

# The death of America

## FOUR PLACES IN HISTORY\* (written January 23, 1973)

Dred Scott, Wounded Knee, Vietnam, And Children-To-Be.  
Four places in history,  
Dred Scott, Wounded Knee, Vietnam, And Children-To-Be.  
At each place someone died,  
Dred Scott, Wounded Knee, Vietnam, And Children-To-Be.  
The last is where everyone died,  
Dred Scott, Wounded Knee, Vietnam, And Children-To-Be.  
For America committed suicide,  
at Dred Scott, Wounded Knee, Vietnam, and Children-To-Be.

## DEATH TRAIL: SCIENCE (to ohio house judiciary committee june 1971)

Take a group of children between the ages 4 and 8 to a science museum and show them the section on prenatal development. Explain the process and show them this beautiful life-giving sequence of events. Answer their questions, explain prenatal life. Then tell them about abortion and let the children -decide its right or wrongness.

The true difficulty is that science is killing again. Science has taken an anti-life route again. A poem has been written about science and it is called "death trail: Ten Small Letters." It is very short, and I would like to read it to you.

Dear Science, you misanthrope,  
Make life stop killing  
Again in the name of Life.  
Go straight to Science!

Dear-Darling-Trichloroethane,  
Napalm the defoliants  
And unnerve the gaseous chemists  
Who could not say "no."

Bubonic dear,  
Put plague in the wishes and dreams  
Of the warring biologists  
Who could not say "no."

Hiroshima Nagasaki,  
You radioactivate the megatons  
Of the no-matter physicists  
Who could not say "no."

Hey Miracle Engineer,  
You made "breathing" a dirty word.  
Go breathe yourself  
The exhausts and vapors of industry.

Psychiatrists, other doctors, and  
(Oh God!) social workers too:

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Why did all of you join  
The death trail of science? At most  
You made the killing invisible again.

Now, Abortion,  
You have replaced war by killing more  
To preserve the mental health  
Of the social psychic medical experts  
Who cannot say "no" to the Lorelei of science.

Listen, teenagers: Make love  
Not babies to be killed unborn.  
Better love is out of bed  
And a new kind of peace Is saying "no".

Adulting adults,  
Does maturity mean you cannot say "no"?  
Males never could. Can Unmales?  
Again: The reasons are so good this time!  
No. Hell no I won't go  
To kill again with science.

Oh saccharine science,  
How do you turn back from the death trail?  
Having once killed, the mind cannot say "no"  
Unless it admits  
To totally being wrong  
And totally wronging Being.  
No. No? No!

I hope that the members of the Judiciary Committee will say "no" to a change in Ohio's abortion law. The only guideline that has really held true throughout history is life. We must choose life. Man has always feared the future and regretted the past. I don't know why we fear the future because things keep getting better in spite of the prophets of doom who have always been wrong. However, I do know why we regret the past. It is because we have killed in the name of life, and we keep killing because we fear the future. As long as mankind fears the future, we are doomed to regret the past. You can break this cycle by maintaining a pro-life posture that includes mankind from the day of conception. A pro-life position is the only one to have.

### COEXISTENCE\* (written 1972)

DDT	Napalm	Poison
Computers	Missiles	Machines
AU	For	Me.
My	Food	My
Shelter	My	Education —

Just enough for one.

One Economy	AND	another
One Society	AND	another
One Country	AND	another
One Baby	AND	a mother

But I have to be the one to give in.

	Because	
Education	AND	motherhood
Career	AND	motherhood
Love	AND	motherhood

Do not coexist anymore.

Thanks  
To the male chauvinist pigs  
Who are too busy building

	Coexistence
To be	paternal.
My unmale right is	Coexistence

### FATHER'S DAY\* (written 1973)

A masculine woman is but  
Half-a-man on Mother's Day  
Unless the sex-typing is incomplete.  
(As long as men accept it)

Before that, Diana  
(Who wanted to be male) had become  
Heracles hating his children  
Unselfishly  
Until culture imposed on everyone equally:  
An Equal Misery Amendment.  
(As long as men tolerate it)

Thereby Medea and Atrous  
Could oppress children —  
Those culturally sacred possessions  
Who so badly want  
Socially deviant desiderata called  
Mommy and daddy  
That they are informally  
Excluded from personhood.  
(As long as men don't mind it)

However, culture imposes on everyone  
Equally: "Tis cowardly to attack a woman" —  
Even when she contemptuously both  
Has her child and kills it too!  
(As long as men won't use their muscles)

That menses increases crime increases accidents  
increases agitation And decreases performance  
Is no longer sanctioned

By  
Liberated Women:  
i.e. women who are independently wealthy  
i.e. women who have job security  
i.e. women who have careers awaiting  
i.e. women who have marriages already  
failed once

twice or more  
or not at all

i.e. women who need no protective safeguards for their homemaking  
childrearing society saving humanbeingness So that  
They may now indeed impose  
Their liberation onto others.

As long as men accept it,  
As long as men tolerate it,  
As long as men don't mind it,  
As long as men won't use their muscles  
They can have their liberation,

Kill their procreation, And by feminine frailty feigned  
enslave men too.

### VICIOUS CYCLE \* (written January 23, 1973)

Somewhere our forbears left  
To seek America  
And existence for children not found  
In their country of national origin.

Some found what they were seeking:  
America allowed  
Existence not to be found  
In what they left behind.

Some found existence they were seeking  
In America  
But children brought "not-allowed"  
From what they left behind.

Some children seeking existence  
In America  
Found forbears seeking  
Existence for children not allowed.

Some children are not allowed  
In America  
To exist, and they found  
What their forbears left behind.

### ABORTION 1972\*

The Women Libers of TIME Magazine,  
Have aborted the news media into  
A travesty in re:  
Balance, Honesty,  
And Objectivity  
(Which means shelving one's personal views  
for the sake of Journalism).

TIME's Women Libers have demonstrated  
A subjective approach to the news  
That disqualifies them  
From Honor, precludes them

From Competence, and demasculinizes them  
From Manhood, whereas  
Women they are not.

Complete Failure: The “Freedom of the Press”

Is now a genuine myth.

The “Freedom of the Press” has become a tyranny  
Of proselytizing dishonest imbalance in one topic only  
(And one topic is all it takes to destroy the freedom)

By

Women’s Libers Public Relations Expert Editors

Who, heady in their new freedom and power,

Manipulate the public

To Promote Pontifically

Their Intractability Instead of Integrity.

“Be men about it,” girls,

Which is, of course, no better

Than what editors have always been.

Thanks to you, it is a man’s world,

And the press is better dead than read

Because the oppressed became the oppressors.

### The “LAST ICON” (written 1974)

Many die so the dishonest may lie

And lie And lie And lie.

However the media

Lives and lives and lives.

In the sweat of patriots

The media lives

For those who sweat

Only on the golf course

(Give me liberty and give you death)

And for the other corporate aristocrats

Who dictate what the media

Gives and gives and gives:

Sale! Sale! Sale!

Watergate Abortion Infanticide Euthanasia

Strontium-90 Napalm Ingelfingerism

Nerve Gas Flesh-in-every-pot .

AND

for those able to afford the very best:

An electrode brain implant that gives

Sex (all sex any sex every sex)

By the push of a button

Without having to fuss with people

(end of commercial for

Corporate Executives & Rock-Fellers

in the prehistoric panting & nudity-violence

Caves of

ABC CBS NBC USA DOA).

Oh well, ask not what your country can do for you.

Really, it can do nothing

Because it has grown too

Small and ‘tis but a fragment of

the world —

The fragment of the obese over-rich

Perpetrating their overkill.

Oh well, ask what you can do for your country.

Really Really Really

Abandon It Abandon It Abandon It

Before you truthful honest ones

Die preserving the monied few on top of the

Icon.

No life after death

No life before birth

My country ‘tis at thee

Evolution stops dead dead dead

Until the last icon falleth

Where upon Peace becomes reality.

### Thank you, bishop (written december 2000)

*Deo gratias* for what you do for us:

The Sacraments especially the Mass!

“Christ has died. Christ has risen. Christ will come again.

“And “Christ is here right now!” in the Mass. Thanks to you.

*Deo gratias* for participation in the Mass with your priests:

The chance to mentally, silently lip synch with the celebrants,

Reverently saying the old Latin when remembered when appropriate,

Reverently saying the vernacular (all prayers, all readings, all songs)

With the priest, lectors, cantor and choir, in loud silence

Tuning out the world, nay, leaving the world nobly versed in

Spiritual things more real than anything ever outside the Mass.

*Deo gratias* for participation in the Mass your diocese gives us:

Immersed in ancient secrets of 2000 years via Rome,

Mysteriously one with the celebrants as I recite with them,

Embracing the Universe transcendently, detached tranquility,

Near ecstasy, Near God in the Statimuum,

Savoring the Roman Catholic Church as custodian, guardian and

glorifier of

The transcendentals, virtues and the family.

*Deo gratias* for your priests and religious:

“Transcendental Engineers” of matter, form, truth, oneness, good and beauty.

Your priests as “Transcendental Warriors” wielding

the sword of matter,

the scalpel of form,

the battle ax of truth,

the throw net of oneness,

the battering ram of good,

the scaling ladder of beauty.

Your priests as MSAs—Masters of Sacrament Administration

knowing the real world, immune to the physical,

immune to the illusions of television, movies and newspapers,

never supporting the monkey worship of celebrities

(and all celebrity seekers are monkeys!).

Your priests, by their transcendental commitment, are

the most powerful of the powerful,

enabling us to become what we ought to be,

instead of following the fakery and flickering light ink smudged

decarinating nothingness of the press and media.

Your priests, not entertainers, not celebrities, not cults of personality

but leaders of mystery and mysterious experiences

beyond individuality if we participate with them in the Mass.

*Deo gratias* for what you do for us:

The spiritual real alternative to the electronocelluloid dung beetle

culture of

Disgust and death by the necrophiliacs imposing boring passivity

and

The unreality of expecting to be entertained immobile anergically all the time.

You give us immunity to the unreality, non-being and non-living of lipstick, eyeshadow, macromastic callipygian idiocy, cartoons, all advertising, all entertainers and celebrities, most politicians, and the entire electronocelluloid universe of vapid nihilism including useless talk shows and talk therapies and love is making a sterile deal.

You give us awareness of all the non-reality outside the Mass: from the ephemeral satisfaction of sports to the gutter entrapment of pornography, from old sins to new atrocities, from the near total dishonest untrustable press and media to the superficial, venal, put-on plague from Spice to the Evening News, all designed to manipulate us into anti-Transcendental directions.

*Deo gratias* for what you do for us:

Still fighting the Church-hating French Revolution (ancestors to Hitler and Stalin)  
Now current American Nazis (descendants of Hitler and Stalin) the same:  
television is the guillotine, ‘  
movie theaters are the *noyades*,  
newspapers are the Committee of Public Safety,  
liberal humanists are the Parisian Mob,  
celebrities are all Robespierres,  
feminists are the Death Cart drivers,  
the ACLU is the Insurrectionary Commune,  
university professors are the Abolishers of Christianity,  
physicians are Jean-Paul-Marats, lawyers  
are Fouquier-Tinville, and  
the Supreme Court is the Jacobin Club.  
Fighting the ethnic cleansers to preserve our 2000 year old  
Traditions from architecture to song to language.

*Deo gratias* for protecting us:

From the cannon fodder State while liberals’ and abortionists’ offspring  
must now serve first until a number equal to the aborted are dead, in battles and work unable to be done by the forty million(?) missing aborted by abortionists (anyone ever for abortion is an abortionist), and  
the Church stay as the home guard raising and protecting unaborted families.  
By Church and State equally separate by no God on State grounds, no State on Church grounds, no flags, no pledges, no anthems, no draft,  
no State songs, no recruiters, no military chaplains, no military service, no  
martial music, no ROTCs, no “Uncle Sams,” no eagles, no nationalism,  
no military movies (watch only “The Execution of Private Eddie Slovak”),  
no place outside of one’s homeland is worth a drop of blood, and no service outside the State until abortionists and press and media  
have paid by their offspring on casualty lists for all they have killed. Let the anti-Catholics serve first die first? Separate Church and State in your face.  
And the mistreatment of Catholics in this land demands apology and compensation  
for all the schools, colleges, universities, hospitals and public service buildings and accomplishments.

*Deo gratias* for your leadership of the Ship For Those Who Go To

God:

The creek, old, sworn at, besieged, constantly leaking, perpetually ruined,  
Always sinking barque, no bone in her teeth, magnanimous, charitable,  
committed, non-political, rational, humanity promoting, agelessly revolutionary,  
genuinely free and cultured, filled with ancient secrets, fertile, sacrificing,  
identity conferring, truth seeking, oneness creating, good demanding, beauty promoting, life dedicated, male/female complementing instead of competing,  
environmentally sound by Natural Law, and helping any and every in all ways,  
With never less than one-twelfth of its crew in mutiny or incompetent,  
Plows along as the only Behemoth moving in the one direction flow of  
The Divine Substance, rescuing anyone who reaches out a hand, Collecting sinners who finally realize they have intrinsic value and worth  
In the sight of God and can return to Him in the plan of Salvation.

*Deo gratias* for the International Treasure transcending, encompassing,  
Harmonizing, adapting, sacramentalizing...and the Mass...  
And the Greatest Organization in History--The Roman Catholic Church.

*Deo gratias* for Bishop Pilla who will not let us forget God, Who never leaves God out. Who Incarnates our being and our souls By his priests.

## REAL ESTATE COMMI\$ION (written 1975)

House buyer or house seller? It matters not.

No you be careful of changing neighborhoods because You don’t want to improve any place. The undersigned owns and hereby authoriies you to offer for sale the property with 710 industry’s standards at the price and other terms stated below:

Part of the Only Part

Gets a commission by balancing the books and keeping different people unbalanced

Party 1:

Lookee what came in!

We’ll call you back.

One house shown.

Don’t call them back.

No houses in that price range.

Don’t take them out there.

This area is over-priced.

That lot is zoned commercial.

Needs sod.

Unlit noisy park over there.

Party A--Prime;

One phone call.

Many houses offered.

Keep calling. Keep calling.

Many houses for you.

Don’t take them in there.

This area is changing.

That lot is zoned residential.  
 Many possibilities here.  
 There is a beautiful park.  
 (Small print): The commission is to be paid to a Self-righteous  
 community guardian,  
 Self appointed race distributor,  
 ? create unrest ? frighten ?  
 But will with general effortlessness  
 Destabilize neighborhoods  
 By accentuating negatives thereby facilitating the  
 Flight to the special  
 Scantuary (for Party A-Prime types only) in order  
 To bring about the neighborhood  
 Deterioration promised and the commission desired,  
 Since both parties A-Prime and Z hereby agree  
 Not to live peacefully together, because they are  
 Different in accordance with  
 Fair housing which  
 Subsequent to and pursuant to this contract  
 Is defined as courteous,  
 Insidious community down-grading by  
 Manipulation of listing books, unselective transportation  
 And equal distribution of business caids.

(Large print): ThOs, we are dissolved of  
 Any responsibility as whipping boys,  
 Blockbusters, steerers, or segregationists, because  
 We exclude from the  
 Real Estate Board anyone  
 Not working in the best interest of the public  
 As we have defined those interests consistent with the  
 Basic attitude of any people of the community  
 As reflected in our sales associates  
 Who themselves  
 Are only community people who LOVE people less  
 Than those attitudes with which these sales ass-  
 ociates love themselves and the commissions for which

They live and work in a community  
 Without leadership and without a  
 Socialized Housing-Sales System  
 (using a standard contract and open listing by computer).  
 The undersigned acknowledge receipt of a copy of this  
 Loss of his life's  
 Equity to the Commi\$\$ioner.

## INTERVIEW (written August 1975)

Rally 'round the  
 Press, boys (and television and radio too).  
 Keep the media pure! Scream  
 "Freedom of the Press" with any hint of  
 Criticism.  
 Edit all but the media's side  
 With journalistic norms only:  
 Titillate  
 Provoke Embarrass Vindicate  
 Macerate Florid-ate Terminate  
 Game-Play Sob-Sister Half-Truth  
 Omit Omit Omit That!  
 Jazz-it-up Free-Boot-It  
 Flashy presentation and an all season  
 Mardi Gras covering that story.  
 Our Side Only!  
 Because  
 "One does not accuse newspapers"...  
 Or television...or radio...of anything  
 That will ever get discussed in the  
 Freedom of the Press.  
 Verily the public has a right to know  
 What the editor says.  
 So say little to reporters--  
 They will write it their way better  
 If you say Nothing.

## Down and outers (written january 2005)

What do you see doctor?  
 What do you see?  
 What are you thinking?  
 Looking at me?

A grungy Born Loser.  
 Not very wise,  
 With very poor habits  
 And crossed weak eyes.

Who trusts very little  
 Giving veiled replies  
 When you say without saying  
 "You are just full of lies"?

I am nobody with nothing  
 With nothing to lose  
 Who can only feel alive  
 With drugs or with booze.

Who laughs that people  
 Can kill an unborn child  
 Or get euthanized  
 But not meds to fee' mild.

I'm a down and outer:  
 Courting without the hows.  
 And with nothing to offer.  
 But unkeepable vows.

I'm a down and outer:  
 A military hire  
 Who almost died  
 In the Forrestall fire.

I'm a down and outer:  
 Drummed out for stress  
 Thinking all the right stuff  
 But making it a mess.

I'm a down and outer:  
 My kids' mothers reject.  
 I am all for them  
 But there is nothing to collect.

I'm a down and outer:  
 The best pleasure is a cigarette.  
 And I go to meetings  
 To try to forget.

I'm a down and outer:  
 My "family" is on their own.  
 And I think all year  
 Of no love that I've known.

I'm a down and outer:  
 People say "Who?"  
 And if you abandon me  
 I'll get even with you.

I'm a down and outer:  
 Pain is my salve.  
 And in a need moment  
 I sell the pills that I have.

I'm a down and outer:  
 All life is a dumb game.  
 Without you I am nothing,  
 And maybe with you, the same.

I'm a down and outer:  
 For whom time never flies.  
 It always goes wrong,  
 On the street, unwise.

I'm a down and outer:  
 Always getting scorned,  
 Even at the mall  
 where I'm wished "not born."

I'm a down and outer:  
 Going nowhere without fail.  
 Unless I do my usual  
 And end up in jail.

<p>Troubled like Dondi Always on his back With nothing going right, A Born Loser, a Sad Sack</p> <p>Is that what you think? Is that what you see? Then open your eyes doctor, You are not looking at me.</p> <p>I'm down and outer: As I sit here so stilt, As I feel you uncaring, As I feel you unwill.</p> <p>I'm a down and outer: A small child of 8 With a father and mother All filled with hate.</p> <p>I'm a down and outer: A kid whose teacher says smells And I will never deny The stories they tell.</p>	<p>I'm a down and outer: And nature is cruel. I have been born to look like a fool.</p> <p>I'm a down and outer: Grace and vigor depart, There is now a stone Where I once had a heart.</p> <p>I'm a down and outer: Nothing good dwells And now and again My battered heart swells.</p> <p>I'm a down and outer: Social life makes me ill. Being paralyzed by people Until I have a pill.</p> <p>I'm a down and outer: Meds help me stay sane. Without them I am nothing Without them I am lame.</p>	<p>I'm a down and outer: Groping for nothing, Pleading for help, Just give me something.</p> <p>I'm a down and outer: I've got nothing to share, And you must know: I am going nowhere.</p> <p>I'm a down and outer: Believe me by heck! And I hope you're not too mad After you take my check.</p> <p>I'm a down and outer: Never had no motherin' I try to get some help The least of the brethren.</p> <p>I'm a down and outer: Open your mind and see. I just want a real break. So, please see me.</p>
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## Cleveland heights

The world's first "all world city" outside of Rome  
The first American city in the third millennium  
Where going beyond one's constricted self is common...  
The ONE city committed to oneness -  
    one people - one mission - one humanity - one leading edge  
    for all mankind — one universe — oneness with the universe.

The dictionary of living:  
    domesticity dominating — ethnic savoring — devoted to neighborliness--  
    the science of humanity at work, alive and living  
    deep souled strong houses, splendid integrity and space surrounded by  
    maples, pines, oaks, basswood,  
    birch, ash, elms and ferns  
    and masterpieces of flora  
    houses which talk  
        with firm bones-built like tanks - of primary cut wood  
        with their own noises about all the people  
        they have served over the decades.

Iconic stalwart contemplative of oneself without ill will or lust or pollution  
A gourmet of spirit from romantic to electric.  
This is there. This is Is, This is where the action is..-  
Giving more and more and receiving more and more.  
Honoring the attachment and the place!  
Where total humanboingness is sought...where all are *one*  
    and united, blind, deaf, numb-dumb-green, tree-filled, basketball crazy,  
    Christmas-caroling, Hanukkah-lighting, Ramadan-keeping, neighborly,  
    senile, puerile, nubile, best cops in the world, feisty handsome firefighters,  
    bird feeders and bat boxes, unofficial bird sanctuary,  
    tufted litmouses, huge woodpeckers, turkey hens stalking cautiously,  
    herons soaring, cats kept from bird's nests  
    crows that can't get off the ground  
    joggers, pooperscoopers and dogs on leashes  
    raccoons in the trash  
    great horned owls in the trees.

hawks in the puddles  
 bats in the belfries  
 church bells ringing 'can I help you'  
 Children learning, children singing, children playing, children being corrected  
 libraries second to none  
 restaurants from all over the world  
 poker in the gazebo  
 Beethoven over the back fence,  
 stores for everything  
 live theatre, art and music festivals  
 you cannot die while you are laughing  
 leave your craziness back where you came from  
 new ideas without the old mistakes  
 no KKK, no WWW, no BBB, no HHH, no JJJ, no PPP, no III, no GGG, no triple super anything!  
 I'm not conservative, I'm cosmopolitan  
 I'm not liberal, I'm human  
 I'm not white, I'm catholic  
 I'm not black, I'm person  
 And we're going to save the world!  
 Don't bring what you want to leave behind-  
 leave your hate, violence, unculture  
 and differences.  
 Come and be free from what interferes...  
 free from white, black, brown, beige, red, yellow, from color,

### The st. ann's audit (written 2000)

free from whatever delorms relationships,  
 free from whatever divides...  
 The American Dance:  
 common heritage of humanity, common future, and  
 common good through personhood...  
 Where everywhere is close  
 Whore being is all being  
 The exuberant joy of Mankind together  
 Where humanity finds Truth, Oneness, Good and Beauty  
 Where humanity finds itself--Cleveland Heights, Ohio.

It was a time of testing and trial  
 and you thought the Civil War was over.  
 Now 300 million diverse people battling  
 because diversity is selfish.  
 So without appeal to base malice or hatred  
 offering a fine challenge to the real estate industry  
 to stop destroying cities and communities by  
 "Are you loyal enough, honorable enough, patriotic enough to live up to the Constitution?"  
 (Frederick Douglas)

The Cleveland Heights women  
 moved for humanity as one  
 and woe to us who do not make it work.  
 So refuse selfish diversity by seeking oneness  
 because we are more alike even  
 as we post and preen our differences.  
 Look to the fullness of mankind

everybody for everybody  
breaking down the flimsy barriers of selfish diversity  
by the hand of peace  
and the saving awareness of oneness -- "Have Peace!"

As Longfellow's Ship of State vowed:

Sail on, oh (Cleveland Heights) oh Ship of State  
Sail on, oh Union (oneness), strong and great.  
Humanity with all its fears  
With all its hopes for future years  
Is hanging breathless on thy fate.

John F. Kennedy:

"Since this country was founded, each generation of Americans  
has been summoned to give testimony to its national loyalty...  
The graves of young Americans who answered the call and service  
surround the globe" and here in Cleveland Heights  
"pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship...  
the torch is passed to a new generation..."

So kindle the army of human fire

sweeping us as one, true, good and beautiful...

For oneness is one day at a time.

One man with courage is a majority (Special Forces).

And one woman with courage is a victory (St. Ann)!

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