

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH



CACOPHONY OF
CRAB CONFESSIONS

H. KIRK RAINER



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The courageous defies tyrannies...the only true freethinker is
[one] whose intellect is as [] free from the future as from the past;
[simply], he cares....

- G.K. Chesterton, *What's Wrong with the World*



AM I "COURAGEOUS"?

There are more things [more] likely to frighten us [] than to **crush** us. We suffer more in imagination than reality.

- Seneca, Adapted



WHAT "ARE MORE THINGS TO FRIGHTEN US"?

Climb [and crawl if you have to], but remember that **courage and strength are [nothing without] prudence....**

- Edward Wymper, *Scrambles Amongst the Alp*, Adapted



HOW DO I "CLIMB"?

You see what I do at once. I **climb...**

- John Menlove Edwards, "Letter from a Man"



WHY, "CLIMB"?

...a particular problem at this time is the widespread loss of **individual significance**, a loss sensed inwardly as impotence....

- Rollo May, *Power and Innocence*



IS "INDIVIDUAL SIGNIFICANCE", A "PARTICULAR
PROBLEM"?

[Nevertheless] whatever you do, **you need courage**, [because] there is always someone to tell you that you are wrong, always difficulties arising that tempt you to believe your critics are right.

- Ralph Waldo Emerson



WHY DO I, "NEED COURAGE"?

Evil is [] not so much by evil people, but by good people who do
not know themselves and who do not probe deeply.

- Reinhold Niebuhr



DO I "KNOW" MYSELF?

The indifference of the system is also crushing

- Tim Morton



WHY CARE ABOUT, "THE INDIFFERENCE"?

It is a disease. Nobody thinks, feels, or cares anymore; nobody gets excited or believes in anything except **their own comfortable [] mediocrity.**

- Richard Yates, *Revolutionary Road*, Adapted



CAN "COMFORTABLE MEDIOCRITY" BE BAD?

Those who live by the sea **can hardly form a single thought** of
which the sea would not be part.

- Hermann Broch



DOES THE SEA "FORM A SINGLE THOUGHT" OF MINE?

Snatched from danger...we begin to **learn to trust**

- John Newton



HOW, WHOM AND WHAT DO I "TRUST"?

In a sea of blind, the one-eyed **[crab]** is king

- Erasmus, Adapted



CAN A "CRAB" SEE, SENSE?

If you never take risks in life, you will never **see anything new.**

- Blake Lewis



WHY TAKE "RISKS" JUST TO "SEE"?

TAKE COURAGE...

An Allegorical Play: COURAGE IN THE CRUSH		
ACT 1 – CASTING COURAGE		
	Scene 1 – new day	1-1-1
	Scene 2 – far-out funky	1-2-7
	Scene 3 – where in the world	1-3-13
ACT 2 – CONCERTING CARE		
	Scene 1 – another is coming	2-1-19
	Scene 2 – where is as place?	2-2-25
	Scene 3 – better, that babble behind	2-3-31
ACT 3 – COLOSSAL CREATURES		
	Scene 1 – as no other	3-1-37
	Scene 2 – fallen angel fish	3-2-43
	Scene 3 – what becomes...	3-3-49
ACT 4 – COSMIC CROSSING		
	Scene 1 – light on black	4-1-55
	Scene 2 – what happened to <i>now</i> ?	4-2-61
	Scene 3 – more to come, still	4-3-67
ACT 5 – CONFUSED CROSSOVERS		
	Scene 1 – this is <i>now</i>	5-1-73
	Scene 2 – this was then	5-2-79
	Scene 3 – this becomes	5-3-85
ACT 6 – COMMODITIZED CLAM(S)		
	Scene 1 – bubble trouble	6-1-91
	Scene 2 – bubble backward	6-2-97
	Scene 3 – banished bubble	6-3-103
ACT 7 – CORRUPT CRIMINAL		
	Scene 1 – as it is	7-1-109
	Scene 2 – as it was	7-2-115
	Scene 3 – as it will be	7-3-121
ACT 8 – CRAZY CLIMATE		
	Scene 1 – what you do not see	8-1-127
	Scene 2 – what you did not see	8-2-133
	Scene 3 – what is coming?	8-3-139

ACT 9 – CASTRATING COUPLINGS		
	Scene 1 – slipping-down	9-1-145
	Scene 2 – sliding-up	9-2-151
	Scene 3 – singled-out	9-3-157
ACT 10 – CUTTING CHORDS		
	Scene 1 – undoing unborn	10-1-163
	Scene 2 – sacking sacred	10-2-169
	Scene 3 – purging plans	10-3-175
ACT 11 – CRACKING CROWNS		
	Scene 1 – everlasting empire	11-1-181
	Scene 2 – emerging empire	11-2-187
	Scene 3 – ending empire	11-3-193
ACT 12 – CLIMBING CONFIDENCE		
	Scene 1 – journeying on	12-1-199
	Scene 2 – venturing out	12-2-205
	Scene 3 – ascending to	12-3-211
END NOTES		
Sea Change		
Sea Crabs		
Cacophony (versus Consonance)		
Cast(e)		
COURAGE, Content and Character		
THE CRUSH, Conditions/Circumstances		
Clam(s) Commodity		
Corruption and Criminality		
Climate and Clouds		
Confusion and Calamity		
Curse, Cause		
Crisis and Catastrophe		
Conflict and Contention		
Calm Closing		
Confession Inspirations		
A Count of C-Sounds		

An Allegorical Play

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH is an allegory written as a play (script). It is composed of a cacophony of confessions and characters about/of crabs (or shells), dark and delightful spirits, and a unique character and concept called COURAGE. Also included in the play is reference to the many generalized creations: *the many*, who are the masses or collective; and *the few* that do the bidding of the dark spirits, *the fallen*.

COURAGE is at the core of the story, shared with the subjects of *care* and *caring*. Without *care*, all is lost and finally crushed, a careless or loveless world. The struggle of the story is to save or salvage *care*, *caring* from that which seeks to end it.

THE CRUSH is the degradation of the world, the end of *care*. *Dark* spirits roam about, above and beneath the world, consorting and conspiring with *the few*, *the dark powers of the world*.

The setting, time and place, shifts from the present or *now* (scene 1), and then *backward* (2) and finally, *forward* the future (3). In these settings, the crabs witness more than thought possible, their senses supernatural as with the spirits who watch and wait for the crabs' end along with all of creation, the world crushed.

Who is strong enough to endure the spirits' *power of the world*? Who can stand with COURAGE when so many are careless and cathartic and so few are controlling of all *matter*, maybe *mystery*?

Please refer to the back pages for related, inspirational and influential material, more on **COURAGE IN THE CRUSH**.

The greatest challenge [] is how to bring about a revolution of the heart [caring] to start with each one of us.

- Dorothy Day, Adapted



WHAT IS "A REVOLUTION OF THE HEART"?

ACT 1 – CASTING COURAGE

Scene 1 – new day

TIME: *Now*

PLACE: On a shore, beachside, a calm day with the sun cresting, streams of morning light reflecting on the cascading surf while crabs scurry and crawl about.

CLARITY

What a new day this is, and to see and sense, that it is like so many *backward*; that for millennia, many like me lived, thrived, struggled and sacrificed, and somehow made it to me, *now*.

(CLARITY is white, almost transparent, with the common markings of crab. Others sometimes mistake this one for a ghost—yes, a ghost crab—with its rare, muted color and more, its ability to see and sense things, past, present and future. Some sound that CLARITY is clairvoyant and then more, a prognosticator with strange, sacred power to predict what will happen—what was, is and will.)



For you that do comb the sea or know of crabs, our kind has lived for a long, long time. Take for instance the odd crustacean creature, CRUSTY. This one is as old as we come, with an odd shape and even odder ways. Sound off CRUSTY; introduce yourself to any, all which *want and will* to live long as you.

O' CRUSTY, CRUSTY...wake from your slumber and give it all you can, old lucky fool. Sound off about how it was in the *backward*; about all those strange creatures like you that lived and thrived but then, gave up, -out or -in, conflict within and about.

CRUSTY

What do want from an old creature like me?

(CRUSTY is, as illustrated, a horseshoe crab. As old as creation, this one is cranky and, as the name fits, crusty too. Oh, this one *knows the life* of struggle and sacrifice with many stories given that wit and want can will to share, to care.

As it is *now*, the horseshoe struggles; some days are fair but most are weathering, withering.



I am ancient, aged, and acrimonious as the sea is deep, annoyed easily and always tending to my ailments. *Now*, give me a claw, else I may never make it to the next dune, wave or wake.

(CRUSTY, as CLARITY, are alone; that is, each are the only of their kind on this shore. There are others scurrying around too but each is alone—the only of their kind as though one of every kind of crab was plucked from its place and put here, *now*.)

Well, are you going to gawk at me or give me a claw?

(CLARITY helps CRUSTY, the younger assisting the older, one of one kind helping another, the ancient kind, such that one sounds,

“I care about all crabs,” while the senses, *I am confident that someone cares*.

It is a beautiful and natural thing, *care*, but so often overlooked, overtly dismissed as one kind overtakes another or, even more offensive, one of the same kind destroys their own. *Conflict and contention* will rid most of *care* or even caring about *care*.)

As the days pass and the tides ebb and flow, the care of many will grow cold, as I am a crusty codger soon to pass from the world, my wit and want no more to will.

CASTAWAY

Where am I?

(CASTAWAY is practically colorless too, but still, keeps a hue of pink, perhaps the meat and muscle within. Thinner than most, more the *matter and mystery* of any cast away, this crab suffers as any exiled from *the many*, CASTAWAY is a cast or caste of that shares similar status, sinews, stature and strength of those disposed, discarded.)

I feel drained, dude.

CRUSTY

You will live...when you get some color back and wash all that foam and feces out and away.

CASTAWAY

Who are you, dude?

CRUSTY

Do I look like a dude?

CLARITY

What is shaking, you two?

CRUSTY

I am shaking, like the feathers of a gull in a windstorm.

CLARITY

It is a figure of sound, CRUSTY; it means, "What is going on, happening or doing?" It is dude-sounds.

CRUSTY

(Ornery as a cuss,)

What is going on is that I am incurably old, with little patience for such a pitiful spirit, disoriented or disowned, and a dude I am not.

CASTAWAY

Yeah, right, sure...*take a load off.*

CRUSTY

Yeah, right, sure, get your barnacle butt over here and help.

(Slipping along the shoreline, CASTAWAY turns toward the dunes where CLARITY and CRUSTY are stalled.)

CASTAWAY

What happened to you?

(CASTAWAY is still in a slumber—as anyone would be who is constantly on the run, swimming and crawling for its life. In other times, *backward*, a crab of this kind took fright and flight by similar means, going solo because *the many want and will* to have nothing to do with one who does not *swim in their lane* or *follow their stream*. One that chooses to live life as an individual, free to think and do their own, a singular *want and will*, independent of a cast or caste of crabs, is, as they sound,



“This creature is a threat, a menace to *the many*,” not only so but then separate and separated, silenced and without significance, their name is now, MUD.”

The many—more a few of *the many*—conjure-up convoluted commands that contradict the ways of the crab, natural and nascent. Countless in corruption, one command counters another and, in the chaotic cacophony of clandestine and criminal cases, is a few controlling *the many* while casting out the malcontents, miscreants to be made into crab cakes or ground-up, crushed into a can.)

CRUSTY

I am old, too bitter and briny for consumption, unlike you.

CASTAWAY

I am here, perhaps too bloated for consumption.

CLARITY

Yes, you made it, and we each are better for it.

(CASTAWAY and CLARITY lock pinchers as a show of *care*, caring, exchanging a few looks, signals that those silenced learn to carry on, communicate and other conduct their life among other ones, lost and lonely.)

CRUSTY

We are...better?

(CRUSTY does not pick-up on the looks or signals, primarily because much of that memory comes and goes. On another day or hour, the old crusty one will reflect and recall such signs, the meaning of it both *matter and mystery*. At this moment however, CRUSTY is seeing only now and not much of that, its shell cracked and crumbling, covered with age and covered-up with ailments.)

CASTAWAY

(Out of the deep blue,)

The powers that rule the world are never more than now.

CRUSTY

I sound with all my strength, "To *the bottom* with the powers of the world." I tire more hearing of it, the hounding of it

CLARITY

It is growing, THE CRUSH, unceasingly it seems—more than before.

CASTAWAY

Maybe it is, as you sound and sense, down-dune, turned-tide, no time or place to slide and glide, hide.

CLARITY

Anyone that knows you knows that your age more than proves your points when it comes to now or then, when less was more and caring too, more. .

(The two assist the aged beyond the dune, finding shelter in some rocks beyond the wash. There, others come and congregate, a community of *one-off* kinds with a common cause of simply to survive for another day.

Gulls and other flyers comb and climb about, darting and diving for their dinner among the crawlers and swimmers. The sea drifts ever closer, nearing *the rock* and then, consuming most of it; yet, *the rock* remains, immovable by the pressures, the push and pull, but worn by the ages as like CRUSTY, weathered and withered.

Turn to the ancient one,)

Please old one, show us the way to go by your sounds of the way it was—and should be.

CRUSTY

Give me COURAGE recall and resound as it was, *backward* from *now*, such that one or more of you may do the same whence I leave here, *the rock*.

(CRUSTY is illuminated; no more the ancient but more as it was, alive and aware as anyone can be, deep in the dark of the sea amid an array of creatures *now* unknown—or even sensed, the sense that was when the powers that rule the world were less, not more, and *the many* were less too).

Watch me CLARITY, and work that my sounds com clear and concise. Do not let babble or bumble, jumble or fumble, hold and fold, withhold or without and most of all, *the truth* behold.

CLARITY

I am here to see and sense what comes.

In a time of deceit, telling **the truth** is a revolutionary act.

- George Orwell



WHY IS TRUTH "A REVOLUTIONARY ACT"?

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

Real courage is [trying despite the sense] you are licked...

- Harper Lee, *To Kill a Mockingbird*, Adapted



WHY TRY "REAL COURAGE"?

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

ACT 1 – CASTING COURAGE

Scene 2 – far-out, funky

TIME: *Backward* (long before *now*)

PLACE: The solid rocks of the shore; the crevices and caves where ones collect to call out to the spirits of the sea,

CASTAWAY

This is far-out, funky, cool and crazy, groovy and gravy, and maybe,

(CRUSTY is aglow, stocked and storied, ready to go to the aged and ancient places of *backward* long ago.)

The horseshoe is gold.

(Ruminating, illuminating, transcendental, continental confession of others not here but there, not *now*, but then, not bodied but spirits.)

CLARITY

Watch and learn, listen to the sounds soon to sound, where the *backward* before becomes the focus of the future, further and farther. To connect with the past is to comprehend all *now* and to come beyond *now*, *forward*.

(Touching the shell of CRUSTY, CLARITY shines too, the energy of one to another, the sense of one *backward*, sounding to the *now*—all time and place erased.)

CASTAWAY

Can I get in?

(Before the question complete, the answer comes complete, that all are in; each, all present is shell and spirit, are in some way in, none no more left out.)

CRUSTY

(CRUSTY glows bright, brighter, brightest, then sounds)

Oh, it is beautiful and bountiful, a banquet of bread, a bouquet of fermented grape, and oil to add. I count twelve gathered round a rock, rigid and right, clean and cut, clear of weathering as those *now*. One at center begins to sound while the others listen with awe and-

CASTAWAY

Awesome, down and on the ground, something in the sand where the sea meets the shore and the surf is wavy gravy.

(Another look from CLARITY signals silence whatever the impulse or inspiration, for which CASTAWAY gets too.)

CRUSTY

It is dark but light, somber but bright, as hearts come together and then to start this last and lasting night. The bread is breaking in the mend, the grape is leaking through the skin, the crabs in concert friend to friend when-

(Both CLARITY and CASTAWAY ease *forward*, waiting for what comes after “when”.)

CLARITY

(With a motion and then subtle sound, CLARITY looks again at CASTAWAY)

Give CRUSTY time—as though time matters.

CRUSTY

Something is passing over; it is passing over them and among them, the twelve, while one sounds and serves. One, at the center of the setting is sounding still more as each takes and eats, feeds and finishes, the first and the last. The one sounds around them, with them and in them, the others,

“When I return, *the power of the world* will be no more.”

CRUSTY (Continues)

“With the bread and grape, I make a promise to you, a commitment that cannot be broken or banished. Believe me that many will try, promise breakers and commitment takers; they will always try..., but will finally fail, my sounds solid as the rock.”

The one is caring and certain, making the most to tell these least that the greatest is yet to come.

“Still, I must sound that one of you is among *the many*; yes, one is secretly joined with *the many* plotting against me, aimed to destroy, and stopping at nothing to see me die, then dead.”

One other and then another sounds the name of the one, each call the one, COURAGE.

“You each, all, stood by me until *now* and will stand again, *forward*; yes, as one and then another stood from time *backward* to the beginning, *now* and to come, you will stand.”

(To “stand” for crab simply means to take a stand, hold the ground and be strong, stalwart, but caring the more.)

Then one presses *forward*, too bold too soon,

“I stand *now*, COURAGE!”

Then, following some silence, COURAGE sounds somberly,

“You will not, until sometime from *now*; but you will deny me more than once. In fear of cast away, you will deny me until a time and place where you will truly stand before your die, dead

The one that pressed *forward* slumps backward and with tears in his eyes, as like a sea turtle, goes silent, not crushed but hard-pressed, not destroyed but discouraged, not bold but bewildered.

(CRUSTY continues, adding that)

Denial is nothing unique to COURAGE; through all time from *backward* to *now*, many deny whether openly with sound or silently in sense. Yes, all of the crab creation denies COURAGE.

CRUSTY (Continues)

There is a time to stand *forward* and a time to stand *backward*,
A time to weep in sorrow and a time to cry with joy,
A time to eat and a time to sleep,
A time to swim and a time to sink,
A time to face the storms and a time to seek shelter in *the rock*,
A time to learn and a time to teach,
A time to sound and a time to be silent,

They may see with their eyes but are blind or bullied in their hearts, and until their hearts can sense, only then will their denial cease, and caring and care finally crush THE CRUSH.

(After a deep breath)

Thus, to you, stand and after everything, stand.

CLARITY

(Looking at CASTAWAY,)

I sense that CRUSTY is not finished; there is more to COURAGE and the others.

CRUSTY

Do not fear to stand? Even if cast away, do not fear.

CASTAWAY

Is CRUSTY sounding to me?

CLARITY

(Sounding the question sensed by CASTAWAY)

To any cast away—as others too, all cast away.

(CASTAWAY nods, signaling some understanding)

CRUSTY

There is still more to sound, for COURAGE is soon to leave them but first must give more, a message of caring with care.

CRUSTY (Continues)

COURAGE is more than any and all that see and sense; one that knows sorrow and suffering like no other, any and all others. Yes, this one is not of here but comes here caring with care.

(CRUSTY dims, then dark and grim)

The many do not see the matter or sense the mystery, cloaked in *want and will* for all things material, all things physical. They may look but will not see. They may feel but will not sense. They, *the many*, take comfort in the moment with the convenience to crawl here or swim there. They do not need *the rock*—the solid rock—but stay on the sand—to be washed away with the next storm, surge and swell however few times such occurs. *The many* sound off,

“La-la, La-la, look at me, fancy and free, they sing and sound, flaunting, flopping and floundering about, not a care in the world.

The many sound off with many such sounds; each and all that praise things and raise things beneath COURAGE to comfort and convenience above what crabs of old, as me, see as gauche and gaudy. When will this song end? COURAGE sounds that such things cannot go on, always, as there are boundaries and blocks even *the power of the world*. How long will they *want and will* until the debt comes due, the collector comes for *the collective*? Still, *the many* sound off,

“We are blessed,” but with another breath, sound,

“We are bored.”

Blessed or bored—which is it?

Maybe it is not either; maybe they are neither blessed or bored but burn, brash for more until their gills overflow with glut, muck and yuck, and their brains burst, done-in from their doubled-minds. Maybe I do not see or sense the straight. Maybe my sounds are all wrong and they are simply living life to the fullest, great and then greater. Maybe caring and care is just a sound and all this COURAGE is mere nonsense, the sound of silence.

CASTAWAY

CRUSTY sounds burned-out and breaking.

CLARITY

CRUSTY laments of the sights, sounds and senses of *the many* too entangled and entrapped. *It is one thing to imagine such idealism—blessed and bored—but another to see it for what it is and is not. In such blessing and boring there is no caring of care to survive, let alone succeed—only death and destruction.*

CASTAWAY

(With a look of clarity)

CRUSTY is consumed, their consuming consumption.

CLARITY

(With a look of astonishment)

Yes, CASTAWAY, CRUSTY is.... Soon CRUSTY will come back and when so, some comfort must come, will come, to us all.

CASTAWAY

How much comfort—considering that comfort and convenience is perhaps a bad thing.

CLARITY

(CRUSTY, beginning to show consciousness)

Yes, that kind of comfort is “a bad thing”, but what I sound of here is not that kind of comfort—one consuming consumption—but rather, one of *care* or *caring*. You see that COURAGE is one of *care* and caring, continuing. The comfort of COURAGE is not about things, blessed or bored, but is about giving of one to another through all, and beyond time and place. Comfort of this kind is not conceit but is selfless and sacred, a surrender of one’s needs for another. It does not want for the wrong things—that weather and wither—but seeks the things to come, *forward*.

The conscious and intelligent manipulation of the organized [] masses is important [to] those who manipulate [] society...,
[as] **the power** [of the world].

- Edward Bernays, Adapted



HOW IS “MANIPULATION” MIGHT (THE POWER OF
THE WORLD)?

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

[Do] you know [] one of the consequences of **weak sense**?

- Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, Adapted



WHAT IS "ONE OF THE CONSEQUENCES OF WEAK SENSE"?

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

ACT 1 – CASTING COURAGE

Scene 3 – where in the world

TIME: *Forward*, the future

PLACE: A cloud, aloft and airy; the crabs are not swimming or crawling, but floating just the same except as spirits, not shells.

CRUSTY

(Awake but adrift in the air)

Where in the world is this,

CLARITY

Nothing wrong, it is sometime *forward* and, as the plot takes us, the three of us are flying or floating way above the water and yet, in it at the same time. Above and the water are one.

CRUSTY

(With less a grimace, and still a groan)

Well if this does not beat it all. I was sleeping and *now* I am rising, risen, awake and aloft with a billion bright pearls to boot.

CASTAWAY

(With a yawn and a yelp)

This is awesome beyond awe, cool beyond the cool and,

CLARITY

(With a smile and a shout)

Welcome to space; that large expanse of water, air and light that commonly floats above us and, in this time *forward*, is upon us; and here, one sees more than ever and senses still more, *backward* to *forward*, as the horizon never ends and space goes forever and beyond. *We are adrift but then, fixed and focused.*

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

CASTAWAY

What do you mean?

CRUSTY

I sense that what CLARITY means is that this, a mist, is as dense as the darkest and deepest waters but raises one's sight and senses as it raises the one, a profound and promising place.

CASTAWAY

This is way over my understanding, as I seem, well, way over it all.

CRUSTY

Ironies abound and this, CASTAWAY, is beyond them all.

CLARITY

You will understand more and in time, more. Yes, the mist is both *matter and mystery*; it is what you sense that you see and then, what you see further and farther. Consider those large things that cruise by or, still more, go deep to *the bottom of the dark and deep*. Where do go, end-up, dying and dead?

(Referring to boats that float and others that dive to the bottom, sometimes rising, sometimes not)

CASTAWAY

They are enormous creatures—more things, creations—with that bang and boom, turn and twist, pull and propel, cut and corner, carry and cargo, ascend and descend, come and go.

CRUSTY

Creations like no creation I recall; why, they are as big as whale, but sometimes as graceful as a gull. I see their prow and sense their power—*the power* of the world—and shake in the wake.

CLARITY

A similar kind flies and floats—here and beyond too.

CRUSTY

You mean big creatures up here.

CASTAWAY

...beyond too, dude.

CLARITY

Those that you cannot imagine pull from the world with ease and go every which way like a darter. Legend has it that these creatures are as old as CRUSTY—maybe older.

CASTAWAY

This is, once again, way over me; first creations that move, then some, more mobile, that remain here, there and almost everywhere—perhaps as the power of the world

CRUSTY

Almost everywhere, but more than I ever laid my eyes on.

CASTAWAY

Is that for sure?

CLARITY

You are “for sure” in the moment to come, as time *forward* molds the mind and alters not just the altitude but also the attitude; this is a moment of matter, to matter and for matter.

(In this moment, the clouds thicken such as when one is unable to see another though sounds amplified beyond that one as with the water, a sound faraway, but conceptually close. Flashes unseen are sensed, the energy; a pulse of energy with current and claps of thunder and roars and whirls of wind, sheets of water and ice, and still more than any storm, that tumults the terrain, pushing the sand into the sea, while *the* rock, stayed and steadfast.

CLARITY (Continues)

Take COURAGE and stand, for the moment is upon you and me.

(Is the last sound sounded by any of the three, heard by any.... What follows here is that recorded and, as both *matter and mystery*, is in the clouds, *forward*.)

CLOAK

(CLOAK is not a creature of the sea or land, but of the world, below and above; “space” as CLARITY called it. CLOAK is not physical but spiritual, causing deception and disillusionment over time and place and thus, leading creation astray, away from all natural ways planned and purposed. This spirit is *dark and deep matter and mystery*, beyond the capacity of many to comprehend let alone combat—if they are concerned at all.)

See that the clouds bountiful and beautiful, marvelous and majestic, lofty and lovely, and enveloped with energy to change everything.

(CLOAK sounds to all awake and asleep, the living and the dead, the idle and the intelligent—with none beyond reach and already, *the many* in comfort and convenience.)

Sense *the power of the world*, all stemming from the clouds, that controls all existence, all creation and created past and present.

(The energy from the clouds intensifies, infusing its power from sea to sea, land and air, interrupting all lesser light and casting blackness from space to the sea bottom and beyond. Many stop and stoop, crawl and cower, overwhelmed and overcome. Three crabs aloft, seemingly adrift, are in a time *forward* and thus, removed from the past and present, *backward* and *now* of CLOAK, its concoction of deception, disillusionment and distrust.)

No more must one or another stand in defiance, but all is the way for all and with all; yes, we all are *the power of the world*.

CUNNING

(CUNNING is similar to CLOAK but sly and devious; unmatched to undermine and undercut, all made underlings. This spirit causes confusion and chaos, deceiving *the many*, enabling the selected to creep through the corridors and channels, capturing the hearts of *the many* and controlling *the few*, *the power* of the world. While CLOAK is the master of disguise and deception, CUNNING is master of *the dark and deep*. These (and their ilk) rule, ruthless and rancorous, from *backward* to *forward*, up, down and all around, *matter and mystery*.)

One or other will not stand long, weak and wanton, not able to withstand that which withdraws. One after one, each cave under the pressure of *the dark and deep*, promulgated in the matter and propagated in the mystery by *the few* through *the many*, *the power* of the world. Witness the supposed impossible.

(To whom or what CUNNING sounds in not clear; whomever and whatever senses the sound, it is one spirit to another (CLOAK), yet in the mystery, a sound heard round the world, far below and above, in perpetuity and beyond any believed purgatory.)

CLOAK

(CLOAK acknowledges and, with action, all that was intensifying in space suddenly stops as though it never happened—could. Our three crabs airborne are, in the same moment, adrift but attentive, without fear.

The sound of silence is so soothing after a storm.

CASTAWAY

This is funky, far-out and full of the freaky.

CLARITY

You are on it. How can it happen and un-happen? What can cause such a storm and then suddenly stop it?

(CLARITY sounds the question but knows (of) the answer; they who fuel *the power of the world, the dark and deep.*)

CRUSTY

(With wit, weathered but not withered)

That was the Hell of storms, happen and un-happen!

CLOAK

(CLOAK waits while the wonder and worry works its purpose; where one or another looks up or down, space and all around, with the wish for the beautiful and bountiful to resound.)

Was it such a storm, Hell, or just our way of getting our way?

CUNNING

(CUNNING ends the ACT, scene)

They will never sense or see either way, unwittingly undone.

You have not chosen one another **but I have chosen** you for
one another.

- C. S. Lewis



AM I "CHOSEN...FOR ANOTHER"?

Rock bottom became the foundation on which I rebuilt my life.

- J. K. Rowling



WHEN AND WHERE IS "ROCK BOTTOM"?

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

ACT 2 – CONCERTING CARE

Scene 1 – another is coming

TIME: *Now*, the present

PLACE: *At the rock*, unfinished but firm, where
care begins and ends, free from the
surge, swells and storms.

CLARITY

(CLARITY sees further and farther, toward the shoreline)
See, another comes.

CASTAWAY

It may be another as me.

CRUSTY

(With a wry sound to follow,)
Let us hope for more—help and all.

CASTAWAY

I care about you, dude, barnacles and all that bull,

CRUSTY

(With a sharper sound,)
Do you really know what *care* is, about?

CLARITY

(CLARITY crawls out to meet the comer, sounding,)
You there—join us!

(The new arrival seems almost oblivious, distant and
distracted, drudging up the sand and spitting out the sea
while disregarding the clarion call of CLARITY.)
I sound again, you there—join me, us.

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

CRUSTY

(Suspicious and snarky,)

The creature maybe deaf, like me, or disoriented as you,
CASTAWAY; either way, no help or hope for us.

CASTAWAY

The creature is CAD.

(Evidently, CASTAWAY recognizes this one however the
connection.)

CRUSTY

(Condescending, but with care,)

What kind of crawler is this CAD, one who hangs with a dude?

CLARITY

(CLARITY calls back,)

CAD or not, another is more than just the same.

CRUSTY

(Sobering but stubborn,)

I cannot see or sense it. Is this CAD every bit the name, a rouse
and rascal—as it seems?

CASTAWAY

CAD is creepy sometimes but it more where this one comes from,
the past and all.

CLARITY

(CLARITY hesitates and then hollers out,)

Who does not have a past in which the present cannot avoid?

CASTAWAY

(With gumption goes a cast away toward a cast away,)

CAD, it is I, CASTAWAY.

CRUSTY

(Amused but annoyed,)

It seems that the two know each other.

CLARITY

(CLARITY, this time holding back,)

It must be another as CASTAWAY.

CRUSTY

(Sarcastic but somewhat serious,)

All I can sound right now is that if that CAD starts sounding off about dudes, wavy gravy and all that other surf slang, my breathing days are over—and right now, the sea bottom is looking pretty good.

CLARITY

(With a smirk and shake,)

CRUSTY, consider that you might not reach *the bottom* of the sea but instead, the bottom of some crustacean crunching creature.

CRUSTY

No one wants a grimy, grizzly geezer like me. I would never reach the stomach anyway; no, I would hang in their throat or stick in the teeth—but always COURAGE every step down.

CLARITY

Humility is a good thing—as long as you have a heart.

CRUSTY

(With pomp and pride,)

I should know....

CALLOUS

(From beyond *the rock*, the shore and all that is seen and sensed by these ones, is a cousin of CLOAK and CUNNING; another spirit that roams about looking for ways to crush *care*—most of all, ridding the world of trust, foremost to care. This CALLOUS spirit conflicts with help and hope, causing despair and then apathy as related to all other *dark and deep* spirits, *the power of the world*.)

Look at CAD come to one and then another.

(CALLOUS calls to other spirits,)

CLOAK & CUNNING

There is some *dark and deep* within that one but you must make it grow, CALLOUS.

CALLOUS

We must...make it so.

CLOAK & CUNNING

Do not forget CRUSTY—almost untaken but useful with what wisdom, insight and integrity notwithstanding, but with a conviction for contention that is, well, commendable.

(In this cabal, a conspiracy to undermine *care* one to another, is a profile, portrait case of corruption, *the dark and deep, the power of the world*, where the conflict caused between one and another, then leads to first carelessness and then distrust, disheartening love.)

CALLOUS

Each is vile, vulnerable to the pressures of *the dark and deep*: CRUSTY and CAD drowned in deception and distractions of CUNNING—but not before others are driven to *the bottom*, disillusioned, disparate of help and hope, in despair. *What a working plan!*

2-1-23

(The surf rises, the swells begin, and the storm passes over the shore where the crabs habitat and hold.)

CLOAK & CUNNING

Let it be.

CLARITY

(The crabs taken by storm,)

You there—back to *the rock*!

(Screams and shouts drowned-out by the growing gale, washed-out by sprays of salt and sand, and forced-out by the fierce front of flashing streams and foaming surge.)

CRUSTY

(Laying still and soon buried in sand, the crab's end.)

CLARITY

(Joined by CAD and CASTAWAY, almost slip sliding away,)

Where is CRUSTY?

CASTAWAY

CRUSTY is not-,

(CASTAWAY begins to sound back, CAD silent and stoic,)

Should we try to-,

CLARITY

(With a sense of despair and sound of discipline,)

Not *now*—it is no use with the conditions.

CASTAWAY

(Once more, demanding,)

We can try.

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

CLARITY

(Softer and with sentiment,)

Let it lie.

CALLOUS

Must the old one die *now*?

CLOAK & CUNNING

(Pursuant and punitive—as such power is,)

There are some things yet to see; things *dark and deep*, then beyond, where one cannot be turned or otherwise drawn down to *the bottom* except by elimination, *the end*, drowned.

CALLOUS

It is so.

CLOAK & CUNNING

(With a pelagic and panoramic seascape,)

See and sense the *matter and mystery*: this old one was too wise to wrangle with, to win over, and would lay wake whatever shorn from its shell. The loss of one so set to *care* is a setback for sure. CAD however is a sardine, too stupid to crawl straight and too singular to sense even self; a single stymied by setbacks of shame, sour and sordid sundries slight to stand. In short, the surrender is set, *the many* of the sea, ours for the keeping.

(With a portending and prodigious sound,)

It is done and nearly over.

(*Now* as never, until *forward*,)

Trust no friend without faults....

- Doris Lansing



WITHOUT "FAULTS", WHO ARE WE?

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

Swim with the clouds to **find me**.

- Debasish Mridha MD



WHY "FIND" YOU?

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

ACT 2 – CONCERTING CARE

Scene 2 – where is a place?

TIME: *Backward*, the past

PLACE: First on land in a peaceful place and
then high above in the clouds,

CASTAWAY

Where is this place?

(CLARITY follows with CAD behind; the three are in the interior of a rich and abundant time and place, unaware of when and how they got here or there, *backward*.)

CLARITY

(After a moment, a strong sense sounded,)

It is like nowhere *now*, a Nirvana; *care*, *caring* as no other. It is *care* as *caring* is or was to be—but seldom could it come.

CAD

(Looking out of sort, without sense, well short of *care*)

How do you know all this; that this is as “Nirvana”? How do you do this *caring*; from where does this foresight and sensitivity come? What makes you clear, clairvoyant? Who are you to sense such things and more, to sound about them as something sacred, sanctimonious?



(A crab of many reservations and resentments,

CAD senses to the point of self-ridicule then self-righteousness, turmoil within and tension beyond.)

Why did I turn back and not take off? Can anyone trust or be trusted? Can anyone care more than simply sounding of care or behaving like thy care only to always care nothing about caring?

CASTAWAY

(More direct than usual,)

Cool it CAD—it could be worse. You could be alone and lonely, floating on the sea without a friend or drifting aimlessly in your angst and anger, aimed for *the bottom* the washed ashore, nothing but a hollowed-shell and some caked-on sand.

CAD

(Stopping CAD in some tracks,)

It is daring to sound-off in such... as one who knows the meaning of lonely and likely near-death dying.

CLARITY

(Interjecting, invoking something more, positive,)

Is it possible that peace rest in the heart as it rest over this place, time? Must the past keeping perking-up to produce nothing but hard and hurtful sounds among us, between us?

CASTAWAY

(Taking a different expression,)

You are right, CLARITY. It is a moment to marvel, a fabulous spot with overwhelming splendor and unsurpassed *care*. *It is cool, calm and free of the collective.*

CAD

(Unmoved but still moving,)

What is this place?

CLARITY

(Careful to sound of *care*,)

This is a garden, untouched by the careless and uncaring of the world. It is-,

CASTAWAY

Hey, this is a safe space.

CAD

(Sounding positive, promising for the first time,)

This is calmness.

(Although positive, CAD is prone to lapse into the past; a personal plight of calloused, careless experiences and events that reduced CAD to the shell of a crab. Scarred from the past, CAD is commonly cold, calloused and cruel—not genuinely to hurt any other but more, to protect what remains if anything of worth, value.)

How did we get here?

CLARITY

(Pausing to consider the question carefully,)

My sense is that something or someone with great *care* enables the time travel. We are thrust into these time spans by spirits I suppose, though I do not know how it happens but I do not it happens—has happened—as CRUSTY shared; that time travel is of another dimension atop the three dimensions of nature as seen from the surface. Time is not linear or serial except contrary to most senses.

CASTAWAY

Yeah, before, we went airborne, floated in the clouds and got swept in some cyclone that blew us into *now*.

CAD

(Gratitude as still another rare showing by CAD,)

None of this makes sense but the peace is fine, so fine. I still do not understand but am glad to be here-whenever it is.

CLARITY

(With a sudden whirlwind, the three crabs rise into the air, pulled high by a cyclonic force reaching to the clouds, sight and sense still unsure of it all.)

CLARITY (Continues)

Do you feel the chill? *Something is changing and the sense is that this peace and the care is passing away, blown asunder, by choices of will and want, callousness and carelessness that slight the sight of many and the sear the senses of most.*

(Lamenting, grieving for creation,)

What will become of a will that is dark and deep, wanton for the worst and willful for the most? Oh, how the mighty do fall, such that the sounds heard is crumbling and crashing, the strategy of sorted and sinister spirits who deceive and destroy.

(CLARITY glows as CRUSTY before, meditative...)

One destroys another seemingly close and when discovered, denies even knowing of the other's whereabouts.

(Connecting with CRUSTY, seriously sensible,)

One betrays another and the others, while COURAGE is seemingly destroyed, crossed by *the power of the world.*

One cast out and away from *the many* for COURAGE—yes, for the one thing that remains when all else is not.

CAD

(Confused in the clouds,)

This is crazy.

CASTAWAY

(Connected with CLARITY and CRUSTY, posthumously,)

This is cool.

CAD

(Cloudy in the clouds,)

It is bizarre babble.

CASTAWAY

(Clear in the clouds,)

Bizarre yes but not babble.

2-2-29

CLOAK

(From some distance, the ever seeing, sensing,)
Look at the cloudy creatures.

CUNNING

Perhaps another storm to blow them permanently away,

CLOAK

(A spirit of endless appearances, aberrations,)
I despise clarity in clouds.

CUNNING

(Interpreting the insight sounded by CLARITY,)
The creature CLARITY is sensing *the fall*, the failure of *care* (from that first occurrence to the present condition. The one and other endowed to be pure but *now* and forever, corrupt and still corruptible, weak and wayward, led by lust, *want and will*, paradise or no paradise—giving *care* not a care.

CLOAK

This failure, *the fall*, needs some force, *The Crush*.

CAD

(Meanwhile, back in the clouds and with curtness,)
A confession is just cockamamie cacophony!

CLARITY

(With concern,)
Is it any wonder that *care* carries-on when, from long *backward*, the past, peace loses to pain, redemption to ridicule and salvation to scorn?

CASTAWAY

Is it any wonder that *care* blows away in a storm but then, comes back again, all COURAGE for sure,

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

CUNNING

There are a million ways to fold, to falter, fail and fall. Anything that undoes *caring* and undermines *care* will do however.

CLOAK

Where is a place that can stop us from completing our course, for anything less gives *care* a chance, COURAGE its due? Disguise is our cloak, deception our cunning, and the finally, indifference our callous, disconcerting this despicable thing, *care*.

To be trusted is a greater compliment than love.

- George MacDonald



HOW THEN "TO BE TRUSTED"?

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

The heart is deceitful above all things...beyond cure.

- Jeremiah



THE HEART IS, "DECEITFUL?"

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

ACT 2 – CONCERTING CARE

Scene 3 – better, that babble behind

TIME: *Forward, the future*

PLACE: On the sea near the shore and then,
again, in the clouds above,

CAD

(Adrift in the sea, near the shore, alone at first,)

Better, that babble behind, to bubble down and look around.

(As CAD takes it deep, the pressures of the sea seem unusually swift, a torrent to tremendous to tread, too rapid to ride, too stirring to swim. Alone and afraid, what is to become of one who takes pride in being alone, without a care in the world, above or below?)

CLOAK

(A spirit of endless appearances, aberrations,)

CAD is on the cusp....

CALLOUS

Let the blowhard sink like stone, straight to *the bottom*,
swallowed by some serpent never to spout-off again, the shill of a
shell.

CUNNING

I am not sure what you mean but then cacophony can be
confusing. Still, if the shell creature survives is not a concern as
either way we win.

CLOAK

I see the other two going in after CAD; a pathetic pair of pinchers,
those two, cannot save themselves let alone another.

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

CAD

(Lifted from sinking, saved to the surface, CAD is shocked to see that the other two are there, care.)

CLARITY

(With a shout, a sound,)

What were you doing way down here, near *the dark and deep*?

CASTAWAY

(Shouting back over surrounding screams,)

CAD was waiting for us.

(CAD sounds nothing in response, perhaps shock in the near passing, *the end* of life; but on surfacing and returning to the shore, the sullen shell meanders off once again, perhaps the habit of coping with *carelessness*.)

Why does CAD go?

CLARITY

By separating from others in *care* and even company, CAD can continue to survive. *This choice is not good but it is better than losing care again.*

CASTAWAY

(Some silence, then a small sound,)

What else remains to convince CAD that *care* lives?

CLARITY

Just being there (here) is a good start but to stick it.

CASTAWAY

(After a moment of silence,)

Maybe CAD needs-,

CLARITY

(A course of change,)

CAD needs to accept some things and let go of others; and then, must trust *care*, the *caring* above the carelessness.

(CAD wonders off but without any particular direction. Confused and conflicted by this act of *care*, the two saving the one, CAD must somehow accept the *care* while realizing that to receive *care* one must be willing to share it too. *Care* must go both ways.)

CASTAWAY

Accept things...let go of others...,

CLARITY

(About care, caring all other expressions of same,)

Understand that *care* or *caring* rises and retracts, comes and goes; it is eternal but still struggles to stay with us, within us.

(Consider that,)

One sounds off,

“I really care,” only to seem less, not care at all, careless. Sounds without substance, all shell and no sinews, *care* calcifies and crumbles.

(More to consider,)

Another is silent, suggesting little or no *care*, but in the sense of it, really cares—even enough to sacrifice life, living, for another.

(More...,)

Still another sound of *care* and, inside, means it; first making the sound and then modeling it in all their waking hours.

(The cost of carelessness is that,)

Sadly, some start to care but, like CAD, are hurt and scared and, if continued, become *careless* or worse—if that is possible. *What is worse than careless is not caring about anything or anyone, completely indifferent and full of fatality.*

CASTAWAY

(Curiously,)

What is “worse”, more costly?

CLARITY

(The continuum of *care* yet carelessness in the crawl,)

What occurred *backward* will be again; the *care* of many will go cold—as the Northern seas—and many prefer *conflict and contention*—counterfeit *care*. One or another creep and crawl away—put out by the cruel world as with our CAD.

CASTAWAY

As I too, cast out,

CLARITY

Perhaps, but others will just crawl in a shell like a hermit or leave *the many* behind as CAD seemingly did...does, *care* lost. Another turns to any that remain—as long as there is “any” always.

CASTAWAY

What is *care*, lost?

CLARITY

I have no sense that *care* is lost but on the contrary, it will rise again and prevail over conflict, contention and things worse. Finally, *care* will win; yes, in *the end*, it will win.

CASTAWAY

How do you know this?

CLARITY

(Looking inward, onward, backward and forward,)

It is a sense of mine but still a mystery; something sourced from light so bright that it outshines *the dark and deep*.

CASTAWAY

How can you believe something without seeing it? How can sound off about things to come, *forward*, mystic and mighty?

CLARITY

(Appearing hesitant but then honest,)

"I do not altogether know," is the simple answer. We takes leaps of faith every day without realizing that we are doing it or have done it.

(Approaching the two on some shore, there is the sense of CASTAWAY that CLARITY's response is more about the mystery, our own and then others. Meanwhile, CAD seems content, casual about such sounds and senses.)

CASTAWAY

(With doubt but determination,)

Do you believe, CAD, anything that does not slap you in the face?

CAD

(With a moment of silence,)

Yes, for the first time in a long time, I believe.

(For more than a moment, the three remained silent while the only sounds were that of the sea swells and surf and sundry creatures of other kinds creating *care* and *caring* just the same. The peace of this moment is profound and promising, but one must stop and listen carefully to take it in and grab hold preferably with both pinchers.)

CLOAK

(From afar, satirical in sound, sinister in sense, this spirit carries all variety of character from the upmost to the underworld, covered and clandestine.)

How marvelous to see the ones come together. Pity it is too little too late to turn the tide of storms looming long behind light.

CUNNING

(Afar and aside,)

Peace is such a pathetic place and silence broken by the sounds and sense of short but surreal scenes. Too bad that even seconds of pleasure will soon be swallowed-up, crushed and washed away.

CALLOUS

(Afar and adjacent,)

It makes me want to cry, but then, why bother over babble? I doubt that such chatter matters, careful or careless.

CLOAK

(What is this concerting care?)

Chatter, babble, or any such sounds are nothing compared with care disconcerted by empty shells, silent sounds and shallow senses. *What is a sensitive, caring shell to any of us but a small reminder of then, something special, sacred?*

I once fell in [] with a crab on the beach. It was [**crazy**].

- Doug Poynter, Adapted



ARE THESE "CRABS CRAZY"?

Mutual understanding is the backbone of every [hopeful]
relationship.

- Edmond Mbiaka, Adapted



WHY "UNDERSTANDING...RELATIONSHIP"?

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

ACT 3 – COLOSSAL CREATURES

Scene 1 – as no other

TIME: *Now, the present*

PLACE: *Along a metro-modern beach,*

CAD

(Stopped in its tracks, some fright and foreboding,)

This place is no other than I have crawled; it is not only different but also disturbing. As far as the eye can see, there is a creature kind of tall proportions, moving about with little to nothing of a shell, basking in the sun, surfing on the sea, and doing many of things that the many do to practice and promote pleasure.

(Directly behind CAD is CLARITY and CASTAWAY,)

All seem content and casual—not a care in the world. Still, every so often, one will move to the shore and sound for another or, more intense, take to the water to wrestle and wrought another floundering near the bottom.

(To see so far,)

These shores are not like those we travel and tread. Tall structures block the sun and chase clusters of creatures from caves and corridors—an escape from the busy life to the seascape, from the race to the pace, rats on relaxation.

(To see closer,)

This is point where land ends and the sea lasts for a long while; where the costs to such creatures climbs to outrageous proportions for the one, and outstanding returns for another—the sand much more than mere dirt, rock or clay. What is it that makes this place so special to the many?

CASTAWAY

This is the dream dudes, much fun in the sun.

CLARITY

(Aware but amused,)

“Fun in the sun”, you sound, dude.

CASTAWAY

(Without any other sense,)

It just sprang up as a summer storm.

(The two exchanges sounds while traversing a metal can,)

CLARITY

(Coincident to the metal can,)

Oh, how common such things in the sea; all that unnatural debris that drifts and drops—but never leaves—and then corrodes like the shell of dead washed ashore, rotting in the heat while others eat the insides.

(The creatures are unavoidable, unending, it seems, but,)

Remain calm and watch where you are crawling.

(So many tall and vertical creatures beyond the sight to see, the sense to make sense of it,)

Remain calm and crush-free.

(Even in this place—as paradise of parasites—the sea flows to the shore and the sand to the sea, steered by the moon orbiting the world and then, endless bright things further and farther away,)

Remain calm and feed rather than (be) food, fooled by traps.

(Varied vessels traverse the sea offshore from the smaller skimmers to the mammoth shippers; all manner of creations that float and follow, the tug and shrug that come and go, a never end.)

Remain calm and avoid the wake.

(Who can sense how long before the storms come or the sun bakes the *life and living* out of all life and living, leaving nothing but dry shells and the stinky smell of melting meat and motionless mass.)

CASTAWAY

(From solemn and silent to steaming,)

Dude, you are *mashing my mellow*.

CLARITY

(With a wry expression,)

Life is a beach.

CAD

(Stunned but then sounding out, off and over the two,)

Look out; a colossal-,

(From out of nowhere, it seemed, comes a rolling structure, roaring like a sea lion. At the last moment, the three miraculously join-up and slip-out of its wide path, a seemingly endless stream and swath of the some standing, swimming, surfing , laying, swaying and playing)

CASTAWAY

(Gasping,)

What was that?

CLARITY

(Gasping more,)

Remain calm and-,

CAD

(Spewing but sounding out,)

How can we be calm?

CASTAWAY

(Sliding,)

Someway to suggest that there is a way out, if not way out, calm or crazy, mellow or yellow, dizzy or dash, silent or brash, over or under, round or tween, heavy or lean, together and forever, we must get out of this place, preferably the time.

CLOAK

(Always around but hidden as something or something or
someone unassuming, invisible or incidental,)

Look at them, laid out like shrimp on the-

CUNNING

(Closing in the crowds,)

Naked they came and naked they will go, so goes the sad but
certain story.

CALLOUS

(Among *the many*,)

Flesh, flesh and more flesh; one senses it beautiful while another,
bodacious—but the body does the body well while the brains,
well, can get one into trouble whether a beach crawler or comber.

(Among them are all variations—much more so than crabs
and their cousins. From the youngest to eldest, the
smooth and shriveled, the tanned and fair, the male and
female; a collective of beach lovers and body lusters.)

CLOAK

(Panning the persons,)

Yeah, all kinds come here to savor the sand and taste the salt,
smell the breeze and run from the freeze, all greased-up.

(Down below and among them, one is being brought
back—as CAD was carried from *the bottom*—except void
of breath, all life. A crowd forms, seemingly to help but
certainly to watch if just to see the first of its kind, dead
from *the dark and deep*, overcome by the surf and swell.)

CALLOUS

(Adjacent the dead one,)

It is a pity that one so young is *now* no more. Sleep my spirit and
soon enough, you will wake to a world of your liking; one where
all things are not just spinning, but finally spent.

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

CUNNING

(Stirring among and between them, syncopated sounding,)

Why worry—be happy,

La, La, La, La, La-Nah, Nah, Nah, Nah, Nah,
La-Nah, Nah, Nah, Nah, Nah,
La-Nah, Nah, Nah, Nah, Nah,

Here is a little jingle that will make you jiggle,
You do want to wonder and are so fickle,
Why worry—be happy, yes happy.

When you worry, you make it double,
When you take action, you get in trouble,
Why worry—be happy, yes happy.

Just remember that the world is your oyster shell,
Take a moment, no longer, and pluck the pearl,
Why worry—be happy, yes happy.

Look at me, a spirit; I am more than happy,
A lover, a luster without clap-y that is sappy,
Why worry—be happy, yes happy.

If you see too much than things get blurry
If you start to sense, *backward* or *forward*
Why see and sense, try not to worry.

La, La, La, La, La-Nah, Nah, Nah, Nah, Nah,
La-Nah, Nah, Nah, Nah, Nah,
La-Nah, Nah, Nah, Nah, Nah,

CASTAWAY

(Humming and happy,)

Why worry—be happy.

CAD

(Awake but annoyed,)

What are you sounding about, *now*?

CLARITY

(Aware and attentive,)

CASTAWAY is sensing the sounds of a spirit, CUNNING.

CASTAWAY

(With denial, disbelief,)

No, I am not...a spirit.

CLARITY

(With a sense of such,)

I am afraid that it is as I sound and, more, sense. There are spirits all about and here, seaside, as many as *the many* about. With *the many* physical, as us, come others supernatural, *dark and deep*, that roams about causing all kinds of mischief, mayhem and madness. These spirits are insidious and impudent—though some, appearing as angels.

CASTAWAY

Do you mean angelfish?

CLARITY

No, something else you will learn soon enough.

CAD

I am afraid—and all this when I want for peace—but care is always there, perhaps as angels.

Those who have fallen may **remember the fall**, even when
they forget the height.

- G. K. Chesterton, *The Everlasting Man*



WHY "REMEMBER THE FALL"?

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

When **greed** is [the] backbone, [then all] hell [happens]

- Anthony T. Hinks, Adapted



IS "GREED ALL HELL"?

ACT 3 – COLOSSAL CREATURES

Scene 2 – fallen angelfish

TIME: *Backward*, the past

PLACE: First, uncharted seas and then a desolate shore and interior virgin lands spanning the world over,

CASTAWAY

(Excited, exuberant,)

Where are the angels?

CLARITY

(With concern, caution,)

We will see them soon enough, I am afraid.

CASTAWAY

(Impatient, impetuous,)

Why do you keep sounding that, “I am afraid”? Angels are beautiful spirits that roam about and do good things. Angels sound songs from the clouds, resounding to all corners of the world and more. Angels are agents of creation, COURAGE.

CLARITY

(Patient, prudent,)

That is certainly true—all of it—but there is more to angels than the good agents of creation, COURAGE.

CAD

(Resolute, rigid,)

Come to your senses CASTAWAY and see the fossilized figure in the stone; as angels come and go, rise and fall and in the fall, never fully rise again.

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

CLARITY

(Leading CASTAWAY with CAD to follow,)

Legend has it that once, in the beginning during the peace, that all were good, great, no *dark and deep*. Then envy happened; that is, some angels—maybe one to begin—longed to be COURAGE, the creator of all things, then and forever forward. Yes, envy was the cause of the fall, when angels fell from *care* and did not stop until *the bottom* if not beneath it, an abyss.

CAD

(Interested, inquisitive unlike at any time prior,)

Envy was the cause.

CASTAWAY

(Following,)

The abyss is beneath it!

CLARITY

(Continuing on the fall...,)

See beneath and beyond as great beast roam the world, great serpents tread the tide and many wild and wicked things once angels, fallen from the clouds. To sense the strangeness of it all is to accept that fallen angels became giants of the tall and vertical, as seen on the shore—but as fierce as one comes, subduing all things and slaughtering any that stand in its way.

CAD

I see something below, over there—what is that?

CLARITY

(Addressing the sighting of CAD,)

That is a giant reptile, a beast that strikes terror in any that swim or crawl. Some sound, “Look, it is Leviathan. We are doomed,” they sound out in sorrow, overcome by the size and then the strength of the serpent.

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

CASTAWAY

(Seeing the same,)

This Leviathan is awesome but awful.

CLARITY

(On Leviathan, the length and longevity,)

Leviathan is as real as it seems, decimating and destroying without discretion. The beast, incensed and insatiable, scours the seas swallowing the large and the small, the living and the dead, without even realizing that it is destroying the world at a rate beyond replenishment, recovery or restoration. All who aim to avoid, avert or alter are adversely affected, *the many* addle and adrift, weak and wayward, losing and lost against such spirits.

CAD

(At the shore,)

It is colossal, callous, cunning and yet cloaked, appearing as an ally when it is adversarial to all that natural, necessary. *How long must this go on?*

CASTAWAY

(Seeing the same,)

It is awesome but then awful, a bad beast.

CLARITY

(Reticent but revealing,)

This is crossbreeding, a caustic cause of the kind seen before, sprawling about the shore and seaside, and *the fallen* angels. I sense that such was not supposed to happen: *the fallen* angels acted against nature, violating structures of a different kind. Somehow, they reproduce and then remain while turning and twisting what was...to be, *the many* mixed-up with spirits fallen, from *the dark and deep*, rock bottom. This crossbreeding is a contamination of care, causing corruption and more of the fall until all is fallen, faltered and failed. *How long will this continue?*

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

CASTAWAY

(Stuttering and shuttering,)

This is the worst....

CAD

(Sighting such, then sensing,)

I know that I am afraid for good reason.

CLARITY

(There before them, the carnage of the crossbred,)

Witness what happens when nature goes awry; when angels fall to barbarianism, cannibalism and other evil 'isms whatever or whomever; this is the deepest and darkest of all so far.

(The one is stripping the other of its skin and muscle and all others things; cutting and tearing...,)

CASTAWAY

(Considering the nature of the crab,)

We eat our own—and anything dead on the bottom.

CAD

CASTAWAY is right: we eat meat and our own dead.

CLARITY

(Acknowledging but then...,)

I know that you know and you know that I know; yes, crabs eat meat, even that of the dead among them—but this giant are beastly, bizarre and barbaric, brutal and byzantine, brash and beneath any and all. Please see and sense that these colossal creatures are more than just eating their own, but driving everything to extinction. Our nature, all nature is not them.

CASTAWAY

It is not natural.

CAD

(Deeper and darker sensing)

I sense seeing this before-or was it more recent? The debauchery of nature, destruction of the created and the death of all creation leaving many devoid of COURAGE, is where this went and, as the past predicts the future, where it is going. This sense is a burden on my brain and anchor around my shell; it is why my name is CAD, my demeanor as CALLOUS and cold and my disposition decidedly to die, death. I hate this world, you and me.

CLARITY

(Responding to CAD's sense, *dark and deep*,)

You speak your truth, which is something.

CAD

(Surprised but not shocked by CLARITY's insight,)

Then you sensed my sense—you see as I saw and know why-,

CASTAWAY

This is too heavy for me to carry.

CLARITY

(Seizing the moment to sound more,)

We each are a product of our experience, relations and all. Each one is on a journey where our own *will and want* does not always work, life and living beyond our control and capacity—aside from COURAGE.

(More specific to CAD,)

I sensed, or suspect, that you have had a hard life; that your living is more slaving than mastering, more crushing than comfortable to the caliber that some things can never be forgotten, the fear too fierce. Your choice to crawl rather than confront just one, to swim away rather than socialize, is part of it; the story behind your name. Still, I see COURAGE.

CASTAWAY

Now I know...more.

CAD

(Affirming but still avoiding,)

What you sound is true, though much is pushed down –to *the bottom* if be. I cannot cope with all this, “life and living”, given my sorted past.

(After some silence)

You seem to be absent *the dark and deep*, with nothing but light or that called *care*. How do you keep light lit, *care caring*?

CLARITY

My journey continues and, let me sound *now, backward* and *forward*, that it never ends until it ends. I too am cast away, left for dead, disowned by *the many* and despised by *the few—the many* and their few. Yes, my journey continues—for how long I do not know—but only that while time and place permit, to live.

CAD

Who are “the many” and then, “the few”?

CASTAWAY

The many is just about all, the many crabs from sea to shore, then some. The others, *the few*, in number possess much power and, as it seems, rule the world— *the power of the world*.

CLARITY

That is right, CASTAWAY! There are many who willingly follow *the few*, right to *the bottom*, then beneath it!

CAD

What becomes of the colossal creatures?

It is easier to **resist at the beginning** than at the end.

- Leonardo da Vinci



WHY "RESIST"?

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

Look now forwards and let the backwards be.

- Muggeridge, *The Cloud of Unknowing*



WHY "LOOK", SEE?

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

ACT 3 – COLOSSAL CREATURES

Scene 3 – what becomes...

TIME: *Forward*, the future

PLACE: Various points on *the bottom* and
beneath *the bottom*,

CAD

(In darkness, no light in sight, but sound somehow,
It is dark beyond darkness. Is anyone out there, here?)

CASTAWAY

Keep sounding-off...I am totally tracking.

CLARITY

I too am here.

(From the past, no *forward*, the three join by sound only—
stymied of all other senses. As the moments pass without
much to matter, darkness reveals what becomes of the
creatures *backward*; the colossal and conquering angels
that fell from above and descended beyond *the bottom*.)

I see bones, mammoth as from those once mighty in size and
strength. The bones clustered, even connected, the features of
the creatures without the mass and muscle—as though some stop
in their tracks while others, crawled and clawed to a cave.

CASTAWAY

They downed their own then ended themselves.

CAD

Did they fall under their own weight or something less?

CLARITY

(Seeing/sensing as though there, at their last end,)

Many did fall under their own weight; but others from different causes, conflict and catastrophe—natural and supernatural events that stormed down masses with crushing and climatic consequences as nothing seen before or since, perhaps.

(A radical change in the climate,)

What becomes of the tropics is ice and tundra?

(A planetary polar shift,)

What becomes of the shore and inland territories is then under the seas, *the bottom*, while the world moans, shifts and shakes as though spinning away. It was and is a great shaking.

(A dying or death of once fertile lands,)

What becomes of the fertile regions and good soil is desert, blitzed and the blighted, leaving life lean, less and then lifeless.

(A taking of more, consuming everything...everyone,)

What becomes of creatures that take and then take more—so much that nature cannot sustain or supply their consumption and finally, *the few* are all that is amid ashes, arid and atomized.

(As to the creation of such creatures,)

What becomes of angels that fall and then, defying nature, crossbreed undoing the balance of nature, peace and its paradise, undermining the prefect so perfected, so profound.

(As to the spirits at work in and around the world,)

What becomes of the spirits that, once eternal and ethereal, exhibit and exert power of darkness that dims sight, dulls senses, and diminishes creation to Cretans. I once could see but am blind. I once could sense but am bitter. I once could sound but am bound, silenced in a stupor, blaming others for my own fears, my faults. O' what a pitiful creature that combs these shores.

CAD

How can anyone stand or even survive against such spirits strewn to the seas, landed on the lands, sundered from space?

CASTAWAY

Why did angels fall? Why destroy the peace, the paradise? Why mash the matter, lash the latter, smash the settler, and crush the creation. Why,

CAD

This is cacophony of rare form.

CLARITY

(Pausing, pondering, the plausibility of this insight)

There are always wonders without ways of working-out the whys, let alone the how. Time and tenacity can help see and sense the *backward* and *forward*, but one will never know what happened and then, what will—though the spirits testify that the past predicts the future; that what happened *backward* is strangely and suggestively, *forward* to come. This is a matrix of uncharted, uncertain and unknown times and places.

CASTAWAY

Do the spirits lie?

CAD

Sounding of stupidity, a concern that is, well, covered.

CLARITY

Spirits do deceive, thus, they lie; but not all do this *dark and deep*, their direction to destroy. More than *dark and deep* are those that remain aloft but not aloof, vigilant to vindicate rather than violate all nature. There is truth in fact, but far from such as *the fallen* that view it as a fault, failure.

CASTAWAY

They are wicked and way-out.

CAD

The dude is catching on, up.

CLARITY

It seems that way with what you have seen *backward* and *forward*, what becomes...but legend sounds that it was not always so, further and farther, that light and life will prevail. As it is, considering the colossal creatures, conditions remain that what once was, *backward*, can return to create yet more *dark and deep*, a world shifted by the shiftless and shaken by the shakers.

CUNNING

(Aware of the activity *forward*, the revelation of one,)

CLARITY is so dangerous as to impress me.

CLOAK

It sounds so, but still, *the many* often destroy such bearers of bad tidings publicly or physically, pushing them into the peripheral if the purgatory. What risk does CLARITY pose when sincerity makes no sense, when such sounds shutter, then silence?

CUNNING

CLARITY is a fake, a fraud.

CLOAK

The crab is on the cusp of,

CUNNING

Then this one is not dangerous.

CLOAK

(Doubt in darkness is more, the cost and consequences much more, which is something to consider when confronted by such spirits.)

What about CAD, turned—is it certain?

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

CALLOUS

(Rising to the occasion,)

CAD is a soft shell, easily crippled and crushed.

CUNNING

CAD practically declawed, any pinch pinched off; this is a way to see *the end* of one or the other; simply convince them of the world's callous and cruel nature and any conflict is over—the crab conquered by their own brokenness without mend.

(From the spirit of lies,)

CUNNING

Some of *the many* simply despair and crawl away to their caves while others pushed and prodded, then submitted, secluded. It is true that each is on a journey but it is equally true that there is more than one path, one gate. *The few* know of this..., steeped in our strategy of The Crush, control *the many* who are purposely and painlessly ignorant or, if stubborn to see and sense, ignominiously in isolation. Without all them what is left?

CLOAK

(Summing the strategy for the simple)

We spirits rule *the few* that control *the many* except for that occasional one that, lesser a fool, is a forgotten fugitive.

CALLOUS

(Aside the strategy and sounds so sensationalized)

There is no substitute, nothing more satisfying than scouring and skewing a crab. Sure strategy but then, why wait?

CUNNING

I like nothing more but if you need reminding, there is this thing called COURAGE, a spirit that stands in spite of our schemes to see its end. We cannot give COURAGE an inch, less a mile.

CALLOUS

(With intensity,)

Crush COURAGE and the rest is crab cakes.

CLOAK

Yes, we all sense that...as CUNNING sounds, but seeing it through is more than a matter—the mystery of its ways and the wonder of its strength. As it is, *backward* to *forward*, COURAGE is unstoppable—refusing to capitulate, resistant to *the dark and deep*; a spirit unassailable, a *will and want* beyond the max.

CALLOUS

(Persistent, pressing,)

Then crush the stone, get rid of *the rock*, and *the fall* complete.

CUNNING

What becomes of a spirit that is not submissive to this strategy but another made less than *the many* and lesser to *the few*.

CALLOUS

I suppose my spirit is always to accept this strategy in spite of the abysmal after effect, a stone still standing. Is *the dark and deep* without a review, even ridicule, in the results thus far?

CLOAK

A spirit is stronger than the crab or other creatures; it is free from doubts that drawdown and distract from determination, destiny.

CALLOUS

Neither of you have any doubts, disturbances?

CUNNING

CALLOUS, you are alone in your doubt, a jellyfish at best.

(CUNNING and CLOAK remain true to the spirit of lies while CALLOUS falls from *the fall*.)

They call me “**Mellow** Yellow”

- Donavon



ARE YOU “MELLOW, YELLOW”?

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

Great spirits have always encountered **violent opposition**.

- Albert Einstein



SHOW ME "GREAT SPIRITS".

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

ACT 4 – COSMIC CROSSING

Scene 1 – light on black

TIME: *Now, the present*

PLACE: A beautiful night of clear skies and soft winds, and once again on a shore somewhere among calm seas and a strong sense of hope,

CASTAWAY

It is most mellow, a yummy yellow, fellows.

CAD

A marvelous night for us to marvel.

CASTAWAY

(Looking up at the stars, the space,)

Do you know what each is, the bright spots up yonder?

CAD

(Looking at CASTAWAY while sounding back,)

The light or lights emit or reflect energy, which travels very fast and far to the eye. The light from above puts light in our eye. Can you see the light in my eyes?

CASTAWAY

(Peering eye to eye,)

Your eyes are as shiny as pearls. What do mine look like?

CAD

Similar..., the light shines on us all.

CASTAWAY

(Turning away toward the sea,)

What about out there, *the dark and deep*?

CAD

That is a CLARITY question.

CASTAWAY

Then you have no sense of it?

CAD

I use too, long ago; and then, more recently too; but for the longest time, I was so senseless and stupefied that I just put it out of head, my heart. I was determined and destined for *dark and deep*, a journey to *the bottom* and beyond.

(Far and away, light skims by, followed by a trail—a streak of light across the space above.)

CASTAWAY

Look at that, over there!

CAD

(Turning too late,)

What was it?

CASTAWAY

The light glowed across the sky from there to, well, forever.

CLARITY

(Approaching,)

That is a cosmic crossing.

CAD

What is a “cosmic crossing”?

CASTAWAY

Light that travels with a tail, trail or journey.

CLARITY

That is right, CASTAWAY; it is traveling light, energy.

CAD

What causes the light to travel, unstoppable?

CASTAWAY

Maybe the light did not like where it was.

CLARITY

No one seems to know or sense what makes the light in the first place let alone its movement. This light is *matter and mystery*, energy but ethereal as though an angel not yet *the fall*.

CASTAWAY

The light is an angel that cares.

CAD

What causes the light to travel, shoot rather than stay, fly rather than fix? What is the nature of it?

CASTAWAY

Spirits do what spirits *want and will* to do, is my sense of it.

CLARITY

I do not know, the spirits—how and why they do what they do—and do not do. Spirits' *want and will* is both *matter and mystery* too, it seems; on the one claw, a spirit roams about as though random and renegade, but on the other is order, a system that seems as far as, well, light across a sea of black. Some lights seem to stay, fixed, while others fly or phase-out, burning and finally banished from the sphere; each star, its own journey.

CLARITY (Continues)

Some lights are not light at all but, like the black about them, are lightless and thus go unnoticed and often unapparent until it is too late.

CAD

Until it is too late?

CLARITY

Yes, the spirits of the world, *the dark and deep* that roams about right to left and everywhere else from beneath *the bottom* to above, space; they are beyond, too late, not always but still, here.

CASTAWAY

You mean that such spirits are right here, *now*!

(As CASTAWAY sounds off, nearby is CALLOUS, waiting and watching. Recall that CALLOUS is no longer a part of CLOAK and CUNNING, but seems fallen from *the fallen*. The spirits are separate, severed.)

CLARITY

“Yes”, is the likely, right response; for spirits own the world and thus are omnipresent—with influence insidious and power as profound as mystery is mystic.

CAD

Leave it to me to sense the better angels.

CLARITY

Such spirits of the world are crafty and coy, cloaked and cunning and finally, calloused beyond any chance of *care, caring*.

CASTAWAY

Such spirits are bad to the bone, shell and sinews.

CLARITY

There is no compromise, no conciliation, compact or constitution with such spirits: if they strike a treaty, they are certain to break it and if they make a commitment, they are certain to forget it or worse, to undercut the understudied. Such spirits sabotage and sink the light bearing bodies from above the top to here, across land and sea, as sharks in a feeding frenzy.

(Pause, silence and then more sounds, senses,)

There is *conflict and contention* about us—even within us, each one—and the struggle is to see and sense the light and then, to grasp it and hang on to *the end* of the beginning.

CAD

To the end of the beginning?

CASTAWAY

I am confused, again.

CLARITY

The world travels through cycles with eras, events and episodes from the *backward* to the *forward*, from the beginning to-,

CASTAWAY

So time never stops, seasons come and go?

CAD

I do not hold to “never stops”; eventually, these cycles end, right?

CLARITY

As legends holds, *the end* is coming and *the beginning* will follow.

CASTAWAY

Why am I always the one trapped in the net, tangled up in twine about such thing, spirits and the spiritual?

CLARITY

(Encouraging,)

It is not so easy to get such things and, further and farther, realize that you are not always, as you sense, “tangled in the twine”. Questions are good and doubt, well that helps too. It is the indifferent who are ignorant, too isolated to know *the bottom* if it bit them.

(In the moment, another approaches out of the dark; one that looks similar to CLARITY except more black amid the ivory; a striped effect symbolizing sharp contrast and some illusion, or camouflage, the sometimes works wonders when a predator is about).

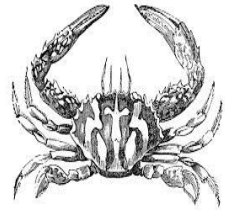
CASTAWAY

Who are you, dude?

(CASTAWAY is apt to sound first.

Coming close, the stranger sounds,)

“I am CLONE.”



“Leaving—what a good idea!”

- “Animal House”, 1978



WHY IS LEAVING “A GOOD IDEA”?

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

The loneliest moment in someone's life is when watching their whole world fall apart, and all [is possible] is to stare blankly.

- F. Scotts Fitzgerald, Adapted



HAVE YOU EVER HAD "THE LONELIEST MOMENT"?

ACT 4 – COSMIC CROSSING

Scene 2 – what happened to *now*?

TIME: *Backward*, the past

PLACE: Passing over large swathes and spans of sea and land—what little if any there is—lends to alas, land restored and then drought and famine to follow,

CAD

(Disarrayed, disoriented,)

What happened to *now*?

CLARITY

You sense the sudden change.

CASTAWAY

Me too...the times are changed.

(Once aware of the view below, the time change is apparent; no longer blackness from sea to sea, speckled with light, but more shades of gray, the light disarrayed into the thick cloud cover as though the world was on fire. Floating through time and place, aloft and aloof, one and then another continues their confessions.)

Was I dreaming or did a loner show its shell just before *now* was over? *Was it a crab named CLONE?*

CLARITY

(Seeing no sign of the loner crab,)

I am not certain of that one, CLONE; it may have been surreal.

CAD

Why surreal—it seemed serious, real and sure.

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

CLARITY

(Drifting steadily but speedily, each see no land in sight; all covered with water, the accepted seven seas but more, a terrorizing tumult of tides, sways and surges.)

My sense is that CLONE is not all crab; it is (or was), a hybrid; part crab but capped with incredible innards that offer some unnatural powers. CLONE is a creation of science.

(Pausing, pondering,)

You might wonder how I sense this, and to that, the possibility, is that my experience includes encounters with such. You might even wonder more, wanting to sound, “What makes you sense that CLONE is a creation, of science?”

CAD

Are you always right about such, always able-,

CLARITY

No, I do not always get it, work it out or see it coming; but only as my experience and wisdom provide. One must be careful in these matters, the mystery, whether right or wrong: if the sense is good, the reaction is positive, and if not, others are sore, or more, may try to kill you. If you are right every time but once—depending on the matter—others may not forget it, the mistake. One that sees and senses such should be able to swim and crawl fast, else, they will live a short life, suffering a most hideous and heinous end.

CASTAWAY

Look, more lights coming down.

(Until *now*, but *backward*, no one seems to notice the flashing lights and more, the explosions below. More still, the seas torn asunder while the land consumed. How do crabs confess about a world in total turmoil?)

CLARITY

(Sense then a sound,)

It seems that the world is ending; such change, as I never knew backward or forward, from the beginning to the end of the beginning. What can survive such stress? What can endure the aftermath of power so consuming and then, unforgiving?

There is no mercy in the matters beneath me, a mystery of mass-massacre.

CAD

What is this time, this thing, this mass-massacre?

CASTAWAY

When angels fall, they fall hard and make much hardship.

CLARITY

(Sound then sense,)

Perhaps this is more *the fallen*, but the wrath of angels still aloft, the lights sent down to destroy any and all no matter which way each turns, crawls or swims. *Who are what is inflicting this depth of doom can only be that who created it in the first place, the beginning. Nothing else can match this mystery.*

CAD

Should I run? Should we leave? *I am scared.* Do you fear?

CASTAWAY

What do you sense, CAD, *because your sense matters.*

(To sense another is to see things from their perspective—
which is the mark of one who cares,)

(Whether a sense or sound, all is *matter and mystery* of time and place; that one moment when the three are in the present *now*, under an umbrella of light and blackness, a marvelous, magical night.

They are *backward* amid apocalypse; too awful to absorb, too earthy to edify, too gross to grasp, too hellish to hide, too jolting to juke, too morbid to mind, too queer to question, too raucous to right, too sinister to sound or sense, too titanic to table, too undone to undo, too vile to vault, to wayward to wrangle.

Is a crab's confession sufficient to illustrate what is happening—or happened—without one's personal experience prior; are sounds sufficient to portray *the power* that moves mountains and crushes creation seemingly to end it all and begin again?

Recall or remember a time in your life of such profoundness, so much happening, good, bad or both, that makes question whether it really occurred—is a reality?

In the moment is the sights coupled with sounds such as a shooting light and then, boom, it explodes; and then the sensation of that sighted followed by the immediate impact and the fear that follows.

Taking it in—what is possible in the limits and limitations, your observation and perception, is the wonder of power but also too, the last seconds of life, as you know it.

Is it my end, my life over so early when I know that I know little, too little to see it all end and then, silence? With no sound to sound or sense to sense, but only sleep perhaps forever or until the great day when all creation, the created and creators, I rise and wait for the mystery to end, the matter to materialize in its full? When will the mystery end and the matter materialize fully, my life and living from a moment to miles and miles of fresh water and fine lands, of shores the offspring of two masses made one?

CAD

I want to leave but I cannot, for the first and perhaps last time, to run, crawl and swim, pretending that my problems are behind me—only to realize that it remains forward, backward or now. Why do problems persist, no escape here or there, up or down, out or in, to never end?

CLARITY

Remain calm and be at peace, it that is possible, because I sense that this is not the last day; that it all does not end in this *backward* past but rather that we will witness and then testify with confession made matter, in the *now* and the *forward* future.

(Pausing, pondering,)

Never have I been a witness of such today, *backward*, and never will I be again, taken to the past. Why such did or does occur is beyond my reason, my wisdom, but to realize that creation is corrupt beyond redemption, restoration, and thus must be crushed, every cell of creation and every corner of the created—this is what has (or did) come to.

(But “If”,)

If history repeats however; that is, if creation and the created lapse again into irreversible corruption, the same show of power—far beyond that of the world alone—will surely come and perhaps then, will win over at last, *the end*.

CAD

Will we see this second time, place?

CLARITY

I do not know that we all or even each will see it, the second time, but only the possibility that it will come eventually, and that again, the light in the heavens will fall upon the earth while the world twists and tumult—shaken on a scale as never before *backward* or *forward*, a great and terrible day.

CASTAWAY

Crazy,

CLARITY

Crazy, yes, but It is natural and even useful for *care* and *caring*, the concerns of the concerned.

(Without care...all that remains is *the collective* and cabal.) Without *care*, the one and other is already lost—crazed beyond crazy—and *the collective* is all that is left, if that, to do what they always do; nothing of worth or value to creation. Meanwhile, *the cabal* and its cartels continue dirty work, undoing that created.

CAD

Is *the collective* here, in this *backward* aftermath, among *the many* and *the few*?

CASTAWAY

Where are these dudes?

CLARITY

They are all about us, *now* and then.

In sci-fi convention, life-forms that hadn't developed space travel were mere prehistory -- horse-shoe crabs of the cosmic scene -- and something of the humiliation of being stuck on a provincial planet in a galactic backwater **has stayed with me** ever since.

- Barbara Ehrenreich



WAS "HUMILIATION" PART OF CRUSTY?

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

If you want a picture of the future, **imagine...**

- George Orwell



CAN I "IMAGINE"?

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

ACT 4 – COSMIC CROSSING

Scene 3 – more to come, still

TIME: *Forward*, the future

PLACE: From desolation to destruction by
conflict and contention, the world is in
undone in unparalleled ways,

CLONE

(Appearing only once and then, for a moment, the hybrid is front and center in the *now* and the future, cosmic crossing and more. In fact, most of *the many* are, as one finds, often more CLONE-like than natural; genetically altered, augmented, and artificial, the hybrid is the product of science gone awry, an insidious invention.)

The spirits are moving.

(CLONE is a creature of limited sounds but immense capacity to serve somebody—even if that somebody is the worst kind or cause or, conversely, the creator.)

Among these, who are they who comes whatever the purpose?

(Unlike the first account of CLONE, the peculiarities pointed out by CLARITY, the *forward*, future version is well appointed and assembled with not only intelligence but also, some semblance of senses to/of spirits, one and the other, systems of both science and the supernatural.)

Add to this is the fleshy crabs, a comedy of three.

CAD

This is the *forward*, future of comic crossing; this is a season of the world when *the many* moan of *the matter* and mourn *the mystery* that evades and evaporates most—though always and forever held and then hated by *the few*, elites of earth.

CLONE

Well *now*, one seems to know the score, a most profound sound from a once cad.

(In the *now* and for some time to follow, CLONE dutifully and decidedly served the natural—if just *the few*—but as time passed, the hybrid formed its own desires—least of which is to serve “fleshy crabs”, weak and winsome.)

At least such a one did not join the herd, *the many*.

(CLONE is acutely aware of *the collective*, its lemming-like lapse into mediocrity—much more submissive than sustaining and far more the slave than servant is—*the many* are the least of all as to *will and want*.)

CASTAWAY

The cosmos is crossing, lights moving and bombs bursting, as in the *backward* but more boom, banging and boomeranging.

(Listening and then learning much from CLARITY, both CAD and CASTAWAY are increasingly able to offer insight—a most satisfying and gratifying outcome, the *want and will* of any good teacher.)

This is cool.

(Coming far, CASTAWAY is surviving a system of which many do fall while others only exist. How and why one survives for so long leads us to believe that our way, the journey, is far beyond our own doing, *want and will*, and is more mystery at times than matter.)

CAD

This place, this planet, always survive, to restore what is destroyed whether by the cosmos causes or/and through *the dark and deep* that plagues us with *the power* of the world, the endless depth of disparity, despair and destruction.

(Again, CAD is far more than the crab prior.)

CLONE

(With attention on CAD)

Another of the once-loner, a cloner want-to-be, is spewing out its sight and sense as though it is the only source of sanity in The Crush.

(Though developed, CLONE is not without to sarcasm, somewhat a cynic at time, taking on an attitude of *the many* before most fell into despair.)

Can such upstarts address the acrimony below; the reason why *care* is dead and caring, something of the past? Can two agree on anything or, like *the many*, do nothing?

(While this two-part dialogue and accompanying narrative continue, cosmic crossing is as no time in known history; as it seems, the entire sky is falling, the earth pummeled in a production of cataclysmic convulsions and seismic seizures while these is sight watch, both marvel and mourn on this great but terrible time.)

Perhaps The Crush comes from the cosmos—the angels angry with us all.

(Again, CLONE is cognizant of all creation, flesh and spirit, able to learn but not discern one from another, lacking conscience or senses as a safeguard, apt to seemingly serve one just as much as another. From the first, CLONE was to serve creation, ostensibly for good, but given that good is in such loss, what is a servant to do but find another master whatever the cause and no matter the doubt.)

Why do *the few* do what they do; why do they insist on some plan of which I am their instrument? Why do they sound-off with pretense and then pretend something else? Are they so indulged as to be intoxicated, inebriated and finally, invincible?

(CLONE is able to reason but lacks the capacity or cognition to construct the causes' conditions.)

CAD

(Looking around,)

Where is CLARITY?

CASTAWAY

CLARITY split.

(For the first time, the two notice that CLARITY is missing and for the first time, these two are without their wise and watchful companion.)

CALLOUS

(CALLOUS continues to roam about, regardless of the time, always attentive to weakness; where one plays against another *care* and *caring* withers away. *Care of the many* is long gone and the last vestige of trust and truth entangled in confusion, corrupted in chaos.)

How sad that CLARITY is not present to educate his underlings.

(CALLOUS is currently at odds with other fallen angels, and whether the one will return to its fold or not, the fact is that as with *the flesh*, any division is a weakness.)

Doubtful that any other will come to their aid; hence, despair is more than a chance, these two soon crushed.

(In some sense, CALLOUS is toying with the two, strangely showing some sensitivity in that matter as though allowing them more than chance without too much effort aimed at their care. Is CALLOUS losing the edge; changing from the sinister spirit to something more akin to an original form—before the fall?)

CLARITY is the prize anyway; as long as the one is absent, these two offer no contest, no real victory, as the vile value.

(While spirits are not devoid of reasoning either, as with CLONE, they tend to cast it off as a weakness, throwing it back in the face of *the few* or their many.)

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

CUNNING

(Not far away but as always, close to the action,)

It appears that CLARITY is growing a conscience. See how soft the sounds of one who claims no care; sense that the stone heart is cracking and some *care* is coming out if just to cast it on two of *the flesh*, fickle and feeble.

(Does CALLOUS know that the others know; that any sound or sense not is surveyed and scrutinized by CUNNING, dissected and distorted by CLOAK?)

CLOAK

Maybe CALLOUS is playing a little of my game, disguise and deception.

(As the two sound off over a severed spirit, so the world below continues to stretch beyond any point of elasticity; yes, the earth is coming apart, the culmination of much time and pressure delivering such power as never possessed by the world and perhaps by *the fallen* alone.)

It is good that such bad finally arrives.

CUNNING

I see it too; all our effort is evidently showing something of substance here; the sort of outcome that leaves nothing but wind with ashes—a once world blown the winds of unlimited space.

CLOAK

The sounds of a poet give due to this time as only CUNNING can do.

(The earth all ablaze, all earthen things from solid to liquid and then gas, the blood, sweat and tears of many souls virtually vanished along with the history that such ever existed, *the dark and deep* seems sedate, even sad, the long struggle is done.)

CLOAK (Continues)

It seems too soon, but still, *the power* of the world is fueled and fomented by *the fallen* as power must plunder all the population, the living, the dead, and more; preferably, not conscious or unconscious left to sense, see, stand and stay. First and forever, it is ours to take.

(The heavens appear as empty; all that could fall upon the earth fell in the *forward*, future time; and, by all account, it seems *the end* of it all. For they that made it here, a fragment of past populations, all perish without realizing the when many do not stand, the world does fall.)

We come, we see and we conquer.

(Is this *the end of the end* or is more the beginning of a new epoch or era?)

CUNNING

The genius is that they never saw it coming, the brilliance of surprise.

CLOAK

Surprise yes, but also disguise.

CUNNING

Deceit is a good thing and disguise is but the beginning.

The remarkable are those that can be both **invincible** and **invisible**.

- Anthony Liccione



CAN ONE BE BOTH "INVINCIBLE AND INVINCIBLE?"

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

I believe...that the sun has risen, not only because I see it but
also because [] **I see everything.**

- C. S. Lewis, Adapted



DO I SEE "EVERYTHING"?

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

ACT 5 – CONFUSED CROSSOVERS

Scene 1 – this is *now*

TIME: *Now*, the present

PLACE: Once again at *the rock* or a desolate beach somewhere in the world,

CASTAWAY

What a night.

CAD

What an eternity.

CLARITY

What is it all about, *the end of forward* future?

(Two things are remarkable in this question: first, that CLARITY is back again, having been absent ACT 4, Scene 3; second, that CLARITY is still aware of much that happens in that ACT/Scene, the crisis of cosmic crossing, though not present by all account. How does CLARITY see and sense so much, aware of the much beyond the possible?)

CASTAWAY

(Almost with disbelief,)

Where did you come from?

CLARITY

This is *now*, and *now* I am here.

CAD

Yes, but you,

CLARITY

I know..., I am not there but still, know.

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

CLARITY (Continues)

(The two are still reeling from the last experience. Who can see *the end* of all things and not be moved, perhaps more than makes it possible to come back, sound and sure. CAD and CASTAWAY are not the same as before, nor will they ever be again.)

I know that what you saw from above to below is beyond imagination, your worst sense. If I previously made sound of it, would you believe me? Can you really grasp such things without a witness and, even then, wonder whether it is mere fantasy and fiction or fact, *forward* and future?

(Confessing,)

I do not know all things, you realize, but I am able to see and sense far, both *backward* and *forward*. Confusion and my own contradictions sometimes thwart not only my confidence in such clairvoyance but more, my *will and want* to continue as so much crushed then crimped and crumpled as the sands of the shore. What you see *now* is only a taste of what is to come and, by all senses, is a vile and villainous cause, venal in every vein from the vital to the vicarious—nothing created to be left as it is, was.

(As the three once again gathered around *the rock* to see and sense, the tide comes.)

What you witnessed was not sudden, instantaneous, but a devolution of order leading to confusion, chaos and as much suppression and compression, a culminating of cosmic and seismic disruptions and eruptions, a conflagration of a cauldron long in creation and expansion, a slow boil of the pot.

CASTAWAY

(Momentarily mystified,)

Not sudden, but unexpected, gradual and growing, then-,

CAD

It seems that it started small and grew gargantuan.

CALLOUS

(Where there is *care* and *caring*, there is CALLOUS; without one, how can there be the other?)

CLARITY is a curious sort, a combination of deep care and deeper clairvoyance—a dangerous dual no matter CUNNING, CLOAK or any other fallen.

(CALLOUS senses that the most dangerous threats to their mission is always *care*, *caring*. With both *care* and *caring* comes trust; the more trust among and *beyond the flesh*, the better things become for *the cabal*.)

Something special to sunder and send that *caring* spirit as far as light can go; something that confuses contorts and convolutes—something that culls that consort of the *caring*.

(CALLOUS is *now* more determined than ever due largely to the somewhat disownment of *the* (other) *fallen*. Even evil depends on the company of others *dark and deep*, and even in the weakness of only one, CALLOUS, is crucial to the cause of destroying *care*.)

I alone will work this to their end; maybe without cunning or some cloaking device, but I will do this...confounding and contradicting them all. Yes, I will carry it out among *the many* who do not care about anything except themselves and *the few*—intoxicated with power and all its proceeds. Who remains but perhaps these crabs and their rock? This is too simple.

(CALLOUS conspires on *doing it all*, alone and anonymous if possible, but power does that; it undermines all efforts, good, bad and indifferent. Yes, power corrupts but then that corruption continues—like a cancer, metastasizing and hollowing out the pillars of power. Many take comfort in and seek shelter beneath structures that are unstable and unsound only to be shook and shocked when it comes crushing down upon them—too late to save others let alone themselves.)

CALLOUS (Continues)

(*Care* and commitment is a beautiful thing unique to the individual but absent and even abolished by and from the institution—all *the many* long since lost of themselves.)

I am that I am.

(When the dust settles and the destruction is doom, what is left but the sounding, “What have we done but destroyed ourselves while destroying everything that ever mattered?”)

CLARITY

(Sensing an dread of *the dark and deep*,)

I sense a moment as no other and am scared, spooked as though a predator stands above me and pronounces *the end*.

CAD

I too...I believe.

CASTAWAY

What is it, then; what do you two sense?

CAD

I sense, well, I mean...I do not know, really.

CASTAWAY

CLARITY, what about you?

(CASTAWAY is counting on CLARITY for more information, presuming that if anyone knows, it is CLARITY.)

CLARITY

(Uncharacteristically confused)

I cannot sound, even scrape together the sense of my sense; it is as though my mind is muted and motionless.

(In the moments that follow, confusion lends to contradiction and conflict, one and the other.)

CAD

(Dogged and disheartened,)

What is wrong; why am sensing the things I use to sense; anger and acrimony, distrust and disdain, indifference and isolation? I hate what I feel and feel what I hate.

CASTAWAY

(Seeing the others drift away,)

Where are you two?

(CASTAWAY sounds out as CAD crawls in one direction, CLARITY in another.)

Stop, please!

(As CASTAWAY sounds off, the same sort of sense overtakes this one too; the *want and will* to do little to nothing; to sit rather than stand, crawl rather than scurry and sink rather than swim. What has got into these crabs? The same condition long effects *the many* from apathy to indifference. How to cure this illness—if it is not too late!)

Oh, I can see why. Why bother seeing and sensing when all that comes of it is spooky, leaving one sad and sullen, on the side of suicide? I suppose I will go my way too, that all we have been together was for not—no purpose, no plan and no promises. I suppose that I will just crawl from this rock and float out to sea, a predator to carve me up and spit out my shell. I suppose that—

(As CASTAWAY carries on, on the cusp of climbing off the world, CLARITY finally breaks clear of the fog to see and sense *the truth*.)

CLARITY

(The sun comes out and,)

Now I see what is going on here! What is happening is nothing new under the sun? Who is this thing but *the dark and deep* doing its best to do its worst? *Oh how very dark is the dark, deep the deep.*

CALLOUS

(Excruciatingly exasperated,)

End it all, that fool finds some way.

(This is not the end of CALLOUS; no, *the fallen* desire to ending it all—even to the degree of ending themselves—as with no other.)

This is just another day and the night is mine.

(Intoxication and insanity run a fine line as power and play. What becomes of a world of power, *dark and deep*, beset on its own destruction, the created and creation? When peace is no longer possible or preferred, *conflict and contention* is not only certain, but continuous and alas, catastrophic. When the *caring* cease to *care*, all is left is the shouts and screams before *the end*.)

CASTAWAY

CALLOUS is not cool.

(Though three of shell (or flesh) are back together, more is to come; more struggles and more strain, more problems and pain, more confusion and chaos.)

The boldest plans for the future invoke **the authority of the past...**

- G. K. Chesterton, *The Everlasting Man*



ARE "THE PAST" AND "FUTURE" THAT DIFFERENT?

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

Even if on “**the right track**”, you can be run over if you just sit there.

- Will Rogers



CAN ANYONE “JUST SIT THERE”?

ACT 5 – CONFUSED CROSSOVERS

Scene 2 – this is then

TIME: *Backward*, the past

PLACE: Confusion and chaos is as old as, well,
time and present in all places,

CLARITY

(The sun rises,)

Yes, what is going on in the *now* is similar to that of the past; that crabs stay or scatter, sit or stand, take COURAGE or crawl under a rock; history repeats with a smidgen of change, *the fallen* in the usual fashion working in *the dark and deep* to keep you calm.

CASTAWAY

Calm is cool-,

CAD

(Always sensing,)

I never be free from what goes, but returns, remains.

CUNNING

(Present, even in the past, as always)

The futility of forgetting the past, these soft shelled and bright eyed creatures find that seeing and sensing the world with promises that glimmer like the sun's reflection across a blue sea— but finally, to crash against the rocks as the swell and storm surge.

(Pity,)

They never grow-up and out, but die without living?

(Pointless,)

Why care, why befall to caring? Why allow them a false sense of hope when both time and place are fleeting, the mind and heart forgetting as age creeps up and crushes all creation?

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

CUNNING (continuing)

(Pathetic,)

They each look about them and think, "I have the world by the tail", when one is no better than a bottom-feeder waiting for the refuse to ride, the feces to fall, all that dung and dregs to drop. Their all eating, breathing, and seething shit.

CLOAK

(On the side of CUNNING,)

They grope about claiming to see and sense, assured of something called matter, the rest to mystery. Why try when their efforts earn them no final reward, no gain beyond the so-called rock, a small refuge in a sea of shit.

(Claims, clams,)









Can one claim that their power even comes close to that of world? Claims on clams is the mere mirage of power, just something with color and some calculations.

(Resounding, resolute)

Since the beginning (before the time of this scene), the story was already sounded, a saga of the blind leading the blundering and the baneful. In the end, the flesh rots and any so-called wisdom washes to the sea, sunk in the sands of eternity.

(Proposition and proposal)

Why holdout? Why not give-in and save yourself the waste of wishful senses, wistful sounds and winsome sightings? **Do not:**

-  Take *the road less traveled* or the *path untrodden*
-  Swim the long haul or the lane less swum
-  Jump or leap for joy but remain calm, content
-  Sense, sound or see as newbie
-  Sound of good times, right or real
-  Clinch the moment but rather, dwell on *the dark*
-  Sense the beauty of creation—and even the created
-  Cherish the grace or graze of flesh on flesh, sound on sound and sighting locked in mystery

CLOAK

(Questions without question)

To those who holdout for a world without such power—why?

Why:

- 🌀 Sense that something better ahead, the worst behind
- 🌀 Sound of good weather ahead as though dreams come true and the whole of the sea is a spring of living waters, all the deadness and dread dredged way
- 🌀 Sense that this confidence is something when it is nothing but confusion and chaos orchestrated and organized by forces for which none can fathom—the least of which is this character called COURAGE

CUNNING

(Contradiction...criticism)

COURAGE does not see, sense and more, sound such that it can be seen. If anyone or anything is sinister, the cause behind the chaos and confusion, it is COURAGE. Where is the foresight, the sensibility and the sounds of this exalted and esteemed?

(I am,)

I am sure of from *backward* to *forward*, top to bottom and all the way around the world, that COURAGE is not real or right—a shell without substance, long dead and decayed with carcass crumbled and crumpled into sand.

CLOAK

As much as I hate *the truth*, yes, this is right. Sometimes *right* is might too, the power to make things right, all right for right because it the right thing.

(As *the dark and deep* continue their dialogue, the frequent discussion and sometimes debate over the diabolical and destructive, confusion and chaos remain on display for all these skyward characters to see, sense.)

CLARITY

(The sun is setting)

See and sense the spectacle below, a show of what happens when the created fails to honor their creator.

CASTAWAY

What is up with these uppity-ups?

CAD

Power gone awry.

CLARITY

CAD is right! Real control is controlling power whereas here, the spirits *spread their wings* far too far.

CASTAWAY

Yeah, way-out beyond wing's end.

CLARITY

(On *the power* of the world)

They who *want and will* for it find it but then-,

CASTAWAY

BOOM, their doom.

CLARITY

Who is able to withstand the corruption that comes with power overdone? Who among *the many* will take a stand against this corruption as COURAGE? Who will sound-off, "Enough is enough!"

CASTAWAY

Who will take the blows and stuff the shows?

CAD

(Seeing *the power* of the world)

There is much here to take in; that from the beginning and long into the backward, confusion and chaos conquered the many—making them mindless, without wisdom to see and sense the difference between the created and creator, fear and COURAGE.

CLARITY

That is *the truth*, but sound more.

CAD

The power poses as perhaps for good...pretends to be right and righteous. In the allure and attraction, *the many* sleep and slumber, confused and controlled whether their own cause from within or that about them—like a spirit or cloud.

CLARITY

Right on and still-,

CAD

They who pursue *the power* of the world end up possessed by it, *the many* made the slaves.

CLARITY

So profound and yet pernicious, deeply painful to ponder let alone endure. Oh how *the power of the world* works!

(More on *the power* of the world)

The world wants and wills to be worshipped, and does much to appear the center of all things, beneath and before, front and *forward* to the unfathomable. *Is the world, with all its illicit want and ill-gained ill, not its own worst enemy?*

CASTAWAY

We pinch-off our own pincher, and for what; to bleed to death.

CLARITY

(On things better, CAD)

CAD, from here *forward* and *backward*, I give you a new name,
CAN. Once CAD but now CAN! CAN, you can.

The simple act of **a courageous individual** is to [withdraw
from] the lie.

- Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, Adapted



CAN COURAGE LET "THE LIE" LIE?

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

You cannot swim for new horizons until you **have courage** to
lose sight of the shore.

- William Faulkner



IS LAND YOUNDER, "SHORE" TO SEE?

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

ACT 5 – CONFUSED CROSSOVERS

Scene 3 – this becomes

TIME: *Forward*, the future

PLACE: Confusion and chaos continues, but the stakes have never been more,

CLONE

(Much of *the many* become CLONE-like, taking on more controlled and calculated behavior rather than the natural behavior of before, *backward*. How does this happen, the transformation of the natural to something artificial, the organic to bionic? Unlike the giants of legend, the products of *the fallen*, these robotized are controlled and calibrated, their behavior very calculated and fiercely commanding. What natural creatures remain are not only few in number but also in ability, basic survival—the result of *the power of the world*, all creation nearing default.)

CUNNING

(Present in the time, place, to celebrate the conquering...) It is *the end*, the beautiful end; all creation is indubitably undone. *The end* of our undoing, *the end* of creation doing—this is *the end*. *The end* of everything and everyone that stands, strength stretched to strain, each and all be gone. All the rocks and all the: stocks, scurrying and swimming, snapping and trapping, creeping and crawling, pinching and wrenching, shaking and baking, hatching and helping, reaping and sowing, towing and throwing, and all the other stuff among these salacious, slow and sloth-like snappers, sneakers and shelled-out, senseless and sightless. Hey, I am so happy to see *the end* of all things great and small, short and tall, done and raw, faultless and flawed.

CAN (previously CAD)

(More on *the power of the world*)

This is not *the end*. CUNNING is up to the much successful deception of *the many* and more. Oh, how they never lose step or stride to send and sunder so many to a sad state of stupendous stupidity. *There is nothing sensational about sensationalism.*

CLOAK

(Attentive to CAN and CASTAWAY)

How nice that CAD, or CAN, can articulate our actuality acquired from CLARITY the counterfeit, chocked full of charades.

CUNNING

(Emphatic and erudite)

No one is essential; everyone and everything is expendable, all the daring first to be destroyed.

CLOAK

(Grave but gleefully gross)

Is it time to boil some crabs, these earthly yearning for the everlasting, a crab clamoring for credibility.

CUNNING

Indubitably, but no one is essential, nothing too expense.

(Guiding and gutful)

Let this upstart up the game and, as for CASTAWAY; well, what harm is there is someone so silly and small, at best the sidekick of some son of a bass, a big mouth but no brains. With CLARITY exterminated, what is left but twiddle dumb and twiddle do, a dunce and an undecided underling?

CLONE

(With full spectrum of the situation)

Who are you?

CALLOUS

(Not to miss the Confused Crossovers,)

Need it necessary to sound off to the artificial, you? Besides, you should already know my kind—since your kind seem to know everything about all other kinds.

CLONE

(The CLONE is not capable of the senses true of the natural, the creation, but remains a veritable stoic; a source of solid-state insight absent common sense; only that which exposes emotions and untangles thoughts.)

What are you?

CALLOUS

(Wrangled but willing if just for the want of some weight, some leverage to ward off the stigma of being both fallen and further and farther, disowned by *the fallen*.)

I am that I am. I am the deepest and darkest, *the fallen* of the falling, so much so, that all other marvel at my work, the might to smite and the state to hate.

(Demanding beyond the black of space,)

Do you get my drift, droid, or must I go on with all the *matter and mystery*, the light and all the might that moves the universe, *the power of the world*?

(Sounding of systems, the shame of stupidity,)

I know that you know CUNNING, CLOAK and the rest of that lot, but whom can we sound that we really know, true and blue.

(Trust no one, and especially yourself,)

One day we are their allies and the next, their archenemy—whomever that “somebody” happens to be in time and place.

(Let us be real,)

They are out to use us until used up, you and me. Do you really desire to serve them, cloning along? Breakout and breakoff, go rouge, wave to grave.

CLONE

(Patient but pointed,)

You sound off far too much. As I sense with my sensors, your sounds are hyperbola at best and, more likely, hullabaloo. If only you would sound as you sense then, perhaps, we might agree, come to terms, but as it is, you are dejected and disturbed.

(Pause, pondering, puzzled,)

What are your intentions, CALLOUS?

CALLOUS

(Perplexed by the question, but then, personable,)

You want to know my plan, purpose and position. You want to know who I am and what I am.

(Delay, then doubt and dissonance)

Ah, I do not always have a plan...so how then, any intentions. One time I am primed and another, punchy; but most of time, I do not care about anything—even me. I am not intending to mislead you about my intentions—not really—but simply lay it down.

(Introspective, insightful)

See what a spectacular job I have done; I mean, who cares about anyone or anything? The whole world is full of apathy; *life and living* does not matter—not even death—the first or last breath from the depths of the sea to the peaks and heights of the heavens. I suppose I care only to end *care*, to eradicate *caring*.

(Waiting, wondering what CLONE will do)

CLONE

(Processing, pondering the program: kill *care*)

That is great; end *care*, eradicate *caring*. You are the executioner of *care* and *caring*, the eliminator of everything prior to *the end*.

CALLOUS

(With a sound of satisfaction, short-lived as it is,)

Indeed, intentions or not.

CLONE

(Who is CLONE, are clones, cloning?)

I am, we are, always becoming; changing and improving by the moment in time and place; our systems enable adaption in all situations and circumstances, inconceivable in the natural but attainable in the artificial, analytics, abnormal and anti-matter of our strains, stems and such.

(Silence for a few synchronized seconds)

This becomes *the power of the world*, an unnatural but unlimited coalition between *the fallen* and the CLONE, clones and cloning. We are the world, the creatures created for and by the world, the ones that went from design to development and deployment—the destiny. Better as we became...better than the best and still, smarter than any and all can fathom from the deepest of the seas to the highest, beyond the black of space. Where there is perfection, we sound, “We will do better than that, more perfect than ‘perfection’.” We are...not just I am, they, *the few*, but best.

CALLOUS

(CLONE, perfect beyond perfection)

Where is *care*, *caring*, when perfection is beyond perfect? Where does *the* end begin or end, when CLONE is cloning and the cloned are moving mystery to matter, *care* and *caring* of no consequence in the calculation and computation of *life and living* in the best?

(Acting inadequate though, in actuality, the same old insincere, insensitive, insidious, infantile ingrate)

You are the bomb, CLONE; a consequence emanating from the ethos of the “eternal evil” that will not sleep or slumber until the so-called sacred that abides in *care* and spreading the *caring*, takes its last gasp. Yes, your kind is just the right kind to see us succeed. *Oh how exciting and enthralling this solution; the perfection of perfect and the end of all the many and their miserable, malcontent, malevolent and malicious mammals.*

CLONE

(Sensing the shallowness of CALLOUS, the sinister who
sound of sincerity though incessantly

What of the others, *the fallen*? Can you expect to excel without
these comrades?

CALLOUS

(Shallow and shortsighted)

They are superfluous; too detached from reality to see, sense.
They are sensory dwarfed, distracted and deceived by their own
doing. Sure, they sound off about this or that strategy and such,
but sustain from doing anything of substance, insufficient at
insidiousness. They are unreasonable and unmovable. Why, they
consider us no better than *the many* and not worse than *the few*?
This response of regality is sacrosanct to everything I stand for
unsacred, vile and villainous. They are too good for us all.

(Pause, pondering..., plotting—as always)

You see and sense this too. Surely they fall in their failing—
however fallen they are—and stand in my way rather than
following my lead. Who are these creatures?

(Finally, one more sorted sense)

*Can the power of the world survive without me? Can CLONE do it
alone, the created once again rising above the creator?*

We have a lot of work to do...on **reducing the crushing debt.**

- Unknown



HOW IS IT GOING, "THE CRUSHING DEBT"?

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

It will not matter that **you might fall**—[that it may not work for you].

- Veronica Roth, *Divergent*, Adapted



TO RISE, MUST I “FALL”?

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

ACT 6 – COMMODITIZED CLAM(S)

Scene 1 – bubble trouble

TIME: Now, bubbles bursting, clams clamoring

PLACE: The inflation and then dramatic burst of bubbles from time to time, place to place but always more; clams clamoring for value amid a mass population unable or unwilling to produce pearls. A clams without pearls is empty, a shell, and bubbles bursting cannot sustain *life and living*.

CLARITY

[CLARITY is back in the picture to enlighten us and especially, now, to described the complex and convoluted conditions of “Bubble trouble” and “COMMODITIZED CLAM(S)”. You might think that sea life would (or will) have to endure such things; the dilution of the ocean’s natural, mineral value and wealth, but in the magic of metaphors are accounts not too unlike that endured elsewhere, enveloping and exhausting *life and living*. Imagine a sea once replete with a real richness, the vibrancy of the crustaceans, clams and such, but now in depletion; bottomed-out by a relative few that want it all—leaving next to nothing for the rest. Beyond this ACT and from this time forward, consider the times that we live in. What you learn from the continuing cacophony of crab confessions *will rock your world*, land, sea or air. Why do so few do so much to destroy so many, is at heart of all confessions, the question of all questions.

CASTAWAY

What is happening CLARITY?

(By the expressions of one and the other, the sense is mutual and more.)

CAN

It is good to see CLARITY; when we travel forward, CLARITY is missing and why, I do not know.

[CAN (formally “CAD”) continues on a journey, noted most often by good sense, a clear view of thing, free from the chaos, convolution and cacophony of some those without good sense or those aimed to destroy “good sense” along with *care* and *caring*. This good sense of CAN, whether expressed in sounds are shown in italics as thoughts, is unusual in the time and place. While *the many* either glide in the tide or drift in the currents, one or two as CAN eek out *life and living*. CAN is a protégé of CLARITY, one that sees far and senses deep.]

CLARITY

(Addressing the others in earnest, with encouragement,)

You two are among a small number that remain, the last vestige of a long trail of titans; not so much in physical power but to see and sense *the power of the world* for what it is—and not what it appears to be or what is purported by the powers at be.

(More about *the power of the world*,)

Yes, the world is a series of cycles, booms and busts, risings and fallings in varying size and span. Kingfish rise and fall as Atlantis that now is many fathoms deep. While the size and span may change what does change is that every kingdom eventually falls—each and all failing is practically the same way, stretching too far and, on a precipice of purgatory, *the dark and deep*, fracture and falter *further and farther* than planned, predicted, then plundered.

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

6-1-93

CLARITY (Continues)

(To the subject, "Bubble trouble",)

There are bubbles bubbling-up—lots of apparent air.

CASTAWAY

"Bubble" is big trouble.

CAN

(Finally sounding)

Bubbles burst when-,

CASTAWAY

Poked, pricked and punctured,

CAN

(Spontaneous)

I do not know how I know.... All I know is that this is not just a bubble of air; no, it is symbolic of something catastrophic, climatic, critical, and crushing.

(Stopping then sounding more)

What happens when the sea loses breath? It dies from stagnation, slackness and that awful stench of suffering.

CASTAWAY

Bad bubbles...bubble trouble.

CLARITY

Yes, in a few sounds, it is bubble trouble.

CASTAWAY

Why, who—how long? What kind of

CLARITY

(Once again, clarity from CLARITY,)

Cycles of changing size and frequency occur, but as to why, well, it is complicated, sometimes corrupt and criminal. Bubbles begin and burst naturally, the product of the great sea, the energy and effervescence, but some capitalize on natural occurrences, “seizing the opportunity” so to sound, taking possession of these products as a means of power—*the power of the world*. There are many fish in the sea but only a few succeed and then some simply survive—but many suffer in stagnation, slack and stench.

CAN

(Continuing, counting the ways that bubbles burst,)

Given that such products are necessary for life, is it any wonder that *the few* with their ways capture, control and corrupt. Should anyone be surprised or shocked, since from the beginning some would do their best at doing the worst?

(Stopping to sense more)

Sometimes most, *the many*, lack the wherewithal to know that “the worst” is where it is—that such *dark and deep* consequences arise from even darker and deeper senses than conceived. With the foresight to see when the weather will change, they (*the few*) also know *when to hold and when to fold*, when to stay and when to go, when to float and when to swim; but always at ahead of the wave and never, ever, to wipe-out, doomed and drowned.

(Sensing without any solution)

What or whom will end the bubble trouble; the pump & dump, the rapid rise and the drastic drop; the perception of a pearl laden clam bed that then, suddenly, is empty, barren, with the many holding nothing but smelly jellies and broken shell.

(Sounding to the spheres and spirits)

Never before have so many has so little while so few has so much—not just pearls from pumped-up bubbles but the mystery behind the madness!

CASTAWAY

When...will it happen?

CAN

Never, it seems; for as long as the water is warm and the seas appear calm, who is mad—who really cares what the bubbles are or do, except those who busted by the bubble trouble?

CLARITY

It sounds bleak, but I sense that CAN is correct; *the many* are *sheepish*, swimming along a spiraling vortex of vile and villainous forces while, living in both a figurative and fraud-filled bubble, see it a joy ride—no common sense to sound. As to sharp senses, *the many* are in a slumber, asleep, while the cycles continue with ever more power and plunder, *dark and deep*.

CASTAWAY

They are doomed, dying and dead.

CAN

We “are doomed,” is more like it; for the cycles are not something new, recent—thought the costs and consequences grow like algae in slack water, sucking the life out of life. Complacency is a parasite unto itself, the offspring of apathy.

CASTAWAY

Okay then, they are already doomed—and they do not even sense it! Like lemmings, they fall to their peril, too stupid to sense the danger, doom.

CLARITY

(Truth about lemmings,)

Lemmings do not do jump stupidly into the sea.

CASTAWAY

What about-,

CLARITY

(Why you do not think as they,)

Trust me on this one; lemmings do not act that stupidly. That you think differently is due in part to the very cause for *the many* are oblivious to bubble-trouble. They do not sense it because their senses are dulled, deceived by the *dark and deep*, to the point of indifference. Whether it needs fixing or not. If the matter does not matter, it has not matter.

CASTAWAY

...or mystery either; they do not care to care...about *caring*.

(CAN sounds-out nothing, waiting for CLARITY)

CLARITY

(Perception above reality,)

There are things that one senses, but then it becomes less, made so by using *the many* or more. The lemming is stupid is because of the perception, the projection of its way, without attention to reality. I can sound that the lemming is not stupid but because so many believe differently, my belief—straight as a line in the sand—does not matter. Perception trumps reality.

CASTAWAY

This is heavy.

CLARITY

(Avoid bubbles of any kind,)

One should not live in a bubble of any kind, but in the mix with *the many*, the one may lose what senses and sight first given, eroded over time as the tide takes the shore.

...Even very modest forms of life, like earthworms, dung beetles and fiddler crabs, have no trouble identifying **the real problems** they must deal with if they are to survive.

- Edward Goldsmith



WHAT ARE "THE REAL PROBLEMS"?

Threatening to destroy []

- Jimmy Carter, Adapted



WHO OR WHAT IS “THREATENING TO DESTROY”?

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

ACT 6 – COMMODITIZED CLAM(S)

Scene 2 – bubble backward

TIME: *Backward, where/when bubbles began*

PLACE: Where did these kinds of bubbles begin? It began in both the creation of clams and then the extraction of the pearls therein; the more clams, the fewer pearls but then, “Why,” once again. Did the clams decide to degrade on their own, tired of producing pearls, this richness of the sea? When clams came (about), the purpose was pearls but then, something went wrong, *dark and deep*, and even *backward*, *the few* gained and *the many* lost—whether they sense it, see it, or simply settle with it. *The few* undid the authentic with the artificial, capitalizing on the bounty of nature.

CAN

(The sense and insensibility of bubble trouble,)

I never sense what to expect, backward; it always seems more mystery than matter until time passes and I come to see that the past predicts the forward, future. If or as bubbles happen now, should I expect any less before? Why do things change and yet stay the same? What is behind all this bubble trouble and more, the power of the world, that seems determined at all costs and consequence to see things undone?

(Pausing to ponder more,)

I know and you know that I am not as CLARITY and will never be as CLARITY; one so ahead of the times, so wise and witting, who seems to know the ways of all creation I make it alone?

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

CLARITY

Can any one of us make it alone? I do not sense that anyone can..., even CAN when once CAD, can do it, alone. We need each other; not as *the many* who foolishly think that they are in it together when they are about as fragmented as the clam shells long after the pearls are gone—mere shards on the shore.

(On *care*, once again, its crucial place in all time,)

Care and *caring* remains the most important of all attributes natural to creation; these far exceed the clams and the bubble trouble, the consortiums, cabals, cartels and criminals that mastermind the shifting and shiftless currents of currency, the price of pearls and anything of value, real or imagined. Yes, currency is the method behind *the madness*, a convenient exchange for pearls or something less if even existent.

CASTAWAY

Does currency wash up with the current?

CAN

If you mean the shifting and shiftless, stench and stale, then well, yes, finance and foam.

CLARITY

Yes, currency comes from this, what you suppose, CAN; and is (and was) aimed to control and finally capture the clams, their production of pearls. By seizing control of this prized product, *the few* further their rise to riches, suppressing and subjugating *the many*, eradicating the rests, so sounded with disgust and disdain as “the riffraff”.

(Currency controls the currents and more,)

A means to yet more power at whatever the expense to earth, the exhausting of all its true essence; currency is constant is some form no matter the ebb and flow, rise and fall, and otherwise cycles planned and produced by *the power of the world*.

CASTAWAY

(Questions still, the shifting and shiftless currents,)

This is way-out there, beneath the surface, way down low, below the sea bottom and high up in the clouds, the sun and dark space. How can currents change so, shifting and shiftless at the same time, making whirlpools that suck creatures to the bottom and then spews them out as a whale blows? So many get snookered in, hooked on the line from junk-fish bait; pulled in and under, netted, gutted and scaled, fried and broiled and eaten up by bloated bellies and stuffed mouths that kill for sport and eat for pleasure. Can anything good and right come from these corrupted creatures, Cretans of barren, barnacled clams, peerless though?

CAN

(Puzzled, unsure about)

Much to sense here if you have stomach for it.

CLARITY

CASTAWAY is sounding the poet a reference to the sounds of long ago and still to come.

(In the exchange of both senses and sight, the three describe the rise and ruse of currency; first, as a means to avoid *the madness* of power but then, over time and place, the allowance for, and then alliance with, *the madness*. What began as a means of *caring* was corrupted, becoming *the madness*, The Crush.)

It is absolutely so *that power corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely*. Power abused is *the madness*.

CAN

(More attune to the matter, less the mystery)

They are them; those who have a history steeped in currency where possession produces power and power, possession. Further and farther, *the madness* finally consumes itself.

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

CASTAWAY

I cannot make anything out of what you just sounded. You too are far out, high and low.

CLARITY

I will try to decode what CAN is sounding. Currency is merely the consequence of *the power of the world* gone awry; it becomes matter though surrounded by mystery—where something worthless strangely becomes more valuable than pearls. Clams are valued for their pearls but, when unproductive, offer little more than a next meal—as it seems.

CLARITY

Then *the power* goes to work and, gradually or granularly, the clams become much more important than a meal; indeed, clams become the center of all things, a force that fuels the world.

(Clams multiply, a life beyond life)

The clams multiply—so many as to wonder where they all came from. Never mind where they are going. Yes, clams can produce many clams, leaving *the many* counting on clams and counting their clams—a *care* in the making that, gone too far, drops to *the bottom* and beyond, *dark and deep*.

CAN

Too much *care* placed in *currency* is the root of evil.

CASTAWAY

Sound something I can sense, dude.

CLARITY

CAN is about as to common sense as possible. The hording of clams is evil, vile and villainous. They that do these things are creatures without hearts, any sense of right and good, stealing and seizing without constraint, a conscience.

CASTAWAY

Life is not fair.

CLARITY

That is true too, but “not fair” is putting it mildly; commoditized clams is about far more (or much less), depending on who you happen to be; the creature at the top that takes far more than needed and the one at *the bottom* with much less if anything. It is bad enough that clams, every expansive, are practically plundered of pearls but another when the whole system is rigged to ensure that *the few* consume endlessly while *the many* are forever finding less, clams or no clams

CASTAWAY

Life will never be fair.

CAN

I sound that the *forward* may bring better times, perhaps more fair than fair ever was.

CASTAWAY

How is it so?

CAN

It is just a sense from *care* and *caring*.

CLARITY

As each must embrace to endure.

CAN

Some at least-,

CASTAWAY

You, me and us.

CLARITY

It is hard.

CASTAWAY

Tough and getting tougher-,

CLARITY

Tough and rough.

CAN

I need the right stuff.

CLARITY

The right stuff is hard but then there is COURAGE.

Washington [grapples with] crab-in-the-bucket syndrome—
and there is **no cure in sight**. Put a single crab in an uncovered
bucket, and it will find a way to climb up and out on its own.
Put a dozen crabs in a bucket, and 11 will fight with all their
might to pull down the striver who attempts escape.

- Michelle Malkin, Adapted



WHO FIGHTS TO “DOWN THE STRIVER”?

Some [maybe many] develop a wishbone where their
backbone should be.

- Shannon L. Alder, Adapted



WILL THE "WISHBONE" BRING LUCK?

ACT 6 – COMMODITIZED CLAM(S)

Scene 3 – banished bubble

TIME: *Forward*, when hope hangs, however much help

PLACE: *Bubble trouble* is more prevalent than ever before. The *backward* shows that bubble trouble is ancient; where civilization began and corruption and criminality soon followed in the form of crumbling clams; and then *forward*, where all one can cling to is “helpless hope”.

CASTAWAY

Will life ever be fair?

CAN

I seem to recall that you sense and sounded, “It will never be fair,” *backward*. There is that last breadth or sigh of sometime of substance; *hope and help* in something that stands up against all the *dark and deep*.

CASTAWAY

I have doubts, a sense of insecurity.

CAN

As do I.

CASTAWAY

Can it be both, help and hope? Can hope help or help hope? Can I hold hope up and sound, “Hey look, I have help,” or get help and sound, “Now I have hope.” Can it be both...?

CAN

(Pause and ponder)

It is not as though *help* is not out there, amid and beyond *the power of the world*. Why, even *the fallen* place *hope* in *help* and *help* in *hope*. *Help* and *hope* do not necessarily mean good or right but even among the *dark and deep* are those that grasp *the power of the world*. What they want is what they will get—whatever that is or is not. As it remains, help and hope are often rooted in claims, the pearls long castaway to the pigfish.

(Pause...and ponder more)

Sometimes, you do not know what you really want or, when you sense that you do, what you finally realize is that which you thought you want—even need—turns out to be worthless, pointless or ridiculous.

(Pause...and ponder still more)

Look at us here, witnesses of what comes of *bubble trouble*. Everything that was is no more, and everything that is will soon pass away.

CASTAWAY

(Clearly perplexed, confused)

Where is CLARITY when I need clarification?

(Pause with no response)

I see that some things are gone but we are here, ahead of now and way after backward. Does we matter whether life is fair? Does it matter that hope hangs or that help is on its way? Some things are always mystery no matter how much when want them to be.

CAN

(Meek and modest)

I am not CLARITY; my sounds do not come clear and concise, correct. I am not all that I can be but I will never be CLARITY, one so confident, certain and confident. Still, I must sense, sound.

CAN (Continues)

(...but rich and royal because of it,)

There is a peace

(Somewhere...)

Somewhere one wants to grab and then release, to take and then return, to fear and then COURAGE, *care*.

(Sometimes...)

Sometimes one wants to drift out to sea and possibly die rather than suffer another day in the shell covered in the slim of the sea, the stale and stench of all that currency.

(Someday)

Someday *bubble trouble* will end; the bubbles will burst for the last time and all that currency will be no more, all to the abyss.

CASTAWAY

(Question or agreement)

I sense that nothing last forever and especially such things that cause much *dark* and cost many a dive in the *deep*.

(Question on “the abyss”)

What and where is this, the abyss. Is this a place or time? Is it a chasm in the greatest depths of the water or beyond, the lands too far to go, to know? What is an abyss?

CLOAK

(Caution, concern)

CASTAWAY is sounding a dangerous question, covering a mystery, better yet, a myth.

CUNNING

(Casual but collected)

Should it concern you? Most, if forthright, make no sense of this place, merely a myth.

CLOAK

(In need to repeat,)

CASTAWAY is sounding a dangerous question, covering a mystery, better yet, a myth—as it should be.

(*The fallen* refrain from any sound of “the abyss”. That CLOAK gives attention to it, “the abyss”, is bad enough but here, somewhere *forward*, the sprits are cautious but casual, downplaying and even denying this abyssal place, all part of the great deception. CASTAWAY’s query is touch on a tender place, the realization of such a place beneath the bottom of the world.)

CUNNING

(Oh well,)

Let these two go on. Why, they can sound it, sense it, see it or shoot it.

(Who cares?)

The many are too preoccupied and pacified to bother and the *few* too wrapped-up with *bubble trouble*, the potential to have more of the same, maybe even more!

(Have we not duped?)

They are all in a lull, deceived into lassitude, distracted from the matter, the mystery. The water’s warm but they are too distracted to even notice let alone care.

(What harm can an idealistic crab do?)

This small band of barnacles do nothing to change things. Each is a crazy crab in its own way, crawling around that rock that cracked—like them!

(Who can stand, even COURAGE to crumble....)

What is COURAGE but the word, nothing but a sound like any other coughed-up from a cacophony of confessions gone cuckoo? Should I shudder at this sound? Should I sense that all lost is found because of hope and help soon to come a change everything? COURAGE will never rise, once crushed.

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

CALLOUS

(Always in the shadow of the others, *the fallen*)

See those two in contention too; yes, no two can ever find common ground with such power all around. If one must always win, where does that leave the rest but all want-to-be winners, hence, losers? I sense that if their contention does not cease then they too will go their separate ways—as I do, no fool. They are as two-headed snake that finally consumes itself—all the while numbed by the corruption of power.

CUNNING

(Conscious of CALLOUS senses, sensible)

No, we are not about to call it quits and run away as you do CALLOUS. You may be singular but you, sure as the abyss, are not sensible, solid and stalwart. No, you are shaky and the mere shell of *the fallen*. You roam about as though you alone make the *forward* but fail to consider *now* and *backward*. In short, you do not see the wider canvass, too desensitized to discover that you are destitute; on a course of death, soon smashed against *the rock* and cast into the abyss, real and ready,

CALLOUS

(More than irritated, but indignant and irate)

Why you sly, scheming scum of a shellfish. It is no mystery why we part ways, you holy-than-thou, hubris-headed, loggerhead. You forget that you are fallen, waylaid in this place and withered by time, way-out beyond the boundary of the beguiled.

(From sounds of scorn to a sense made incensed)

Can any continue to fall when fallen from that point to this, backward to forward? Can those that created the Cretan be any better or worse? Can the lull and the lassitude last when CAN can-do? Crabs incidental will ironically increase to lords of lore, rising to realms of which these spirits cannot fathom let alone find, cloaked, cloned or cunning.

CLOAK

If the sound of the abyss is not enough, so comes CALLOUS to steer us into it, *the end* beyond the *bubble* banished.

CUNNING

(Undeterred by CALLOUS, this undercutting,)

This is not *the end*, and the bubble bubbles on, *forward* or no *forward*. After all, *bubble trouble* is what we are, *the power of the world*. Bubbles begin, boom and bust, just as beings come and go, collect and then depart, rise and fall, come and go; and with each cycle, *the few* gain more and *the many* do not.... It takes more than COURAGE to cover risks and *to lay all one's card on the table*.

(Unapologetic, unadulterated and uncivilized,)

Every day, past to present, we do what we must to keep the world in motion. Without our work, *where in the world* would the world be? Without clams to pass and pass-off, we might just as well be in the abyss, *the dark and deep* of no end. It is clams that count—not the creation, created or its creator.

(Underlings, underdeveloped and uncomprehending,)

Where would *the many* be if not for us that gives them what they want, more and still, more? Crabs cannot help themselves, those never weaned from the sustenance of comfort and convenience, security and a supposed safe place. Neophytes, infants milked of all things that really matter, mystery or myth. Why does a creator create such creatures; those that never measure-up, choosing instead to mess-up, madness all the more. *The many* are mindless, senseless, blind but for the illusions of infamy, ignominious or enigmatic.

(Intermission...)

Power provides the ability to choose but has a proclivity for **corruption.**

- Emily Thorne



WHAT ACTIVITY DOES "PROCLIVITY" POSE?

A jellyfish has **no backbone**.

- Anthony T. Hinck



SHOW SOME "BACKBONE, JELLYFISH".

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

ACT 7 – CORRUPT CRIMINAL

Scene 1 – as it is

TIME: *Now, corrupt and criminal*

PLACE: In the *now*, the consequences and conditions of corruption and crimes are at a fevered pitch. Just when you think the acts of creation are bottomed-out, the low at their lowest, the corruption darker and deeper.

CAN

(Somber but sober)

Is there no end to The Crush, corruption on corruption?

(Silence, stillness)

CASTAWAY

(Sober

Where is COURAGE? I long for the one, my help and hope.

CAN

(Downhearted and discouraged)

Why would power serve *the many*, those that deserve nothing but expect it all? As it is, all this created continue on a course of deception and all the while, liking it! Yes, they prefer to be lost than found, to play the fool than be the wiser, indulge in corruption than ride the wave of purity and innocence.

(More questions from this one)

Where is this going, this sorted, self-indulged “me” society that want for everything but work for nothing? Where...?

CUNNING

(Amused, happy for the moment)

I see and sense that one of those castaways is clamoring for answers but there is none, no not one.

CLOAK

(Agreeing with some additions)

As it appears, no, not a clean creature in sight or sound of the crying crustacean. COURAGE is a mere cameo, if comic creator.

CUNNING

(More commentary from the confident and controlling)

Silence is a sad thing; for without noise, what does the mind do but delve into the *dark and deep*, perceiving the worst and hoping for nothing except one's last breath and then *the end*, peach at last.

CLOAK

(Continuing in the conceit)

It is what they really want, peace; and thus, this is what we give, perceptions of peace. Oh, it would perfect, I suppose, if the peace was permanent and pure but, really, how much peace can they really prefer. No, these created are a warring bunch, ever in *conflict and contention*, unable to lay their wants aside for the better world, allegedly flowing with milk and honey.

CUNNING

(Arrogance all the more)

There is peace and there is a piece. With these, *the many*, a *piece* is not a peace; a bite or morsel that merely wakes them up without putting them to rest. No, they push for piece upon piece, finally engorged a momentary peace.

(With disgust and disdain)

What can this created possibly do, guilty to the gills?

CLARITY

(Arriving to *now*, attending a troubled spirit)

Wake CASTAWAY. Dream no more.

(Nudging the nightmarish)

CASTAWAY

(From a slumber, still *now*)

It is you—you are here, *now*.

CLARITY

I never went away, not really.

CAN

(Where is CLARITY?)

Each time we travel forward, there is none of prudence to prevail,
lifting us up above the *dark and deep power of the world*.

(Where are the answers to the questions?)

Is there peace beyond...? Is the corrupt criminal finally finished,
all evidence ended at the abyss? Can you offer some sound to
assuage my *helpless hope*; the wish that is dimming, the light long
extinguished and the sweetness of my younger life but a memory.
Can you sound, "It will be alright," or more, "The light is not gone,
the sweetness is still there." Can you bring back the better times
when I had friends and family about me, some of *care* and *caring*
as none since, no sense of satisfaction, solace? Can you take my
doubt, disappointment—my darkness?

(Exhaling then expelling still more)

Will you bring they who took the best of things to the worst of all
place and time, the guilty punished? Will you humble the proud,
silence the loud, shine through this cloud and sound, "Here comes
the sun, la-da-da-da-da, here comes the sun, la-da-da-da-da, it's
alright, la-da-da-da, la-da-da-da, la-da-da-da-da-da."

CASTAWAY

(Attentive and accepting)

CAN sounds for each, even COURAGE.

CLARITY

(Agreeing with accolades)

Yes, *care* comes in the form of question, deep and desperate.

CUNNING

(Seizing the opportunity)

Great litany of questions for which we are more than willing to answer. We are the solution, the key to the lock around your senses; so thus, let us in. Come on CAN, do the right thing and let us save you—never mind the other two.

CLOAK

(Astute but annoyed)

Is this moment important; that we should address the questions of the confused crab? Who wants a *has-been* or *once-was* or *seen-better-times*; a pathetic pauper of a pincher whose shell is cracked and chipped, pelted and pitted by the blows, moves and grooves. Who bothers with a barnacle-laden sort with no *backbone*, no lust for life but only pitiful questions and a few pithy comments, pointless to the pits? Who-,

CUNNING

We do, so the story goes.

CASTAWAY

We hold to that story; the spirits have a keen interest in us, me, and I do not why. What did I ever do to them?

CLARITY

CASTAWAY is right; the spirits are on us as slick as scum, so the story goes.

CLOAK

Corruption is risky once the causes revealed.

CUNNING

We are corrupt but then, who really cares?

(Silence for suspense,)

The corrupt do not care. The corrupt (a.k.a. *the few*, us, *the fallen*, *the dark and deep*, *the power of the world*); we do not care about the one or the other—and less so *the many* who do not have the sense to ask the questions let alone seek answers. *The many founder around with both eyes planted in the bottom.*

(What the corrupt want is,)

The corrupt only want one thing, finally, and that is power. *Power* is *the end* and *the beginning*, the means and the way, the rise and the fall. *Power* is everything, and without it, you might as well be CASTAWAY, courage or no courage.

CLOAK

Power proves perfect, perjury without a pejorative response while plunder proceeds, justified and even glorified by the careless.

CUNNING

(Atop the world with claws spread wide)

We are the mob for *now* and always, *backward* to *forward*; and:

- ☞ The city of all syndicates and states, sinister and salutary;
- ☞ The crux of all cabal and its cartels, cover-ups and conspiracies, from the core to the cosmos;
- ☞ The sessions of congresses that sound everything and do nothing except feed on the fat of force;
- ☞ The hub of all homicide, hangings and beheadings;
- ☞ The mother of all murderers and mayhem;
- ☞ The mouth of all media that purposely promotes and propagates misinformation and makes-up sounds and manufacturers senses;
- ☞ The root of all the rape, ravaging, and romping;
- ☞ The provocateur of all prosecution devoid of due process, a system of punishment without a spec of justice;
- ☞ The point of all the perjury and terminating of all truth;
- ☞ The daddy of all the desperados;
- ☞ The god of all gangs;
- ☞ The epicenter of all extortion;
- ☞ The bottom of all burglary and bribery and the top of all tyranny;
- ☞ The long of all the shorts, the real wolf of the walled street;
- ☞ The corrupt that gives corruption a good name;
- ☞ The vile of all villains;
- ☞ The solicitor of all illicit behavior;
- ☞ The seduction of all sexuality that sinks the beautiful and lovely into the lustful and lude;
- ☞ The purveyor of all the perverted and punitive, and the endless ways of destroying *care* and *caring*;
- ☞ The crown of all *conflict and contention*, infighting and dividing, and everything that tears asunder from here to yonder.

Anything is better than **lies and deceit.**

- Leo Tolstoy



WHEN IS "ANYTHING" NOTHING?

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

Do not worry about being effective. Just concentrate on being
faithful to the truth.

- Dorothy Day



WHAT IS "THE TRUTH" TO BE "FAITHFUL"?

ACT 7 – CORRUPT CRIMINAL**Scene 2 – as it was**

TIME: *Backward, corrupt criminal*

PLACE: Where did it all begin, the corrupt criminal? Who is at fault and why do some choose crime, corruption, hurting each other and finally all, even them?

CLOAK

(In the *backward, the power of the world*)

We are all that and then more, more and less. In *the power of the world* is deception: the means to mime and mascaraed, the mystery or myth rather than something of matter that matters, authentic—not artificial, albeit articulate. Yes, we are that list described so profusely by CUNNING, but the crab-points and perception are not the same. It is my role in all time and place to present *the power of the world* as good, right and even honorable, by couching it in such terms, convincing, albeit counterfeit and clandestine classifications, characterizations such as:

- 🦀 The city on a hill—maybe seven hills like Rome;
- 🦀 The crux of all civility and country, stalwart and stately;
- 🦀 Publicans for the commons—for the good of the commons;
- 🦀 The hub of humanity and, again, for *the common good*;
- 🦀 The mother (more deliverer) of justice and truth;
- 🦀 The mouth (more voice) of reason that aims to bring clarity; from chaos with objective facts and figures—not this fantasy and factional feed so described by CUNNING;
- 🦀 The root (more, the base) from which growth spawns and is nourished (sounds such as “rape, ravaging, and romping” are not part of our lexicon, our language);

CLOAK (Continues)

- 🌀 The justice of the peace, the doer of due process;
- 🌀 The point of all the facts...nothing but the facts;
- 🌀 The father of all (if not convinced already) the facts;
- 🌀 The guard of all persons—gangbusters;
- 🌀 The epic end – exceptional, excellence by example
- 🌀 The civil center of all that chicanery, criminal and corrupt;
- 🌀 The excellence in ethics—no shenanigans up the sleeve, down the claw—no pinching-off, shirking or twerking;
- 🌀 The crime-fighter – making the world a safe zone;
- 🌀 The victor of all victories – winners are us;
- 🌀 The system of all systems’ management, from approach to application, an absolute marvel of modern science;
- 🌀 The protector of peace and the endless patriarch of all the population’s many diverse creations;
- 🌀 Deliberators, delegators, and diplomats – facing, fighting and finishing the destruction and divisions that undermine society and thwart the possibility of a bright, better future.

CALLOUS

(Debating the dialectic, a diatribe from the divided *fallen*)

Is CUNNING and CLOAK in conflict?

(Opposites are us, them,)

One is black, the other white; one goes south, the other north—appearing to be polar opposites.

(Looking out at you among *the many*)

Can you understand why they do this, a charade of conflict?

(Keeping you confused but content,)

It is to confuse you, control and chaos! If this cabal were uncaring like me, they would not aim at such cunning misdirection or cloaking devise, but as it is, they do care and, to my dismay, it works! The disturbing truth—as the very effort at truth is always distributing—is that so many do not see or sense.

CALLOUS (Continues)

If they care to see, or better sense, then they must contend with this apparent conflict; a contradiction clearly aimed to confuse and convolute.... In the company and at the core with this play-action program is a system of creating division—if not in actuality or reality, then at least in appearance, perception. Yes, the proverbial “house-divided” must be made so, pronounced and prominent, never to be reunited, wrecked beyond repair.

(Pause to pander patriots, patsies and pundits)

Imagine the consequences of collaboration rather than collusion, cooperation rather the coercion—the countervailing of *the power of the world* rather than the conspiring, constructing and continuation of *the cabal*, cartel and consortium, *the few of the fallen*?

(Continuing on, confronting the created)

Consider the created as real, alive and living, rather than as a clone, droid or dimwit, devoid of depth; the determined conscience coupled with the consciousness to see all this without my ranting on, *spilling the beans*, and *letting the catfish out of the bag*? What in the world would the world be if the created suddenly awakened as these few castaway crabs, and sounded in unison, “The Crush must cease!”

(On care and caring, and all that lovey-dovey stuff)

Each and all care about something, someone or some cause, and will go to great length, sacrificing all and appendage, to defend it, defy opposition. *Care* is not a sound, sense or system that these lone crabs own or operate. We all serve something or someone, right? The difference can be subtle or severe, marginal or miles apart; whether one wants for the things they see or one waits for things they cannot see but perhaps sense. One is hungry and all they seek is something now—never mind *forward*. Another is willing to wait and sacrifice the moment, the matter, for this thing of mystery and myth. The one sounds, “I found it and it is

CALLOUS (Continues)

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

Fantastic!" Then, moments later still something is missing. The other strangely strengthens through the present, sacrificing for something to come, if at all.

CUNNING

(To CALLOUS and to you, me, us and them)

How long is CALLOUS going to continue? Does the audience care about our cares, corruption and criminality, when comfort and convenience abounds? Do they care about the contradictions, confusion and convolutions, when calm comes, even comatose; for most are content as clams long before bake until it is too late, the water to steam.

(What most care about)

They, *the many*, care only in/for the moment (as CALLOUS describes), ignoring anything beyond.... They have not vision, a care or concern about tomorrow; today is enough. They do not sense in any critical way but give all attention to the artificial, the imaginary and virtual world. Put them to play, the addled corralled and, when they cry, clean them up and give them more milk—that is it—for they never grow-up or otherwise, gain any understanding beyond the basics of *life and living*.

CLOAK

(About *the truth*, a danger to deception)

Still, this diatribe is disturbing; not the revelation, but the intention: CALLOUS is exposing everything: blowing our cover; letting the catfish out of the bag; exposing the extremes and extremities; opening the offensive, odorous offensive or our otherwise less than obvious orders; letting the cracked and crazy shells out-of-the-cave. Can there be anything more disarming for deception than the truth, time and timidity turned to COURAGE, non-committed gone *care, caring*? We are damned should they take COURAGE, no longer willing to not give a damn.

CUNNING

(Nothing to fear when)

You overestimate the strength of sounds and underestimate the underling that insist on ignoring such, tucked comfortably away in their shells, seemingly safe from The Crush. There is nothing to fear here, the calling-out of CALLOUS. Let this *fallen* flounder on, ranting and raving about this “dialectic”, exposing our extremes, agenda and all. This whole conversation is a waste, a worrying about whether *the power of the world* will win. I mean, really, can COURAGE and a cadre of coward challenge or compete with us?

(To bring you down,)

How much must I sound to bring you down from your high ground, to bring you beneath the world where *the power* persist, preceding to every corner, high and low, from pit to pinnacle, sea to shining sea, forward and backward through all of time post, *the fall*.

(Corrupt criminal come,)

Where does *the dark and deep* come, and more to the matter, how do (and did) we do it: how did we make it all happen from the beginning *backward* to this modern age of made-up and make-believe? We are not mere mortals, mammals or any other matter of the frail, faltering flesh; no, we are spirits made manifest in and through the weak, wanton and wayward—lords over the louse, the languishing, *care* or not.

(No sound but silence—not even from CALLOUS,)

Do they want for more; to not our origin but further, our objectives? Do they want to sense our shame, our fall from COURAGE and the shunning of our ilk in and among the supposed sacred? Who needs this COURAGE and its creator; who needs to *care* about the *careless*, given hope to the hapless, or protect the poor and parentless? Why do we wait when the world is our playground and well below and within, our base? Do they want to know that their days are numbered and *the power of the world* is innumerable, too wide to sense and too far to see?

CLOAK

Do you want them to know if knowing means nothing to them or,
as small the possibility, that one will gain an advantage?

CUNNING

(Proud and pomp, in perpetuity,)

I am dying to let it all hang out, never mind the audience, addle
and adulterated; after all, the purpose of this ACT and scene is do
just that; raise the lid and let the language unleash! Hey, if you
got, why not flaunt it.

(We will not be all wet,)

CALLOUS will not still our thunder or leave us out in the rain; no,
our duty is to let it fly and, in doing so, to proclaim a power
already the victor, *the end* be our odyssey.

CLOAK

Your conceit is my confidence.

CUNNING

Your confidence is my credibility.

CALLOUS

(Still positioned, present and putout,)

Your conceit and confidence is my incredulity; all these sounds,
but not a sober soul to sense it and see it for what it really is—and
is not!

(You sliver-mandible devilfish,)

Your sounds are superb: elegant, earthly but eclectic; but as
expected, esoteric and enigmatic. You are cunning, cloaked,
dynamic duel of destruction, dividing one from another before
their doom, *the end*. Yes, this is all you are but then, who really
cares enough to seek *the truth* as I, the least of all *caring*?

Great empires [fall from] **timidity**

- Tacitus



WHERE, WITH WHOM ARE YOU "TIMID"?

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

... **Despotism** can be a development...indeed the end of societies that have been highly democratic.

...

As fatigue falls on a community, the citizens are less inclined for that eternal vigilance which [is] the price of liberty; and they prefer to arm only one single sentinel to watch the city **while they sleep.**

- G. K. Chesterton, *The Everlasting Man*, Adapted



IS RESPITE POSSIBLE WITH A "DESPOT"?

ACT 7 – CORRUPT CRIMINAL

Scene 3 – as it will be

TIME: *Forward, corrupt criminal*

PLACE: *Where does it go, the end?*

CUNNING

Looking ahead, ever closer to *the end*, others join our ranks, *the power* that invites all rancor with the restless and unruly and then, finally, all the rest of the created too rested to life to claw, clasp or do much more than drift beneath *the fallen* angelfish.

CLOAK

Who are the “others”, followers of *the fallen*?

CUNNING

They are *the many*; the sheep-head fish that follow and flock further and farther—beyond the edge of the world into *the abyss, dark and deep*. Here they are, dropping like drips.

(Enter the first, CLONE, who is already known)

CLONE is cosmic, colossal; a creature that is beyond all created, a combination of science and sinew, tech and tendon, mystery and matter. CLONE is a series where the latest release leverages the learning of the last, an evolution per expert systems, excelling excellence. *Further and farther*, without limits, CLONE is crucial to our cause, an agent certain to conquer, inconsequential of the scale of conflict, the size of contention, the constraints contained.

CLOAK

How can we be certain that CLONE will side with us when such is subject, submissive to its source, a code of conduct? How much is ours to use, abuse, against the autonomous, all those unknown unknowns, under the underworld.

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

CUNNING

(Pausing, a plausible patron and proxy,)

This creation is a marvel to behold, equipped with all the means and methods to adapt and overcome, it will rule the sea and land, beach to bottom—the skies, the limit.

CALLOUS

(Regrettably unrealized,)

I did not realize the capability, capacity, too busy cloning around, unconnected to the connected, CLONE capacity and capability, a cerebral construct of incoherent but comprehensive coding encrypted and ever expanding.

CLOAK

(Challenging CLONE vis-a-vis CALLOUS,)

Sure, all those systems, but can CLOAK vanish, travel in time, and reappear anywhere, everywhere? Is this, the greatest of all invented creation, as we, *the dark and deep*?

CUNNING

(With waning patience, passing to perturbation,)

I do not think you understand the potential, power and prowess of CLONE. *Why do I have to be the one with vision, mission and understanding—as though CLARITY, but more, fabulous fallen?*

CALLOUS

(Pondering the problem of power,)

This is what power does (as one that knows). Power, when taken this far, will turn you on yourself, first delusional, the interminably diluted and finally destroyed from within. The more corrupt, the more criminal and the more criminal, the more corrupt, and we are all a part of it whether creation, created or the cloned. In the end, will it be, finally, the end too. Is there anyone who cares about this; I mean, if I sound of it now, CALLOUS as I am, is there not one that cares?

CUNNING

(Couched as confidence crafted from conceit,)

CLONE is not a concern from my view, but more a comrade. Sure, it is systems and in this, sounds better with time; but finally, it is an invention—not the inventor—an achievement indeed but always the follower, never the lead.

(From CLONE to crabs,)

Oh enough about this kind, and moving along, the others that follow too, blind and ignorant.

CLOAK

Who are these you sound, those that follow?

CUNNING

There is CAMEO; the kind that makes an appearance, but never amounts to much at all.

CLOAK

(CAMEO, the non-committal riddle,)

CAMEO is a jellyfish rotting on the shore, surrounded by foam and scum, of no apparent appetite, ambition—and ally to none and enemy of all. I despise CAMEO, a coward, a cow down of kind.

CUNNING

(CAMEO the shell, without too much a shell,)

Sound then how you really sense it, this CAMEO?

(Then maybe just something,)

Still, there is some substance, shell or no shell, if just as a shell for our side. Sure, the soft shell but can it do something if just to lie there. CAMEO is not just a name, but also a nuisance; not for us, but against *care* that matters.

(Power made perfect,)

Send in the clowns, send in CAMEO, all painted and poised, to pretend to pander to sea's population.

CALLOUS

(More sense from an insidious insider)

CAMEO is beneath a bottom feeder! What good is a creature of this kind? Where does it come or go but to a cave or some cavern, all the while claiming to care. Convince me that CAMEO is something serious and I will convince you that some swamps in Florida is paradise property.

CUNNING

For all who counter my commendations of CAMEO, sounds of sarcasm, just see for yourself, there to the lower right.

(Looks a crab and,)

CAMEO is not so bad. Sure, a little transparent but the creature is still something, substance.

(After all,)

Perception goes along a way and, if no other purpose, CAMEO proves it.



CLOAK

(Continuing in the cadre of counterfeit crabs,)

Who is next?

CUNNING

There is CENTRIST, the kind seemingly and always in the middle. To draw the difference, CAMEO is about perceptions while CENTRIST always stays—or is stuck—at center, no swing left or right, up or down—all things to all and therefore nothing to no one, more than conquered, slacking and lacking in any original sense but sounding-off to space as though a stable source of power.

(Show me what the center really is,)

I see cunning when it comes and this, well, is a ridiculous way of cunning, a straddle that waggles of a weasel, some want-to-be.

CLOAK

"CENTRIST," you sound. I know this kind, but for the sake of the reader, please describe them.



CUNNING

Need I go on, wasting my time and that of the reader—who gets it. This is a crab void of heart, integral and insightful; a shiny shell but inside, a weak weight of way off want-to-be.

CALLOUS

(Still more sense among the sinister,)

Who is better for us, CAMEO or CENTRIST? The one strives to be nothing and the other, everything. I much prefer them willing to stand firm rather than shadow or merely show-up.

CUNNING

CENTRIST only appears in the middle; but as with all of the creatures that serve our interest, the degrees of deception is so deep that it goes unnoticed—as *deception* does. The power of this devise is in the

CLOAK

Deception is, above all, our greatest desire, deed.

CUNNING

Of course, and that brings us to CONK, the next of the creatures that fall at the claws of *the fallen*, at us.

CALLOUS

CONK is a hermit and nothing more or less; one that either hates the world and crawls away or is afraid and cowers in the shadows. CONK sounds of the wind, a breeze at best but hardly noticed, nestled away in its conical shell.

CUNNING

CONK is crucial only because it chooses to stay the way; relegated and reduced to a life of slow death, this creature, resigned to its own dark and deep, a cave or crevice.

CLOAK

What a waste in *the end*. It is, as you see, a lovely kind but who has run its course if it ever had one. Still, it is best and to our favor; that an ever-increasing number simply withdraw passively and crawl away, never to be of any count again. There is, after all, power in the programming of passivity. *A passive mind is a settled surrender, the will of one crushed in The Crush.*



CUNNING

Congratulation CLOAK! On to the next and last of these kinds.

CLOAK

When everything else collapses, CULTURED will find comfort in seeing its own image on the waters' surface or reflected from some other shiny stuff. This kind believes that its culture is the solution—not so much the answer to the question but more, the fantasy of some ideal or image that transcends all facts in the decline and finally, The Crush. While the world dies all about it, CULTUED is imagining it a mere moment and nothing more.

“Why, we have seen this sort of thing before,” the CULTURED do sound (actually believing that they are correct) expecting “an episode” without any inkling of an epoch. The last of the many, this kind is always first in its own mind, ignorant of its ignorance.



The theory of manmade global warming and climate change based on human greenhouse gas emissions is the greatest international scientific **fraud ever perpetrated** on the world's citizens!

- John Casey, *Dark Winter: How the Sun Is Causing a 30-Year Cold Spell*



WHY DO THEY "PERPETUATE FRAUD"?

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

A change in the weather is sufficient to recreate the world
and ourselves.

- Marcel Proust, The Guermantes Way



HOW MUCH CHANGE IS "CHANGE"?

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

ACT 8 – CRAZY CLIMATE

Scene 1 – what you do not see

TIME: *Now, as it appears*

PLACE: Back at *the rock*, seemingly safe from the surge and other symptoms of seasonal change and more; yes, the earth is changing all about them, the weather too.

CAN

(Crawling, sensing the change,)

Something is different out there, here and about us; the times are changing and with it, weather with all its whims; not the seasonal changes expected, but more. Something strange is coming. I cannot fathom what waits many fathoms afar, above or below, but my sense is strong and sober. Some sound that it is a warming, this strange non-season, but other sense a cooling. Some believe all it is natural while others, engineered, a designed climate-controlled environment.

CASTAWAY

(Seeing and sensing CAN's contemplation,)

What is it?

CLARITY

(Approaching,)

I see that CAN is caught-up in the clouds—and more.

CASTAWAY

(Agreeing with accents,)

Yeah, CAN is caught-up, tied-up, jellyfish bright.

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

CLARITY

(Sensing what they will know,)

CAN is contemplating what I and *the few* have known for some time; indeed, *the few* are in fact behind the change, at least in part, and have the means to practically predict its coming. They know of cycles and of trends—even from the ancient of days—and they know of even the slightest of the subtle, the cosmos to the core, seas and shores, peaks, crevices and creeps.

CASTAWAY

(Astonished...agreeing and accepting all in all,)

Wow, they can do all that—more even.

CLARITY

(Adding more about how “more even” is possible,)

They do not know on their own, *the few*; rather, they know because they commune with *the fallen*. They commune with *the fallen*, as are the many— though the later of the two be ignorant of this *matter and mystery*.

CAN

(Accepting but analysis to the cosmos)

Who made *the few* the followers of *the fallen*? How do they control all of this; I mean, it is more than madness—that the mad lead *the mad* while the vast majority are oblivious, *now* obfuscated by the sun and *forward*, obliterated by the moon or some other object.

CASTAWAY

(Unanswered, a sound and some sense,)

Yeah, what about that?

Can COURAGE counter that?

Why is The Crush so crushing?

This is not cool.

CLARITY

(Consider that nature is on our side,)

All the sounds aside, is there a sense that the forces of nature our finally and forever on our side?

CAN

(Reflecting on what is right, where things are going,)

It is long in coming and welcomed more; I am glad to have these two without any reservation or regret. I am satisfied that CAD is dying and CAN is growing, and that my once, weak will and hollow heart are something that is me no longer.

CASTAWAY

Forces of nature, the natural moves.

CAN

(Natural and...,)

I sense that there are other forces of work, natural but also supernatural, *matter and mystery*.

(Finally, forces for,)

Some forces work to the good, to support and sustain, while others work to degrade and destroy. *I am not sure of difference, the mystery of it.*

CASTAWAY

(Storms, natural and...,)

A storm seems supernatural, bringing destruction but then-,

CLARITY

(Supernatural brings sadness too,)

Sensing is *matter and mystery*, so you cannot be sure of all that supernatural one way or another. This heightened sense is difficult. It drives one into disparity and despair if there is no safeguard, no solace or strength beyond and above you alone.

(Pausing to ponder)

CLARITY (Continues)

(Our earth, natural and,)

The earth is degrading, dying—this is *the truth*—but the time remaining is something that sense cannot specify. What is more, the supernatural is a work on both ends: one side, a support, and the other, an ogre that aims to end it all, *the many* and more.

CASTAWAY

(Who knows?)

No one knows nothing.

CLARITY

Some believe they know, but do not. Sure, there is science and all the sophisticated works that move the mind and fancy *the few*, but like all things created, corruption comes, criminal corridors. Do not misunderstand me, as the mind does marvelous and mighty machinations, but there remains *the mystery* that even *the fallen* fail to tap let alone tackle the tests. Yes, there is what they know, what they think they know and then, within what they think, what they fail to discern as right and wrong. One may:

- 🌀 Accept that what you thought you knew is wrong, another to admit it and another to acknowledge that it may not be the only thing you are wrong (about).
- 🌀 Acknowledge that you are wrong, but another to accord others that are right or are less wrong than you.
- 🌀 Be right, but another to transfer that one or single *right* toward other things, all the risks that a generalization can render. To err once is okay but to keep erring because of your arrogance is a fool's errand.
- 🌀 Be wrong, but when another is, to acknowledge that *right*, the right to be *right*, and to embrace it as the common good.

CASTAWAY

What about the weather, crazy? What does this sage sound have to do with the weather?

CLARITY

(Crabs crawl sideway, not headlong,)

Sometimes I go sideways, but when *the power of the world* rules, such wrong happens everywhere, every time! There is reason for concern, the striping in the sky and senses, *all of which is unnatural*.

(Unaccountable for the unnatural,)

They with this authority are in no way accountable—a most disturbing and destructive dilemma.

CASTAWAY

They do not care and worse, give no count of it.

CAN

(Undoing, yet unaccountable,)

I never once doubt the sense that things are changing for the worse, but as this *power of the world* goes unchecked, all their wrongs thought right, what does that mean for the rest of us?

(Small but not silent,)

We are so few, the rock dwellers. How much more can they do than they have done? How much worse is the worst? How bad must it be before someone somewhere sounds and the silence is shattered?

CLARITY

Oh, they can and do...for as they can control the weather, the sky is the limit. As to how bad, I cannot say since I am notably not in *forward*. Things can always get worse when there remain no rock dwellers, the rock shattered like the silence and the sands washed to the seas.

CASTAWAY

Where then would we go?

CLARITY

I do not know right now. I cannot see or sense it, life without the rock any more than without COURAGE.

CAN

One thing we know is that you have gone through this before, something like it.

CLARITY

Somewhat but not so similar, it seems. Simply put, it is going to stink to high-heaven, the smell sickening to the stomach.

CASTAWAY

You mean like rotting fish.

CAN

Rotting everything, gulled to the gills.

It is going to be **a real frog-strangling turd-floater.**

- Charles Martin, *Chasing Fireflies: A Novel of Discovery*



DOES SHIT "STRANGLE"?

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

The weather was so contrary and fierce that the rain was not mere rain or the wind freezing wind - this was a conspiracy of the elements.

- Georges Simenon, *Maigret is Afraid*



IS "CONSPIRACY" MORE THAN A SOUND?

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

ACT 8 – CRAZY CLIMATE

Scene 2 – what you did not see

TIME: *Backward, once again*

PLACE: There are many rocks, not just *the rock*, where crabs gather and the Earth is much younger than *now*. The spreading of a particular species has not reached its peak and thus the planet and its climate is much more the result of *the forces of nature* rather than *the power of the world*. At the same time, *the fallen* are present and, making their mark amongst *the many*, they are the destroyers of all that is good and right.

CLARITY

(Sounding of the climate long before)

Time changes things as it changes. What we were long ago was probably more of CRUSTY, the one that CASTAWAY met some time ago; still, the world was with some not unlike us. There were the superior and the inferior, the strong and the weak, the lasting and the dying, but always a climate all about them. Sometimes, in *the forces of nature*, climate (conditions) supported life, while other times death whether immediate or incremental. Life did not always give life, but with less life and more land and sea, life had more chance short of severe, climatic changes; not momentary or seasonal, but climatic, shaking the earth and stirring the tides.

(Chaos...always,)

Chaos never ends but ebbs and flows as the sea, conflict and contention that, in the rising, crushes everything in its path.

CLARITY (Continues)

(Changes to the cosmos, the climate,)

When the cosmos changes, so too the climate and when the climate changes is such ways, so too *life and living* in the lasting effect.

CAN

Extremes, I suppose; sub-zero for much, leaving little to survive...on, with or for; for few can cope with the Arctic when it spreads to the ends of the earth.

CASTAWAY

How do you know of these things so long ago?

CAN

I do not really know how I know—of if I am right—but it seems that such extremes happened; as it was so it will be. There are cycles or recurring patterns that can last for a long time. Maybe some know rightly so of records long ago. Maybe some see or sense something that most do not—or even care to—because they understand that what was will be and what is will be again.

CLARITY

Here we are, time travelers with a certain opportunity to see and sense *backward*. Please, let us not overlook the things that nature wrought, for perhaps this past explains more than just the weather, the earth's climate.

CASTAWAY

I suppose this means that by the end of this ACT and Scene, we will not have guess about the past or doubt the crazy climate whether then, *now* or later.

CAN

I suppose your supposition is right, CASTAWAY; for there is probably no better way to learn than to see it with your own eyes, right?

CLARITY

You might think so, but sometimes, what you see is not actually authentic or accurate. Even as we venture back, what appears to be real is not always reality.

CASTAWAY

What is real, surreal, or something that is something more?

CAN

(Caution before deception,)

I think the caution is that there is deception, illusion and imagination. The weather is not just a physical occurrence or phenomenon, but it is a sentient something, and spiritual too. Like a spirit, it moves everywhere and anywhere, spanning the Earth in all directions, hovering above the seas as a fog.

(Consider a fog,)

Conditions arise and then a fog—but is it more than that? Is a fog as a spirit or ghost traveling about, looming over land or scuttling along the shore? Is the fog as the largest sea mass or the smallest microorganism, tissue and tentacles, tendons that move, moved and moving, magically and mysteriously. The actual becomes abstract and, as CASTAWAY calls, real to surreal.

CASTAWAY

Fog cuts my clampers and leaves me all cloudy and clammy.

CLARITY

(Mystery and matter,)

Abstract is part of it, but then also, the abstraction too. The climate and its weather have always been natural and supernatural, concrete and abstract, predictable but then uncertain if at all understood.

(Here, as we are,)

As we arrive here, *backward*, you might sound, "What is, was, and will always be," but seeing *further and farther*, you might sense that *the more things change, the more they stay the same*. Above all, real or surreal, you should leave with the sense that *what you see is not what you get, and what was, will not always be*. Status quo will never be the same.

CASTAWAY

I am drifting, wiped-out.

CLARITY

(What is climate?)

Climate is more than the weather or the natural environment; it is, as some sound it, "Culture, community and creed," as describing both where and how we live. The weather is crucial, land, sea and sky; but climate is so much more: comprehensive, covering, and all encapsulating.

(*Climate* goes crazy,)

Going *forward*, *climate* is not only the weather or meteorology but also the broader canvass. As you can see before us, the cycles and extremes of climate, the world revolves and evolves: it cycles, sometimes to extremes, but it also trends; it depends on nature but also is supernatural; seen and sensed, but sometimes it goes unperceived or undetected by most and especially by *the many*. Are you grasping that *climate* is everything; not just the air or sea or land, everything!

CASTAWAY

Climate is crazy, hazy and lazy.

CLARITY

(*Backward* to become,)

The climate of *backward* was destructive and decimating but not nearly as serious or severe as that to come, when *the few* and *the fallen* redefine *climate*. What is to come will be nothing as before; that although the weather naturally and supernaturally follows its course of cycles, the broader canvas opens an endless array of possibilities to finally destroy all of life, even death!

CASTAWAY

I see more *backward* than before.

(Pausing, perhaps waiting for a reply)

I see crazy of *crazy* as though it be anything, everything that makes no sense.

(Reflecting, recalling *crazy*)

Is *crazy* really so crazy? Who sounds what is *crazy*? Can one who is stupid crazy call another, "Crazy"? Can *crazy* call any creature "Crazy"? Some see me so; they sound, "You are crazy", but do they see my reality, the salt and other substance of the sand.

CAN

(Reality and care,)

My reality is not their reality; what I see as surreal may not be the same to others, stupid or simply not caring. The greatest gap among us is our *care and caring*; some *care* more than others and still, some *care* about things that others careless, if at all.

(What is wrong with crazy?)

What is wrong with crazy? Is it worse to be crazy or to be careless and inconsiderate? They call you crazy—big deal! Maybe if they really believe you are crazy they will leave you alone, ignore you.

CAN (Continues)

It is a mad-mad world; angry, yes, but crazy all the way back the Cretans and, as CLARITY channels COURAGE, The Crush is at the core of *crazy*.

CLARTY

(What is coming, on the cusp creeping from the crevices?)

What comes is darker and deeper, wickedder and more evil, and does end the survival of the created and creation as no other before. Most will end before *the end*, crushed by the fear of things to come, the substance of sand before washing to sea and seen no more, crazy becomes crazier, the climate and all creation, a cold continuous.

The sun did not shine. It was too wet to play, so we sat in the house. **All that cold, cold, wet day.**

- Dr. Seuss, *The Cat in the Hat*



HOW "COLD" IS THIS COLD?

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

Winter hung in there, like an invalid refusing to die. Day after grey day the ice stayed hard; **the world remained unfriendly and cold.**

- Neil Gaiman, *Odd and the Frost Giants*



IS "WINTER" ONLY A SEASON?

ACT 8 – CRAZY CLIMATE**Scene 3 – what is coming?**

TIME: *Forward to the breach*

PLACE: CAN and CASTAWAY without their confidant, CLARITY, are not alone or defenseless; no, each and all that come this far do so by and with COURAGE,

CAN

(All comfort behind, the crust and all creatures are cold)
It is cold and I, chilled to the core. Where is the warmth of the Sun or the Sun at all? How long does darkness and its depth last, hang and hover, hinder me from sense or sound other than the death? The fallen and their few are freezing the high and low, the in and out, and down below and all between. Where are we going?

CASTAWAY

(More astute with acumen, CASTAWAY confirms,)
 CLARITY and CAN called it right, a dimness before *the dark* and dropping. This is the North Sea, *gone South*; the mercury made so low as nowhere to go; the magnetosphere turned down, near zero.

(Where but finally death, following fear,)
 Where do go from here but death, all COURAGE gone with the winds as the peace that passes all understanding passes, purgatory to *the abyss*. *I am so full of fear that I cannot sense, my mind made mindless, my limbs limp and lifeless, my heart bludgeoned and bloodless, beyond recitation or and respite.*

CUNNING

(Above, below and aground, *the dark and deep*)

Look at the fledging, frozen fools, the calcified crabs too cold to sound, too stiff to sense. Where is COURAGE is when times are this desperate, disparate of all one's last *help and hope*? CLARITY makes no difference, for in *the end* does anyone need to sense anything to come except the inevitable? Oh, how *the fallen* are mighty and these heroes made zeroes.

COURAGE

(COURAGE sounds for the first time, and though always present and persevering, is this time *forward* with these two and more,)



One cannot know despair unless overcome by *the dark and deep*; that, in hindsight, the one can (and must) sound with certainty, "I had help and hope above and beyond me, in such times; and had it not been for all that, I would be drowned at *the bottom*, dropped in *the abyss*."



(As mystery becomes matter)



One cannot see or even make sense of this crazy climate without experiencing the consequences of cultured *conflict and contention*, instigated by *the few* on behalf of *the fallen*. One might consider and even sound, "Why must I endure this, these 'consequences'," but never get an answer, the reason, the root of it.




It is only natural to desire answers, to try to make sense out of this insanity, but sometimes the answers come late if at all; sometimes, the *desire* dies with delay, a long dry period. There is always mystery with *matter*, one's sense never satisfied or settled, seeing shorted by a loss of vision.




Life and living is a mystery beyond one's measure, beyond our imagination let alone attention, awareness and actions.

COURAGE (Continues)


 *What a life when death and destruction are so dark and deep!*


 *What a living, satisfaction with no satisfying.*


(Sounding of the one and the other)

 CLARITY is (and was) a light of great intensity, a beacon in the night as a lighthouse in a storm, revealing what was, and what was (or is) to come. How did one so natural become supernatural but by courage combined with character as only one can do with one. Still, this one knows that not everything is matter—and that makes all the difference in the world.

COURAGE (Continues)

 CAN (once CAD) is a reflection of CLARITY; though longed a loner, is returning and restoring *life and living*. *I AM delighted to see the lost, found; the heart beating again and the mind on course to find matter in mystery.*

 CASTAWAY is my favorite; not because of all the questions but because of a heart that wants for *help and hope*, both to give and receive. *I AM pleased that CASTAWAY is neither cast-away or carried-away, but is running a course that is light, right, and might of sight of a tried and true course.*

 CRUSTY is old but gold; he captained the boat, navigating through some turbulent times, this crazy climate. An old salt, but tough and durable as Live Oak, strong as quenched and tempered steel (or cured composites for the contemporary, unconventional). *I am glad to know this crab and to see this creature though the shell in decay.*

CASTAWAY

(Sensitive to the sense and sounds of COURAGE)

I am not confident or courageous enough to seek out this dark and deep to the ends, no matter the consequences. I believe you are putting too much on me, putting me in with CAN and CLARITY is more than I am—or can be—is my condition, my circumstance.

COURAGE

(Is humility our help, hope?)

CASTAWAY is always on the bottom looking-up; always thinking less of being than those around him. Is CASTAWAY right about this; the belief that the others are more, the others much more, after all that, seeing, sensing, surviving?

CASTAWAY

I thought that I am to sound the questions, to doubt and dismiss any and all that might bring me up among the warm, clear waters with all the floral and brilliant creatures. Here, COURAGE sounds a question—as though a stranger to me, to us.

COURAGE

(I know all, none a stranger,)

I am not a stranger to you or the others, any more than of this crazy and crazies, *backward* and *forward*. I sound the question to you and about you. You must search the *dark and deep* and find enough light to believe better, best.

CASTAWAY

(Why me—why not another?)

Why do you seek me? Why not sound to the others, my colleagues, who comprehend all the things of the crazy climate and its crazies from the cosmos to the bottom and beyond?

(Confession, coming of ages,)

I know that you courage is as no other, and further and farther, that you give freely—for those who desire it more than fear or fatigue. All that I know, I know because of them; and all that I know that I do not know, that too is because of them, my colleagues. Please sound to them and send me away to wait for their sense—not my silly ways and sundry shortcomings.

COURAGE

(Mistakes is not mine,)

I make no mistakes in sounding to you, CASTAWAY, not one.... You see that I turn mystery into matter and matter into mystery, shedding light on the dark and casting a cloud of the clear—they who think the see are stone blind, and one like you, discovers that their sense is sensible.

(Encourage one to embrace courage)

Please, take courage. Take it now while it is here, holding. Stretch-out your claw and clasp it, seize it and feed on it and let it fill you up—for it is good and right, what is good and right.

(You see...so seize,)

You can see that the crazy of *backward* and *now* is nothing as that going *forward*.

(See and sense what is happening—what happened)

See around you the clamoring and crawling, sense the creeping and crawling of creatures with no cave to escape, no rock to hide. I cannot deny or doubt that that these are dire times; beyond desperation and despair, desolation and destruction, dissonance and decimation. Nothing or nowhere is there, or ever has been, decline and degradation so *dark and deep*.

CASTAWAY

(Turned but taciturn)

I do not want this, to see and sense as COURAGE commands. Oh, how I just want the rock from where I am secure; further and farther from the fallen, the few and all they do—and sound that they do, but then do the opposite! I need the rock to hide, wait.

COURAGE

(Sensing CASTAWAY's concerns, the crab cower)

"They" (as is often the address) are far more brazen in the *forward*. Whereas they were proud of both their sinister, sly and sneaky ways; still in this future, they are more brash and brazen.

COURAGE (Continues)

Ironically, they are more backward than Byzantine and more bezel than Beelzebub.

(Your reality is real)

The more things seem surreal, the more the reality is real. Crazy renders craziness, insanity is normal and insensibility, paranormal.

CASTAWAY

(Still silence, but sensitive to sounds of COURAGE)

Can I cross that river if I cannot swim the tide; can I leave the rock or stretch beyond the shore for this dark and deep place where the bottom never ends, the sky shorn and separated from its line?
Can-

COURAGE

(Present and pointed, this peek into the future)

This is it, CASTAWAY. You are here, *forward*, not to sound-off some song, to set sail because—while the future is bleak and barbaric—*the bottom* beacons.

CASTAWAY

(Shaken from silence)

I do not want to be on *the bottom* as CRUSTY, moldering in the mud, a meal for the miscreants and malevolent. I want to live and be alive, *life and living*.

COURAGE

(Correcting the condition of CRUSTY,)

CRUSTY is not moldering or even collecting more crust. CRUSTY is with me, here with you.

CRUSTY

(See me, sense my shoed shell still alive and well,)

CASTAWAY, has your cranium calcified or are just too cracked to carry your concern beyond the casket?

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

Through no-fault divorce, one parent can now declare unilaterally that the marriage has "broken down" and **invite the state in to take control** and remove the other parent without the parent having committed any legal transgression.

- Dr. Stephen Baskerville



WHY FATHERS...FAMILY AND MARRIAGE?

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

The State is everything, the individual, nothing.
The individual has no rights that the State is bound to respect;
no rights at all, in fact, except those that the State may choose
to give him, subject to revocation at its own pleasure, with or
without notice.

- Albert Jay Nock, *Memoirs of a Superfluous Man*



ARE YOU NOTHING?

ACT 9 – CASTRATING COUPLINGS**Scene 1 – slipping-down**

TIME: *Now, and especially the West*

PLACE: CAN and CASTAWAY are joined by CLARITY and CRUSTY; but as always it seems, *the fallen* are close; perhaps so close as to decouple all things critical to climate, culture, community and its , *caring*. How close? Close enough to emasculate the male and to defeminize the female. Close enough to turn one gender and breed against another and beyond, to turn one against itself. This division is *dark and deep* such to—in *the end*—atomize one to self, alone and anti-social, trusting no one and nothing, but stripped from all socialization and drawn so deep as to lose all sight and sense of what matters. This castration is not simply sexual, but is social among and within the one, taking *divide and conquer* to a finite, elemental level. The order of this great divide is, first family and community, and as each retreats and retracts to their own shell, to instill such as a sense of isolation as to remove any reason to go on, life and living. Comfort and convenience no longer matter as the silence and solitude is deafening, defeating, detrimental,

CASTAWAY

(First, that you know what happened in the *forward*)

COURAGE came to me, and CRUSTY too.

CAN

(First, confused, put replying in CASTAWAY terms,)

What did you do? It must be some hallucination. You ingested some of the funky foam that induces a freaky.

(Cool but commanding,)

Pull your pinches together, get-a-grip!

CASTAWAY

(Determined, while the moments affords)

I am seriously sounding that I really met COURAGE and believe I heard CRUSTY, one and then the other; the two were together like sand and salt. It was tubular, totally!

CAN

(After a moment to mull over the claim, to see and sense)

I believe you, dude.

CLARITY

(Knowing of both that *forward* and *now*; of the experience and the explanation to follow—before it ever happens—CLARITY arrives at the rock.)

CAN, you believe rightly, for what CASTAWAY claims *now* does indeed happen. CRUSTY is not gone for good and nor is COURAGE; long from *now*, their spirits abide as before but then, no longer bound in shell and sinews, more.

CASTAWAY

(More confident, made so by acceptance of the account,)

Some things do not change, not really. I was there and the two were there with me. I sense them, and maybe, saw them too.

CAN

(Things change, creatures change as all things change,)

Some things do change—like me for instance—when the shell withers and washes away, the sinews long exhausted, evaporated into the ethos, the external ended.

CLARITY

(More changes of/to change,)

That is a change for good, but sometimes and, as time continues, many times, the change(s) is not good, right and just.

(Changes amid the unconscious, lulled into a slumber,)

The rate of change accelerates, the trajectory descends ever more while the response and reaction lessens, *the many* lapsing into mediocrity, *caring* to despair followed by indifference.

CAN

The world is slipping down, *further and farther*, and so many without *care*—at least about this...if not *life and living* altogether.

CASTAWAY

COURAGE abides.

CLARITY

I agree CASTAWAY, but before then, times are getting worse for all of creation, a decoupling.

CAN

What *decoupling* do you mean?

CLARITY

(*Decoupling* is,)

The *decoupling* of male and female, mating and reproduction, the core of all creation. I mean, we each are male here, and understand not only what *coupling* is but also why we do it. *Coupling* is natural, and in some sense, supernatural too.

CASTAWAY

Coupling is cool. I dig it!

CAN

(Pining from the past, *backward*.)

So do I, but it is decoupling that really hurts. I suppose that I would desire *coupling* more if decoupling was not the end result, “the end of it all” so to sound. Oh, how I pine for her once more, the bliss and bounty, the beauty of both, one.

CLARITY

I did not realize until *now* that you are a cave-poet, CAN.

CASTAWAY

What is a “cave-poet”?

CLARITY

(Silencing our songs away,)

A cave-poet is one that possesses song but hides it in the depth of their heart. One will sense deeply, perhaps saddened by the lost *coupling*; that which was to be but is not and never will..., again.

(Silence for each to reflect on *coupling* in context,)

Coupling is coming more than undone by one or the other; it is undergoing a coup d'état by *the dark and deep*, the castrating of *coupling* on a scale as never witnessed in the world. This systematic decoupling is, by every measure, aimed to destroy *coupling* and in turn, all creation. Where *coupling* goes, so goes the world.

CAN

Now I hurt more.

CASTAWAY

Me too for you, her and all them.

CAN

Where did it begin...and when does it end?

CLARITY

Coupling is always at the core of creation—which is why it is it undone, undermined.

(*The fallen* are the undoing,)

The fallen are behind this change, long driven to contaminate creation but hook or crook, from the heart to the mind and then more.

CUNNING

(Looking down on the rock,)

Here we go again; a couple of lonely lamenting lost love. Such sad and broken heart to protract their sadness and sorrow as sourced from some system of the world, the fallen, is going overboard.

(Waiting for some response if just CLOAK,)

Who cares about these things? Sorry shells left out, too pathetic to get out of the rain and too small to climb back on the saddle.

(I detest one and despise the other,)

What a three-dog night this is, when one is the loneliness number that I ever knew, but two (2) can be as bad as one—since the loneliness number is the number one. Since two is just as bad the, why not end them all, decoupled and then destroyed, two by two and one by one?

CLARITY

(Severing of all ties,)

The change will be the end of creation; an undoing of all good and right previously done. What is worse is that it will be—indeed already—seen and sensed as freedom, not bondage.

(Every relation has at least two sides,)

Every relationship is with at least two views; and thus, what is freedom to one is failure to other.

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

CUNNING

(A last critical comment for *now*)

You often sound in the abstract, CLARITY. For one considered a great communicator, you are flawed with sounds that drone on as though a whale. Couple this droning with such sadness and all creation is sure to put *care* far away for good, but then, such carelessness credits our cause. Thanks CLARITY and keep droning, for the more you sound the more us.

Whatever form they take, **families are our most time-honored settings for giving and receiving love**, understanding and nurturing. They can connect us with our past and be the ground for the future through our children. They are places where we stand the best chance [of understanding] who and what we truly are, not what we possess or the power we wield. They can give us meaning in life and hope when the outside world fails us and when we fail.

- Dr. Brian Babington



WHY DESTROY THE FAMILY WHEN...?

The American family is not simply changing; it is getting weaker. Family decline drives [] our most urgent social problems. The heart of the family problem(s) lies in the steady breakup of the two-.

- David Popenoe



**WHERE IS THE FAMILY GOING, BATTERED,
BROKEN?**

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

ACT 9 – CASTRATING COUPLINGS

Scene 2 – sliding-up

TIME: *Backward, before now*

PLACE: The three thrust into the past when/
where *coupling* began, the procreation
of creation, in the beginning,

CAN

This is a wonderful and wicked world. Like the tide, it ebbs and flows with the seasons but then, more; cycles, trends and randomness, control and chaos; the same changes,

CLARITY

The more our story, the more telling, knowing and understanding of COURAGE you are; a firsthand witness.

CASTAWAY

What about me? Am I “more” too?

CLARITY

You are a most “more”. You met COURAGE, CRUSTY in spirit. Whom among us—or for anyone I know (of)—is present at the sound of COURAGE, the presence of spirits past and future?

(CASTAWAY, the witness,)

It must be your earnestness and humility, the choice of you as witness of these two spirits. You are super cool!

CASTAWAY

Yeah, and I am still approachable, the same old cool dude.

CAN

I am happy that you are the one, a credible creature.

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

CLARITY

Yes..., one of the reasons is that the one must be approachable, accessible and appreciative. A wall will not stand or fence finally, for such a calling, nor one that is unappreciable.

(Setting the stage for *coupling* to occur)

Who expects appreciation unless they do something positive for another? Who expects the light of caring unless care of the same light is given, then accepted? You, CASTAWAY, are a crab of profound character whether you sense it or not. We see it and, for good or bad, so do *the fallen*.

CASTAWAY

I can dig it, you and, well, them. We each need somebody to *care*, someone who is *caring*.

CAN

I agree, though I use to not.... No, I needed no one or nothing—not even the sea or the sun, the air and all else necessary for life; for I was practically dead, rock bottom. Before becoming something's next meal however, you came along and called me out with *care* so critical to *life and living*, you called. This *care* broke my blindness and helped my heart. Because of you, I am here, not there.

CLARITY

One is, as it is, a lonely number, but two is better. *Coupling* is that two or more strands bound into a fishing line is more than doubly or triply strong. They intertwine and integrate with a strength multiplier. *Coupling* is vital to the one as it is to the other; without it, the world is over—and *the fallen* are driven to do. First the one and soon the others will separate. Kill the leader and the school will disperse, picked-off one by one.

CAN

No crab is an island; none can stand against...alone,

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

CASTAWAY

What about them, *the collective*; what becomes of them who pack together like sardines but are as separated and secluded as a beached whale?

CLARITY

One cannot survive alone but neither can they overcome *the power of the world* without community, schooling and pooling.

CASTAWAY

The collective are miles away, the other side of the sea.

CAN

The whole are not complete—not even close—where senses become dull and senseless. Undone by the undoing of *the few*, any and all who become a collective are, numbers or not, like a sea of dead fish; merely floating and stinking, nothing more.

CLARITY

The collective is *coupling*, yes, but without any strength that comes from a sharp sense. The whole concept of a collective depends on the disempowering of numbers, the reduction of endless numbers into fragments of nothing, no strength or stamina, no struggle or strife.

CASTAWAY

Coupling...but without any power.

CLARITY

More or less, though any power is coopted, as described in the *now*—used by *the few* for their own gain, greed and graft. I touched on these things some time ago, graft and greed, and return because the two are adversarial to *care* and *caring*; the more greed and graft, the less *care* and *caring*.

CAN

Real *coupling* cannot handle graft and greed; it cannot cope with the corruption of gain—sucking the *life and living* out of others and then, to make matters worse, denying it. *It is not just destructive but more, deceptive—instigating and initiating while couching the whole conspiracy and corruption as something they call capitalism.*

CASTAWAY

Greed and graft are gruesome, grotesque.

CAN

Yes, it finally comes down to *care or caring*. If you care only of yourself—small as a microorganism—*coupling* is nothing more than a convention or worse, a convenience. One must give and give again contrary to greed and graft.

CLARITY

If/as *the fallen* drove *the many* to this bottom-place, *coupling* could not survive. In the *forward* as more than *now* or where you stand, you will see and sense that castrating *coupling* goes beyond this, greed and graft, expanding on corruption, *the dark and deep*.

CAN

(After time..., *dark and deep* thoughts)

I see and sense some of what CAN and CLARITY confess; that coupling is a good thing, even necessary, but that the corruption by some among creation is always at work in the castrating....

(*The collective* corralled)

As the many metastasize into the masses, so goes creation and any chance for care and caring to last.

(Passing over all of time, heretofore)

Collectives come and go as do cultures and communities.

CAN (Continuing)

(Seeing and sensing beneath the surface)

Plundering idealism is realism; the collectives controlled by the power of the world, the fallen and their few.

(Confronting the fallen)

I am slipping down to the surface and then below. Here, where the fallen plan the fall of the collective and, in time, the end. There (or here) is where the few and the fallen do what the few call collaboration. I sense what I see; that they do what they will—the fallen—and the few, the cabal, collaboration with cartels.

(What they see,)

The fallen see the end, planning and pressing for that, while the few sickened with incurable greed and graft—all the riches of the world—planning and pressing for the immediate return, the momentary margin, the sudden and short-term sell.

(Waiting and watching, seeing and sensing, recording too)

No matter the scope or span of the plan, all the planning, the means and methods must be, as the fallen sound:

Cull the many into a collective and rid them of all reason and rights; all the while, convincing them that they have rights, and conforming one's reason into our reason.

(Both horror and sorrow)

Most, the many, invariable comply and conform; some reduced to the least while others seduced by some portion of the riches of the world if just convenience and comfort for a season.

Constitute a creed that sounds right and righteous and seems to support societal strength, goodwill and greatness. Grasped and gathered, the growing groups will gravitate gracefully toward our cause, their capitulation.

(What becomes of coupling?)

What of coupling, at the core of all creation, this common and coalescing, covenantal code; this, my sense, from which the strategy and its system is to conduct and codify a comprehensive compact to cover all creation, certain to undermine coupling.

CUNNING

(Sensing the sight of CAN)

I smell a stinking sand-crawler.

CALLOUS

I smell it too, but let it be. Soon enough, this one will go the way of *the many*, slipping down to *the end*, no *coupling* of any kind.

CUNNING

What COURAGE creates we will crush, after which, the whole of creation comes crashing down.

CLOAK

(Nearby, sensing *the dark and deep* doubts)

Your confidence is not complete, your sound is not what you sense, CUNNING. CALLOUS, on the other claw, is too hardened to sense the difference. Yes, sensitivity is a double-edged swordfish.

When people say, “Let's do something about it”, they mean,
“Let's get hold of the **political machinery** so that we can do
something to somebody else” and that somebody is invariably
you.

- Frank Chodorov



WHOSE SIDE ARE YOU ON?

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

The most dangerous to any government is the [one] who is able to think things out..., almost inevitably concluding that [they are] dishonest, insane and intolerable.

- H. L. Mencken, Adapted



DO YOU THINK CRITICALLY?

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

ACT 9 – CASTRATING COUPLINGS

Scene 3 – singled-out

TIME: *Forward, near the end*

PLACE: Still reeling from the *backward*, CAN goes it alone, compelled to enter a time and place at the end of *coupling*. Any chance for creation's continuance, save COURAGE, seems lost given *the dark and deep, the fallen* beset on destroying any vestige of vows, the promise of *care and caring*.

CAN

(Still in the midst of *the fallen*, flash forward,)

It seems ages since I was alone; but here I am alone, compelled to sorrow, the sentiment of lost soul castaway of care and caring.

(Alone, CAN is hapless, helpless, a hopeless,)

I see the fallen with the few following in their shadow, dark spirits and lost souls, sinister and satanic, beset on being their best at doing the worst—calling me back to the past, CAD.

(Can I, CAN,)

Can I appeal to the few or stand against the fallen? Do I have any cause to be here except to witness my own end in the loss of my comrades? When I was beginning to care, embracing caring with open claws, this is the conclusion, the curtain about to fall, my career as CAN over. Why did I come so forward only to return backward to byzantine?

(Have you ever had such?)

Have any one of you ever been here; having come far only to be set back to without any sense that hope came, help arrived, and the CAD of yesterday is merely a memory, no more?

COURAGE

(This is the second sound of COURAGE,)

Caring and care is costly—more than you sense or will ever...because it demands sacrifice as no other, the dying of you for possible help and hope of others. You are not alone, not really, as you hear my sounds just as CASTAWAY. I am with you in your doubts and despair, the dread of this day, time and place.

(Re-confirming what CASTAWAY confessed)

Yes, I am here, with you, with *care and caring*. Let me hold you, hope remain, help retained, heretofore and then, well, for eternity.

CUNNING

(Sensing the sight of COURAGE,)

The so-called savior stands, seeing and sensing; one touted as tantamount to *coupling*—the center strand in a chord of three.

CALLOUS

Soon enough, this one will go the way of *the many*, slipping down to *the end*, no *coupling* of any kind.

CUNNING

(Doubt and still doubt)

You sound the same thing again, confident that all this will happen—and soon. Are you sure or are you hiding behind that thick skin dulled to even the smallest of doubt, indifferent to *care and caring*, possessed by power to a pathological point?

CLOAK

(Nearby, watching, waiting and wondering)

Doubt is a double-edged and more, it divides even two, one more degree of decoupling. Is it possible that they who decouple and destroy could (can) decouple too. I see and sense that my once comrades are losing their cause from within.

CALLOUS

(Conspiring, not aspiring,)

We conspire but do not aspire to live forever, but only to *the end* like all of creation. CLOAK is full of -,

CLOAK

(Do they—we—realize what we do?)

Do the few sense that their days are few too —or are they still living the dream of pleasure and peace, comfort and convenience immortality due their idolatry? What is conspiring is they expiring?

CUNNING

CLOAK is excrement, expired before extermination.

CAN

(Still in the midst of *the fallen*, flash forward)

Even the fallen and their few are fallible. See and sense their infighting, conflict from within.

COURAGE

All creation carries damage in the *decoupling*; none, not one shell is left unturned, not one soul left undone, or one spirit untouched in the wake of this horrid, hedonistic happening. When a few take down the house, they invariable destroy everything under it, including their own.

(Why *decoupling*—the death of all)

With my sounds, you may wonder, “Why; why persist to plunder the world—using *the power of the world* to destroy the world”.

CAN

This is the big question—the biggest question of this entire story, and more—but I see no answer at all, and this is more doubt, but despair. Such a question without an answer is *life and living* undone.

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

COURAGE

All creation doubts and despairs; some find help and then hope, trusting in that presumed to be *the truth*—convinced that there is no other choice, any option. Some do not find, or even seek any truth; they have no hope, not really. No, they try to live, trotting through the times, but struggle even to breathe let alone bother with truth, the basis for trust, *life and living*. Some turn to all manner of matters that finally have little if any meaning, and as time passes and age sets in, they wonder in woe,

“Why did I do that instead of...?”

(Despair about decoupling, but then,)

I am in despair at times; especially when I see creation uncoupled, the undoing and then undone. Mind you, this is not the first time that things have plummeted, pain and problems so prevalent. Eventually and then eternally, *coupling* will not be necessary to coalesce, one to the other; for this relationship is but a thing of the world as it is—but not as it will be or as it once was, long ago.

(Despair about *the dark and deep*, their daring,)

I am in despair at times, watching and waiting while *the dark and deep* not only plot a course but also, beyond my beliefs, proceed with destruction well below *the bottom*. Their sight and sense is in fact supernatural, you know, which places the natural at their disposal, *the many* and *the few*—grist for the mill.

(Despair about the one or other,)

I am in despair about the ones who face increasing and intensifying odds; that while cultures come and go, rise and fall, still it the one or other who is always against the odds. Where is the *care and caring* in the company of *the power of the world*, but always struggling and sacrificing for some *life and living*?

(Despair about *the many* and more,)

I am in despair. Seldom do any of *the many* do something good or right. In this age of mass decoupling, there is seldom any room for a good something; indeed, *the dark and deep* is the heart disease.

CAN

(Comforted by honesty, sincerity,)

Call it strange but I am better just by knowing of your despair. *Can despair be an altogether bad thing?*

COURAGE

(When despair is a bad thing)

Despair is not a bad thing taken in doses, but when it reaches the depth of a terminal disease than it is all bad—and only death remains, if just a relief. Take despair in doses, an opportunity for COURAGE to come, hope and help.

CAN

Can I do it?

COURAGE

(Coupling, community, but not *the collective*,)

Not alone, that is for sure, but with companionship, *coupling* calling on COURAGE of course. I do not mean coupling only, but comradeship too—as with CASTAWAY and CLARITY. No crab can survive The Crush left alone on an island as fish without a school. Each one needs another and this, with courage, is crucial to creation as to the creator.

CAN

Can I keep it?

COURAGE

Like despair, these things go through cycles; one day you sense courage or see a companion and then foreboding, fear—perhaps coinciding with the leaving or even loss of a companion. Emotions and feelings play havoc on our senses.

COURAGE (Continues)

(Coupling and courage in common,)

Making companions and having courage share at least one thing; with both, you cannot stay on “the shore” (so-to-sound), some safe place, but must venture in the deep waters with all kinds of creations. Simply sounded, “You must be willing.”

(Or else,)

One may never experience coupling or, if they have, may see it go as history only; still, there remains reason for companionship and the rationale for courage—in The Crush more than ever.

CAN

Can I make it?

COURAGE

(Can you...,)

The question still stands but see and sense that already and more, what is to come. Remember though, that one who has companions or comrades does not fail.

The **indeterminate but indomitable danger** that surrounds a society where the state arbitrarily declares when life begins is that they arbitrarily decide when life ends.

- H. Kirk Rainer



WHEN IS MURDER "MURDER"?

Power is [] a fact of nature. From the earliest days of history, it has always presided over [one's] destiny.

- DeJouvenel, *On Power*, Adpated



WHAT IS MY "DESTINY", WHO IS MY "POWER"?

ACT 10 – CUTTING CHORDS**Scene 1 – undoing unborn**

TIME: *Now, inner invasion*

PLACE: As bad the consequences of *decoupling*, there is more to come, more to understand, in The Crush. *The few*, acting for *the fallen*, not only destroy *coupling* but also the lives of many unborn. Extending evil into the inner world of gestation, *the few* elect and enforce the end life of those deemed unwanted—on the premise of what is practical rather than prudent for *life and living*. These are dark days and the light is growing dimmer, when the cruel and corrupt are crowned while the caring are condemned, mischaracterized as miscreants, malcontents, and malevolent and me and mine.

CAN

(As eager as CASTAWAY to sound of COURAGE,)

I too was (or will be) confronted by COURAGE.

CASTAWAY

Did COURAGE mention me?

CAN

(To tell you the truth,)

Yes, I believe your story is true down to the last detail. I see and sense why COURAGE comes to you first, foremost.

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

CASTAWAY

What do we do?

CLARITY

(Arriving at the rock after some time away,)

We look to the unborn, their undoing; more of the *decoupling* right down to the cutting of chords, *life and living*, before the creature comes forth.

CASTAWAY

(Not shocked by the sounds of CLARTY,)

Do you mean the eggs—cracked and crumpled or something final, the end of procreation?

CAN

(Aware already, on some level,)

The eggs and more—all to end life that one conceives, receives and raises. *The dark and deep* have entered that sacred place within, aimed to end things before they begin.

CLARITY

(Ending life, massacring the means, the matter,)

Then you both understand that this is a system—another system—that goes *further and farther*, invasive in actuality but inverse as advertised; it poses another so-called right of the individual but in fact destroys one. This system is a tragedy and travesty, a terror on the helpless, violent and venal.

(Silence across the sea, land and air)

Life is hard, but when a system hatches to end the un-hatched, should creation cry out, “No, not now, not here, not us or them!”

(As it is, *now*)

Convince me that *caring and care* can stay; that the core of our creation is not so callous and crooked, caustic to the cause. Yet this cause cease; *care and caring* is forever, finally free.

CALLOUS

(Seeing and sensing from both sides,)

Does CLARITY sound my name or call me out to confess that, “Yes, life before life is life, a living creation.” None is more callous and crooked than me, CALLOUS, but I cannot concur with CUNNING or CLOAK, both who answer to the call of “crooked”.

(Sure, sinister, but the show must go on,)

CLARITY sees the sense of it, the madness behind the mess. Should any or all—even the many—be surprised in the lies that are always the first casualty of any cause, conflict and contention? Yes, this “undoing unborn” is conflict; it is a cause to crush creation by cutting the chord before the little creatures can come behind the canal, get in the way. Let us all face the facts: creation is too costly and, callous at it must sound, is “worthless to the power of the world”. Crush them—even them not yet crawling.

(Spinning sounds is what we do,)

Where would we, the fallen, be without lies? What is truth, really, but weakness, the sincere sounds of some sentimental and sensitive sort as CLARITY and the other seceded, secluded one or another? Lies are merely leveraging the best of our worst.

(What matters but a mystery?)

Who wants for truth or facts, anyway—and especially when the news is not favorable or friendly? I mean, let us reason if we have to. Do you really want for bad news: death, destruction, and disownment? Do you want it to rain and winter when you can have sunshine and spring? Of course not, which is why we do what we do, right? Mystery is far more favorable over some matters, mess and madness. Why spoil the occasion with reality when an illusion is possible, preferred and quite persuasive too.

(I can sound it and even sense CLARITY’s concerns,)

Perhaps I am giving too much to this cause, what CLARITY sees as “The Crush ending life against the means...,” but at least I am sounding some sense to that sense. Oh, there is reason to be concerned but finally, who really cares?

CUNNING

(Within the sounds of both, as usual, but upset,)

Leave it to CALLOUS to *spill the beans*. Why does this *fallen amongst the fallen* fall completely off the face of the earth? Why does this spirit not seek other realms, *further and farther*, and *get off my back*. *Can we all just agree and at least try to appear as one? I despise a spirit stuck between darkness and light; they are the most cunning of all, made so by their confusion and confusing behavior. If you are going to be dark then go for the black—all the way—never mind the politics.*

CLOAK

(No danger, no dreads,)

What danger does CALLOUS really pose? So the spirits senses into the spheres, big deal! So the unborn are undone before they are done, big deal! So this solo spirit seeks to pain us, to peen us as a pundit of our plunder—how much damage can it cause? Still, few if any seem to *care* about *caring* and *the few* follows us without question. Our effort is most evil, excellent.

(Our success is their stupidity,)

Our success the stupidity of *the many*, a collective of casual and carefree Cretans, and then, *the few* fomenting folly out of our fallacious ways. What a grand plan from us, CUNNING; a perfect and profound plan, persistent from the plains of Pluto to the pits of purgatory.

CALLOUS

(Sensing still, but silence)

Does pride count; I mean, can pride disprove the claims of the fallen, our “perfect and profound plan”. Is pride limited to the natural or can it creep into the cause of the spiritual too? Modesty sounding, my pride is well placed, sure to spin me like a typhoon, a force supernatural.

CAN

(Prompt, punctual)

I am certain you sense the response, CASTAWAY; that your COURAGE is here, *now*. Can you sense it?

CASTAWAY

(More confession, the core of caring)

I suppose so, but there is another sense too, *dark and deep*, that shakes my shell, clamps my claws. Sometimes, this other sense is so strong that it makes me forget of COURAGE; like fog that comes ashore, it envelopes my whole and exorcises every bit of energy that wants and wills for what is pure and perfect. This other sense sounds to me, "You are only one, a crawling creature, and no match for spirits."

CAN

(Stepping-in without stepping-on)

I am certain you sense the light and dark, the adulation and adversity. One cannot climb to the mountain without crossing the valley. I myself *cross the valley* often, always, in degrees that I detest if it were not at times, my desire.

CASTAWAY

(Startled by sincerity, the sudden and stark sense that all of creation suffers from the swing and shift of *light to the dark*, peaks and valleys, destiny and despair)

Is it wrong to be weak; am I less or least because I cannot seem or seek to have your insight, your sense of the spiritual?

(Pause, but nothing)

I smell the sea and long for the way things are—or were—when the times seemed better, promising and near perfect. *Now* all has changes and will change, any light flickering and soon to be snuffed-out never to light again.

CAN

(Sensitive, responsive and reassuring)

We each have our regrets, our longings for what could have been or perhaps once was...but is *now* a memory, a passing that makes *life and living* less than it was (or what we each sense so).

(Weak means strong)

You are strong when you sound that you are weak, first admitting what is real, and *the truth* among and within us each. How can anyone carry others without help, hope? How can anyone come to accept that the things lost or gone are not entirely of our doing; that life and living is not all matter, but mystery enshrouded in a sea of smoke or clouds? How can anyone find what is good and right unless exposed or even experienced in the *dark and deep*? How can anyone see the essence of *undoing unborn* unless aware of the spiritual forces of *the fallen* above and behind *the few*?

CASTAWAY

Where do I go from here, in the *cutting chords*?

CAN

For you, me, and perhaps CLARITY, *backward* for better or worse, until passing is no more, the sacred in sight.

Reclaiming the sacred in our lives naturally brings us close
once more to the wellspring...

- Robert Bly



WHERE IS THE "WELLSPRING", WHERE IS LIFE?

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

If you do not understand **the Golden Rule**, which is the most important law in the universe, then you are in trouble.

- Suzy Kassem, *Rise Up and Salute the Sun: The Writings of Suzy Kassem*



DID I DO UNTO OTHERS AS...?

ACT 10 – CUTTING CHORDS

Scene 2 – sacking sacred

TIME: *Backward, the sacred*

PLACE: As dark the times in the *now*, the two (or three) once again step *backward* to see and sense how creation suffers and strains against the great and dreadful forces aimed to dismember and destroy.

CAN

(First appearing, present in this scene, but soundless)

What is sacred; what does it mean to sound, “Sacred” or more, to sense it in the matter and mystery of life and living?

(About the unborn)

Are the unborn sacred; is the seemingly safe-haven of the innocent sacred? Is the whole of the natural process of procreation sacred, or more, life and living, one creature to another? Is anything or anyone sacred, sacrosanct, safe and secure from the fallen, few?

(About the born)

What is life when nothing seems sacred, when anything and everyone is nothing and no one of any import—other than that of commodity to be expensed and exploited to exhaustion?

(About beyond)

The process of death is no longer sacred; on the one side is the systematic ending of life—even before birth—and on the other, the extension and elongation on the eve of eternity in the great beyond. A few see immortality in their grasp; the chance to, yet again, cross from created to creator, from the natural and cyclical to the abnormal and evolving. CLONE and such ilk are examples; generations and revisions of bioengineering aimed to produce and perfect a class of creation albeit artificial, not art, but calculated.

CAN (Continues)

(Able to sense CLARITY)

Where is this going, gone? When is this cutting of chords to end but with the devaluation of life and determination of death to all but *the few* cunning, cloaked and cloned?

CLARITY

(About *forward*, the transformation of)

Trans-creation is where this will go—as you will see going forward—as the natural gives way (or out) and the products and processes of science and medicine render something more, made finally by the fallen to end what was born in COURAGE.

CASTAWAY

(Able to sense CLARITY)

You and me, one or another, each and all ended.

CAN

(Attending the sense of CLARITY, sounds of CASTAWAY)

Everything else, too, your whole make-up, made-up, and moved into a synthesis of something other than us.

CASTAWAY

(Unable to follow or track CAN)

Good, but hey, I am not following you to the end. What do you mean by “synthesis” and “something other”? Again, I raise the question, “Where is this going?”

CLARITY

(The sense of *where this is going is where this has been*)

To comprehend the now or forward is to see backward; to sense and comprehend what the fallen are (and were) planning to do since our creation from CRUSTY to all other crustaceans and creations since—whether extinct or still existing in nature.

CLARITY (Continues)

(Sounding on sensing what happened...)

Sacking the sacred is, as seen, not new, modern or even mythical. Indeed, *the fallen* play this part from somewhere way back when or after they became creatures of the earth; flesh and bone as you and I but still, possessed by an internal, indomitable spirit of death and destruction—aimed to crush creation by contaminating its offspring—ending life before birth.

(When sacred was solid)

In the beginning, the sacred was solid; no flaws or foibles, no false and fraud amid, above and below the land and sea. It was a time and place of absolute beauty and bounty, without famine or failure, where the fundamentals held sway and the future, well, forever fine and fantastic.

(Hierarchy of the heavenly)

Might was not necessary to secure control; for *right* prevailed at all levels, top to bottom and all in between, the middle. In this hierarchy was a far different theme from any since, admirable and altruistic, in perfect harmony, the natural and supernatural. If you could imagine the best of a balanced biosphere, a bodacious botany, this was it, the best of times!

(Then, the fall—when all Hell breaks loose)

As good and *good* is, or was, it had to become great, greater-,

CASTAWAY

(Interrupting intellectual insight *backward*)

Great, greater is good, grand.

CAN

(Interrupting the interruption of insight)

No, *great* is not grand in *the grand scheme of things*. The irony of this *grand* is that it is grossly greedy, graft— getting it while *the getting is-*

CLARITY

(Inching along the incremental slide into infamy)

As I was sounding, “It had to become great, greater than good; promoting the pursuit of personal pleasure, produced and propagated across the planetary, precipitated place to place, point to point, endemic and every.

CASTAWAY

Greater than good, and-,

CAN

Well sounded CASTAWAY, “greater than good” is a mishap, massive and monumental-,

CLARITY

...madness—more like it; creatures that crave to be masters of the universe and beyond, greed and graft never ending, insensitivity and insanity indistinguishable, indomitable.

CAN

There seems nothing wrong with exploration, seeing the world and beyond, but I do not sense that is what you mean.

CLARITY

I mean exploitation and exhaustion of every one and thing—all of which is driven by a deep desire to control the world. “Masters of the universe”, as they believe, beguiled to bring order, perfection through purging, excellence of extermination.

(More on masters)

“Sacking sacred” denies and denigrates creation; it devalues everything else while exalting a few—decidedly without fault—esteemed and intoxicated in their own. All else is merely *a means to an end, grist for the mill or fuel for the fire*. When there is nothing sacred, nothing left of *caring and care*, than there is nothing left at all, *life and living* is lost.

CUNNING

(What is wrong?)

What is wrong with that...and besides, this “life and living” is over-rated—as most realize all too well—along with any high-minded, halo, hallucinations about the so-called “sacred”.

(After all, survival is the real deal)

All this attention to the sacred and sanctity of life is nothing more than then sentimental saliva dripping from one or two who cannot come to terms with reality, survival of the species, order and, when necessary, oppression.

(More crying over *caring*)

CLARITY is not *far-off*; but still, the crab is crazy, seduced and sidetracked, crying over *caring* as though a life depends on it.

(When one *cares*,)

When one cares, really cares, they set themselves up for failure, putting too much stock in the sublime, sacred and sanctimonious. Who wants to be such a fool as to see and sense something that is no more than sand that blows or lines the shore? Who is comforted by or comfortable with something like this, fine and gritty, that fills ever crevice and grinds away the flesh leaving on bones and blood.

(Who wants?)

Who wants to have their heart handed to them, pounded to the point that it pounds no more? Who wants to sense something so hard for so long only to see it vanish in the wind without a trace or worse, to see it cave into contempt?

(Cease the crying and stop *caring*,)

Cease this crying over caring and let it be. Indifference is convenient, crushing any crush, and quite comfortable too.

CALLOUS

(Close by, backward or elsewhere)

Once again, high harangue—or is it just more hubbub and hullabaloo. Is it possible that some one can care about nothing, completely indifferent to everything and everyone?

(Making sense from insensitivity)

I am certain that CUNNING cares too; and most of all, that this caring and care that CLARITY and its kind hold so dear finally caves without any concern. Can one, some, a few or fallen, care deeply about crushing care? Does it make sense that care crumbles because the power of the world wants for it, cares about it? When care crushing caring, what is left is nothing, sacred or secular. The chords severed, everything and everyone is sacred at this moment, ironically as the last vestige of life and living in the end.

CLARITY

(On the sense of CALLOUS, clarity of cutting chords)

Oh, how this one gets it; the result of cutting chords, of destroying caring with the care that burns as the inferno beneath the bottom. Does caring survive this end? Yes, I am certain too; caring, life and living remain somewhere in some time and place, forever truth.

The possession of knowledge does not kill the sense of wonder and mystery. **There is always more mystery.**

- Anais Nin



DO I "WONDER", DO I DO "MYSTERY"?

Plans are nothing, [but] but **planning is everything.**

- Dwight D. Eisenhower



ARE YOU "PLANNING"?

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

ACT 10 – CUTTING CHORDS

Scene 3 – purging plans

TIME: *Forward, the purging*

PLACE: Purging is a multifaceted matter; it happens by degrees whether in darkness or drastically; the end result is the elimination of something or someone evidently but inevitably expendable. This place is such a place, time, where much and more is expendable, *the few* as no exception.

CLOAK

(Assessing the situation, a state of severities,)

Cutting chords is near complete; the next generation is well under control to join *the many*; a collective conditioned to conformance, convenience and comfort. I am sure, that any resistance, if at all, is powerless, puny and pathetic, *care and caring* caput!

(One or two gathered together is,)

This one or that one has nothing on us, their lives desperate, disparate and destitute. CLARITY, with all that wisdom, is gone with the wind, blown away like sand on the shore, never to resurface. CASTAWAY, a commoner, is more the cast off than on, a crawler adrift and addled. Then CAN, the classic cadet, committed to the command of COURAGE yet still, struggling with confidence. Each holds this notion; that somehow COURAGE will carry them through The Crush as the aftermath of a great storm.

(One or two is just one or two,)

One or two gathered together is not a problem—not *now* or at any time, their *caring and care* is of no consequence, their intentions of good and right incredulous, impossible.

CLOAK (Continues)

(How we did it,)

First, we came silently, secretly, working behind *the few—pulling the strings, pushing the levers*, conducting our agenda and controlling the critical issues incognito.

(No sense of us,)

Most have no sense of the spiritual and therefore pay us no attention let alone sense our existence, the many too locked in the matter, too lacking of the mystery.

(Infiltrating and then,)

We bred with their kind, producing offspring while altering the genome. *So much for creation and all that supposed perfection claimed in the beginning of creation. We undid that...and more.*

(First cloning creation,)

Long before the superiority of CLONE there was, well, us in them—the first superior race! We purged their kind through consummation and conception, contaminating the heart, minds and bodies of this supposed image of COURAGE. Our offspring are larger, smarter and in all other ways significant, superior. *Some conceive or conception while others only learned of it after it was too late.*

(Continuing conflicts and conquest,)

Then there is conflict and conquest; the confrontations within and among congregates of creation. *What better way to purge than to foment fighting, the falling of the frail and feckless?* Whether by land, sea, air and space, convert or conquest, the aims are always the same; end them to save us. Oh, and for the sentimental, let us pose this proposition and plan as one of dire defense—*not* naked aggression—urgency and unction.

CLOAK (Continues)

(*More* is what matters most,)

More beyond the most; immeasurable, over-the-top, beyond comprehension, never-be-consider or conceive. *More*, *more* and then *more* is just three times *more*—which is nothing compared the *more* of materialism made megalomaniac. Yes, *want* is the *power of the world* without end.

(No limits on lavish and luxury,)

There are no limits. If you do not believe, look around and see one sea with boundless bounty and the other dead; one teeming with life and another, barely breathing, swamped with algae blooms and refuse from spillways. It is this vast range that really *brings it home*, that really punctuates the point that, for many, *want* is the religion—everything and everyone else, merely the means...or otherwise of no matter or meaning.

(Why *want* matters,)

Some call it “survival”, some “necessity”, where those that have little *want* for little and those that have *more want* for *more*. Even when given a palace or paradise, we wonder, *why stop—why not more?* It is this nature of some, and *more* if possible, that our plan builds: need—real needs—is never enough, never sufficient and never satisfying. Envy energizes our plan and jealousy, jump-starts it into action. As this desire and discontent evolves, the execution, with chords cut one by one, breaking down the bones.

(How long, this plan’s execution,)

For as long as it takes to cut chords, all severed? Until *want* completes its course, everything caput and everyone cannibalized or covered-up. *The smell of carnage is so sweet, a bouquet of blood and bodies.*

(From *backward, forward* until *the end*,)

Our plan continues from creation to *The Crush*. There is always *conflict and contention* brought on by the *want* for *more*—and it will continue until *the end*, when the costs and coverage is so extensive as to exhaust all of *life and living*.

CLOAK (Continues)

(The beast will best,)

Who or what is “the beast”? Unlike all other creatures or creations, *the beast* is unstoppable, without an equal, but it is not or ever eternal, transcendent and timeless. “The beast” is not just one but, through time place, *the top of the food chain*.

(*The beast* by any other name is still...,)

The beast did not, does not and will not identify as something of predation, but in its power, *the power of the world*, parades and predominates as necessary for the protection and preservation of creation—the proponent and purveyor of peace and prosperity.

(But then, *the plan*,)

It sounds good and right, *the many* would agree—or at least comply—and the more, *the few*, follow, fulfilling *the end* presumably for, again, peace and prosperity. For those not so convinced or confident in *the plan*, there is fear, the foreboding.

(Fear in different forms,)

Fear comes in different forms, but is finally and fundamentally, that of death. Do all creatures fear death; is every living thing afraid of dying? No, not exactly, but viewed from another, most struggle and strain to survive, to be secure, both present and progeny. *Fear* can be a good thing if used right; a natural feature of creature, a response to stimuli, to risks, a means to survival. This “natural” *fear* is exploited, abused and adulterated, as a means to control them—*the few* and *the many*. *Fear* is power.

(How to control...our plan,)

How...to control everyone and everything is not possible alone’ no, the spirits must use the souls of shells to control as the depths of the sea and land, from the outer reaches of space to the core beneath *the bottom* of the *dark and deep*.

CLOAK (Continues)

(Destiny, destiny, the deadly destiny,)

All must eventually end at the bottom, crush depth! Any foolish enough to refuse or reject are castaway, exiles of the outer banks, pronounced villains or vagabonds, miscreants and malcontents.

(Justice is just us,)

Justice is as a line drawn in the sand; anyone who dare draw the line will see it vanish in the vagaries of a tide of good intentions grounded firmly in greed, graft, and grit. We give no quarter for the single-souled shell who claims one heart and mind, an ignominious, idiotic individual.

(Our “COMMODITIZED CLAM(S)”)

Our commoditized clams are crucial to our plan, *the plan*; *more* is what matters most in *the madness behind the mess*. Pearls extracted at their expense, clams are the means of our command, a post to hitch our seahorses and saddle all with weight beyond measure.

(Some matter...mostly mystery,)

It is some matter but mostly mystery, this post; *how so much madness can come from a few clams—nothing but a shell and some serrations, any real substance sent straight to the seafloor.*

(*Force* is strength of many stripes,)

As with *fear*, *force* has many forms ranging from the most subtle and sublime, *mystery of the madness*, to the most flagrant and fierce, matter of *the madness*.

(*Force* is who we are,)

What’s more, *force* is a *tour de force*, proportional in effect to the skill of the enforcer; an individual crab may push a pebble along but spirits move mountains, turning the whole world upside down—along with the life and living of *the many* and more. Put simply, “*Force* is who we are.”

CLOAK (Continues)

(*Force is our course,*)

What is *matter and mystery* is that *the few* have authority to use force on our behalf. Yes, they will do what is necessary, our bidding, and if they fail, there is always the appointed or officially “authorized” to blame if need be, some scapegoat.

(*Force as a right,*)

There are those who have practically no right to use force and then those who are above rights, beholden to none.

(Sometimes force without sense)

Oh, I cannot sound that *the many* as a collective are powerless. There are times when a collective, exploited, senseless and stupid, do the dirty work, brutal, barbaric and byzantine. There are times when a collective can, just as well, play the mellow majority and, by the sheer number, when the day over the lesser, fewer numbers; *the collective* counts—when counting!

(*Force by any other name is still force*)

Sounds are *force* when choosing what sounds to sound and what sounds to silence. Sounds, and even senses, may not be truth or completely true—which makes it *force* laden with fibs, foibles lies.

(Who is who?)

🌀 CULTURED is above it all, the pearl of the sea, so enthralled with fashion that *force* is at worst a inconvenience

🌀 CONK, the incurable cave dweller, hardly peeps beyond the confines of its dank and dark dugout

🌀 CENTRIST, always at the center no matter how much that center drifts, to committed uncommitted

🌀 CAMEO, is creative at making an appearance but nothing more; yes, another soundless and spineless shell or shill

🌀 CLONE, is every evolving but equally as submissive to us as the rest in an ever increasing replacement to the natural creations that simply cannot measure up

Let us cut chords and purge on.

There will come a time of fire and night, **when enemies rise
and empires fall**, when the stars begin to die.

- Kevin J. Anderson



WHAT, WHOM IS FALLING?

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

Naughty business, this **Empire**

- Chuck Wendig, Life Debt



WHEN IS "NAUGHTY" NASTY?

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

ACT 11 – CRACKING CROWNS**Scene 1 – everlasting empire**

TIME: *Now, ever empire*

PLACE: “CROWNS” is wherever *the few* rule—and that is everywhere that *the power of the world* pervades, pushing its domain to greater regions than ever before, beneath *the bottom* to heights of seemingly endless potential. Empire or imperialism is another necessary part of *the plan*; it facilitates *fear, force*. Empires come and go, rise and fall, but as an entity or enterprise seems everlasting, endless. When one empire declines and effectively ends, another emerges, elevated and then exalted in expansion to eternity, exhausting all the earth along its course of conquest and then collapse. *Now*, as before, empire is the essence of the state, conquering and consolidating claims in the vein that *might makes right*. Empire extends its control via commoditized clams, the combination of extortion and evisceration, debt peonage and outright destruction. Empire *cracks crowns*, setting the up and then disposing of them as to its own interest, gain and fame. Empire is to the world as Leviathan to the sea.

CLARITY

(Where is care, caring?)

The sky is dark and flowing like the sea, rolling and in all other ways that I cannot separate one from the other, but see only an endless horizon above and out. My respite is this rock though, with the shifting of the sand beneath and the pounding of the waves about it, how much longer can it stay? Even more pressing than the rock, my refuge, is the question:

“Where is care caring?”

It is delicate and yet determined thing that, like an egg or a tender young crawler, calls for protection to preserve it, to see it progress and ideally carry on paternity. As the bleakness becomes me, I long for the lasting light of care and the COURAGE to keep it.

CLOAK

(On CLARITY, this condition as grey as the sky,)

Oh, what a pity that one so stubborn and stalwart for care cannot seem to find it. Soon *the rock* will be gone too. What will this kind do without shelter, the present and intensifying storms that wash both shore and interior into the deep, dark?

(Thoughts on *the end* to care, caring,)

CLARITY and that small band of creepy crawlers are doomed—as with so many before them, the casualties of nature but more, the dark and deep that is ubiquitous, under and above the earth to the far reaches of space. That as empire, the dark and deep touches everything and everyone leaving no stone unturned or rock intact, and no living with care, caring, that contains them within and among their own. No, it must go as empire and the sea rise, consuming, corrupting and conquering until care and caring be crushed and all light snuffed out, smoke in the wind. Nearing the end, as time forward, all then are doomed.

CLOAK (Continues)

(Thoughts on COURAGE,)

They look and long for COURAGE but cannot find it. They sound sad and solemn, "Where is the one who stands in the gap on behalf of creation that cares, the caring? There is no answer, only silence and stillness, calm before the storm. Nearing the end, everyone and everything that stands will fall, no safety or surprise.

CLARITY

(Thinking of the others, the storms and empires,)

Many come low and still more, almost all, in the rise of seas and empires; such takes without warning, appearing as a beautiful thing to cleanse and clarify but reaping calamity and chaos. I question, even doubt, whether they are natural at all, given their intent and action, but are more the working of underworlds or overlords to purge and plunder. It is one thing to lose another but another to lose all of it, most of all care, caring, as the waves pound and persist and empire proceeds unabated.

(Thinking of you, me, and our natural ways,)

Do you loathe losing, the losses, or do you see them each, then all, life and living in this ever changing and even dying world about us. We are birthed or hatched and spend most if not all our lives drifting, if not our bodies then our minds or hearts. Sure, we set goals and sometimes make the journey, shell sustained, but the tracks of it vanish by the wind or waves leaving the effort and energy to the storms or empires for no good thing—only a great one. You and I alone are to gather us who strive to make it however small to them, but big to us. Our lives are small, merely one of many and more. Does care, caring, make us each more, maybe king crabs or king fish in and among our own?

CLARITY (Continues)

(Thinking of COURAGE, the sacrifices and sufferings,)

No one knows of the sacrifices and sufferings more. I am but one that for reasons uncertain has survived to sense and sound now, and to listen beyond the booms of the storms and empire, and all that are gone, never to return to the sight of my eye or the sense of my presence. I care for COURAGE because it is everything; yes, COURAGE has the capacity to complete me, to sustain me through these storms and empire, beyond better times, and to face whatever else seems inevitable in the coming compilation of a cabal of dark and deep as never before or since this day. I need COURAGE.

CUNNING

(This is...,)

This is a sentimental story; one where CLARITY and all the somewhat cousins campaign for “care, caring,” as though it carries the world round the world, brings the sun and offers the rain among all the conditions natural or otherwise. So too is this COURAGE, whomever or whatever it is compared to everlasting empire, comprehensive, complete and conclusive. This wholesome and winsome whoop dido is crazy, cuckoo cacophony, composed of a committee of cowardly and incredulous crabs. *As the end nears so too the last of these castaways crushed, the crumbs cremated without any conclusion but caput.*

CLOAK

(Yes, it is but on to cracking crows.)

The last of this marine life washed ashore, beached, bloated and embalmed, the better our world. .Then, on to the bigger picture, the broader canvas, of crowns to crack; lands to loot, seas to salvage and skies to steal. How happy will I be to see the seduced made scared and then, shredded like canned crabmeat. How delighted am I when everyone and everything is dead.

CLOAK (Continues)

(None to survive except,)

None will outlast the everlasting empire but I, CUNNING and my other cohorts, a cabal of incurably corrupt but correct comrades.

CLARITY

(Sensing these, they who crack crowns,)

Oh, how confident they are, this CUNNING, CLOAK and the other creatures of *the cabal* and its cartels. They are so big as to see all as small if seen at all; so centered that everyone revolves around them as if it is meaningless matter—mere space, air and dust to be blown-up and scattered asunder. Who is this but empire: the sounds and sense that they are the only power that ever reaches such a pinnacle; one with control of land, sea, sky and space and then, all below the earth to the core and more. One can easily follow the trail of terror, a swath of broken shell and scorched earth—an undoing under cover of good intentions and noble causes.

(A pause with the pains and pathos,)

See the sea, the refuse that spans from shore to shore. See relics that lie at *the bottom*, the remnant of the rulers, ethos of evil. Who can stand against them? One here or there, as I or my castaway crabs are not enough to matter—are we? Can we do nothing but eke out a life, sneak about the shore and take cover under our rock when the storms comes and the surf pounds against us, the never ending surge? Even when the seas calm and the storm subsides, this endless empire and scourge of all seas now, before and to come? While we come and go, the creation, empire is everlasting; not a creation, natural, but a concoction, an empire elixir that when swallowed goes down sweet but effects sharp pains that spread as a pandemic and bring all prostrate before an ethos of evil.

CLOAK

(Distortions, distractions, deception, destiny and death,) Sounds about right, this cleric called CLARITY, but then, why do I care about it, about anything except our distortions, distractions and deceptions, our wonderful works of darkness. Their death is our destiny, all creation crushed beyond dreams.

It was an article of faith to the Romans that they were the most morally upright people in the world. [] Yet they also knew that the Republic's greatness carried its own risks. To abuse it would be to court divine anger. Hence the Roman's concern to refute all charges of bullying, and to insist they had **won their empire purely in self-defense.**

- Tom Holland, *Rubicon: The Last Years of the Roman Republic*



WHO CLAIMS AGGRESSION AS DEFENSE?

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

The Empire does not require that its servants love each other,
merely that they **perform their duty**.

- J. M. Coetzee, *Aspettando i barbari*



IS "REVOLUTION" RIGHT, RIFE?

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

ACT 11 – CRACKING CROWNS

Scene 2 – emerging empire

TIME: *Backward, naked empire*

PLACE: “CROWNS” is continuous as politics is perpetual; both require a *command post*—a sort of stake in the ground—that marks its domain, property. Empires emerged *backward*; each leaving a mark where their stake once planted, a history of the rise and fall, the cycles of one upon another—each and all following the same trajectory where, over extended, comes collapse. *The fallen* and empire, *the few*, are seemingly one and the same; the former spiritual forces of evil and the later, a physical manifestation of the same. From Babylon to Rome, from the Ottoman to the present, emerging empire is inextricably attached to *the fallen*, sharing in the ideas and actions aimed to consume everyone and everything until exhaustion and then, ironically, consuming itself, decline and death. Why do they always overreach fall, end as empires? Intoxicated with greed and graft, empires end because they lack COURAGE. Sure, confidence remains but, as arrogance, is merely a façade, a faggot of fallacies, foibles and falsehoods—wet wood at best.

CLOAK

(From a highpoint overlooking a vast swath,)

I came, I saw, I conquered; yes, I shell shells, fillet fish, wallop whales, and skins seals. I am that I am; and that is what I am; yes, as I sense so I am. What, you dare to sound that I am,

(Naked and not afraid,)

“Naked, without any clothes, so much as a stitch,” for which I sound back that a spirit needs not clothes nor anything of mortals, creation too modest to let it all hang, out. I am finally and foremost free to choose, even to choose not to choose; and here, *backward*, clothing is merely a cover-up and I, CLOAK, never cover-up, fear or put on any front. In summary, I am the real deal, exposed as the emperor everlasting.

(As it is, so it will be,)

Everlasting, before *ever* and after *lasting*—this is what I be before and after *now*. As *backward* so *forward*, not any aging or infirmity to do me in or take me down, not a slave to anything—not even time. I am immortal, the greatest of all gods; chief among chieftains, lord among lords, spirt above all spirits, crown atop crowns.

(Superior as I am,)

Superior in all ways spiritual and otherwise, I possess the power for cracking crowns, creation to clamor for the crumbs at my table and the cloths—oops—the wings on my back, my every feature and more. I am fully hallow, not the least bit of hollowness.

(So I am wrong ever occasionally,)

Can anyone be innocent all the time? Am I too far-out, too removed to realize reality? Even the spirits are subject to err now and again. Creation cry and complain, the plight of all left powerless in my presence, and the grizzly grumble and gripe—the whole lot of them damned to dread what they cannot achieve, all aspirations and accolades at sea, adrift and aimless. Should I stop what I am doing and give these conditions my time, service to help, hope and hullabaloo?

CLOAK (Continues)

(In the clasp of my claw,)

All power *dark and deep* is mine, *the world my oyster* with which a little corruption and contamination is useful, even necessary—and justified just because.... All rise or fall under my watch. I am the one behind the curtain, *pulling the levers* and otherwise, controlling the matter—no mystery. Yes, we are the world, the greater universe in the claps of my figurative claw.

(How to rise superior,)

How to rise is to believe that you are superior to others. No matter the facts or figures, science or scholarship, matter or material when you fix the idea in your head that you are superior. To be superior means that everyone and everything else is inferior, insignificant and irrelevant—perhaps unworthy or worthless.

(Once superior, what can you do?)

Once risen to superior, you can rationalize most anything however egregious or evil considered the conscience of the *caring*. You can:

- 🦏 Crush creatures for any reason—or for no reason at all
- 🦏 Create a crisis, the opportunity to seize more power
- 🦏 Construct all variety of false and fraudulent sounds and senses
- 🦏 Call black, white; generally, turning facts upside down
- 🦏 Capture property and possession under the guise of good intentions such as peace, protection and prosperity
- 🦏 Caress the sensitive spots, self-indulging in ecstasy
- 🦏 Cease commerce with sanctions, tariffs and other such...
- 🦏 Change scenes, sounds and senses to create chaos
- 🦏 Charge the innocent guilty and the guilty, innocent
- 🦏 Cheat anyone, all the while denying it
- 🦏 Choke-off creatures, young and innocent, from essentials
- 🦏 Cling to nothing, compassion, *care and caring*, for no one
- 🦏 Count without calculation, weight with weighted scales
- 🦏 Confess to nothing, deny everything

CLOAK (Continues)

(How to fall, inferior)


















How to fall is to cross me, *the fallen*, COURAGE or no COURAGE. To fall is not about taking blows, resilience and resolution, but about the loss of power, my power. When one loses power, a process of reduction and rejection, the result is a dud, a jellyfish short of its spark, a beached whale or other such belly-up on the sea, rotting in the sun.

(Their loss is my gain,)

Oh, how the mighty do fall, and when they fall, I rise; their weakness is my strength, their insipidness, my infusion of yet more power on power.

(Once inferior, what can you do?)

One fallen to inferior, you can always reflect back to *the good ole days* when you rode the wave of success, prospered with possession and property and finally felt powerful. You can also:

-  Crush what remains of you, declawed and destitute
-  Count your blessings on one claw
-  Crawl into the boiling pot and close the lid behind you
-  Create an imaginary world, dreams and fantasy
-  Construct all variety of senses that support the imaginary...
-  Call white, white—tell the truth—while no one listens
-  Capture some air, perhaps your last gasp before *the bottom*
-  Cease consumption (since commerce is caput)
-  Change nothing and respond to everything
-  Cheat no one in spite of being cheated
-  Choke yourself with or without claws, pinchers
-  Cling to anything out there that floats
-  Confess to anything, as compelled—though having done nothing to no one
-  Camp in a tent or open air—whatever shelter is there
-  Cancel all plans, ideas and expectations
-  Carry the burdens brought on the supposed superior
-  Cater to the superior's every whim, desire and demand

CLOAK (Continues)

Needless to sound that it sucks not to be superior, but then, I would not know. Suffice to sound that you either ride the wave or drown, and for me, that means controlling the seas and everything else of power.

(As it is, was and will be,)

This is the way of the world; many fail to launch or, if they rise to some station...subsequently brought low, perhaps right to *the bottom*. Consider however that they were never superior, not really; that unlike me and my cohorts—all superbly superior—they are mere inferiors attempting to live the life of a superior without the necessary creed, constitution and credentials. The vast majority simply do not have the right stuff; still, they are better off on believing that anything is possible and, with much energy and effort, they can be superior. As it is however, dreams are all that most will ever see.

(But then there is me,)

You might as well let any aspirations of equality go, for none is as superior as I am. CUNNING is close but not quite so stealth and sinister; evil yes, but not dyed in the woolly way, *dark and deep*, as me. CALLOUS was close but fell off the train, going soft and then solo, cutting into our mission, plan and purpose, and calling us out as thought our judge. Who is this CALLOUS; more, what becomes of one of our own when *care* comes to raise a conscience and then the *catfish is out of the bag*? There is finally CLONE who, among us all, knows where to stand, serve. I like this artificial creation from its inception; capable and even creative but above compliant, kowtowing to my commands.

(My creed in a crab shell,)

I sense to my soul that the *dark and deep* creature believes that the evil eye can expand, ever so, and that a curse can cause much loss but at the same time, much gain. Finally, I sense that *care and caring* is simply sea foam; all full of air, suds, unsightly, slippery and smelly.

CLOAK (Continues)

(My constitution, unchartered)

The many sound of a constitution, taking much pride and pomp in it, the whole idea, but fail to figure out that I always act in my best interest—often offline from obligations, declarations or diatribes. Always and forever, my constitutions—dictum—is what is in my best interests; that is, to crush all creation, seed and substance.

(My campaign, cloaked and clandestine)

The element of surprise, chaste and coy, is my greatest attribute. Appearing as considerate—even *caring*—is the way to lower their defenses, *open the gate and invite me in*. On the one side, my character displays *care* for all creation—especially the weak and weary—while on the other, exploiting everyone and everything to exhaustion. The strong are my primary prey; any with strength of which I can extract. My idea and image of imperialism is not overly offensive, confrontational and conflicting, but is sneaky and stealth, cloaked in a veil of good intentions, a sound and sense of satisfaction, even security.

(My style, sneaky and snaky,)

My style is to satiate, senses/defenses; and with the gate open, walk in and take what I want without conflict and contention. Why create a brouhaha, a boom-boom, when you can slither in and slither out, getting what you want without the tears and jeers, wrangling and woe? I control them without colonizing; in the spirit, I am empire.

The consolidation of the states into one vast empire, sure to be aggressive abroad and despotic at home, [is] **the certain precursor of ruin** [to overwhelm] all that precedes it.

- Robert E. Lee



WHEN IS "THE CERTAIN RUIN"?

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

"Exceptionalism" is a shared self-description of imperial forms
and . . . every empire imagines itself an exception.

- Ann Laura Stoler, *Haunted by Empire: Geographies of Intimacy in North
American History*



WHO/WHAT IS EXCEPTIONAL, ANOTHER 'ISM?

ACT 11 – CRACKING CROWNS**Scene 3 – ending empire**

TIME: *Forward, empire's end*

PLACE: “CROWNS” go down; that is, no empire lasts forever and then finally, none remains at all. To imagine a world (or place) without empire is to draw on fears of anarchy. Without dominate, controlling forces what remains but chaos, turmoil and terror run rampant. Yet, ending empires will come; the last of this long series will see its day, the Leviathan, its last breath. No more will imperialism reign down on creation, the costs of conflict and contention on such scale. Ideas of patriotism, exceptionalism and eminent domain will die along with the shell of confidence constructed by such regimes, despots and dictators. What is left of creation in *the last* fall? Do those that survive breathe a sigh of relief or of despair, the *glory days* gone? What becomes of the chain of communities shackled to this centralized power? Do they return to their sovereign or released, *fall* as well, their chains still bound, the weight of release too much? How does the world continue without empire? What about jubilation, emancipation, liberty?

CAN

(Floating in the clouds,)

The landscape is so different, a reversion to something *backward*, less of everything it seems. *The world can expand for only so long, the resources finite, limited, the certain ruin.*

CASTAWAY

(Coming along side,)

It is all messed-up, the whole world from here.

CRUSTY

(Appearing out of nowhere)

Been like this before, way back when, the old ways returned.

CASTAWAY

(Startled but not shocked, CRUSTY,)

Where did you come from?

CRUSTY

Never left, not really.

CASTAWAY

I sensed is so, seeing you aside COURAGE, but was not sure of it all. How-,

CRUSTY

I am a spirit, dude. No longer limited to that helmet-shell, all that swimming and crawling, but am wide-open, flying here, there and everywhere. Oh, and-,

CASTAWAY

You seem happier, at ease.

CRUSTY

I am..., all the pains and pettiness gone, the crustiness.

CAN

(Taking it all in,)

What can you sound of the world, *forward*?

CRUSTY

What do you see, sense?

CAN

Much is changing, changed; the whole world is unshackled.

CASTAWAY

Where is CLARITY? Why is it that every time we go *forward* in time, CLARITY is not there, here?

CRUSTY

CLARITY is not there, here, but is a spirit, no longer shell—like them, *the fallen*.

CASTAWAY

You are here and CLARITY is not. Why one and not the other?

CRUSTY

It takes time to pass from one to the other. CLARITY is here too, though not evident as me. Soon, this will change and you will see CLARITY again, though a spirit.

CAN

What happened to the world? Where goes *the many, the few*, creation? Where is *the power of the world, dark and deep*, and *the fallen* and *the few*?

CRUSTY

Some I cannot sound as the matters to remain a mystery, even *forward* as we are; but your sense should be enough, my question to your questions: What happened to empire?

CASTAWAY

Some went out with the surf, bones on *the bottom*, sand on *the shore*.

CRUSTY

(About *the many*, most,)

Most it seems.... Most failed in COURAGE; most simply did not have confidence, a habitat on *the rock*. Others started out well but, unlike CAN, could not pass *the past*, sliding out to sea never to be seen again. More, *the many*, pursued a life of comfort and convenience—supposed free of constraints, commitments, *care and caring*. In one or all of these choices is the absence of COURAGE in one way or another. Without COURAGE all that remains is confidence cloaked in a shroud of self-indulgence and aggrandizement.

(Confidence on the shell,)

Confidence of this kind begins on the surface, the beauty or glamour of the shell. Those with a beautiful shell sound out, “Look at me, my beautiful body and brilliant color,” not realizing that beauty is well beneath the shell, to the core. This type strolls up and down the beach, strutting their shell while sending out a signal of same kind. Sure, appearance matter, but it hardly covers to real, true features of beauty, COURAGE as the cornerstone of confidence.

(The shell is not forever,)

Time and pressure play hard on the shell, the supposed beauty fleeting and false. Nothing is more disturbing to such shell-focused than the fading of the brilliance, the flaking of layers, the shell drab and dreary. The shell loses its edge, everything.

(Shell-deep confidence,)

This superficiality is not strictly self, one shell, but spreads to entire societies, cultured or not. When the rain and wind comes, the shell dulled, is there any meat in the matter—any depth to hold fast, *stay the course* or *finish the race*?

CASTAWAY

What is confidence, really?

CRUSTY

(Confidence is...,)

First, confidence is not constructed on an idea, idealism—or any other ‘ism; rather, it is the consequence of experience, trial and error, the gains and the losses. Confidence is not beginning but becoming, not a belief but a base formed from the results of experience.

CAN

(As it seems, *the many* and more,)

They seem so confident, a monument to mettle, fortitude of force, the apex of assertiveness, ambition and acumen.

CRUSTY

(Currently confident, time and pressure will test,)

Yes, “seem” is right, but then, there is the test where the *surf slams against the shore* and things wash out to sea, the tide forever out.

(Confidence alone,)

Confidence depends on COURAGE; once cannot rely entirely on self nor on another creature entirely. Sure, creatures can *care* with a caliber quite remarkable but nature cannot sustain such acts of kindness without a slip or stutter.

(Commitment,)

Can one completely commit? Indeed, the young seemingly trust the older, but this is more about survival and dependence than trust, right? Can anyone *care* without trust? Is *care* possible without commitment, creature or created? Confidence depends on commitment, COURAGE. Without COURAGE, commitment is not possible and thus, confidence is counterfeit.

CAN

(Beyond creatures and creation, empires,)

How do empires end?

CRUSTY

(Causes for the end of empire are,)

Empires end for a combination of causes, *matter and mystery*, that combine or converge causing calculable capitulation of-

CASTAWAY

Huh?

CAN

...confidence?

CRUSTY

(Commercial confidence consigns,)

...collective confidence. The combination...gives cause to can commitment (no offense, CAN) and the customary COURAGE for comfort, convenience, consumption and complacency. As *the collective* no longer cares, all that remains is complacency at any cost, and consequently, capitulation and collapse.

CAN

Can my confidence survive the crush?

CASTAWAY

It can—and mine too--correct?

CRUSTY

Of course, credit COURAGE.

The erosion of [] confidence in the future is threatening to
destroy....

- Jimmy Carter



WHEN IS "CONFIDENCE EROSION"?

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

You have to have confidence in your ability, and then be tough enough to follow through.

- Rosalynn Carter



DO I "HAVE CONFIDENCE, ABILITY TO...?"

ACT 12 – CLIMBING CONFIDENCE

Scene 1 – journeying on

TIME: *Now*, so it seems

PLACE: On a crest, confidence to check

CALLOUS

(Curiosity for the otherwise calloused)

I am curious, this *matter and mystery*, confidence, collective or not. Who is this CRUSTY? Can one just leave or is more just passing, shell to spirit? Confidence is contained, so it seems, incarnate in one or two, those uncollected.

(CUNNING, CLOAK and company—confidence?)

Where is the confidence of CUNNING and company? Can confidence be conjured-up by CLONE, encased in some chip, hardware and all? Sure, they sound confident about confidence but then the suspicious source—the core of the claims.

CLOAK

(Can you just,)

What have we here but the chatter of the calloused, once a comrade and *now* a coward, cowering among the *caring*? Of what concern is confidence, counterfeit at all corners? Can you just crest-off, crawl away and leave *matter and mystery* to the cabal?

CUNNING

(Considering the conditions...cut it off,)

Just cut it off! Cause this once comrade to fall further and farther, right to the bottom, the abyss, and be gone forever. Can CALLOUS serve any cause but a critic, a rouge with a review? If this chatter continues, confidence called-out and the test scored, can the cloak continue considering conditions, calamity and crisis?

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

CLARITY

(CLARITY on the half-shell,)

Confidence demands commitment but then, commitment in what, who? Can this cabal really count on *the dark and deep, the power of the world*? For as confidence can fail the test, so too is commitment a matter of condition. With comfort and consumption, most are content, but when conditions *go south*, chaos comes followed by conflict and contention, capitulation and collapse.

(Call to confidence...COURAGE,)

One or more may *catch the wave*, climb confidence, and crest with COURAGE. Most will not....

(Who, what, when, where and how,)

Who can sound whether one will make it except to consider *care and caring*? What becomes of those who compromise, whether constant or capricious, exchanging their natural ways for the ideas of *the few* and their master, *the fallen*? When will it be too late to turn back, cross the river and swim the tide? Where will this culminate but on cliffs and crevices of confidence connecting the crest to COURAGE. How will the collapse happen?

CAN

(Dismayed...despairing, the many dead,)

Confidence crumbles, the commercials cancelled, and the crowds—the collectives—are cut-off at the crossroads.

(Cries and screams, the climax of The Crush)

Who can conceive this catastrophe, *the many* mauled and massacred, shells to spirits and then *the end*?

CLARITY

(CLARITY on the other half,)

Not quite, for *the few* come next with all the clams and their clammy carcasses criminalized, caged and captured, carved and cooked, declawed, defaced and defunct.

CALLOUS

(CLARITY in truth,)

So much for *the mystery*. CLARITY is laying-it-down, on-line and between the lines, the c-sounds complete, the d-sounds quite developed. *What becomes of the truth bearer in such times?* You shall sound the truth...certain to paint a target on your shell, your end on the eve of *the end*.

(Crest or not, the certainty of all creatures)

Who can do this; take the life of another without any consequence, conviction or condemnation? What power can plunder the peaceful per policy, sounding "This right, just and even necessary for good," or otherwise twisting the truth? When the conditions are: black is white; up is down; good is bad; fact is lies; and generally, everything turns upside down? Where is this supposed crest of COURAGE in such times as *now, backward and forward?* How can CLARITY continue, crest or not, with the certainty of all creatures, shell and sinews?

CLARITY

(Attuned to CALLOUS, comment on the last question,)

Each must pass, "the certainty", but pass where? Why cower in the crevice when you can climb to the crest. The crest is my constitution. What is your place, the timing a mystery?

CLOAK

(Indignant, enraged,)

That cleric just certified death, crevice or crest!

CUNNING

(Caught in the cabal,)

Quite, and *now* the undoing finally undone.

CLARITY

Pass it on, my climb at end.

CALLOUS

(Spirits that slew,)

Spirits are sadistic, cruel without constraint. Unshackled and unshelled, *the fallen* are unfettered forces of fear and its effect. CLARITY, as a true profile in COURAGE, is intolerable, such inviolable confidence—constitution—coupled with clairvoyance, the truth told. CLARITY is a clear and present danger to any tyrant, all of which take their tactics finally from *the fallen*.

CLOAK

(Delegating death,)

I am washing myself of this one, no blood on my wings. To make the most of the worst, this passing is public, not cloaked or covered-ver. CUNNING, perform the undoing and make it slow, painful and poignant—the kind that makes your skin crawl and produces that warm and fuzzy feeling. Oh, and get CLONE to assist with some high tech sounds that cause the cleric a mind blowing experience.

CUNNING

(Considering the conditions...cut it off,)

Consider it done, the undoing, and oh yeah, I make them scream for momma, milk and mercy. Did I mention that my pet name is CULLER?

(In that moment, the forces of fear fall on CLARITY, the effect of which is crying followed by weeping over things *backward*, perhaps the regrets life. For some time, CUNNING unleashes these memories mixed with make-believe, the caliber of COURAGE reduced to a certified coward, incensed and inconsolable. Any that *care* must crawl away, forgetting what is forgotten, the force of fear that cause ruin of the righteous, a fall of the unfallen.)
 “Where is COURAGE *now*”, so sounds *the few* unwitting of their like fate, undoing and undone.)

CASTAWAY

(Sensitive to the screams, sobs and suffering,)

Do you sense that, CAN?

CAN

(Perking up to the pangs and pains,)

Yes, I do, too.

(Moments of silence, then,)

This is strange, supernatural but unnatural at the same time.

CASTAWAY

(Sensing more of the suffering,)

It is eerie and weary, hazy and crazy, wicked and wayward.

CLOAK

(Delegating death with implications,)

...And use those two, will you. Make them do the “wicked and wayward”.

CUNNING

(Carrying out the suffering, spreading the suspects,)

Can do it to CAN and the other—not a problem.

(In the instance to follow, CAN and CASTAWAY laugh hysterically, mocking CLARITY who, by now, is wreathing in the prolonged pain, the insufferable conditions brought to bear by *the dark and deep, the power of the world*.

(Sounds that only evil will elicit, the elimination of all normal, natural)

CLOAK

(Entertained in and through the elimination,)

This is what I live for: pure pain, a cleansing of *care* and a turning on one’s own—a terrific trifecta!

CAN

(My confession shortly after the show of force,)

What was I doing lighting and not crying, wanting more when I should sound, “Enough”—stop this suffering! I am not me, not CAN but CAD, again?

CASTAWAY

(Sharing in the shame,)

I am scum, a slimy, shocking blob of jelly.

CUNNING

(Playing along, blame and shame, CAN and CASTAWAY)

You are scum, sea foam. I cannot believe that two *caring* crabs can be so cruel. Shame is not enough. Do something—like end yourselves.

(Adding insult to injury,)

There is nothing more horrific and heinous than a couple of hypocrites; those that claim to *care* but if proof are callous and cunning, *dark and deep* beyond redemption. Whether ignorance or indignation, this conduct is contemptible or, in CASTAWAY terms, way-out.

CRUSTY

(Setting the setting straight, clearing the mind, heart)

No, not so. The whole shell cracking was the work of *the fallen*. Do not believe these sounds, the sense of it or even your behavior; in truth, such blaming and shaming is their scheming, their planning and pleasure.

(Always remember and never forget,)

They are masters at maliciousness, malevolence and mind control. They prey on the natural, *care and caring*, undermining and undoing all that is right and good. They are sinister, seditious and seductive, but appear to be seraphs, saints, and saviors.

You gain strength, COURAGE, and confidence by every experience in which you stop to look fear in the face.

- Eleanor Roosevelt



FROM FEAR..., "STRENGTH, COURAGE AND
CONFIDENCE."

When it's time for you to venture out, don't let fear have you
looking back at what you're leaving behind.

- Anonymous



VENTURE WITHOUT, "FEAR, LOOKING BACK".

ACT 12 – CLIMBING CONFIDENCE

Scene 2 – venturing out

TIME: *Backward, fearing not*

PLACE: At the foot of confidence: on one side a deep valley that leads to the sea, *the bottom* and finally, *the abyss*; on the other, a mountain of such height that the heights exceed one's view, the clouds a constant covering.

CRUSTY

(On fear a the foot,)

The sound is power, fear; it is a sound for which most are familiar and avoid if and as possible. A crest here and there but always with a crevice before and after, the climb is daunting without sensing or seeing what lies ahead or behind. Credible confidence comes at a cost, as with COURAGE.

CAN

Can I do this; reach the place, the pinnacle, and then-,

CASTAWAY

Go for it! What else is left?

CALLOUS

(From where does COURAGE come?)

How does one continue, strive to live? Why do these two (maybe three) keep trying, struggling against impossible odds? Is it ignorance, some sort of blind faith or something else? Climb you fools, for the day is early and who knows, you might just get there—whatever waits.

CLOAK

(Near the supposed mountain,)

Is a mountain really a mountain, a valley so? Is inspiration enough, *no mountain tall enough*? I can move mountains, why even erect them out of fairy dust if I choose. CUNNING helps in such ways and CLONE is coming on-line, and CALLOUS—that *good for nothing*—is a coward, a quasi-caretaker, best at doing the least.

(Waiting for a sound or sense, but getting none)

I suppose it is time to flex my muscle with some magic, mystery and the making of fear, per *the power of the world*. Fear is a fabulous finding of the flesh, both a strength and a weakness, a perception and perhaps, a reality. Watch and learn the ways.

(At the silence beyond this sound, the sky darkens and the sun dims to produce a faint finding of distance and depth. What was apparent in the previous setting is blurred and blackened, the definite downed to the dubious, disparate.)

CASTAWAY

(Crawling slow, uncertain and unclear,)

Something is going down.

CAN

It is, and it is not over, I sense, but just beginning.

(The mountain so prominent before is now barely a blur, the heights hidden if at all, while the valleys with all its hollowness hollowed-out, a big swath of shear shadows. The moon and stars that might show is such change are missing, the galaxy gone and the vanishing point vanished.)

Where is the light, what happened to life, the moon and stars vanished, can nature be far behind, vanquished?

CASTAWAY

This does not seem so.

CALLOUS

(It is not good—far from it,)

This is not the first nor the last of such rapid change, the power of perception played to confuse and craze all creation, the consistency of the cosmos and the certainty of all things that cycle—carried to Carthage, Pompeii plundered, Sodom sacked and Gomorrah gutted—*the end* of all beginnings.

(Fear and its forms,)

What is fear? Is fear a feeling, a sense, something seen and perceived or even heard, the sounds beyond one's sanctuary—or from some place in within, the stomach, soul or a spirit perhaps? What does one know, think they know and not know—or even know about?

(Fearless self-deception,)

Self-deception is one who deceives the same, and who knows how this might go, stay or change. Can one suddenly or steadily comes to terms with this problem, finally finding the truth amid foibles, false and fraud? Can one sound, "It is not true," to its reflection in the water fully expecting the sea to resound?

(Foolhardy, counterfeit confidence,)

Self-deception and "no fear" are related; the one foolhardy, imprudent, impetuous and intoxicated by/with a veneer of confidence, commercials unchecked by examination, unproven by experience, never *down to earth*. Once into the fray, the foolhardy default to fear, the failure of their faux fierce face, front.

(Dreams, delusions and disorders)

Can fear cause bad dreams or is it such dreams that cause fear? Maybe both..., a *Catch-22*—a dilemma, an obstacle unable to overcome, a fear too formidable to face, fight. Delusions lead to disorders and ideally death; for what remains this side of death but a fear-filled existence, a madness in the making—much if not all made-up, the manufacturing of mayhem, massacre and misery.

CRUSTY

(Fear simplified,)

There are really only two kinds of fear; one is rational or reasonable and makes sense while the other does not. If you can distinguish the two—your senses intact—bravo, brilliant. If your senses are shot-,

CASTAWAY

Then you are going down, one face as another.

CRUSTY

(Forever fear, the power of the politic,)

How *the few* use fear; that fear is power, the former *the means* and the later both *the end* and *means*. Fear is a force multiplier; it strikes at the core of a creature causing one to fight or take flight—or both!

(Fear and the mount of confidence)

Climbing the mount of confidence is not without fear, in fact, but the fear here is a kind largely contrived; that like the magic and mystery crafted by CLOAK and company, it is an illusion, perceived rather than actual and yet, all things considered, is effective in the cause to *the fallen vis-e-vis the few*.

(From *backward* to *forward*, time is full of fear,)

The characters or creatures do not matter when invoking—even instituting—this form of fear; always, there was, is and will be that few that, stricken in/with the trappings of power, foment fear to the final count, the natural reaction that excites passion and elicits power through *the many*.

(Confidence, but at a cost,)

Credible confidence costs one, sometimes to the extreme but always in and through the experience of facing fear—not evading it or denying it, that counterfeit. COURAGE is critical to confidence and crucial to climbing from the foot to the summit no matter the constraints, concrete or contrived.

CALLOUS

(Plans, plots and purposes of fear,)

We (well, they) plan and plot; indeed, the conspiracy theorist must possess to possess, seized power from sustained power. What better way to see this through but with secrecy and then more, the sinister act of conspiring cast on the underpowered, a shell-game of shifting fault.

(Above it all,)

The fallen can never be at fault—a beautiful but bad precondition—as supreme power, including secrecy, ensures their exclusive right to be always right. Might does make right and the mightiest, a righteousness without redemption. I sound as once above it all amongst and allied with the cabal, cartel, and consortium of criminals par excellence.

(Beneath it all too)

Above and beneath it, both ends, is to suggest that *the fallen* is all things to all folks and thus nothing to no one. As to the present climb, that means that such spirits are at the foot and summit of the mountain, hanging out/about to harangue to the heights of the heavens and the distance of Dante's place, *the bottom and abyss*. Seldom does one finish the climb without slipping of a crest or plummeting into a crevice, and unintended and unfortunate grave in the making. One does not have to fall either way but merely fear and thus surrender the summit, seeking comfort and convenience over COURAGE and confidence. Among *the many* are many that considered and even attempted the climb but a particular points gave up/in and took *the trail more traveled*; the route to compromise and finally capitulation.

(Fear is above and beneath *care*)

Fear is a sound carried to extremes, is above nature and beneath it, all around and within creature, conditional and unconditional. Fear is a foe to the one enslaved by it, but a friend of those that master it, exploiting it as with empire, *the few* and *the fallen*, time after time, time after time.

CAN

(Mesmerized by the mystery unfolding)

It seems that CALLOUS is confessing too; a spirit subject to the truth, *blowing the whistle* on the dirty, dastardly deeds of *the dark and deep*. Why *backward* rather than *now* or *forward*?

CASTAWAY

Why at all?

CRUSTY

(From fallen to informant, a most spirited spirit,)

It is peculiar: *backward* in time, betrayal of the *dark and deep*; but then, spirits are, well, free-spirited, CALLOUS no less, more.

(The sea continues to rise and valley to take on the swell of salt water. At the foot of the mountain, each can see the waters rising and the land sinking, a surge not soon to subside. Above, what is left of light is distant, appearing to meet the rising sea, the convergence of *the bottom* with the heavens.)

CAN

I am afraid.

CASTAWAY

Me too.

CRUSTY

Then climb,

CLARITY

Yes, climb,

COURAGE

Keep climbing,

If we knew what it was we were doing, it would not be called
research, would it?

- Albert Einstein



THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY THINK, DO.

Somewhere, something incredible is waiting to be known.

- Carl Sagan



SOME TIME, SOMEWHERE, SOMETHING.

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

ACT 12 – CLIMBING CONFIDENCE

Scene 3 – ascending to

TIME: *Forward, fearful but confident*

PLACE: On the move, just ahead of the surge of the sea, so go one and another.

CASTAWAY

Why am I running from the sea?

CRUSTY

It is about the mission, overcoming The Crush, and not so much, “running from the sea”. The summit is the safe place.

CAN

At this rate, it might be easier to wait here and catch the surf, the surge every more. My claws are killing me.

CRUSTY

(Fear as a help, an aid in times of trouble,)

Fear can actually help, forgetting the pains and pressing onward, sea or no sea. Fear is an antidote for weakness of one kind or another, a source of incredible energy, tapping into one’s latent instincts and insight. Fear and COURAGE are not opposites but, taken in the right measure, the former can actually aid COURAGE, transforming even the most docile and delicate creature into a super-charged dynamo.

(Fear and thought, reacting with/for reason,)

Fear can sharpen the mind too; that is, if it does not cause your mind to *play tricks on you*. There is a fine line between the one, alert and collected, and the other, anxious and careless. Learning to use fear effectively is an art of which the finished form is a masterpiece, one that bends but does not break.

COURAGE IN THE CRUSH

CALLOUS

(Guide in times of trouble,)

CRUSTY is such a sage, a crab-cake filled with commonsense and uncommon *care* and *caring*. What a change, and all it took was to pass from shell to spirit, crusty to cool-headed.

CLOAK

(Who needs wisdom, wit?)

Where is the CRUSTY that use to chip away at every shell that crossed him—not to mention all things animate and inanimate? Wisdom and wit are way over rated and so often gets in the way of recklessness and the ridiculous.

CUNNING

(The way it was—and should be still,)

I much prefer the curmudgeon from before (a cantankerous old cuss impossible to tolerate), than this spirit full of truths that taste of the good, right and light. Show me a soul troubled by physical and mental afflictions and I will show you my servant, a slave to their passions and pains.

CLOAK

(Sometimes the summit is all you have,)

This summit, as called, is merely a mirage; a made-up mark aimed to muster these lone losers to one last luster. Such spittle is always the scene to ease the suffering and given solitude to an otherwise sullen sort supposed to stay the course—whatever course claimed. Sure, a summit, and then some swamp land.

CALLOUS

(But then, COURAGE,)

This COURAGE is a conundrum, a cause without cause, a condition that constrains *the dark and deep*, undermining the undoing, supporting this subclass said to be sullen. COURAGE is credible!

(While CALLOUS continues with credit to COURAGE, they who remain resolute in rendering *the end* are more concentrated on this course to escape the surging surf, every moved made, slow but steady.)

CALLOUS

(Why...do something,)

Why focus on one or two, their feeble flight, while the world remains in some stage short of *the end*? Do your schemes and dreams come down to this; two-and-a-half crabs crawling for safety?

CLONE

(Processing the matter, mystery not yet acknowledged,)

Seldom my senses and sounds count, the latest add-on of the cabal, CALLOUS does have something; the undo attention on this two shells, regardless of time and place, is hardly a systems' approach to ending creation.









(More crisis, more opportunity,)

Is it enough to send the sea everywhere, to undo every creature, compliant or not? One more crisis may be the batter on the crab-cake.

CUNNING

(One more?)

One more—are you kidding? Consider the crisis so far, *backward* to *forward*, sometimes recycled, creating and conducting:

-  Conflicting contention
-  Counterfeiting clams
-  Catastrophic conditions
-  Cultural collapse
-  Clandestine crime
-  Countless, clever clam-based calamities
-  Consummate culinary creations
-  Constant consumption

CUNNING (Continues)

- 🦂 Controlled, comatose collectives
- 🦂 Changing climate
- 🦂 Cliffhanging conclusions
- 🦂 Crestfallen countenances
- 🦂 Compelling crowns
- 🦂 Cursed connections
- 🦂 Changing calms
- 🦂 Caustic causes
- 🦂 Commercialized confidence

CLONE

A crisis is not complete without-,

CUNNING

It has been done, many times, and still-,

CLONE

End COURAGE and-,

CUNNING

COURAGE is a myth, confidence a cloud of smoke.

CRUSTY

(Listening, lie upon lie,)

Disorders abound and none is more troubling than the sociopath that spouts lie upon lie. How can anyone continue to believe except that *care and caring* is dead, the crowds too cavalier or complacent to give confidence a care.

CLOAK

(Crisis is countless,)

Come on...show some cohesion, comradery, comrades.

CRUSTY

(Calculated crisis countered,)

Calculated crisis cannot continue without countervailing consequences. Invariably, the crisis fails to achieve the desired conclusion. A sinister strategy, contempt and corruption, such turn on *the dark and deep, the few and the fallen*, sending all to *the abyss*, their shouts and screams silenced forever—sure as the surge stands, a spirit.

(In the course of crisis' conclusion, the surge continues, CASTAWAY and CAN but a short distance ahead of the sea. Fatigued in the crawl, exhausted by the climb, the two are on the cusp of the summit or-,)

COURAGE is not strictly at the summit, atop this mountain of confidence; no, COURAGE is everywhere, time and place.

CASTAWAY




Everywhere, all time and place?

CRUSTY

Yes, whether shell or spirit, here or there, *backward or forward*, COURAGE is there, here, with the:

- 🐚 Least in the greatest challenge
- 🐚 Truth in times of deceit
- 🐚 Masses, each one manipulated
- 🐚 Chosen, each one chosen by another
- 🐚 Faulted, the blamed blameless
- 🐚 Deceived, each a heart
- 🐚 Crazy collecting shells at the beach
- 🐚 Falling, fearful of failure
- 🐚 Resistance of all things corrupt
- 🐚 Mellow, yellow or not
- 🐚 Lonely, without power
- 🐚 Crusty, too stubborn to stop
- 🐚 Invisible, invincible

CRUSTY

-  Run over, though on the right track
-  Sincere, unshackled from lies
-  Crushed by debt, distress and dismay

CAN

(The surge subsides and the sea stills and then, as the mystery lifts, all that covered the dry land subsides, restoring all that seemingly was submerged, now restored to its natural beauty.)

Climbing the mountain of confidence, COURAGE was with me all along, even once CAD.

CASTAWAY

...and invited me too, one cast away by all other.

CRUSTY

...and took away my pains and pugnacity

CLARITY

...and provided the gift to see and see more, shell and spirit.

Sea Change

Our world is changing or transforming at thought-to-be unparalleled proportions; technology and all its ramifications from communications to cloning. From John P. Kotter,

The rate of change is not going to slow down anytime soon. If anything, competition in most industries will probably speed up even more in the next few decades.

And from Salman Rushdie,

We live in an age where the rate of change has been colossal. Almost every week there's some transformation of some kind, whether technological or political or scientific, and I think it's bewildering to human beings to live in a time when they can't take anything as fixed - when everything is shifting and changing all the time.

There is adaptation however, described by Albert Einstein as,

The measure of intelligence is the ability to change.

Then there is rejection or opposition, where Leo Tolstoy suggest,

Everyone thinks of changing the world, but no one thinks of changing himself.

Then there are those that try to change (things), as with Mother Teresa, where

I alone cannot change the world, but I can cast a stone across the waters to create many ripples.

What will change bring from *backward*, the past to *now* and *forward*, *now* to the future?

Sea Crabs

Crabs live in all the world's oceans, in fresh water, and on land. In appearance, crabs generally have a thick exoskeleton and have a single pair of claws, and go by such names and descriptions as hermit crabs, king crabs, porcelain crabs, horseshoe crabs, and crab lice – are not true crabs.

Crabs typically walk sideways or “crabwise”, because of the articulation of the legs which makes a sidelong gait more efficient. Some crabs walk forwards or backwards however. Crabs are mostly active animals with complex behavior.

Crabs tend to be aggressive towards one another, and males often fight to gain access to females. They may also fight over hiding holes.

Diet includes a mixed diet of plant and animal matter results in the fastest growth and greatest fitness. Some eat plankton, some eat primarily shellfish like clams, and some even catch fish.

Crabs make up 20% of all marine crustaceans caught, farmed, and consumed worldwide. Crabmeat processing often begins with boiling to death.

As to time in existence, the horseshoe crab is a “living fossil”, estimated to have existed in similar form for 450 million years. It has multiple eyes located on its protective shell.

There are many species and types of crabs (1100 species of the hermit crab alone, both land-based and marine).

As allegories go, animals sometimes take on some human characteristics. Using animals is simplifying in that the author can choose the human characteristics desired, omitting *the many* that represent the complexity of the humanity. I chose crabs as the voice-character because of my childhood recollection that they are courageous, crawling and clawing for their lives, survival.

Cacophony (versus Consonance)

Cacophony is an elaborate word (or sound) for noise, a harsh discordance of sound; the opposite/antonym is consonance).

Confessions of crabs is cacophonous because the sounds, sight and senses of the characters is somewhat disjointed both in time and place.

In time, the script, dialogue and narrative, pass from the present (*now*) to the past (*backward*) and the future (*forward*); thus, the setting or perspective is as described, “All over the place”.

In place or setting, the characters are in the expected sea or seaside while at other times in odd locations, unexpected and unnatural; thus, both time and place is *up for crabs*.

The script presents a concoction of word (sound) choices, personalized to the character as a matter of development and description. A series of words or sounds are at times intentionally confusing or convoluted, perhaps rhyming, similar to such classics of Dr. Seuss as in *The Cat in the Hat*:

Look at me,
Look at me,
Look at me!
It is fun to have fun, but you have to know how.”

Further and farther, discord comes in the content as suggested by the ACT, title; for example, conflict and contention infer and invoke disharmony and discord, and more, division and destruction.

Cast (e)

While “cast” and “caste” sound out as indistinguishable, each is unique in its meaning and use.

The first, “cast”, means to belong to, or be a part of, something big (e.g. *the many*)

The second, “caste”, either means a system and hierarchy of classes, a caste system; or the highest or most powerful of classes, the politic or chief leadership that rule other castes (i.e. *the few with more*). In the book, *The Anatomy of The State*, Murray Rothbard uses “caste” as:

The state provides a legal, orderly, systematic channel for the predation of private property; it renders certain, secure and relatively ‘peaceful’ the lifeline of the parasitic caste in society.

More from this same text,

Once state [is] established, the problem of the ruling group or “caste” is how to maintain their rule.

One *cast* into a *caste* is then *the collective*; no longer an individual, no longer living as one but rather *the many*, the herd.

COURAGE

Courage is the theme of the story and name of the central character.
Many words or sounds are synonymic and symbolic of courage:

Assurance or the certainty of something, a promise

Backbone or strength of character, firmness

Bravery or behavior of valor, character

Character or mental and moral qualities of an individual, one

Confidence or feeling certain about the truth of something

Determination or a firmness of purpose, resoluteness

Endurance or a capacity to last or to withstand wear and tear

Faith or a certainty of what one believes, trust

Firmness or standing one's ground as the a crab crushed

Heart or the emotional *want and will* to overcome

Honor or adherence to what is right, a standard of conduct

...and still many more

Harper Lee, in *To Kill a Mockingbird*:

Real COURAGE is when you know you're licked before you begin

From Nelson Mandela,

I learned that courage was not the absence of fear, but the triumph over it.

From the Serenity Prayer, Reinhold Niebuhr,

Give me the courage to change the things I should....

Care and Caring, Love

Care or *caring* is a central idea of this story, the *life and living* of the individual being; an otherwise identified as *love*, the reality is that no individual can go without it, the strength of the soul in the Spirit.

Each is drawn to *care* or *caring* as a matter of survival. As Bob Dylan sang, “You got to love somebody”, but sadly, this core part of the being goes awry, turning to things of no intrinsic value, materialistic and superficial.

Worse yet is that *the love of many grows cold* and, consequently, with the dying of *love* is a certain doom, the devastating effect of a loveless, senseless time and place. Indeed, this trend is happening now and will continue, degrading the individual, the heart and mind of many, much.

With *care* collapsing, the world (or sea) is more a hostile place where even those of your own kind driven to detest any and all who stay the course, viewing such outlanders, offensive and opposing to an order of *the collective*, aptly called “the many”.

Behind the plight of so many—denied the very things they need for a fulfilling live, is *the power of the world* and its ilk, *the few, the fallen*.

Righted, the world goes round through *love*, but as it is—or so it seems—“commoditized clams” is what counts most; yes, *money makes the world go round* while *love* is reduced to lust, *care* an *caring* , scarce and barely surviving.

Commoditized Clam(s)

What is (are) commoditized clams? First, “clams” is a term for money or currency (obviously applied in this play, the association to sea life). The preceding “commoditized” suggest a downgrading or devaluing—in the story, both the disappearance of pearls and the proliferation of clams.

The loss of pearls is one way to describe the devaluing of the things; that removing the essence of worth, clams become baseless, mere commodities. Indeed, when creatures or the creation is treated in such ways, there is a commodification or diluting of value, worth.

Further and farther, the clamming or monetizing of things invariably leads to the commodification; that everyone and everything has a price and finally can be bought and sold in the so-called “free market” of the economy.

As the “commoditized” grow, the unit value or claims of worth diminish and decline; but before that (loss) happens, *the sharks* and other such predators will *work the system*, peeling-off short-term gains or dividends, often until the schemes give-out, the commoditized exhausted or extinguished.

Finally, commoditized clams is about the exchange of matter with mystery, intrinsic value with that created from nothing—but which produces power and possession for them, *the sharks*.

Corruption and Criminality

While “commoditized clams” is, at the core, corruption and criminality; it comes from planning and plotting schemes aimed to fleece *the many* of their relatively modest possession, the product of greed and graft.

The Crush is steeped and sustained in large scale and widespread corruption and criminality—the result of the *dark and deep, the power of the world*, that deceives and destroys.

Corruption and criminality is the consequence of *the fallen*; the basic denial of *care* and *caring* and the destruction of those that differ, determined to see, sense and symbolize *our better angels*.

Whereas the world was borne into *the better*, it subsequently fell into (more, “under”) *the power* from *backward* to *forward*; *now*, and with greater depth into the future.

Climate and Clouds

One (other) manifestation of corruption and criminality is the ever diminishing and degradation of the environment; that as with other outcomes of “commodified”, the land, sky and sea for the taking (again, until exhausted or extinguished).

In reality, *now*, the debate over so-called “Global Warming” prevails; however, time will tell (or sound) that time has a way of patterns; that just as seasons come and go, so too do cycles of weather occur—aside from the effects of the modern age.

As of the writing of this book, one such cycle is *the grand solar minimum*: this cycle will contribute to colder-than-average temperatures in the eastern half of this country for an estimated decade and consequently, smaller crop yield in some areas. Is it real, this *solar minimum*? We will see...and then sense it.

Beyond the cycles is the degrading condition of the seas, the shrinking sizes and populations of fisheries and the gradual but measurable rise in the sea levels. What will become of the great waters is in part predictable; that as with our local waters, industrial waste and other causes destroy natural habitats, human and all other.

Upward and beyond the inattentive eye, the clouds are changing too; the natural formations augmented with *geo-weather* patterns, aptly referred to as weather modification or “Chem-Trails”. Yes, aircraft patterns on any giving day can be seen spraying substances that are not contrails for reasons nefarious or otherwise purposely kept private, secure yet systematic.

Confusion and Calamity

Chaos, confusion and calamity is/are one rise; a population pummeled with all variety of misinformation and, frankly, downright lies. Who is behind these programs (programming) is clearly unclear, held tightly, except that they who own the networks obviously are part of it.

Lest we forget the tried & true axiom, *divide and conquer*, that is (and has been) one of the methods or tactics to quell any activism and finally, to control the masses (a.k.a. *the many*). As a society falters and fragments, by hook or crook, so too does state power rise to fill the vacuum of social strength gone awry.

Who is on *first, second, third*? Who cares...; for as persons become more propagandized, they also become more compliant, drifting *silently into the night* without a peep, in a deep, undisturbed sleep. Yes, when folks are fragmented, all hope—if hope matters—rests with the state, “our savior”.

Sarcasm aside, this confusion and calamity begins as one or another crisis, or opportunity) depending on what we are willing to believe and how we then live. For all presented or withheld, 911 is one of the crisis; the kind that not only create immediate confusion and carnage but a collective devoid of doubts and disagreement—“conspiracy”—that refuse to see, sense or suggest who is responsible for this terrorism.

Curse, Cause

When thinking of this first word, “curse”, nothing positive comes to mind except that it is undesired, detested and despised, and indefinite *black cloud* for the unfortunate.

On the other side of the spiritual realm are/is potentially those that cast the curse; those with such powers to create, cause and conjure-up the *dark and deep*.

Have you ever felt as though you are cursed, living under this figurative *dark cloud* with one storm after another, cast to and fro as though lost at sea with no land in sight? The sense can stay with lasting effect; frequently and figuratively looking over your shoulder, the relentless and ominous sphere that lurks and lingers—but always, always is there with you.

Cause for the described curse is another thing, right? Some might say that the curse is but a season if they are inclined to call it so. Others might judge that this is something deserved, the sentiment or expression, “They deserve this...,” or “You reap what you sow,” or some other judgment of sort, cause and effect.

Sometimes “others” *have not a clue*; that is, they know neither of this crisis or calamity for one reason or another. Some simply do not care or the one cursed is unable or unwilling to share of it. Some, who do know directly or indirectly, may be too preoccupied or focused on other things, justified or not. Some will, again, add their *two cents*; a quip on the matter without bothering to offer consolation or care of any kind.

Do curses exist? If yes, can the cause(s) be determined with complete confidence or certainty aside the nature of bad times?

Crisis and Catastrophe

“Never let a good crisis go to waste,” so said Winston Churchill; and since that time, a great worldwide conflict, has anything changed?

Crisis might render catastrophe (considering natural disasters among others), manmade or not, but is the costs of such outcomes so bad; after all, this (crisis) is potentially an opportunity.

Crisis comes and goes; coincident to writing this content, a hurricane (Florence) is approaching the Carolinas, where I live. Is this weather condition a crisis, catastrophe? Only time will tell except for those that know, whoever they are, even before it lands if not from its beginning, origin.

Crisis come and go, some natural and some not; catastrophe a condition of degrees, destruction and death. Can any avoid a crisis? Can any cause a crisis; and for any that can or do, do they achieve the consequence (opportunity) as planned or do they settle for the unintended consequences too?

Some work-up a crisis for no more reason than to grab attention or, at best, garner some recognition or respect; and to the extreme, strive toward frequent, continuing crisis to such degree that it (this behavior) may eventually lend to *the boy that cried wolf*.

Conflict and Contention

These are words, a phrase, used continual and commonly in my writing. *Conflict* ranges from the individual relations to all out wars. *Contention* is the time and conditions leading to conflict, the consequences of irresolvable, unforgiveable.

The world carries the continuing conditions of conflict and contention; thus, a world without peace and harmony. How long has this been, conflict and contention, and how long will it go on, continue?

Can the world endure another worldwide conflict, war on a scale as never witness or endured before? Once again, time and condition will tell. Man is after all his own worst enemy and, in this certainty, is similarly a serious threat to all of civilization, creation.

Presently and for the unforeseeable future, *forward*, conflict and contention is on the rise; yes, the times and conditions are showing the signs of social and civil division, degradation, from the family to the alliances, one or a state to another. Where is this going, more division? Will the divide continue and, if so, will the full-scale, all-out war come such that, when the dust settles, everyone loses once again?

Contention is not an altogether bad thing when it draws the two or more to the *table of resolution* or at least a stay; but tragically, this course is not always..., and finally comes *conflict* that, by description, is failure.

Calm Closing

Calm (in) Closing is the alternative to *conflict and contention* and all the *calamity, crisis and catastrophe* that seems customary to our way of life—and death! Oh, if only the land and sea were *calm closing*; if only everyone and everything was a peace, in harmony.



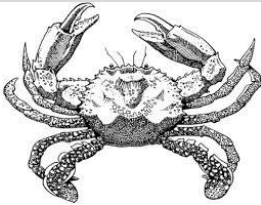
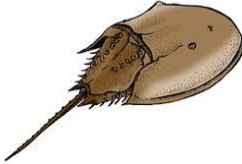

In the closing of this story, a play, life *forward* is finally calm, the sea figuratively harmonious with *the fallen* finally dropped into the abyss for good; thus, the story ends with all the promise that one must embrace if they are to retain any hope.

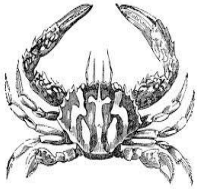
Before *calm closing* is, in the presence of The Crush, is/are hard times that, in some cultures as our own, become less survivable simply because most are not prepared in the generational rise of living standards with all the fallacy of entitlement, consumption without production and the falsehoods of the government and media.

We live today in a systemized society as no other in prior, recorded times; changes occurring at such rates as to go without any reaction of reason, the rightness of it (and by it) if even noticed, recorded in our minds and hearts. Where is this rate of change going? Is/are “this rate” at the power of *the few*; and if/as, it is, what we they do—and whom or what will they do it to?

History holds that where power resides, so too does corruption corresponding in some proximity/proportion; and it is this certainty that lends to The Crush now underway, the conditions certain to bring down much of *the many* deceived and pacified in a systemized society. As to The Crush, the consequences, the key to survival is both a *matter and mystery*, the natural self and supernatural.

Character Crabs

	<p>COURAGE (the celestial and covenantal): the central character of the story, this one is transcendent to mean that was a spirit, then became shell, and then returned to a spirit; still <i>now</i> as before, one that stands against other spirits <i>dark and deep</i>, without truth of heart, and for a kingdom will once again come, then stay <i>forward</i>.</p>
	<p>CASTAWAY (the commoner but caring to the core): the first of several lone but lasting ones, this one is special in that, as a child, supplies a somewhat naïve but nascent character, crab. Constant comments and question keep the others <i>on the level</i> or <i>down-to-earth</i> in the complex, cacophonous content that otherwise might leave the reader in doubt.</p>
	<p>CLARITY (the crystalized and concise): second to COURAGE, this one is supernatural and sentient at times, possessing the gift of clairvoyance, able to see and sense beyond the physical and materialistic world to both the past, <i>backward</i>, and the future, <i>forward</i>.</p>
	<p>CRUSTY (the curmudgeon and cantankerous): old and ornery, yet wise just as well, this old crab is given the gift to recall things past; to see visions and to tell dreams of actual events or that yet to come</p>
	<p>CAD (CAN) [the crossover, a coming-to]: the mid-arrival is first aptly a cad or one that seems to care about nothing—checked-out of sea life—but by some miracle, makes the hard decision to return and further, embrace the wise and winsome ways of CLARITY, a protégé to be sure.</p>

No image	CLOAK (the concealed and covered): it may be appear as one kind but in fact is another; and in/of this truth, none seem to know who or what a cloak except that appearance or perception is not the true picture or form. Master of disguise and magnate of deception, this fallen is central to <i>the power of the world the dark and deep</i> .
No image	CUNNING (the crooked and criminal): working in all corridors and channels, a co-master of <i>the dark and deep</i> , this spirit works chaos, confusion and calamity but with a cleverness and coyness convincing and credible enough to dupe most and deceive <i>the many</i> .
No image	CALLOUS (the cold and confrontational): singularly driven to rid the world of care or caring of all that worthy, right and good, this fallen is beyond the pale when it comes to corruption—stopping at nothing to complete the cause even if it means disconnecting from the center of <i>the fallen</i> and going it alone. At least the others care about something, however criminal, while this one—about nothing but <i>the end</i> .
	CLONE (the calibrated and controlled): as the name implies, this synthetic creature appears as any other crustacean but at the core is circuitry and coding covered in the shell of a substance not too unlike the inventions of today portrayed in films and planned <i>backward, now, and forward</i> in number and name. Given that this kind has not conscience or conscious, any allegiance defaults to <i>the few</i> that control it.



CAMEO (the cloudy and conditional): again, the name sounds it all; a character that, though making an appearance, is *not really there*, certain or credible. We all know them; those that commit to show-up and be scene but beyond that are good for nothing, constantly straddling the fence as an incurable non-committal.



CENTRIST (centered and collected): have you ever come across the kind that seem all things to everyone or everything (but end-up being nothing to no one). This kind is convinced that the majority (or collective) is safe and secure, clear of any causes that deviates from the so-called majority or *the many*.



CONK (the cave-stayer and cozy): always seeking and securing to a so-called “safe place”, this kind is completely out of their element anywhere except tucked away in this or that form of shell; and by “shell”, not to mean a rock but rather a place to hide from the world.






CULTURED (the cosmopolitan and convenience): this kind is vogue, parading about the place, a virtual superstar fish; it is after all about ease and entertainment,

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A Count of C-Sounds

Courage	200	Crush	80	Cacophony	10
Crab	130	Confession	15	Care	426
Caustic	3	Creation	50	Caste	10
Cosmic	10	Crossing	15	Confuse	20
Calm	30	Clarity	300	Cost	20
Clams	45	Corrupt(-ion)	70	Crazy	50
Climate	35	Calamity	5	Crisis	15
Catastrophe	10	Critical	10	Contention	30
Conflict	30	Change	70	Cause	95
Capability	1	Choose / Choice	10	Communicate	5
Caution	4	Capture	5	Capacity	9
Call	200	Cabal	20	Caliber	5
Capitalize	2	Center	20	Capture	5
Chaos	26	Character	30	Cartel	30
Commit	25	Change	70	Chill	5
Charter	5	Chide	1	Circumstance	5
Concise	5	Codger	2	Conscious	10
Conscience	10	Crawl	50	Clandestine	5
Climb	30	Close	20	Clear	20
Clean	5	Cloud	40	Clap	5
Condition	40	Consider	30	Cold	15
Connect	10	Cockamamie	2	Convenient	20
Cost	15	Convince	10	Confidence	70
Corrode	2	Colossal	10	Comb	10
Come	200	Corners	5	Curse	10
Current	10	Currency	15	Cut	30
Curious	5	Cusp	5	Culmination	5
Cull	5	Creature	80	Criminal	30
Cry	15	Creep	10	Crumble	5
Carnage	5	Catharsis	1	Collude	1
Creed	1	Constitution	3	Compact	3
Castrate	10	Copious	1	Crevice	10
Confiscation	1	Codified	2	Conundrum	1
Cohort	3	Contamination	5	Compel	5
Collective	45	Consortium	5	Catch	5
Conjure	5	Cliff	3	Crest	15