

Aroused Rabble  
February 10, 2005

The log has been stolen. The Log has been Stolen. Our Log has been Stolen. Is it not the deepest, even definitional desire of every human to make one's manifestation manifest of that which gives rise to the ability to make manifest? Those who scoff at the improbability, intangibility, insensibility of the existance abstracted, codemning it with the reactionary banner of "Plato," have quite missed the necessary meaning of the Spirit. It is not by mere logical means, as all would claim to employ, that the atheist finds purity above impossible, but through the mean sensations and calculations of the physical neurology of their brains. We make all such judgements of reasonableness through an apparatus that is in constant reaction with and only with the apparatus in which it is embedded. It is no surprise that nothing in the "material world" gives a convincingly comfortable impression of the immaterial.

God is dead, we say, because they could never could have been born. As such, nothing is forbidden. But *what* shall we do? To take the naive view, we shall do what we do. If anything can be said to be done it is the continual happenings of this and that and each person in their fractaled heirarchy of causation and comotion. Often the metaphors of marching and flowing are employed to show how one must think naively, that all rolls on as naturally and inevitably as the soldier's foot and the stream's water. And, of course, it does, for if it didn't we could never have come by this impression. But to focus, and focus we do, on only what agitates our perception leaves aside the desperation of the moment. If your plea for life, your internal pressure to answer the question, suddenly ceased, and dim consciousness, like that of tree or a mountain, crept over your eyes, I do not contend that your gaze would halt here on the page and any neighbor would detect in you the awkward robotic slump. On the contrary, the wheels and rivers and battalions of your body would make such an impressive show that one should never take for granted that another has not fallen under this spell. But given that I twitch nervously not in a grain of sand tossed upon the cosmos or, more importantly, you do not, you may ask yourself what the marching is all about. Inconsequential as it may seem, there is a being beside itself and eternal that flickers on every beat and turn of the drumwheel. And its story is what illuminates an otherwise pointless play.

It does me no pain to know that some of you will content yourself with mundane explanation for your behavior this comming Wednesday evening: A sharp, cold dawn dashes from a hole in the night, ripped in the eastern horizon by a bare, jagged hill. Theramin and oboe whine the morning call over a cartload of chimpanzees. With their rabble aroused by some complex collection of macromolecules, the band rallies together and crashes down upon a second cadre of primates, drousy in the crisp, grainy light from a small feast of roots, berries, leaves, and fungus, and extinguishes a pattern and a matter. By fits and spurts, steady trickles, and fricks and frenzies, the animals reinforce themselves and their patterns we call social psychology and group selections. They know by scent and cadence and color of dwelling to whom they owe their collective survival. When a foreign group of different values and customs exploits the long labors of thawing, cutting, and lifting that produce a 300-lbs trophy log, it is but the motion of

micro-celestial bodies, existing sheerly from their propensity to exist, that precipitate the coordinated liberation of such a log with overwhelming force.

But dwell not on a simian past that dulls and blinds! For if you find in yourself any passions of the soul then how can it be other than the Great Spirit of Hitchcock that unites the many threads? It is this One, manifest annually as the Great Golden God of Scav Hunt, that makes the armadillo an armadillo and not a mechanical beast. It is this that brightens the eyes and keeps tempo. It is for the sake of this that each strives. Your very sense of consciousness and being is no more and no less than a rain drop falling through the holographic energy field of Hitchcock's rainbow. And it is by this Power and Magnificence that the Log shall once again stand proud in our quad.

In other news, Brian is the new @Large rep, replacing Sam who stepped down for reasons explained earlier. Matt was re-corinated as HARC rep. "Snitchcock Follies" will occur 9<sup>th</sup> week and is RH code for "Talent Show" but with scheduled inspiration, a terminus umbilicae theme, and perhaps a more relaxed interpretation of "talent". Fridays will feature Chill House Tea in the "Green" Room, preumable of a hot and imported variety, brought about by the social chairs. Paolo demonstrated the correlation between seasonal op-/depression, house unity, alcohol consumption, and panda conspiracies. UT will have (had) a number of shows that are "an experience". Jim suggested a new czarist administration, modeled on the kitchendom, to improve cleanliness and funtionality of the laundry room. And one poor fellow was subjected to an entire 47 minutes of our antics just so he could sollicit our Precious Bodily Fluids for the blood drive on Feb 25 at Ida.

minutes adjourned.  
seconds.

*Those who know do not talk.  
Those who talk do not know.*

...

*Be at one with the dust of the earth.*

...

*He who has achieved this state  
Is unconcerned with friends and enemies,  
With good and harm, with honor and disgrace.  
This therefore is the highest state.*

*--Tao Te Ching, Ch. 56*