

I can’t win, I thought. They don’t like it if I’m depressed and staying in my room. They don’t like it if I’m argumentative. They don’t like it if I’m joking. Is there a way out of this maze, or are there no exits?

I took a good look at this doctor for the first time and he was in mid to late 40’s, I’d say. Her hair was light brown, straight and cut extremely short. Her eyes were large and deep blue, like the sea. Her face was long and smooth, too smooth for her age and she had glasses, middle tinted frames with narrow lens, like some people do. She wore the glasses at the bottom of her nose instead of on the bridge near the eyes. I hated it when people did that, I also hated it when people wore their glasses on top of their head, especially bald men. It was like looking at a four eyed, hard boiled egg.

“How have you been feeling, generally speaking,” she asked.

“With my hands, like everyone else.”

“More joking? Is going to go on the entire time you’re here?”

“Maybe, it depends on how long I’m here.”

“Would you answer my question now, without joking?”

“is there something wrong with joking?”

“Joking can have many different implications.”

“Such as?”

“Avoidance, fear, death.”

“Okay, I get it, you can stop now.”

“Are you going to answer my question?”

“Yes.”

“Seriously, this time?”

“Yes, I’m not sure, to tell you the truth. It was a long road that led me here and it will be a road to get me home.”

“Any problems with the medications you are taking?”

“Are they going to help me, hurt me, or keep me as I am ?”

“They are supposed to help you. That’s why they were prescribed to you.”

“Suppose, there’s another word full of implications. It was supposed to help you, but instead it gave you a heart attack, sorry.”

“You’re avoiding my question again.”

“Okay, I’m not having any problems..., but it’s still early in the game yet.”

“I’ve been told that you haven’t come out of your room yet.”

“No, I haven’t.”

“Why?”

“Shame.”

“Because you tried to kill yourself?”

“That’s high on the list of good reasons to feel shame.”

“It’s also a part of your personality though, isn’t it?”

“Yes, that’s true. I am generally a quiet, stand alone kind of person.”

“Have you always been this way?”

“Yes, my mother told me that when I was born, I came out talking and I told the nurses to put me in a room away from all of the other babies.”

The doctor smiled, it was a slight modest smile, but a smile nonetheless. I smiled too. Slight and modest just like the doctor, so she did have some humor in her after all.

“People want to have the wrong impression of you when you’re quiet. They say, ‘ It’s always the quiet ones you have to watch out for’”

“And that’s always bothered you?”

“Yes, I have a right to be quiet and alone, don’t I? People think when you’re quiet and off by yourself that you’re arrogant and you think you’re better than they are, or they’re suspicious of you, like you’re defective.”

“People have a way of not liking something or someone that’s different.”

“When they catch serial killers and they talk to the neighbors, they say: ‘ He was a loner. He was always quiet and kept to himself.’ I’m sure they could’ve gone to Hitler’s hometown in Austria after the war and asked his neighbors what he was like and they would’ve said, ‘ He was a loner. He was quiet and he kept to himself.’”

“It isn’t arrogance or superiority on your part though, is it?”

“No, it’s nothing like that at all.”

“What is it then?”

“Well, there are different aspects to it. The biggest part of it, I think, is that I find most people to be, if you’ll excuse the language, fucking bores.”

“You should sit through a drawn out psychiatric seminar.”

“The things people talk about. Monstrous and boring to the nth degree, but, to them, it’s just so utterly fascinating. Their little 4 year old is a certified genius and is the second coming of Einstein or Van Gogh. The dog pooped on the rug and they just had it cleaned. In moderation, it would be easier

to tolerate, but now, with cell phones, there is no moderation. Some people wake up in the morning and their lips are already moving before they get out of bed and they're lips don't stop moving all damn day. Open 24 hours used to only refer to businesses, but now, it could also refer to peoples' mouths."

"Society has gone from one extreme to another, from everything repressed to everything out in the open."

"Yes."

"And you are on the repressed side?"

"It's complicated."

"How so?"

"Well, my blood is part German and part Irish."

"How does that make things complicated?"

"The German part wants to hold everything in and the Irish part wants to let everything out."

"And this causes a conflict?"

"I'm at war with myself."

I'd noticed right away that the doctor was not taking notes. I'd let it pass, until now, when curiosity became too much for me to set it aside. Doctors such as he can be intelligent enough to work from memory, but they like to protect themselves from lawsuits either by taking notes or recordings.

"Are you recording this?, I asked.

"Yes, does that bother you?"

"No, I just noticed you weren't taking notes."

"No, I don't take notes. I find it distracting. By recording, I can keep all of my attention on my patients."

"Eyes always up, always watching."

"Yes, gestures and expressions along with the words."

"Observing is a job requirement?"

"Yes, I think you too are a good observer."

"Based on what?"

"Your eyes, I see how they move and I see how they view."

"Maybe it's true, maybe not."

"What have you noticed about me, about my office?"

"You want me to tell you?"

"Yes."

"You're serious, you really want me to tell you?"

"Yes, don't hold anything back. Say everything you have observed since you have been here."

"You were married, but not anymore, you're divorced, it's recent. Your ring finger still shows heavy indentations of where a ring used to be. You've had work done on your face. If I had to take a wild guess, you did it to try and please your husband, but it didn't work. He left you for a younger woman anyway. You're not wearing a bra. I don't know about panties. You used to wear pierced earrings, but you don't anymore. You have three children, two girls and a boy. You like opera, you showered and shampooed this morning and your cat is shedding tabby colored hair. How's that?"

"My god, no wonder you've never married. No woman could hold up under that kind of scrutiny and that was just casual observation."

"And without my glasses."

"I wouldn't want to try and get away with murder with you around."

"If you knew me well enough, I might be the one you'd try to murder."

"I think I'd be afraid to try and get away with anything at all with you. You were right about everything. How did you know about opera and my children?"

“Pictures on the bookcase to my left. An autographed picture of three tenor with all three signatures and a picture of three young people who suspiciously have similar facial characteristics to the doctor sitting before me.”

“And you smelled the shampoo?”

“Most people shower in the morning and most people wash their hair while they shower.”

“Stop please! If you continue on like this for much longer, we’ll have to switch positions and I’ll have to be your patient.”

A silence ensued, not an uneasy one by any measure. It was just a short, intermission for the both of us. The doctor’s mind, for a moment or two, drifted to something personal. Something I’d said had triggered it. Maybe she thought of her ex-husband and then marriage, or maybe it was her children, or maybe all of these things. Then the moment was gone and her mind quickly shifted back to the care of her manically depressed patient, me. I thought about nothing at this time. My mind was quiet. She was the first to break the silence.

“You have a quick mind,” she said. “You learned a lot about me in a very short period of time. I, too, have a quick mind and I have learned a lot about you.”

“You have?”

“At the core of your problem, I believe, is this: you have examined life from all angles. Religiously, culturally, racially, historically, politically, nationally, in every way possible. You have examined life in the largest possible terms. All of life on earth, you have also examined your own life in

every way possible. At the end of all of this examination, you have found nothing. You cannot find meaning, you must find reason, you cannot find purpose.”

“If it could be summed up in a single paragraph, that would be damn close to on the nose.”

“Did I miss something?”

“Well, I’d like to add a sentence or two to that paragraph, is that okay?”

“Sure, go ahead.”

“I see no real progression in human nature, since it first started. War, pettiness, hate, jealousy, greed, envy, savagery, dominance, selfishness are as strong in the human psyche as ever. The 20<sup>th</sup> century was the bloodiest, most vicious, most murderous in human history. When whites came here, they sanctimoniously called all of the people who were already here savages. Well, guess what? We’re all savages. I’m sorry, I’ve gotten myself all stirred up.”

“It’s okay, just be careful with your emotions. Now finish your point.”

“Well, a lot of people say: You have to be optimistic. You have to have hope, but what is this hope based on? Empty air? Humans are not only failing to address our biggest problems, they won’t even address that there are serious problems. The worldwide switch from agricultural to industrial. The overwhelming growth in human population just in the last hundred and fifty years. I just don’t.... I just don’t see much future for the species. There will be no more evolving, no more progression of the line.”

“Human extinction? Is that what you see?”

“I don’t know, but I think we’re in for a lot of dark, dark misery in the years ahead.”

“That was quite a bit more than one or two sentences.”

“Well, this is a part of my manic depressive personality. Wild mood swings. No energy, a lot of energy, saying nothing, saying too much.”

“We call it bipolar disorder.”

“Yes, I know, but I prefer manic depression, bipolar disorder sounds like someone who has an excessive fear of the North and South Pole.”

“Well, our time is up.”

“Okay.”

“Before you go, I want to tell you something. The reason I knew so much about you so quickly was because I read some of your writings.”

“That’s fine.”

“You don’t mind?”

“Make copies of it, if you like, pass it around. I’d like the whole world to read it.”

“Well, I can’t manage the whole world, but I could manager a few people I know, if you like.”

“Thanks for your time.”

“Thanks for yours.”

“I’m in no position to refuse.”

“Neither am I.”

“So we’re stuck with each other then?”

“It would seem so.”

“Like old, desperate lovers with diminishing prospects.”

I got up and turned quickly to leave without seeing her reaction, but I caught it anyway out of the corner of my eye. The good Dr. --- was blushing red.

## Psychotic Views Part Twelve:

In order for humanity to avoid severe catastrophe or even total annihilation, it had to adopt, what I call: A New Way. This New Way had to be enacted globally by every corner of the human world. Partial enactment is useless. This is a total sum plan. This plan needed to be put into place by every nation on every continent. The cornerstone at the core of this New Way is the idea that all of us are human: all races, all religions, all ethnic groups, all sexes, all nations, all continents, all people and we are either going to survive and endure together or we are going to die and disappear together.

I know I am not the first person to say, 'we are all one', 'we are all brothers,' or 'we are all a part of the same family'. You can say the idea is corny and lame all you want, but it is true. We are all part of the same species.

The idea seems simple enough, but it is an idea which has failed to be accepted by the world's human population. Humans on the whole, instead want to obsess themselves with our differences. Age, race, ethnicity, nationality, political affiliation, class status, religion, and on and on and on. This is the Old Way.

These categories are categories of separation. People pigeon holing themselves and everyone else in the world into segregating groups. This way has led humans down a destructive and self-defeating path since its inception and this Old Way carries on today throughout the world as strongly as it has in the past, and now, at this especially unique time in human history, the continuation of this Old Way will bring the severest of dark consequences. The repercussions will be dire and will leave no part of the world untouched.

Death makes no distinctions. It comes to everyone. It doesn't care who you are, how rich you are, what color you are, what religion you are or any other sort of absurd distinction. Every species given life also has it taken away. Many species have passed into extinction just in the last fifty years. Many more will continue to do so. So why then, do humans take the possibility of human extinction so casually, so indifferently, so apathetically. Species go extinct, we are a species; therefore, we can go extinct.

Humans will admit that extinction is a very high possibility for wolves. They will admit that it is a very high possibility for polar bears, they will admit it is a very high possibility for tigers, for fish, for birds, for coral reefs, on and on and on, but they will not seriously consider the possibility of human extinction. Why not? The same conditions that made life possible for us, also made life possible for them. If these conditions are tampered with and altered in significant ways, then life becomes threatened and the more the conditions are tampered with and the more severe the alterations are, the more serious the threat to life becomes and unlike some religious zealots of many different persuasions, I am not cheering for the end of the world. I am joyously anticipating its arrival. I am not singing songs of glory and praise. For me, the thought of it brings a familiar, short phrase to mind: What a waste .

The formation of a new nation, known as the United States of America a couple of centuries ago, could have initiated and led a New Way from its very first days, but such was not to be. It was evident this was not to be long before the nation had even officially began.

The Caucasians who had come here from Europe clearly were not interested in a New Way. They instead preferred the Old Way. The Old Way that said Caucasians were superior to all other races,

Christians were superior to all other religions and men were superior to women. These beliefs still hold much reign in the nation even today in the year 2012.

The Caucasians, due to this self-proclaimed superiority, believed they had a right to do whatever they damn well pleased to whoever they damn well pleased who wasn't like them. Why should I share the land with all of the people who were already here when they con them out of it, cheat them out of it, steal it, rob it, and plunder it. They were heathen savages, after all. They were sub human. They didn't deserve to be treated

Like they were humans on an equal footing. Hell, much of the time they were not seen as human at all. They were different in the two most intolerable ways someone could be different. Racially and religiously, Caucasians could do whatever they pleased with. Their god's blessing: rob, rape, pillage, plunder, steal and murder. They could do all of this, yet never be savages.

The Caucasians held the same attitude toward black people brought here in chains as slaves. They were savages, they were inferior, they were subhuman. Again, they were different in the two most intolerable ways: racially and religiously. It didn't matter that like the Native peoples', they had families, cultures and civilizations of their own.

So, again because of self-appointed superiority, Caucasians could treat Africans any way they damn well pleased. Beatings, oppression, whippings, rape, enslavement and murder and this went on for approximately 350 years. All but the enslavement went on for another 100 years.

The treatment of all non-white, non-male, non-Christian people was an accepted, institutionalized, cultural display of human beings' cruelty, brutality and inhumanity toward other

human beings. It is a clear example of the group insanity of people who can look at another group of people and not see human beings. How does anyone get in their pointy little head that they have a right to mistreat another human being.

It is this brand of psychosis, the Manifest Destiny psychosis, which gives the U.S. the right to go anywhere in the world they damn well please, do whatever they damn well please for as long as they damn well please. Any detailed citing of U.S. foreign policy in the last 100 years will prove this out as absolute truth. The U.S. could have introduced, implemented and led a New Way for humanity to live by, but instead it proved time after time that it would use its force, finance and give energy to the Old Way. The way of Empires, the way of selfishness, greed, money, power and dominance.

When addressing the topic of foreign policy, I can honestly say I see no discerning difference between Democratic and Republican president. I see nothing that would resemble what would be a liberal foreign policy. There is no such thing in the U.S. foreign policy of the U.S. is a policy of empire, power, greed and big business. These were the foreign policy goals invoked during both Democratic and Republican administrations and it continues to this very year of 2012. If the true goal of U.S. foreign policy had really been about encouraging freedom and building democracies around the world, then the world of 2012 would have been a much different place than it is now. The world would be a fairer, freer, more equitable, more just place than the world we actually have today.

The U.S. foreign policy could have been the greatest force for positive change in the global quality of life the world has ever seen. When the powers that be of U.S. foreign policy set their mind to a goal they, more often than not, achieve them. They are people not to be denied. When they want something, they get it. So, if their real goal for U.S. foreign policy was to make the world less poor,

make the world more open, make the world less sick, make the world more free and more democratic, it would have been achieved, but these are not the real goals of U.S. foreign policy. These are just what they say their goals are in public. It is sold solely for public affect. In private, there is a whole other game being plotted, planned and executed and sometimes executed is literal. If the actual goals of U.S> foreign policy were the same as its stated goals, then South and Central America, Africa, the Middle East, and Asia, would be freer, more democratic, more just, more open, and less poor than they are now.

The U.S. foreign policy power players, in fact, have spent their time encouraging, sponsoring and financing brutal, oppressive, right wing fascist regimes. The U.S. foreign policy would much rather support dictators than democracies. You see, a dictator is just one person, but a democracy is a whole bunch of people. It is much easier to get your way with one person than you are with a bunch of people. Take bribes for instance. It's much easier to bribe one person than a whole group of people. It's much easier to influence one person than a whole group of people. A while group of people are likely to say no and make it stick.

You can to anywhere in the world and look at a list of dictators with full U.S. support. Look at the Western Hemisphere alone: Banzar in Bolivia, Batista in Cuba, Branco in Brazil, Cerezo in Guatemala, Cordova in Honduras, Christicun in El Salvador, Martinez in El Salvador, Papa Doc & Baby Doc in Haiti, Noriega in Panama, Pinochet in Chile, Monet in Guatemala, Somoza Sr. and Somoza Jr. In Nicaragua, Trujillo in Dominican Republic, Cedras in Haiti, Stroessner in Paraguay and Videla in Argentina.

This isn't even a full, updated list, but it sure gives an impressive first impression about what the real goals the U.S. foreign policy have been. You can go to Africa, Asia and the Middle East and make similar lists.

Abacha in Nigeria, Amin in Uganda, Bolkuh in Bruner, Botha in South Africa, Kar-shek in Taiwan, Diem in Vietnam, Doe in Liberia, Hassan II in Morocco, Marcos in Phillipines, Mobutu in Zaire, Ozad in Turkey, Shah Pahlem in Iran, Papadopoulos in Greece, Park in South Korea, Pol Pot in Cambodia, Rabuka in Fiji, Selassie in Ethiopia, Smith in Rhodesia, Suhante in Indonesia, Zia in Pakistan, Saud family in Saudi Arabia, Sadat and Mubarak in Egypt, monarchy in Jordan, Kuwait and Nepal, Saddam Hussein before the invasion of Kuwait.

Again, not a full updated list, but even given these two partial lists, do they indicate the actions of a government that wants to encourage freedom and help to spread democracy around the world? Do these lists indicate the actions of a government truly concerned with global human rights and civil liberty abuses? Even these partial lists would clearly indicate that the answers to these questions is no. Does the actions of many administrations, both Democrat and Republican, indicate that the U.S. government gave anything except repeated lip service to actually wanting the form democracies all around the world, to plant the seed, water it, give it a little sun and watch them. Again the answer is obviously no. The U.S. foreign policy doesn't want democracy to seed and be sowed. It just wants to use other countries for their natural resources and the best way to accomplish that without incurring difficulties along the way is to have a sole master dictator in charge of the country to be used.

Iran is in the condition it is in today because of U.S. foreign policy interference. Iran would be a much different country in 2012 if U.S. foreign policy would have stayed out, minding its own fucking

business and let the country play out on its own accord. Iran would be more open and free. The people there would have more say and more freedoms and maybe this result could have spread to the rest of the Middle East. Maybe these 'Arab Spring' uprising protests that rose up in 2011 and spread throughout the region wouldn't have been necessary, if not for U.S. foreign policy interference in Iran. Maybe the demands they were and still are asking for, would've already been met and in peace. Maybe then living conditions, regrets and freedoms would have already showed noticeable improvement.

You see, back in the 1940's, Iran had democratically elected a leader. Yes, the people of the country had voted and elected someone to run their country. It wasn't a military coup. It wasn't by tyrannical force, it wasn't through a hand me down by blood monarchy. It was by a pseudo election that dictators often like to trot out before the eyes of the world. It was a real square deal election.

Now, the U.S. and its Western European allies should have been pleased with this outcome if they really wanted the region and the world to be a freer, more open, more democratic place, but as I said before, this is not what they really want. Foreign policy is all about business. It is today in 2012 dictated by business. It has always been dictated by business, it's reaction to the democratically elected leader in 1940's, Iran proved this, they had him assassinated.

The great man of British 20<sup>th</sup> Century history, Winston Churchill, was involved in the plot, England, due to the devastating effects of World War II on the homeland, wasn't in a position to get directly involved in any foreign policy intrigues around the world. It had to spend every ounce of its time and effort rebuilding the country which, in many places had been reduced to ashes.

Churchill was very upset by the newly democratically elected leader in Iran and what had upset Churchill was that the new Iranian leader had the gall, the outrageous tenacity, to want to nationalize his nation's oil supply and use it for his nation's own greed. This meant, in essence, no British oil companies, no U.S. oil companies, no foreign oil companies of any kind would be allowed to operate in Iran. This was what had raised Churchill's dare and he and his allies in the U.S. were like minded people. Nations were to be used for their resources, Democracy be damned. It was a policy the British had built, an empire and so too, it was a policy U.S. built its empire. The effects of World War II had taken England out of the empire game, but before completely leaving the game, it handed the dice to the U.S., the next best thing and the dice were loaded and ready to be rolled.

So, Churchill calls up officials in the U.S. and tells them about the audacity of the newly elected man in Iran. He wanted to freeze British oil, U.S. oil, and all outside oil companies. The man must be dealt with in the strongest possible terms. The only way to solve this problem was to eliminate him, to assassinate him. A man who will do business with British, U.S. and other outside oil companies must take his place, a puppet dictator, The Shah.

In the end, the U.S. agrees to Churchill's assessment of the situation in Iran and to his solution. A plan is hatched, the plan is successful. The democratically elected man is out, the puppet dictator is in, the Shah, in his years of rule, proceeds to rob the country into near oblivion. He is a crooked, corrupt, cruel despot, but that doesn't concern U.S. or British officials. He is a friend to their business interests. As a result, an extremist uprising occurs and the Ayatollah Khoemini becomes the new leader of Iran. He is cast iron fisted Muslim extremist ruler of the first order. American hostages are taken. Iran is ruled by a continuation of Muslim radical rulers which has continued on to the year of

2012, and all of this is due to U.S. foreign policy. Democracy? We don't want no stinking democracy. Puppet dictators, give us puppet dictators. That's what we really want, as many as you can find. There's one, there's another one, wait, there's another in the bushes and look there's another one living under a rock. Strategy, a game all self-serving, world dominating, empire seekers can play. It's all just mad, mad, fun.

No, the U.S. foreign policy players are not seekers of a New Way. They are not interested in civil liberties, human rights, freedoms and any other type of high minded nonsense. Power and money that's what they're interested in. This only this, and by any means necessary. Whatever it takes, at a cost, ethics? Integrity? Truth? Decency? Humanity? Those words aren't in our dictionary. We had them legally removed.

Ever hear of the School of the Americas? Oh, it's a nice little school, you know what they teach there? Murder, torture, oppression, brutality, assault. A real liberal arts education, funded. And sponsored by the Pentagon no less. Nasty little people from Central and South America come here to the U.S. and are trained how to torture, assault, intimidate, harass, brutalize and kill, and then these people take what they have learned here in the U.S. and go back to their native countries and carry out all of the things they have learned on t from the citizens of their country. People were accepted at this school even if they were known criminals and violators of human rights. Why would they be rejected on these grounds, that was the whole point of School of the Americas training after all. Criminal activity and violating human rights.

The U.S. government's covert involvement in Central and South American countries isn't bad. It's horrific. Assassinations, coups, uprisings, overthrows, suppression, oppression, human right violations, civil liberties squashed, scores of endorsements of vicious dictators, that's the history of the U.S. government's involvement in Central and South America.

### Psychotic Views part Thirteen:

No, it is very safe to say that there will not be a New Way coming from the U.S., not in the future, not ever. This is more than abundantly clear. There could've been a New Way even before there was a country. There could have been a New Way anywhere along the path after becoming a country, but there was not, not then, not now, not ever.

There have been individuals who have tried to introduce, to enact, to lead a New Way and the possibility that they could succeed in bringing about a New Way, scared the living shit out of the power keepers of the Old Way. These power keepers had become excessive rich and powerful from the Old Way. These people had no limits to their greed, their selfishness, their corruption. Their psychotic mania for money, possessions and power, their ruthless adherence to the phrase: by any means necessary.

A New Way would cost them a lot of money. It would cost them a lot of power. It would cost them status and class. It would cost them high priced possessions. It would cost them their entire way of life. This could not be allowed to happen. This would not be allowed to happen. The problem must be eliminated. A crisis must be averted. Certain people must die. Assassinations are the means. John Kennedy, Robert Kennedy, Martin Luther King Jr., Pope John Paul I.

Each of them have been dead a considerable amount of time. For JFK it's almost 50 years, for Robert Kennedy, Martin Luther King, it's been almost 45 years, for John Paul I, it's been close to 55 years. Still many people continue to honor their memory, millions of people, me. I stop to ask the

questions: How would the world be different in the year 2012, if these men had lived their lives out to their natural end?

What if is always a purely speculative game to play. Conclusions are based on likelihoods and probabilities. Very similar to putting down on a thoroughbred horse, before the race, it's guess work. The guessing can be very well thought out or not thought out much at all. You're full of hope then. Full of hope, your guesswork will prove true. Your hope rises or dissipates as the race plays out and at the end your hope is either fulfilled or squashed into dust, but when the guesswork involves people who have died, it can never evolve beyond the guesswork. It can be very well thought out guesswork, studied, examined and detailed. The thoroughbred, though, is never going to be allowed to run. The gate is never going to open, the race is never going to happen. Your hope cannot be fulfilled.

Despite this, what if, can be an intriguing thought provoking game to play. It can be deep insightful look at what might have been and if these four men had lived out their lives to their natural end, I believe, the world of 2012 would be a very different place. A much better place and I believe this is why they were murdered. To prevent such change from happening, all four were in unique positions of place and time. All four were in positions to affect great change. All four were in positions of high power.

JFK was President of the United States. Bobby Kennedy would have been, without the slightest doubt, President of the United States. Martin Luther King Jr. was the most influential and powerful and public minded citizen. John Paul I was the leader of a rich and powerful religion with far reaching worldwide influence. Individually, all were catalysts for change, together, they could have been catalysts for greater, even more drastic change, for a New Way, that change, though, never occurred.

All four were assassinated, murdered, killed to stop that more drastic change. Killed to stop a New Way. Many people like to dismiss conspiracy theories and those who propose them with a flippant and disdainful wave of the hand. They are true believers in the one lone nut solution as the neatly wrapped little packaged answer with a nice pretty bow on top, or so they say in public. What they really know or what they really believe are different questions all together. By ending their lives, you not only altered the world of their day, but of everything which came after them. If they had all lived on and died natural deaths at a later time, we would have an entirely different history now, an entirely different world.

Look at the consequences of the two Kennedy assassinations, without them, Nixon is never President and passes into political oblivion. Without Nixon, there is no Ford, without Nixon and Ford there is no Carter, without Carter, there is no Reagan, without Reagan, there is no H.W. Bush and on and on down the line. Who ends up as President of the United States is due in large part to who has come before. Without the Kennedy assassinations, an entirely different set of names would be etched in stone as U.S. Presidents, without the Kennedy assassination, the U.S. has an entirely different history for the last 50 years and because the U.S. has so much influence and say on what occurs in the world, the world has an entirely different history too for the last 50 years.

I believe that those with dark room power believed they were getting one sort of a man and they ended up with a different sort of a man than what they had expected or desired and these people had a way of doing things and these people were not the sort to tolerate a different way of things. A New Way of doing things. They were people who believed in getting their way, the price to pay in

getting their way, the price to pay be damned. So, they murdered the person who had the will and the power to stand in their way, the President of the United States.

In 1968 with Bobby Kennedy there was no mistaking what kind of man they would be getting as President. There was no misjudgment. They knew what they would be getting. They would not make the same mistake twice. Bobby Kennedy has to be murdered before he became President. His way must be stopped before it has even had a chance to begin. If he is murdered after he becomes President then not only will some of his agenda is enacted, but all of his agenda is enacted. There would be taking no chances this time. Murder the king before he takes the throne.

To me, it has always been an impossible thing to consider that two brothers, one a President, the other a certain president could be assassinated as two mere fantastical coincidences. If coincidences are too great or too many, they are not coincidences anymore. Two brothers, with great power and influence are murdered less than five years apart. What are the odds for that happening and then I'm supposed to believe both of these grand scale coincidences occurred solely because of two lone nuts. Two lone nuts working out of no motivation other than own at the behest of no one, under the influence of no one.

Two lone nuts working and acting alone. Two lone nuts murder two brothers, the most important political figures of the last 50 years within a space of less than five years and it was all just one colossal, motherfucking, coincidence, that's what I'm supposed to believe, but that's exactly what I don't believe. The coincidences are too great and within the assassinations themselves, the coincidences are too many and look at what we've had politically since. Look at the foreign policy, look

at the wars, the military spending, the interference in other nations affairs, the old way, all the old way.

Martin Luther King Jr. had fought the civil rights fight. It was a long, violent, bitter struggle. It was a fight that shouldn't have been necessary. No man, no woman, no one should have to fight to prove they are, indeed, a human being and as a human being you deserve to be treated with decency, dignity and respect, but it is a fight fought every day, everywhere, even today, but King had another fight he wanted fought, U.S. foreign policy. Military industrial complex, wars, foreign wars. U.S. interference in other countries affairs, inhumanity, brutality, making the world a more peaceful, more merciful, more decent place. He wanted to address the U.S. place in the world. How the U.S. could affect positive change. How the U.S. could make itself and the world a better place to live, a better place to be. The U.S. instead, though, was a dark path with foreign policy. Overthrows, coups, assassinations, insurgencies, interventions, backing vile, brutal dictators in suppressing their own peoples/ right to a better way of life.

King was a powerful speaker with a natural ability for persuasion. He could influence people to follow him, to follow him his way. A New Way, a New Way for the U.S., a New Way for the world, but that didn't happen. He was murdered before he could throw his full energy and weight into this fight.

John Paul I was another man of high power who wanted to be a catalyst of change. A proponent of a New Way. He was the head of a worldwide, well monied, powerful religion. A religion with 100's of millions of followers. The Catholic Church, the Vatican, the vast, extravagant headquarters of the Catholic Church, the Pope's home, is legally declared a sovereign county. Yes, the Vatican is a country and the Pope is its president.

This pope was different. He was a modest, humble, incorruptible man. The Old Way was selfish, self-serving and corrupted. It didn't care about the poor and huddled masses. It didn't care about the sick and the defenseless. It didn't care about the abused and the oppressed. It was about accumulating wealth. It was about accumulating property. It was a taker, not a giver.

Well, under the reign of John Paul I that was going to change. The basic corruption was going to stop. The uncontrolled accumulating of wealth and property was going to stop. The ties to the Freemasons was going to stop. The ties to other secret societies was going to stop. The ties to tyrants, gangsters and crooked bankers was going to stop. Everything about the Old Way was going to go.

So, like others of his kind, he was murdered, poisoned. His reign as Pope lasted only 33 days. The day he died he had written up all of the changes he was going to make. He died with those papers clutched tight in his hand. Those papers were never seen after that, nor was the bottle of medicine that had been laced with a killing dose of digitalis. He was an agent of change, a man of a New Way. So he was murdered and things quickly returned to the Old Way and they've been there ever since.

No, there isn't going to be a New Way, it seems. People of the Old Way are cold, calculating machines. Humanity been damned. They live in a world where compassion, mercy, empathy, decency and giving are weakness. A world where selfishness, power, greed, megalomania, viciousness violence, mercilessness and global psychosis are strengths and people of the Old Way are, above all, ruthless, by all means necessary. There is no act beyond their capability. There is nothing they wouldn't do to keep the Old Way fully in place.

Proponents of the New Way are suppressed. They are oppressed, beaten and harassed. They are intimidated, tortured and threatened and if they become a big enough threat to the Old Way, they are murdered, such is the way of the world.

There is only possible chance for this New Way to succeed and that would be for the global public to stand up and demand that the world embark on this New Way. The global public would need to rise up in overwhelming numbers and also their voices, their minds and their clenched fists. The global power brokers of this world have vast amounts of wealth and power, but the global public has a vast superiority of numbers. This alone, if exercised properly, could secure a successful realization of a New Way. It is possible, it will not happen though. It will not happen because the global public is not up to the challenge. They are the lambs led happily to the slaughter. They will not fight for a New Way, a better way. They surrendered the flag a long time ago. Give the people a little comfort and it goes right to their head.

## Psychotic Views Part Fourteen:

Here, I would like to put pen to paper a few brief musings I have on various subjects which have cross my mind, the first one is cures. Are they actually ever going to cure any diseases. For years, the public has been fed this stale green pabulum about how close they are to finding cures for various diseases. They're close, oh, they're really fucking close. Yes, they are, a cure is always just around the corner. Let's examine this phrase, 'just around the corner'. Peace is always just around the corner, a cure for world hunger is just around the corner, a cure for cancer is just around the corner, a thousand positive outcomes are all just around the corner. What corner? Where is it? Where is this fucking corner anyway?

Get out a map and point to it, is it on the map? Is that why we can't ever seem to get around this corner is because it isn't on the map? Or is the map wrong? Maybe we need a new map, one that correctly shows where this fucking corner is so we can go around it and find all of this great shit. Maybe the power elites know damn well where this corner is and they just don't want the rest of us to know. They keep it a secret, no one outside their exclusive little club of perverted assholes are allowed to know. To me, they are never going to find a cure for any serious disease. Hell, in this age of modern living and modern medicine, we have higher rates for diseases, not lower. The rates for asthma, emphysema, Parkinson's disease, Alzheimers disease, diabetes, brain tumors, cancers, as well as other diseases, have all gone up. Why is that? Is it explainable? Do they want to explain it, or do they just want to sit back and enjoy all of the billion dollars in profits they are making while people are getting sick, suffering and dying.

People in the health care system can deny it all they want, but the priority in the U.S. health care system is profit, not care, not prevention, not accessibility, not affordability, profit. What kind of a goddamn heartless country allows insurance companies to control the health care system of an entire country? What kind of a cruel soulless country would rather allow tens of thousands of its own citizens to die every year instead of enacting universal coverage for all. No, there isn't going to be a cure. Look at muscular dystrophy. How many years has that telethon been on the air? How much money has been raised in that time, over one billion dollars, yet are they any closer to a cure than when they started? What has all of the money been spent on exactly? The same goes for cancer, heart disease, diabetes, pulmonary diseases, brain tumors, mental diseases and all of the rest. How much money has been raised for these afflictions? Where exactly has the money been spent if they were going to find cures for any of these diseases, wouldn't they have done so by now? Wouldn't they, at least, found a cure for just one of them?

There is a question, too, which needs to be asked in the profit driven world of diseases. Do they really even want to find a cure for these diseases, and here's two related questions that also need to be asked. Is there more money to be made in cures, or is there more money to be made in treatment?

Let's take diabetes, for instance, is there more money to be made curing all of the people who have it, or is there more money to be made treating all of the people who have it week after week, month after month, year after year until they die. Let's not forget that diabetes is the leading cause of total kidney failure. Total kidney failure means dialysis treatments, which is three times a week, fifty-two weeks of the year. This adds up to one hundred and fifty-six dialysis treatments a year. If, let's say, you manage to live five years, there would be a total of seven hundred and eighty dialysis treatments,

that's a lot of money being made. People with diabetes are also at risk to have other health problems as well. Why, because body systems are related and interconnected to each other. Kidneys and the heart, the heart and the lungs. Dealing with diabetes is difficult enough, but it's guaranteed that because you have diabetes you will have other major health problems as well. No, I don't believe there's a cure coming for anything, not if big pharmacy has anything to say about it. The mega multi-billion dollar profit industry. The industry that spends twice as much advertising as it does on research. What does that say about where its priorities are, and why, for that matter is it fucking advertising at all? Huh?

Prescription drugs are supposed to help people with health problems. Many people's lives are dependent on prescription drugs. They would die without the prescriptions, and many do. For the sole reason they can't afford them. This is people's health we're talking about. Sometimes it's even a matter of life and death. It is not a product to be marketed like shoes, TV's, PC's, cell phones, cars, etc. It is a product like no other. There should be no advertising of prescription drugs anywhere, not even billboards, that's why doctors go to medical school. They're supposed to tell their patients what's best for them. The patients isn't supposed to go to the doctor and tell him or her what pill they want because they saw a well-funded ad for it on TV. What am I, as a patient basing my opinion on, test studies, serious side affects, inconclusive results, no, marketing on TV.

Cure diseases, you want us to cure diseases. You actually want us to cure the life threatening, life ending afflictions people suffer from. How dare you sir to suggest such a thing in my presence. How dare you. You obviously have no fucking concept of how the U.S. big pharmacy industry works, cure

diseases? Get out, get out! Get the hell out of my office now you -----, you anti-capitalist, anti-free market, communist, socialist, pinko, hippie, motherfucking son of a bitch!

UFOs and beings from outer space, now there's a fun subject, huh? Most people, I think, are either in the absolute believer category or absolute non-believer category. Me, I'm in the 'I'm not sure' category, which translated, I guess, means maybe yes, maybe no and I don't know one way or the other.

It's an interesting thing to think about. Are we the only thinking, reasoning type of beings anywhere? Some say there has to be other similar type being somewhere, the cosmos, the outer space, the outer, outer space is just too vast. The odds would favor such beings somewhere. Many religious people have trouble with this concept, but much of their doubt is human ego centered. They want to believe their god not only created humans, but made them the most important species on Earth or anywhere else. This notion is pure egoism. Humans don't like the idea of human beings as just another species or anything less than the superior species that's ever been in existence.

I really don't know how true believer religious keep all of their conflicting ideas straight in their head. I know this is always a suspiciously dangerous thing to do, but I'm going to use a little logic here. True believer religious people should believe in other similar beings out there somewhere more than non true believers. Why? Think about this, your god creates Earth, all of the other planets of the space contained and outside of our solar system with all of the bodies contained within it. He goes through all of this work, effort, time and tide and yet he creates only life here on Earth? There are a couple of good important questions to ask on the subject. One is: Is the government capable of lying about their

knowledge of contact with other world beings and the vehicles that brought them here. The answer to that is an obvious: Yes.

They have lied and deceived about so money thing. Someone could write a book and fill it to be brim with all of their lies and still have plenty left over. Another good question to ask is: IF there are beings from other worlds who are capable of advanced space travel, why are they so fucking secretive? Why not direct open mass contact with all of humanity? Why not land your goddamn vehicle in the middle of Central Park in NYC, or on the LA freeway, or in downtown Tokyo? Why is it always they always land in places where so few people can see them? Oh, they've been seen in higher populated areas, but only in the air. They never land in such places.

One possible answer is that UFOs are U.S. military experiments. The military is covertly working on new aircraft and this is what people see and maybe these experiments only took place after the U.S. military had gotten its hands on a real vehicle from another world. Maybe they know first hand there are beings from other worlds and don't want the public to know. They have told obvious lies on the subject in the past, but what is the nature of these lies? Another answer is that there are actually beings from other worlds, but they don't want to make direct contact for a variety of reasons. The first could be they mean to do us harm, but if this were true, why haven't they done so already? What are they waiting for? Are they studying us, like lab rats racing through the maze? Do they fear us? Given the violent history of human behavior they'd have plenty of reason to do so. There is also the possibility that there are beings out there from other worlds, but they, like us, are not capable of otherworld space travel.

I can't speak for all of the true believers in beings from other worlds, but I can speak for what, I believe, is the reasoning behind their thinking. It is of a philosophical nature, maybe even a spiritual nature, if using the word spiritual outside of a religious context is acceptable. They have looked at the world, they have looked at human existence. The entire history of it, they have asked the question: Is this all there is? And they are not satisfied with the answers given. There are mysteries, things beyond comprehension, things not so easily explained.

True believers in otherworld beings are very similar to true believers in a god creator religious belief in many respects, both want the answer to the question, 'Is this all there is' to be NO!. Both want there to be something out there greater than themselves. Neither is willing to accept that human existence consists of a short life, eternal death, and nothing more. There has to be something more for both of them. There has to be something more, but the reaction society gives out to each is quite different, isn't it? True believers in otherworld beings are mocked, derided, laughed at, ridiculed and are called delusional, mentally unbalanced people, but true believers in this religious creator god are portrayed in a completely opposite light.

Someone can see the face of Jesus on a piece of burnt toast, it's treated like a legitimate news story. Is this person treated like a mentally unbalanced person in need of help? IS this person branded a nut, a kook, or a lunatic? People say all the time: 'God spoke to me'. 'Mohammed spoke to me;', 'Jesus spoke to me; and other things of this sort of religious nature. Does anyone say, 'Really'! Did anyone else beside you hear him speak? Were there any other witnesses? What language did he speak? Latin? Hebrew? Arabic? English? Would you like to come with us sir. We have a private room with padded walls reserved just for you.

When some people die, you feel a deep sense of sadness. When certain other people die, you feel a deep sense of sadness too, but also a deep sense of anger. In the latter case, I don't mean people who are murdered or die in any way by someone else's hand. No, I mean people who die by their own self-destructive hand through alcohol, street drugs, prescription drugs, etc.

There are two particular individuals I have in mind to illustrate the differences in emotional reactions I have mentioned. Gary Moore and Phil Lynott. When Gary died in February of 2011, I felt a deep sense of sadness. When Phil died in January of 1986, I also felt a deep sense of sadness, but I also felt a deep sense of anger. Sadness and anger are conflicting emotions and can bring you to absolute ruin if they get beyond your control. Phil's death still angers me to this day. Its strength has dissipated in the 26 years that have passed, but it is still there. Of the two emotions I felt after his death, anger clearly seemed to be the stronger of the two, it still might be. I think he was a special kind of man. A complicated, conflicted man.

Like everyone, he had his flaws. God knows, though, what it was like for him growing up. What insecurities were ingrained into mind during this time, I can't say, what doubts. Much has been said about the difficulties blacks have had to endure in the U.S. from the beginnings of the slave trade to the present committed through these centuries of time. It's said that, 'It's a white man's world and its true. Its always been true. The struggle for identity, a true sense of self, is difficult. Hell, difficult is a Jupiter sized understatement. Imagine, then, the difficulty Phil had growing up. He was a child (I hate the word illegitimate. It sounds as if the child isn't fully human or something.) of a single mother. The absent father was black, his mother was white. Not only was he a mixed race child with an absent father, he was a mixed race child in Ireland. This was back in the 50's and 60's. What I liked about Phil's

songs and consequently Thin Lizzy, was the variety of styles. Most musical people, even when they're very good play to one style, one genre. Phil's song writing could be pure, in your face, hard rock, but it could also be poetic, melodic, lyrical and mythical. Thin Lizzy was known as a hard rock band. Well, if they are to be defined as a hard rock band, they are like no other hard rock band then or now. Hell, they are like no other rock band period.

I have never based my musical tastes on record sales, ticket sales, or CD sales. A lot of pure, fly infested shit has sold out concerts year after year and tons of music sales, year after year. High sales and sold out tours doesn't mean the music is any fucking good. The same is true of TV, movies and books. Quantity isn't quality. You can have a string of hits as long as an anaconda for all I care, that doesn't mean your music isn't a big, steamy pile of wet, smelly doo.

My favorite musical artists are people who have range and variety to go along with their high degree of musicianship. Some people like to listen to nothing except slow, light songs. Some people like to listen to nothing except hard, fast songs. Most musical listeners, I think, stick mainly to listening to one particular type of music. To me, this is fucking boring.

Phil had a great gift for variety and range in his songwriting. He had a unique way about him and a very contagious sort of smell. This is why his death at the age of 36 angered me so much, because this great gift was silenced too early and the reason was not a car accident, plane accident, or some other similar type of death, No, Phil did it to himself. He self-destructed. I don't know why. I don't know if it was because he took on too much, tried to live up to a false identity he'd created for himself or some other reason. The truth is, though, Phil died of self-inflicted wounds.

My reasons for wanting Phil to still be alive are selfish, I know. I keep thinking of all of the lost music of his that I could've been listening to for the past twenty plus years. Our sadness though, over someone's death, is always largely motivated by selfishness. Yes, we are sad because they are no longer here and living life, but much of our sadness is about us and not about the person who died. He was a gifted man and gifts such as these should be shared. Yet, for the past twenty-six years there has been no sharing. That is the cause of my anger. With Gary's death, on the other hand, there was just a profoundly deep sadness. Gary might have very been the most talented man ever to pick up a guitar. If Gary had played classical music, say a cello, a violin, or a piano, he would've been recognized by the world as a master musician in the same vein as YoYo Ma or any others in this field of music. He would've been recognized for what he was, a prodigy. Those moronic, imbeciles who are always ranking the top guitarists and leave him either way down the list or off the list all together, they don't know a god damn thing about musicianship.

More than name recognition and reputations made long ago. Listen to Gary's music, watch his live DVDs. If they don't impress the seven hells out of you, then you're tone deaf, tasteless, mother fucking idiot. If guitarists are going to be rated, it has to be done on the basis of musicianship, not on concert ticket sales, CD and record sales, or any other irrelevant bullshit! Gary played the music he wanted to play, even when it frustrated or confused his fans, like the recordings, 'A Different Beat'; 'Dark Days in Paradise'. Personally, I like them just as much as his blues or rad rock recordings. That, to me, is what the best artists are supposed to do, stretch out, try different things, veer off the well beaten road, but critics and fans want predictability. They want to pigeon hole, type cast. To a real artist, this is fucking boring and tedious. Just keep the same shit over and over again, blah, blah, blah. Gary could have played regurgitated crap, marketed himself more, sold out, sold a hell of a lot more

cds and concert tickets and made a much bigger name for himself, but musical integrity was more important to him and he held onto it until the day he died. He played with such intense emotion and feeling and he could play any kind of music well. He never toured the U.S. much. I only wish I could've seen him play live. His music was often the only thing that got me through the day. It has been with me for a long, long time. It will continue to do so for as many days as I have left. He is one of my two favorite guitarists and musical performers. The other is Robin Trower. Each of these two men have many hard core fans. I'm not sure how many are hard core fans of both of them, but I am one. I like them both for the same reasons, damn good musicians.

Down to earth people, uniqueness, musical integrity. Musical integrity is a rare thing in the music business, a rare thing. It is having your own sound. A lot of people are said to have their own sound and a lot of times it's just standard music patter bullshit. Having your own genuine sound has never been more true for an electric guitarist than Robin Trower. He is a master of sound. Like Moore, Trower exhibits a high degree of emotion and feeling in his music. His sound can often times take you to other worlds. You can literally close your eyes and be transported to another place. He can take you somewhere you've never been before.

Many of the so called greatest electric guitarists are known for their excellent technique and ability of making extended lightning fast runs, but there's no real depth, weight and resonance to it. Tobin can get more out of a single prolonged note than other players could get out of a hundred. Speed is fine, but if there's nothing underneath it, nothing deeper than surface water, then fuck it. Robin, too, has gotten me through many long days in my life. Robin, too, could play different styles and different tempos and do them all well. Now in his 60's, he still continues to impress me with the

quality and range of his music. It is not a calculated repetition over and over again, each CD can be different from the previous one, with a different feel, a different tone, yet not lose anything in the way of quality. I'll choose these two every damn time. This concludes this episode of 'My Little Musings'. I think I'm going to call myself on my cell phone now and see if I answer. Probably not though, that asshole never answers his phone.

## Psychotic Views Part Fifteen:

My eyes went dark for the rest of the day. My mood went sullen. It stayed that way for the better part of three days. The days were bad, the nights were worse. I wasn't sleeping well. I'd sleep for a couple of hours, wake up, then be unable to go back to sleep until six or seven in the morning. Then I'd sleep for a couple of more hours before waking up again, and this time I'd be up for good. I left my room once or twice, but didn't stay out for any decent amount of time. I was restless inside my room, sometimes pacing around so obsessively I nearly reached the point of exhaustive collapse. I hung out a hand made sign on the outer door knob, 'Do Not Disturb, Already Disturbed'. I allowed no visitors, none, not even the priest. I had two short conversations with the same two people I had called before.

There was not masking my state of mind during the conversations. The graveness in my voice was alarming. It frightened me and if it frightened me, it certainly must have frightened the people I was talking to. What was weighing on their minds after the conversations ended, I could only imagine. My body was racked with a chill that I just couldn't shake off. It had penetrated both skin and bone and lodged itself somewhere deep inside the epicenter of my very being. Tremors would emanate out from the epicenter and spread across the rest of my body in low, rolling waves.

I was uneasy on my feet as if the wiring for my equilibrium had been worn and frayed was causing a slight interference in the proper flow of the necessary impulses. Most of my time was spent unmoving in bed, there were no tears. There was no hysterics, just cold and darkness in well reserved supplies. They increased the dosage on my pills, but the move didn't alleviate my condition in the least, in truth, it seems to do nothing except to make my condition worse. Staff was moving in and out

of my room at a nearly continuous pace. I don't know if my fear showed anywhere on my face, but theirs did. The professional masks covered well, their eyes though, gave them away. I was being monitored with an owl's eye for night time prey. Probing into the darkness with a calm yet concerned glance. Staring into the deep unknown, aware of a mortal danger lurking somewhere in the seamless shadows, for two and nearly one half days, my condition showed no signs of abbreviation, but somewhere there, in the middle of day three, my fall began taking small steps toward abbreviation. Baby steps, but then, the hours closed in on early evening, the steps became stronger, bigger, longer. It strides began to lengthen. Then, somewhere close to the break of dawn, the storm which had surrounded me broke and cleared itself out from inside me. The danger had passed yet one more time and then I closed my eyes and slept the sleep of sweet relief.

There was a notable slight upturn in my condition the next day. A little piece of sunshine day across my face, it's warmth had the power to soothe me, to comfort me, to let me forget the cold darkness of the previous three days. A familiar face returned in the early afternoon, the priest.

"is it okay to come in and see you?" he asked.

"Sure, come in and sit down."

He turned the chair around to face me on the right side of the bed. He moved the chair closer to me than before, there was a small cup of coffee in his left hand and a small guarded smile in his face.

"A little better today," he said.

“A little.”

“Good, you had everyone on edge, I hear.”

“Yeah.”

“I came to see you, but they told me what was going on.”

“Well, I’m...”

“Don’t apologize, it’s not necessary. You have no control over these things.”

“That’s what scares me so much, my lack of control.”

“It’s different now?”

“To some extent, I’ve always had this wild, mood swinging personality, but the nature of it has changed.”

“How?”

“The pendulum swings higher now, but only to side of darkness. It doesn’t swing as far to the other side, to the side of light, as much as it used to.”

“Anything else?”

“Because the pendulum isn’t swinging as far to the side of the light, it’s swinging more often to the side of darkness. The swings are also more intense than they were before.”

“Your medications are having no effect?”

“If they are, it’s only in a negative way.”

“Are they going to take you off of them and try something else?”

:I don’t know, they haven’t said a thing about it to me yet.”

He raised the coffee cup to take a long, slow taste. His eyes never left mine as he did so. His throat let out a low exclamation of satisfaction after swallowing a considerable amount of coffee.

“Would you mind and philosophical discussion over theology?” , he asked.

“No.”

“It won’t upset you in any way?”

“I like a philosophical discussions. Theological or any other. I like the challenge. I believe in my position and I am prepared to defend it with calm, rational thought.”

“There is so little calm rational thought in the world.”

“Problems cannot be solved until they are, at first, admitted to, bullying is a common tactic of the insecure and weak. Their argument is built on a foundation of shale and shifting sand. An even fight is a fight they lose.”

“You have a remarkable way with word, you do know that?”

“You’re not the first to tell me that. It’s always been with me. Many people have found themselves on the wrong end of words with me.”

“Judging you from the little time I’ve known you, I would say you’re a rare person in the game of discussion. Some are logical, some are emotional. You are both.”

“It’s a wild mix.”

“It also explains the turmoil you have experienced all of your life. You want the world to be a better place. You want humanity to appreciate life and its place in the larger scheme of things. You look at the big picture and believe in the big, ‘we’. To you, people too willingly accept the world as it is and take no part in helping to better it.”

“It’s not a crowd winning position.”

“And this has frustrated you all of your life. It has accumulated inside all these years and now it is overwhelming you. It has worn you down and weakened you. You fear that you can no longer win the fight. You fear the outcome is now inevitable, that it is only a matter of time, a very short matter of time.”

“You’re not exactly a soft minded weakling with words either, are you?”

“So, I’ve been told. Now, are we going to have our philosophic exchange, or do we put it aside for another time?”

“I don’t know if I have the energy to finish it, but we start it and see where it goes.”

“Where do we start?”

“How about the word faith?”

“You mean as in the context..”

“I have faith that there’s a God?”

“To me, religions have all corrupted the meaning of this word. If I have faith in a person or if I have faith an event is going to happen, that faith is based on something.”

“So is a faith in God.”

“What?”

“Creation.”

“When you say creation, are you limiting it to Earth or all things everywhere. Look at space. Where does it end? Does it end? Does this God take the time and effort to create so much magic and wonder and yet only create living things on just one tiny grain of it?”

“Maybe there used to be life on the other planets that we know of, but there isn’t now, maybe there’s life on places we cannot see, places we don’t know.”

“Possibilities, but I don’t see them as an argument for deity. For most of human history, people believed in many gods and they believed them just as strongly as people believe in one god today.”

“What is your belief? What is your explanation for life?”

“Did God create man or did man create God?”

“To you, God is just a product of human ego or even imagination. They believe they are the highest life form anywhere as far as time and space can go and they need a reason, a purpose for their life. So, they invent a creator.”

“People cannot accept the idea that they are nothing special. They are just another of a long line of species. They cannot accept the idea that we are here solely because of a colossal, cosmic accident.”

“This to, is just a belief.”

“Yes, it is.”

“Is it more valid because it is yours?”

“No, but there is one very important difference between what I believe and what others believe. I won't kill because others don't have my beliefs. I won't persecute them, ridicule them, or demean them. I won't torture them or use violent means to try and convert them. I won't war with them or ignore their suffering.”

“You were raised Catholic, weren't you?”

“Yes.”

“And their history appeals to you?”

“Yes.”

“So, you reject them and all other religions.”

“I was raised catholic. As a child, I had no choice. I listened to the words, to the arguments, but I never accepted them or any other religion.”

“And you cannot accept the idea of a Creator being?”

“Maybe I’m wrong. Maybe there is a Creator being, but this being is not the one preached about in any of the religions of today.”

“Humans want answers, so they invent them with cultural influences and phrases.”

:Even if I believed in a Creator being, that still isn’t an argument for religion, is it? Why can’t everyone believe what they want to believe and leave everyone else alone? World History has shown that this isn’t enough for people.”

“So, no organized religion has a place?”

“No, has organized religion done some good? Yes, but if you add up the harm it has done and weigh it against the good, the scales tip heavily to the side of harm.

I was tired, my eyes suddenly closed and remained there for a long time. How much time, I can’t say, but when I opened them up again, the priest was standing over me, looking down at me with large, sympathetic eyes.

“I like you, “ he said. “No matter how much I disagree with your views. You’re a good and decent man.”

“And I would like to express all of those same words to you.”

“I wish you well my friend. I’ll pray for you to leave this place soon.”

“Thanks.”

“Until another time.”

“Sure.”

He shook my hand, smiled, then turned and walked out of the room. It was our last meeting. I never saw him again a few days later, I had another session with the doctor. My moods had leveled off since my last fall. No extreme highs, not extreme lows. The pendulum was still swinging, but its arc was on a near perfect heel.

“Your condition has improved the past few days.”

“My moods have been better, no more swings.”

“Yes, you have been much more even minded, but your last downward swing was prolonged too.”

“Three long days.”

“Yes, I hope this recent improvement of your continues, right now, it’s too early to make any firm conclusion about your condition. I treat such circumstances with small doses of cautious optimism.”

“How small? 50 milligrams or is it 75?”

“What?”

“You said you treat such circumstances with small doses of cautious optimism. So I said, ‘50 milligrams or 75? I was making a joke.’”

By her reaction, I believed the good doctor had suffered from a childhood malady which had required surgery and while they were operating on her, they accidentally removed her sense of humor.

“I’d like to talk about something very specific, “ she said.

“What?”

“Your mother.”

This was an emotional topic for me. What was the doctor trying to accomplish by bringing the subject up, I wondered. What was to be gained?

“Is there any particular reason why you’re bringing this up?”

“Yes, I believe somewhere in this subject is the key to your problem.”

“Thank you, Dr. Freud.”

“You are making another joke?”

“Yes.”

“What did you mean by it?”

“Nothing, it was just a joke.”

“Are you saying my thinking is old and outdated?”

“”You’re being overly sensitive.”

“Am I?”

“I told you it was just a joke.”

“Some of the cruelest, most hurtful words ever to come out of the mouths of humans have been disguised in the form of a joke.”

“Maybe so, but that’s not the case here. Do all of the doctors in your field have such thin skin?”

“Thin skin? Let me tell you something, I -----.”

“Look,” I said interrupting her, “Just who the hell is the patient and who is the doctor here? I’m the one on the couch. There’s no room for two here. Even if the two of us managed to occupy the couch at the same time, we’d have a major problem. Too many patients, not enough doctors.”

Dr. ----- closed her eyes and sat unmoved in her chair for a half minute or so. She inhaled deeply, held it briefly, then exhaled a long slow sigh.

"I'm sorry," she said.

"Forget it."

"No, I'd like to explain."

"It's not necessary."

"You're sure."

"Let's just get back to you being the doctor and me being the patient."

"Uh.... Where were we?"

"My mother?"

"Had we started?"

"No, we got side tracked before we got anywhere."

"Okay, let's start now then."

"Where?"

"Your mother meant a lot to you, didn't she?"

"Yes."

"You loved her?"

“Yes.”

“She died early last year?”

“Yes.”

“So, it’s been about fifteen months.”

“About that, yeah.”

“About when was it that you started on this downward spiral.”

“The day I came out of the womb.”

“Please, this is a serious line we are pursuing. Joking isn’t going to help you. I’ll ask you again, when did you start on this downward spiral. The one that resulted in you trying to kill yourself.”

Damn her, god damn her all to fucking hell. She knew what the answer was. Why the hell didn’t she just keep it to herself? Why is she making me say it?

“You know the answer,” I said.

“Yes, do you?”

“Yes, I know the answer.”

“I want you to say it.”

“Why?”

“Say it.”

“A little over a year ago.”

“Can you be more specific?”

“Thirteen months, give or take a week.”

“So, your downturn started about two months after your mother died.”

“Yes.”

“You were numb for a short time. Then, at some point, the full weight of it struck you.”

“Is is that obvious?”

“It isn’t the sole factor in your downturn, there are others.”

“But which is the most important?”

“I believe other significant factors were already in play. Each of them were, in their own way, breaking you down. They were chipping away at your will, little by little, then ----“

“My mom died.”

“And that was the finishing blow.”

I closed my eyes and tried desperately to stop myself from crying. Outside of a funeral home and a cemetery, I had only shed tears in front of a couple of people my entire life, and never in public. I

didn't want this to be a first, but it happened. I buried my face in my left hand and waited for it to stop. When it did, my hand moved away from my face, but my head stayed down and my eyes remained closed.

"Are you okay?" Dr. \_\_\_\_\_ asked.

"That's a strange question coming from a doctor in a psychiatric care facility. Of course, I'm not okay. Would I be here if I was okay? Would I have tried to kill myself if I was okay?"

"It's painful. The hurt runs deep, but it must be talked about if you want to----."

"Get out of here? Does anyone want to stay? Everyone wants to get out of here, at least at my end of it."

"Then we need to discuss this."

"I think I can save us some time here I'm going to lay it all out in the open for you. I've never had a lot of friends or acquaintances. I'm not someone who can spread their emotional being around to a lot of different people. So, when I do invest my emotional being in someone, it pours out like a flood."

"Your entire emotional being becomes involved."

"Yeah, to give you an example, I had a dog about, oh, fifteen years ago. I know a lot of people like dogs, a lot of people care about dogs, but I got so emotionally attached to this dog that when it was time for him to die, I had a hard time dealing with it."

“Many people have difficulty dealing with the death of a pet.”

“True, but mine went on for a long time. I used to even have dreams about him after words. His death affected me so much that I have not had a pet since.”

“And do you think this is why you have chosen to basically live the life of a solitary man? It isn’t because you lack the ability of commitment. It isn’t because you think you’re better than other people. It isn’t anything like that at all. It’s because you fear you’re going to invest too much of your emotional being into them and then something might happen to them. They might die.”

“Yes.”

“Have you always tried getting out of this hole by yourself? Have you always tried to do it alone?”

“To a degree, we are all alone, aren’t we? You can be in a crowded room, live a crowded life and have a crowded list of people you know and still be alone.”

“Yes, that’s true, but---.”

“When you experience something dark, it is yours and no one else. When someone says, ‘I know what you’re going through’. They might be generally sympathetic and care deeply about your well being, but no one can know how you feel. No one can know what you’re going through.”

“Yes, but alone is never better, never.”

“Speaking from experience?”

“Yes.”

“Professional or personal?”

“Both.”

“I appreciate your candor.”

“Maybe in the past you could handle these things alone, but obviously, you can’t anymore.”

“No, I can’t.”

“To me, it is foolish to even try.”

“Foolish and dangerous.”

“Have you given up the solitary man idea then?”

“Yes, there’s no guarantee either way, but the odds for survival are more favorable if I try the new way.”

“I’ll help you for as long as you ask for it.”

“Thank you.”

“I will keep you from being alone as much as I can. Are there others who can help in the same way?”

“One or two.”

“Call them, or have them come visit you here. Tell them what you require of them and if they care for you, they will give it.”

“Okay.”

“Our time is up for now.”

“Thanks, until the next time then.”

“Bye.”

I went back to my room and listened to music for a little while before drifting off to sleep. When I woke up, I took on the entire puzzle page of the local daily newspaper. Two ciphers, two crossword puzzles and a jumble. I defeated the entire page in about forty-five minutes. The puzzle page was the only good thing about the paper. The rest of it was only good for living birdcages and in emergencies, in case you ran out of toilet paper while sitting on the toilet. I read it anyway though. It occupied some time, which is important when you are residing in a place like this.

## Psychotic Views Part Sixteen:

In the paper, the biggest story of the day was birth control, birth control can you believe it, and what was the hot story of the day on the, what passed for a TV news channel? Go ahead, guess, give up? Birth control. Why is this such a political issue in the U.S.? Why is it any kind of issue? Massive world poverty, underground slave trade, global climate change, wars, a lousy health care system, a lousy public education system, corporate owned media, corporate owned politicians, racism, a permanent underclass, government debt, personal debt, jobs that don't even pay enough to keep people breaking even, corruption straight across the board, sexism, torture, violations of civil liberties, violations of civil rights, the use of mercenaries by the government to fight wars. All of this is going on and yet the hot national media news story is birth control.

What the fuck man, how can anyone anywhere be against birth control? Huh? There are seven billion people on the planet and growing, one out of four of them are starving, that's approximately one billion, seven hundred and fifty million people, 1.75 billion. I can understand arguments made on both sides of the abortion issue, but not birth control, not one goddamn person on this absurd little orb called Earth should be against birth control, not one. The people who are against both abortion and birth control carry illogical and unreasonable to the nth degree. People who are against abortion should be the biggest advocates for birth control on the planet. Think about it, yeah, I know you don't like to think, but do it anyway. Why do abortions occur? Unwanted pregnancies, right? Why do unwanted pregnancies occur, because people aren't using birth control. So, if everyone is using birth control you have no unwanted pregnancies and you have not abortions, Jesus fucking Christ. It seems so obvious to me. Am I the only one though? Am I the only one who thinks its so obvious? SO, logical,

reasonable and sensual? Total birth control, no abortions, almost everyone says an abortions is such a volatile issue. They say there is no common ground for pro-abortion and anti-abortions to meet on.

Well, to me, there is a common ground and the common ground is birth control. Both sides could work together on this issue. Look at the good that would result from everyone using birth control, less people getting diseases, gonorrhea, syphilis, chlamydia, AIDS and all of the other, less poverty, both for women and for children, less life threatening hunger. The numbers for child hunger rise with each passing year. What do these anti-abortion, anti-birth control people want? What are they expecting to occur? There are only two possible scenarios for humanity if everyone on the planet lived according to their anti-abortion, anti-birth control criteria. Either no one is going to be having sex or Mother Earth is going to be up to her forehead with people.

Do anti-abortion, anti-birth control think it's a reasonable, feasible idea to have limitless, totally, uncontrolled amount of people occupying the planet. We seven billion right now, is there ever enough to them? Too many? Ten billion? Twelve billion? These people and their supposedly high moral ground, well, is it fucking moral to push a kid out into the world when the odds are highly stacked in favor of that child starving or getting a disease, suffering his or her entire life and dying before the age of eight years old?

What is it with these puritan moralists? They draw their 'Do not cross' lines in very strange places. Obsessive about sex, aren't they, or so they say in public anyway. Who knows what they're doing in private. A lot of these type of moralists are very good at preaching but lousy at practicing what they're preaching. They play a certain tune outside for the world to hear, but it's a different tune being played inside away from the eyes of others.

Even if they're completely sincere and not hypocritical about birth control, their lives of demarcation are at least a thousand miles from where they should be. They moralize endlessly about sex, birth control and abortion, but oddly they remain mum, muted on the subject of war and other rich humans.

Premarital sex is a sin, birth control is a sin, homosexuality is a sin, abortion is not only a sin, it's also murder. They get red faced, vein popping mad in their bulging eyed outrage over all of their subjects, but war? Huh? What? I can't hear you. Did you say something? No? War is the darkest, most devastatingly destructive wrong human beings can commit. If you want to put things in religious terms and call them sins, then war is the darkest, most devastatingly destructive sin human beings can commit, not sex, not birth control, not abortion, war.

War is sin committed on a massive scale by which nothing else can even come close by comparison. Civil war, foreign war, international war, whatever their type, they are the crulest, gravest sin of all, but when war is being proposed, when the prospects of it are about to be fully engaged, where are the religious leaders and where are the Puritan moralists? Who knows what percentage of them actually believe war is an outrageously offensive sin, but few of them, very, very few of them will say so out loud in any sort of public forum. Yes, yes, the moral cat gets their tongue. Thousands of people die, maybe tens of thousands, maybe hundreds of thousands, maybe even millions, endless series of murder, rape and torture, sometimes entire families are killed, endless scores of destruction of land and building structures.

The toll of war incalculable, but do they climb up high on their moral mountain top and preach outrage about that? No, they save that for birth control, and as is so often the case with anti-abortions

and anti-birth control advocates, they are also against government sponsored help for children: school lunch, Head Start, etc. They don't want people to take precautions against unwanted pregnancies, they don't want people to protect themselves, not against pregnancies or diseases. They want children to be born, endless scores of children. They not only want it they insist on it, but after the birth, they don't care what happens to the child. They don't care what kind of life that child has. Their moral responsibility ends, with their superior morality in tow and they just calmly and casually walk away, child born, job done, mission accomplished.

What is the child poverty rate now? Not just here in the U.S., but for the entire world. What is the infant mortality rate? What is rate for childhood diseases, birth defects, what about the rates for neglect, abandonment, molestation and abuse? What are all those rates here in the U.S.? What are they in war torn countries? What are they in countries with high malnutrition and high poverty? Oh, that's no concern to anti-abortion, anti-birth control crowd, child born, job done, mission accomplished.

U. S. politics is really as such a sight to behold. Corporations are people, money is free speech, all three branches of the Federal Government are corrupted, so are the branches of the State and Local governments. Climate change is fucking the planet all to hell. Brain diseases like Alzheimer's and Parkinson's are up, respiratory diseases like asthma and emphysema are up, poverty is up, unemployment is an outright epidemic. Homelessness is up, personal bankruptcy is up, tens of thousands of people die every year due to having no access to health care. The Pentagon spends more money than the rest of the world put together on defense. U.S. citizens are allowed to be assassinated by the government, U. S. citizens are allowed to be held indefinitely in jail without ever being charged

with a crime, war, all of this is going on each and every day in the U.S. without analysis, assessment, or discussion, but oh yes, let's prattle on about gay marriage, birth control, and call the other people pseudo controversial issues.

Why talk about war and military spending, when you can talk about gay marriage. Why talking about a failing infrastructure, a failing health care system, a failing public education system, when you talk about birth control. There is no serious national discussion about any truly serious national discussion about any truly serious issue in this country. Is it any wonder then that these problems have just gotten progressively worse, and will continue to get progressively worse in the future until the entire country gets sucked down a gigantic toilet bowl black hole.

You know what I think? I think people like me are the only really honest people in the world. I'm nuts, I admit it, I'm stark raving, howling at the moon, naked in my backyard, fucking nuts. You know what should be done instead of building walls to open up people like me. Walls should be built around the entire goddamn world. All of humanity should have large padded walls built around it. The entire world should be declared fucking, goddamn nuts, because it is.

Ladies and gentleman! Ladies and gentleman! Quiet please. I, as spokesperson for the international group of eminent psychiatrists and psychologists known as the United Brotherhood of Psychiatrists and Psychologists (UBPP), have an important announcement to make. We have had all of humankind legally declared fucking nuts. This declaration obviously includes all of us, since we are a part of humankind. Denying we are also fucking nuts would be fruitless because everyone knows psychiatrists and psychologists are nuts as the people they are treating. So, starting next week, construction will begin on a massive worldwide project that, when completed, will house all of

humanity inside a psychiatric care facility. No one is to be excluded, no one, that's all for now, thank you for coming. There's coffee and doughnuts for anyone who wants them at the rear of the hall.

I was wondering if I might just want to stay here indefinitely. It's safer in here than outside. People in here are, at least, than outside. People in here are, at least, have been diagnosed and are being treated. They have been recognized as having a problem. All of the people on the outside are still running around with no supervision or monitoring. They are undiagnosed and untreated. They have not been recognized for having a problem. Hell, the way people drive alone, should act as ample evidence of their suffering from a mental psychosis and the cats just on the surface without any deeper analytical examination.

Maybe I could do things to keep myself here. Howling at the moon, walking around naked everywhere, growling and barking like a dog, stuff like that. The goal here is supposed to be for you to become well enough to leave and return to the outside world, but the outside world is much more frightening than being inside this place. I can see that, now I'm actually here on the inside and here I am again writing another book. Why? Doing so probably only serves to prove that I am suffering from an incurable psychosis.

I am a writer, having written, I am a writer. This is an unbreakable truth. I am a writer. When finished, this will be my sixth book. There are a score of short stories too and another score of story ideas, but it has all been for naught, not one word has ever been published, not one word. Why do I keep writing then? Why? Why write if you aren't going to be published? Why bother? Why struggle? Why go through all of the time and effort? Maybe it's just a mania, an obsessive, delusioned mania, I don't know. I have learned so much, but I know so little.

Published or not, a writer is who I am. It is what I am. Writing is as vital to me as the blood rushing through my veins, the marrow in my bones, the pumping of my heart. I have to write. I have to write. I have to do it regardless of the outcome to stop would be to die.

Maybe that's the only reason I am writing all of this now, to stop would be to die. If true, I can think of no better reason to write. Maybe writing is the only thing which has kept me alive this long. Maybe it is the only thing keeping me alive now. Maybe it is the only thing which can keep me alive in the future.

Hmmmm..... I wonder if I could market this story from the inmate in the asylum angle, that's all book publishing is anymore, isn't it? Marketing, if it's not obviously marketable, publishers don't even want to acknowledge your existence. What the fuck does content matter anyway? Publishers don't care about fucking content.

'Yes, yes, Jr.-----, you're a great writer. No doubt about it. Style, imagination, wit, yest, it's all there, but so what? Nobody cares about any of that shit. Let's be frank Mr.-----, you're a nobody, a nothing, a never was, you're not hot, you're not even lukewarm, you're cold. That what you are, cold, as cold as a hundred year old frozen mackerel. You're here but you don't exist. Your humor, your insight, your intelligence and your dialogue will fly bout as far as a faulty paper airplane. You're not a celebrity of any kind: rock star, movie star, TV star, athlete, government or ex government official of any size or shape.

You're none of those things. You're not even a college professor. On top of that, you have no interesting back story. There's no selling point anywhere in you future being. Now, If you had fucked

Kim Kardashian and Paris Hilton in the ass, and made porno tapes and accidently on purpose released it on the internet, then we'd have something. There'd be no problem publishing your stuff then. We'd have a huge selling point. As huge as \_\_\_\_\_ well, never mind. So, go away Mr. ----- and take your style, wit, imagination, insight, dialogue, intelligence, and humor with you. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to go publish a celebrity tell all book written in crayon on a roll of 2 ply toilet paper. I smell a best seller here. It was a late Thursday morning, when I had a visitor. It was one of the two people I had called to them I was here. There was a light sound of footsteps approaching my room. It was the person who had brought me my music player. We shook hands, exchanged uneasy smiles standing next to the bed.

"Hi," I said, "I'm glad you could come."

"I wanted to come before, but you said-----, I'm sorry."

"I'm the one who should be sorry, you wanted to come and I said no. At the time, I didn't want you or anyone else to see me in this place. The shame had crowded everything else out of my mind."

"But, I'm here now," he said quickly trying to redirect the conversation to a more positive place."

"Thanks for bringing my music before."

"No problem, you always liked listening to music."

"Sometimes to the chagrin of my neighbors. At loud decibels, music to me, is a unique art form. Unlike any other kind, you can listen to the same music ten thousand times and still want to hear it then thousand more. It can get down to your inner being and touch you like no other art form can."

“I know what you mean. You can lose your eyes and drift off to a place far away from where you actually are.”

“A better place.”

“Always, otherwise there would be no reason to go.”

“And trips of the imagination cost nothing.”

“The only kind of trips we’ll ever be able to afford.”

“No doubt, fortunately I’ve always had a playful imagination.”

“Is it okay to ask how you’re doing?”

“Better than when I came in.”

“That’s good to hear. Are they treating you okay?”

“I don’t know what goes on in the rest of this place, but they’ve been decent with me. The doctor handling my treatment goes easy on the meds and is easy to talk to.”

“Any way of knowing when you might be able to leave?”

“No, not yet. It’s a slow progression. Sometimes it might seem as if there’s no progression at all, or maybe you might slip back a little.”

“But you are moving in the right direction now?”

“Yeah, you know, it’s almost as if I’m having to learn to walk all over again. I’m taking steps, small unsure steps while someone is always holding onto me, but the day will come when I’m walking that the person holding onto me is going to let go and see if I can walk on my own.”

“That’s a good way of putting it. You always were good at that sort of thing.”

“I wish more people would have noticed.”

“Book publishers, you mean?”

“Mostly, but anywhere I would’ve been paid for creative writing would’ve been okay.”

“How about the writers who pen the scripts for political TV ads or campaign speeches. Now, there’s some professional creative writing.”

The both of us laughed. I suddenly realized that the two of us had been standing during the entire time of our conversation with this realization, I decided to sit down, I was, in truth, feeling a little tired.

“You can sit down too,” I said.

“No, I’d rather stand. You know me, always restless.”

“Antsy pants syndrome or is it Itchy Bitches Disease? I always get those two mixed up.”

“So, how have you been dealing with not having any visitors until now? Has it bothered you a lot?”

"You're not my first visitor."

"No? Who else has been here to see you. Not -----."

"No."

"I didn't think so. You would've told me if she had been here. Who was it then."

"A priest."

"A priest? He came here to see you? Did you know him?"

"Given my views about organized religion and the fact that I haven't set foot in a church in over thirty years, outside of funerals and I 'm not likely to know too many priests."

"It wasn't the pastor of our old parish, was it?"

"No, I know him. He visited mom a couple of times when she was in the hospital."

"So, he didn't know you and you didn't know him."

"No, I think he makes regular visits here. Just like they do in medical hospitals. Maybe I caught his attention because of my reason for being here. Maybe he saw me when they brought me in and asked why I was here."

"And he came in and talked to you?"

"Three times."

“All because e was concerned about you? Someone he didn’t know, someone he had never met before.”

“Yeah.”

“He must be a decent man then.”

“He seemed to be. I thought he’d come here and start right in with lecturing me about religion, god and all that stuff, but he didn’t do that. He just talked to me, listened to what I had to say and tried to help me understand what led me to end up here in this place.”

“I could’ve done the same for you, you know.”

“Yes, I do know, but he was a stranger with no personal connection to me. At that point, I wasn’t ready to see people I had close personal ties to. You can understand that can’t you.”

“I think so.”

“It’s hard to hold your head up and look people in the eye after something like that. Especially if it’s someone you’re close to.”

“It’s okay, really, you don’t have to explain. It’s nothing you should feel bad about. Just work on getting out of here.”

“Well, I think the priest is out of the picture now anyway. We got into the subject of religion and god during his last visit and I doubt he’ll be back.”

“You gave it to him good, huh?”

“I didn’t say anywhere near what I could have. I thought because I liked the man, I took it pretty easy on him, but evidently it was enough.”

“You’re sure he won’t be back?”

“It’s just a feeling I have. There was something about the way he left, but hey, it’s nearly impossible to have any kind of a real in depth discussion about religion anyway. You question people’s beliefs and they become emotionally erratic. You too, often end up with name calling, screaming, shouting and raving with peoples’ faces becoming as red as a boiled lobster.”

“With him being a priest, it had to happen sometime.”

“To me, all that matters is what sort of a person you are and the reason is because this is what decides what kind of a world we live in. This is what decides what kind of a species human beings are. This is what decides everything about life. What kind of a person are you? Everything else is irrelevant. You tell me you’re a Christian, a Muslim, or a Hindu. That doesn’t answer the question. What kind of a person are you? You say you’re from this country or that country. That doesn’t answer the question. What kind of a person are you? You say, I’m white, I’m black, or I’m brown, that doesn’t answer the question. What kind of a person are you?”

“It’s a good philosophy to live by.”

“But it’s not a philosophy you can easily hid behind.”

“Which means very few people will ever follow it.”

“People like to hide behind things-masks. The truth can be a little hard to bear. Especially when it’s about ourselves.”

“There’s another reason people would reject your philosophy.”

“And that is?”

“People like to pigeon hole other people. It makes life so much easier. It requires so much less thought and effort. Like judging people based on their ethnicity, nationality, race, religion, sex and class.”

“You could even add looks, size, sexuality, age, physical and mental handicaps. The list is a long one.”

“Judging people as individuals is just a lot more work.”

“It makes the world more gray. Much more gray. People too often want everything black and white, good or bad, nothing in between.”

“And they like to feel superior too. Pigeon holing people makes that easy.”

My eyes were feeling heavy. I hadn’t had enough sleep the night before and the tell tale signs of it were beginning to show, I yawned, then I yawned again.

“I think I should be going, “ he said.

“You’re sure?”

“You’re tired.”

“I woke up at three o’clock and I couldn’t go back to sleep.”

“Besides, I’m getting restless as all hell anyway.”

“Okay.”

“It was good talking to you again, I’ve missed it.”

“We’ll have to do this again soon.”

“Sure, whenever you can make it.”

We shook hands again, exchanged subtle meaningful smiles then parted way. As soon as he left, I fell into bed, rolled over on the left side and I went quickly off to sleep. Within minutes, I started to dream. So often when I dream, there appear in a series of three or four, but not this time. There was only one dream this time, a rare and pleasant dream, full of beauty and light.

We were living in a daydream

With the world beneath our feet

And the sun smiled on the water

Where the sky and the ocean meet.

We were spellbound

Oh, spellbound

We were listening down at the rainbow

As the leaves fell to the ground

Whispering as they tremble

And the wind laughed at the sound.

We were spellbound

Oh, spellbound

We were children in the garden

Where the flowers kiss the sky

And the birds sang out in wonder

As the day went sailing by

We were spellbound

Oh, spellbound

Oh, spellbound

Mmmm, spellbound

'Daydream' Robin Trower

## Psychotic Views Part Seventeen:

It was only two days later when the second person I had called stopped by for a visit. The time was late afternoon. I had opened the curtains and blinds earlier in the day to let the sun come in. It must have been around noon. I sat close to the window. The warmth was unseasonably high, twenty-five degrees above the norm. It was early spring pretending to be early summer. Temperatures had been unseasonably high for the past five minutes. Lake Erie had never froze, nor had any of the other Great Lakes. Something I couldn't remember happening before, but hey, there's no reason to get excited, is there? I'm sure all of the climate change deniers out there have an unreasonable explanation.

What I've also been curious about with climate deniers is, do they really believe what they are saying? Do they? Are they really that ignorant or naïve, or is it more likely that just don't fucking care? I believe this is a much more likely to be the case. At least, when it concerns the people perpetrating the fraud at the top of the idiot chain. These people would include lobbyists, corporate goons, big business energy companies, marketers, adventurers, media and politicians. There are the ones selling this propagandistic pile of wet, soggy shit. They are selling it because they and their obsessively corrupt friends are profiting in the billions every year to leave things as they are now.

It is irrelevant to them that every dire prediction concerning climate change might be true. If millions of people are, so what? If tens of millions of people die, so what? If hundreds of millions of people die, so what? Hell, if the whole fucking human species goes completely extinct in the next fifty years, they don't give the smallest atomic damn at all.

Why? Because they're assholes. They're assholes the size of pie to the fiftieth power. Do they care about the condition of the world they are leaving behind for their children, their grandchildren, or their great grandchildren? No, they don't care. This brand of greed and selfishness we see from these people is on a scale never seen before in human history. The scale spans the entire world and the amount of money being made and the number of lives being destroyed has no historical comparison. Their credo of life is: 'Enough is never enough'.

Hey, why get excited right? So what, if the air becomes too altered to breathe or if temperatures rise enough that people are turned into human toast. So what if the worldwide starvation rates become a global epidemic, or world oil supplies continue to fall. So what if the lack of access to clean affordable price of food becomes so high that even high middle class families can't even afford it anymore. So what if a permanent underclass is created throughout the entire world, affecting a vast majority of the world's population.

Fuck the future, fuck it all to hell. Fuck it in the ass good and hard, fuck it until it's dead. Human beings have been borrowing on the future for a long time now. Nations, governments, industries, corporations, media, lobbyists, advertisers, marketers, politicians and everyone else have been borrowing against the future, everyone is guilty, some more than others, but everyone is guilty, everyone, and some day the future is going to come due. There will be no more borrowing, the future is going to come due, with interest. No one is going to be able to pay back what has been borrowed all of the years which led up to it. Too much is going to be owed. The hole is going to be too deep to climb out of, the debt will not be able to be repaid.

Yet, how many of the seven billion people on the planet care? The future has been murdered, viciously, violently, cold bloodedly, heartlessly, remorselessly, selfishly. The future has been murdered. Where is goddamn morality in that, huh? Where are all of your sanctimonious little shit moralists on that subject, huh? Where are you? I can't hear you, what's the matter, all of the sudden you have nothing to say?

Where's the sanctity of life with regard to the people of the future? The preservation of life, the right to life? The right to life? Evidently, there's no moral or ethical responsibility for the people of the year 2012 to do their best to ensure a preservation of life for people in the year: 2030, 2040, 2050 and beyond? Don't they have a right to life?

Jesus Christ, I really ran off of the rails there, didn't I? I started to talk about my other visitor when I veered off into a whole other place, I'm sorry, I apologize, wait a minute, who am I apologizing to? I've never had a word published in my entire life. Why the hell would that change now? So, who the hell am I apologizing to? Myself?

'Sorry self, I apologize.'

'Go to hell jerk, you're always doing this to me.'

'I said I'm sorry, what more do you want?'

'You're always sorry, then you act like an asshole all over again.'

'oh, come on self, grow up for Christ's sake.'

'Did you say grow up? Did you just tell me to grow up?'

'You're goddamn right I did, you're acting like a child.'

'I'm acting like a child? That's funny coming from someone like you.'

'Someone like me?'

'This is the last time, I'm leaving you.'

'You're leaving me?'

'You heard what I said, I'm leaving you.'

'Hell, if you want to go, go ahead and go self, and don't let the door hit you in the ass on the way out.'

'Good riddance to you too asshole.'

So, it's no longer me, myself, and I. Myself is gone. It's just me and I now. Well, it was a little crowded with the three of us occupying this small space anyway. Now, let's get on with the visit from the other person I had called and told I was here. I sat in a chair, covered by the afternoon sun when she arrived. I didn't hear her at first, my mind had drifted off to a calm quiet place and was enjoying the warm, caressing comfort. I stood up as soon as she came in and went to her in such a rush, I ran into the foot of the bed and almost fell. We ignored my clumsiness and embraced in a long, emotional hug. Both of us were crying audibly, with me being the louder of the two. Even after the tears stopped, we didn't break from our embrace for some time, no words were spoken. None would have been

adequate. When the embrace finally ended, we sat together facing each other conversing in the light of the afternoon sun.

“I was so glad when you called and asked me to come,” she said.

“I know it should have been sooner, a lot sooner, but I couldn’t face you before, not you or anyone else I know. It’s what’s best for you that matters, not me.”

“I’m sorry to have put you through this. You have enough problems of your own without my adding to them.”

“You look okay, are you doing better since you got here?” She had avoided my apology and rerouted the conversation onto another line.

Did I really look okay or was she just trying to encourage my mood? I didn’t ask her and went along with her.

“The last few days have been decent. My moods have stayed pretty even, not much binge eating.”

“That’s an encouraging sign, isn’t it?”

“Yes, it is, probably more so to me than my doctor.”

“How is your doctor? Good, bad, in between?”

“No complaints so far, I was worried. She was going to load me up with a slew of medications. There’s a hell of a lot of over prescribing of pills going on. Which suits all the corporate pharmacies. Billions here, billions there, cure you or kill you it’s all the same to them.”

“I see you’re as strong minded and opinionated as ever?”

“Complaining?”

“No, that’s one of the things I always liked about you.”

“Thanks.”

“So, your doctor is taking it easy on the meds?”

“So far.”

“Did you say your doctor was a she?”

“Yes.”

“That’s interesting.”

“Is it?”

“I think so.”

“There are women doctors everywhere.”

“True, but it’s still a mans’ world.”

"If you put it in those terms, the whole world is a man's world."

"So it is."

"It's been a long time since I've seen you."

"Yes, it has."

"It's a hell of a way to meet."

"You could've called me anytime."

"Would you have come?"

The question hung in the air for a long time with no reply. The ambience of the room had now changed. Shadows had overtaken the light for ----- . She never did answer my question, but I'm not exactly sure why. Was it because she knew the answer or because she didn't. Whichever the answer or because she didn't. Whichever it was, the answer could not be an unbreakable yes, I believed the reason she didn't answer was clear. She just wasn't sure. I could see the uncertainty clouding across her eyes.

"There have been so many other times," she said. "Times when you wanted me to come. Times when you said you needed me."

"The boy who cried wolf?"

"Something like that, yes."

“Thos other times, did you think I was just making them up?

“I don’t know, I don’t know. Maybe it was the number, maybe it was just too many times for me.”

“I don’t blame you. You know that don’t you? I’m a hard man to deal with, a hard man to live with, it took its toll on you.”

“You are a good, decent man, and I love you!”

“Even now?”

“Especially now.”

“It’s my fault, all of it. You told me I should’ve went for treatment. All of the time we were together, but I wouldn’t listen to you and you paid a price.”

“So did you.”

“It’s a price both of us are still paying for.”

I then asked her the question I had asked before without receiving an answer to, the answer, I needed to know, not just wanted to know, I needed to know. The answer wouldn’t change a thing. It couldn’t change a thing. It was an answer to a question from the past, and the past is set in immoveable stone. It cannot be altered, but I still needed to know the answer.

“Would you have come?”, I asked.

“Probably not.” This time there was no hesitation at all. Neither in her voice or her eyes.

“Would you like to change that to a definite no?”

“Can I say with absolute certainty? No, but the chances of my coming wouldn’t have been good, not if the past is any indication.”

“The past is always a good indicator.”

“How could I have known that this time----, that you would’ve ----“

“I told you before, I don’t blame you and I don’t, I just needed to know.”

“No matter what you say, I still feel guilt.”

“Well, you shouldn’t.”

“But I do anyway. I think the reason you didn’t call me when you were hurting was because you reasoned that, if you did call and ask for help, I wouldn’t come and your reasoning was sound. It’s a near certainty that I wouldn’t have.”

“It’s also a near certainty that I would have eventually tried to kill myself even if you had come.”

“Is that your doctor talking or you?”

Now it was my turn not to answer. She was looking at me with those cinnamon brown eyes of hers, determined to have an answer to her question. Her eyes wouldn’t leave me, my eyes in turn, went from her to the floor, to her.

I stood up and went to the window. There was little sunlight coming into the room now and no perceptible warmth. I turned back to face her in the chair and saw her on her way toward me. When she was close enough to me, she brought her hands up to my face and kissed me.

The display of affection brought a flood of memories rushing through my mind. I thought of our days together. The good days and the bad. I closed my eyes and returned to those days for a brief, dreamlike time.

When the kiss ended, I opened my eyes and took her hands in mine. She was looking at me and smiling in a way she used to long ago. She leaned forward, ready to kiss me again, when I started tapping the small diamond ring on her finger.

“Careful,” I said. “You’re a married woman.”

“You noticed the ring?”

“Yes.”

“Just now, when we kissed?”

“No, when you first came in, we hugged, remember? I saw it then.”

“Have you noticed anything else?”

“A few things.”

“Such as?”

“You’re wearing new shoes and they’re too tight. Your clothes are new too, even though you fell asleep in them earlier today and got them wrinkled. You didn’t sleep at all last night, but you got a couple of hours before coming here. You had eggs and toast for breakfast and a salad for lunch.”

“Anything else?”

“One thing.”

“Yes?”

“A new haircut.”

“You missed your true calling, Sherlock.”

“Fictional private detectives have much more intriguing cases are much more famous and much more believed than their real life counterparts. As for cops, that wouldn’t work for at least a hundred reasons.”

“Should I ask how you knew all that about me?”

“Well, I’ll do this in no particular order. You’ve got French dressing on your right sleeve, egg on your left sleeve and preserves on the front of your blouse. It looks like blackberry and I thought I was a sloppy eater.”

“I ate in a rush both times and my mind was a little occupied. Please continue.”

“You forgot to remove all of the tags from your clothes. There’s one still on the inside of the neck of your blouse.”

“And the slacks?”

“There’s no tags, that was just a guess. I figured if you bought a new blouse and new shoes, you also bought new pants.”

“The haircut?”

“You still have some hair around your neck and collar. I bet you fell asleep right before the haircut. You jumped up, hurried out of the hotel, got the haircut and come right here.”

“Which explains the wrinkled clothes.”

“You didn’t get a shampoo with the haircut though, did you? I would have smelled it in your hair.”

“No, I washed my hair yesterday.”

“You did all of this because you were coming to see me?”

“Yes, but I completely ruined the affect, didn’t I? I wrinkled the clothes, got food all over my blouse and forgot to cut all of the tags off.”

“Does your husband know you are here?”

“If you mean here, as in this particular place on a geographical map. Yes, he know I’m here, but if you mean as in here with you, then no he doesn’t know I’m here.”

“What did you tell him?”

“That I needed to see an old friend.”

“Did you say why?”

“Illness.”

“Well, I am an old friend and I am ill.”

“So, I wasn’t lying, was I?”

“Maybe a little fudging, but no lying. Would you like to hear something funn?”

“Sure, I could use a laugh. Hell, I could use a boat load full of laughs.”

“Well, I only have one.”

“I’ll take it.”

“Do you know that Sherlock routine. I just did on you. I did the same thing to my doctor during one of our sessions.”

“You’re kidding? What did you say to her?”

“She used to be married, but now she’s divorced, it’s recent. She had work done on her face to try and please her husband, but it failed. He left her for a younger woman anyway. She wasn’t wearing a bra. She used to wear pierced earrings, but didn’t anymore. She had three children. She liked opera and had showered and washed her hair the morning of our session. There was one other thing. What was it? Oh, yeah, she had a cat and it was shedding fur.”

“You told her all that? Jesus, and you did it the same way you did it with me, just by careful observation.”

“Yes.”

“And what did she say after you told her all of that?”

“She said something like: “My god, no wonder you’ve never been married. No woman could hold up to that kind of examination and this was just casual observation.” Then she said: “I wouldn’t want to try and get away with anything with you around. You better stop right here. If you keep going, we’d have to switch positions and I’d be your patient.”

She smiled and the two of us shared a modest laugh together. I’d almost forgotten her smile. It had been so long. The memory of it has been lost, but not forgotten. I dusted it off and replayed it a few times in my mind. Yes, her smile. It was something special. If to no one else except me.

“You actually told your doctor she wasn’t wearing a bra?”

“Yes.”

“And that she had work done on her face to try and save her marriage?”

“Yes.”

“It’s a wonder she didn’t slug you.”

“Maybe she wanted to, but thought if she did, she’d have to go to therapy. Hell, maybe she’s already in therapy.” You mean the therapist becomes the therapy.”

“I see my humor has stayed with you all this time.”

“Maybe it’s my humor that has stayed with you.”

“You could be right.”

“My other half has not sense of humor at all.”

“Don’t you mean your better half?”

“No, I’m the better half.”

“Not the first time you’ve been the better half if my memory is functioning properly.”

“Compliments will get you everywhere with me mister.”

“Hmmm, is that so? I should’ve started sooner.”

“Well, you’ve made a man good start. Keep going, I won’t stop you. At home, they’re a very rare commodity.”

“You said compliments will ge me everywhere, now I was wondering just exactly did you -----  
---.”

“That was just a figure of speech.”

“Speaking of figures, I’ve always liked yours.”

“Whoa, slow down there Big Bad Wolf. Your huffing and puffing is leading to too much heavy  
breathing.”

“Is that an across the board rejection?”

“”Yes, it is, sorry.”

“ Well, it was fun trying.”

“And it was fun dulling the Big Bad Wolf’s teeth.”

“I’m reporting you to ASPCA.”

“For what?”

“An act of cruelty to an endangered species in his native habitat.”

“An act of cruelty?”

“For refusing to mate.”

“I’ll give you the endangered species. You’re an endangered species all right, but natural habitat? You’re saying that a psychiatric care facility is your native habitat.”

“Okay, so I’ll concede that one. I actually migrated here from the frozen tundra up north.”

“I think I better be going now,” she said with startling abruptness.

“What?”

“I said I think I should be leaving.”

“I heard what you said.”

“Then why did you-----.”

“Disbelief, what’s with the sudden, ‘I have to go’? You a magician now? Pulling rabbits out of hats. Your slight of hand was flawless. I never saw it coming.”

“Aren’t they called illusionists now?”

“What?”

“They don’t like the word magician anymore, do they? They like illusionist.”

“And weathermen aren’t weathermen anymore. They’re meteorologists. Jesus Christ. It sounds like they’re working for NASA.”

“When the meteor going to strike Mars, John.”

"I don't know, let's call in a meteorologist he'll know."

"Okay, John, sounds like a good idea."

"And garbage men don't like the name garbage men, they're sanitation engineers. They got their fucking degree from MIT, and what are stewardesses on planes called now? Airline hostesses, and mercenaries aren't mercenaries anymore. They're security guards, and the estate tax isn't the estate tax anymore, it's the death tax."

"Please calm down, you're starting to scare me."

"Relax, I'm all right, I'm upset."

"You're more than just upset."

"Did I raise my voice? Did I hit you? Have I ever hit you? Have I even done you physical harm?"

"But you couldn't see the look on your face."

"That's a 10 on the scale of obvious statement."

"I could."

"Was it that bad?"

"Yes, your eyes were hysterical, your expression was nothing I've ever seen before."

"I'm sorry."

"It's okay really."

"No, it's not okay, I think I need to lay down for awhile."

"Why did you get so excited when I wanted to leave?"

"I don't know. I-----, I just-----."

"What? You just what? You didn't think that-----, there was a possibility of us getting back together, did you?"

"I'm not going to be about it, the idea was in my head."

"Because we kissed and because we sat here talking and laughing for a little while."

"Yes, I know how irrational it was."

"You're here and I'm miles away. I don't think they'd let me crawl into bed with you here."

"I'm a drowning man in need of a life preserver."

"It can't be me, it just can't, I'm sorry."

"Not as sorry as I am. I don't mind the struggle, but I've reached the point where I've tried doing it for its own sake. I need reason, I need purpose something outside myself, and I fear that it doesn't exist. That it's not out there somewhere waiting to be found, or maybe it is out there buried somewhere in a deep dark faraway place, a buried treasure and me without a map."

"I really do have to go," she said.

"Okay."

"I wish this could have ended differently."

"I think it ended the only way it could."

"Both times?"

"Yes, then and now."

"It would seem so."

"Horror and harrow, There in the narrow, Of things I can clearly see. Sadness and sorrow,  
There in the barrow, Of things that can never be."

"Who's poem is that?," she asked.

"Mine."

"Yours?"

"Yes."

"You didn't just make it up now, did you?"

"No, I wrote it after they put me in here on a napkin, no less."

"I like it."

"Do you?"

"I think it's very good, sad of course."

"A specialty of mine."

She gently placed her head against my chest and cried quietly for quite some time. My face was downturned and resting softly on the top of her head. Her arms were around me and holding me with all of the strength she could bear.

After the tears had stopped, we just stood there holding each other tightly and not saying a word. Then, with time passing so slowly it threatened to stop once or twice, she looked up at me and said:

"One more kiss before I go"

"One last kiss before I die"

"What did you say?"

"I just repeated what you said"

"Oh, did you? I thought you said something else"

"What did you think I said?"

"Nothing, forget it. I—"

Then I saw her smile one last time and we kissed our brief, tender goodbyes. There were no more words between us. What else was there to say? As our lips parted, I felt her pulling away from me, I kept my eyes closed and bowed my head slowly down. I didn't want my last vision of her to be her leaving me for a second and final time. I walked slowly to the bed and laid quietly down without ever opening my eyes. I stayed there the rest of the day without moving, but I did not sleep, no, I did not sleep.

Somewhere in the hours of the early morn, I gave up the idea of trying to find some peace a momentary respite from the pain, through the stilled existence known as sleep. It was then that I sat up, turned on a light, and I wrote this fine piece of my work, and now, as I prepare to put my pen down and call this the end the words of Lord Balfour are whispering darkly in my ear. 'Nothing matters very much... and in the end nothing really matters at all.' Here is another self-written piece of poetry.

Where to go

When all paths have been tried

Trapped in an open maze

There are no doors

There are no windows.

Can't escape

I no longer even try

It's all become clear now

The mist has lifted

There's no way out

No way out

There never really was

I just realized now

Escape was just a lie

A false, masterful illusion

A dirty game of make believe

Sold to the naïve and the gullible

To keep them in line

To keep them in check

And playing the game

Let the idiotic hamster

Run madly on his wheel

And pretend he is close

To getting somewhere, anywhere,

That isn't exactly where he's always been

Let the asinine sleep

Huddle stupidly together

And move in uniformed obedience

As the smiling shepherd

Leads them merrily to their slaughter

For me the game is over

I refuse to play anymore

I will no longer participate

In this grand mass delusion

I have reached my end.

'The End of the Game'

(Yours truly)

## Final Views:

Hello, I am the doctor who has been treating the man who has authored this strange, staggering mix of life and opinion. It is as bluntly honest of a piece of writing as I have ever seen. Both regarding his views of the world and of himself. This is a work of all things.

The reason I am writing here, instead of the man who authored this work, is because he is currently not able to do so. He is currently in surgery, bypass surgery, after having a heart attack.

Yesterday, he had a visitor, a woman. Someone he cared for very deeply. They had known each other for a long time and had a close, personal relationship many years ago. This information didn't come from him. It had come from her. She evidently talked to the nurse for a few minutes before her visit. Well, he had asked her to come and see him and she agreed to. It had been quite a long time since the two had seen each other.

I was not there at the time of their meeting. I have no first hand knowledge of the mood of this encounter. All I know is what the nurse has told me. I don't know what words were exchanged, but I do know the woman was crying mightily when she left and he went to bed and stayed there. His eyes, his mood, his entire being became darkly sullen. He refused to eat, he refused to talk, he refused all attempts to communicate with him. He refused to take his medication, he refused all things.

Well, sometime in the early morning, at four minutes past seven, his call bell went off. By the time, the nurse got to his room, he was on the floor. He was having a heart attack. All of the proper procedures were followed quickly and efficiently. He was given anti-coagulants (preventing blood clots).

The ambulance arrived quickly. It was on a return trip from a previous call and was in the area. The EMT began working on him immediately and continued to do so as the ambulance drove off to the hospital. Once they quickly initiated a coronary intervention, AC1 with thrombolic therapy.

Then the decision was made that bypass surgery was needed. So, he was rushed quickly into surgery. He is in surgery now as I write this. I am completely uncertain how this is going to turn out. I can't even estimate the chances of his survival. Surgery is always an uncertainty. There is always an element of risk. It is a dangerous business. Serious complications, even death can occur from the most minor of surgeries.

Heart surgery is especially risky. The dangers of something going seriously wrong are greatly heightened. Then, there are other factors complicating the situation even more. His surgery wasn't scheduled and planned. It's an emergency surgery done on the heels of a heart attack, and if all of this didn't make things uncertain enough, there is his mental state. Who can say what his frame of mind had been right before he had his heart attack. In recent days, his condition had improved, his moods leveled. There were no drastic highs or lows. The pendulum had swung in its normal, modest arc.

The visit though, from the woman of his past had affected him deeply, darkly. The drop in his mood was quick and thunderous. Like an anvil dropped in a six inch tub of water. His brief improvement had been on shaky ground to begin with. From the time he had arrived here up to improvement, he had more failures than successes, though they were not out of control, he still had his mood swings and he had a serious fall into the lowest end of the mood scale. Whatever small gains had been made before this woman had visited him, I fear, have been lost.

There are questions I fear the answers to, does he have the will to live, is it strong enough to help him survive, or is there no will at all? Is there any fight left in him? Is there the want of the struggle to continue on? I can only hope for the best, it is all I can do. Like everyone else here in this surgical waiting area, I am profoundly helpless in how this turns out. There is nothing I can do, nothing I can say to help him. I can only hope he recovers, I can only hope he lives to see the turning of another day.

As a doctor, I would like him to recover and improve his mental condition to the point where he could live some kind of a reasonable life. As a person, I want him to live, finish his work, and find a little peace of mind and a small taste of joy. As a woman, I would like him to find the purposeful love he so desperately needs. He is a man with many strengths, intelligence, physical strength, humor, empathy, wit, compassion, humanity, ferocity, but his weaknesses, his flaws overcame them all. I hope for the best, but I fear the worst.

Well, I am now here to say that my fear has proven true. Hope, once again, has died at the hands of a stronger foe. There will be no more turning of the day for him. He died today, he never came out of surgery. He was 53 years old.

He was a 53 year old physically healthy man who had a heart attack and died. He didn't smoke, rarely drank, refrained from both street and prescription drugs, was not overweight, and was physically fit. His family history was clean for heart disease. He had no negative physical health conditions at all. Yet, he had a heart attack and died.

Maybe his psychological state caused his heart attack, I don't know. Stress and emotional trauma can do damage to the physical self. It can do severe harm to the physical being. It can leave scars where there were no scars before. The heart is just one body part which can suffer serious adverse effects. Maybe this is the case here.

Maybe his heart had already been harmed and weakened from a lifetime of enduring his dark psychological illness. Long before his attempted suicide and his sessions with me, maybe his heart just couldn't take anymore. Maybe the outcome was out of his control or maybe it wasn't, maybe the difference between his surviving this and not surviving was that he'd already made up his mind. He did not want to survive, so he didn't. Maybe he'd made the conscious and subconscious decision to give up the struggle and surrender to what eventually claims us all. I don't know any of this for sure, I don't know and I never will. I barely knew him, yet I don't think I've ever met anyone like him before. His views on suicide, I believe, were correct. It is not the worst of sins, it is the saddest. I didn't know him long and only on a professional level, only through our small number of sessions together. Through these sessions and through what I have read of the pages preceding mine, I can honestly say I have never encountered a mind like his before. Surely, I have met more intellectual, more refined and more gifted minds, but I have never seen such a combination of human characteristics as I have seen in this man. As a doctor, I wish he could have been my patient for a much more extended period of time. As a person, I wish I could have known him as a friend. As a woman, I wonder, if I could have ---, if we could have---.

Well, there is no point going to that place, is there? The land of lost possibilities, the never can be world of its, maybes and might have beens. I must stay in this world, however unpleasant and face

what is, what is not and what can never be. Despite the great brevity of our time together, I will miss him, the entire reason why is beyond words. There is one last thing I must tell you before I go, I must tell you his final words. There were the only words he managed to speak from the time the nurse found him on the floor to when he died on the operating table. They are as follows:

‘This is my dream, this is my dream come true.’

I have to go now. I am home and it’s very late. I want to sleep, but I do not think I will be able to. I have already tried twice and failed. I don’t think I am going to bother to try again. What is the use?