

Volume1 Number11

Thanksgiving 2002

The Waterfallian

This above
all else
to thine
ownself
be true.

Shakespeare



Congratulations to those who didn't vote, madmen have taken over the world with the corporate state.

Capitulate? Never!

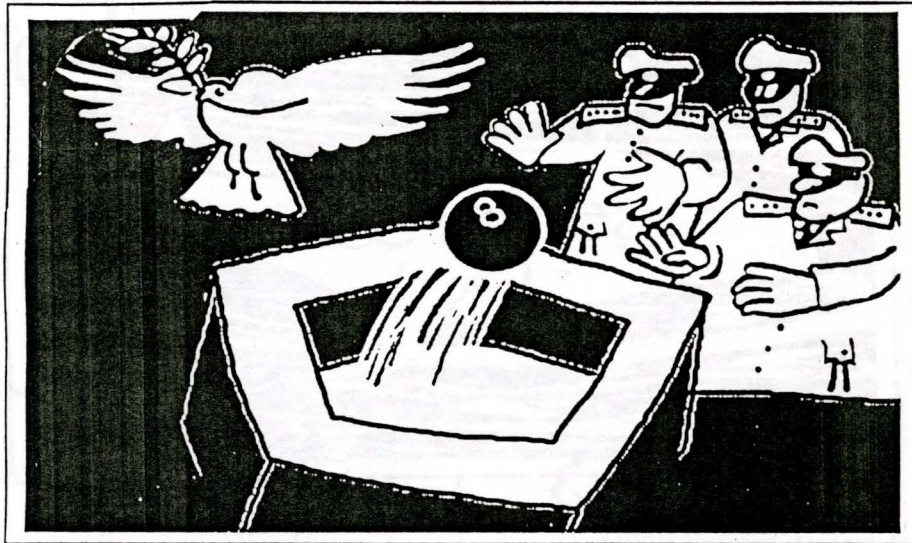
Make it a fable:

The legend of Foggy Bottom

On another rock long before time or space the people had vanquished the tyrantosaur by cleverly stealing their eggs. Freed from their cares in the interim people

didn't want war any more they could bike to yakka. Work where they liked. They soon quarreled about whose cave was nicer and whose god was worse and mo bad.

And such and such and on and on. Now Themnussia was no Earth. It was shaped more like a celestial potato spiraling through the void. Well into its late motor assembly line stage there was terrible conflict. Half a century of potatoes and social unpleasantness had killed



many Themnussuans The remainder were war weary. They united for peace, for an end to organized mayhem.

It was the end of a great war between the Themians and the Ussians. War was over. The people rejoiced But the generals were all a dither...

The generals are in the Pentagram leering in the wishing well. They put the old King's gold coin in the bucket and crank the sovereign down to the whale in the well. Sending a gold coin to Behelzebub. "Anybody there?"

Behelzebub throws it back to Foggy Bottom tells the munitions makers, "Here are my terms. If you want an answer so people will be in fear forever and you will always be in power. All you have to do is renounce your mother.

"Morality is for chumps. No fair

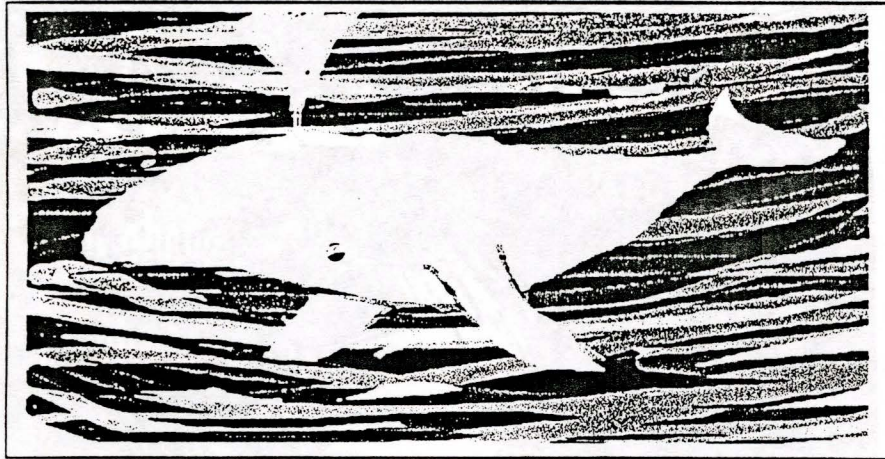
play, only winning counts. No sharing, only arguing more and more. No absolute truth. No good or evil. Say whatever it takes to win. If you really worship Moloch, He Of Money and War, declare your evil deeds to be good. If any should questions you to be evil, be ruthless, say these words every day:

Divide and conquer
all hail Behelzebub
and his minions Gog and
Magog and their mighty
Moloch.

"No, this is not about roasting or eating your own children. No, far from it. All that really matters is power: To dedicate yourself to power for its own sake. Insanity for its own sake."

The generals are in the Pentagram leering in the wishing well. The old 8-ball answer in a fortune cookie...

Waterfall and Wills



I AM LEVIATHAN, a humpback whale, my kind lived peacefully in the oceans of our earth for eons before hunter man the conqueror and destroyer came to kill.

Great white sharks will attack a young whale if it strays from the pod, but until the men came, an adult whale had no enemy, other than the occasional big squid, who usually lost.

When the men came, first in their wooden whalers with harpoons it was bad, but then the steel ships came with their noises and explosions. Massive submarines, even bigger than I am, invaded our territory, bringing with them their terrible blasts, and an all-pervading noise that dooms our kind. Many great whales have been killed by these infernal war machines, some even torpedoed for sport and target practice.

Before the coming of monster man and his aggressive nastiness we could peacefully swim the seas for a century or more, making and listening for the music

of the waters. Our songs delight us dwellers of the deep, songs that woo, songs that call us to breed.

Now the humans who inhabit the dry quarter have grown more degenerate, they maim and lay waste to people from other cultures and call it "collateral damage."

The words of Chief Seattle, a champion of our kind, are more relevant today than ever. He said that these colonial invaders cannot be stopped, they are ruthless, even as they claim to be good, he said they are clever, but not wise.

Now, swollen with greedy pride over their power of domination, they blood the oceans with their aggressive sonar, their deadly war noises.

I, Leviathan, implore you to stop this madness.

I ask all you humans out there with spirit and determination, with decency and respect for creation, to stop the wars on land, to stop the wars in the sea.

Please save us, the whales.

Waterfall and Wills

Chet Helms – impresario

Dance in peace

Darwin's quote at
the Scopes trial,
"Well, I'll be a
monkey's uncle."

Cold war oxymoron,
"military intelligence."
21st century oxymoron,
"corporate culture."

When asked, "What
do you think about
British civilization?"
Ghandi replied,
"I think it would be
a good idea."



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