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UFO UpDates Mailing List

Alfred's Odd Ode #307

From: Lehmberg@snowhill.com
Date: Tue, 13 Jul 1999 11:52:07 -0400
Fwd Date: Tue, 13 Jul 1999 11:52:07 -0400
Subject: Alfred's Odd Ode #307

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To: UFO UpDates - Toronto <updates@globalserve.net>
Date: Tue, 13 Jul 1999 07:34:56 +500
Subject: Alfred's Odd Ode #307

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Apology to MW #307 (For July 10, 1999)

I live to sing the music of a sort that won't pretend what the errors of our past produce today. All the terror raining bombs, insulted Arabs, wounded Jews; all the hate that's running rampant while some *Christians* hold their sway. Still the saucers struggle in the blackness out of sight, and we cower in indifference to pretend that wrong is right. We sacrifice the *least* of us to pad our feathered halls. We pump the tits of brainwashed girls to make them take our fall. We tear our eyes from lights that fly. We laugh and smirk and don't ask why. We're mired in mistakes so plain they make us senseless, cruel -- insane.

Make a man a public figure, choose him out -- make him your nigger! Place him on your pedestal -- then hold him up for ridicule. Listen to his radio. Hit his site. He's getting bold (?) -- then cast him out you fickle snitch! You whining puling spawn -- you bitch! It all comes down to you at last. It's what you catch in nets you cast. You! So safe and in position spewing gay jokes, and impositions. Wrapped in your convenience -- proud! And at the suffering, laugh out loud! Your son is ravaged -- used, abused! Tormented! Savaged! Depressed and confused! From where would come your laughter then? You are a clueless jerk my friend. Art comes clean. It's you that's dirty. You're knowing who you are -- eh 'berty?

Conspiracy's alive and stark! Insidious and plainly dark, it thrives too well in quick denial -- is nurtured by reluctant trial. It preens itself in your detraction, growing in your crass inaction! I agree the water's filthy, but save the baby -- could we? Will we? We're mushrooms to the unelected. We're in the dark, fed shit -- defective. We don't have a wit or clue if what we're told is "nothing's new." Faith and trust is what's pretended, crass betrayal, instead, extended. Nothing's like you think it is; it won't conform. It's falsely glib. You say it's false, and then stop looking -- blinded then to looting -- rooking. It's like you *know* and just don't care, contributing to the angst that's there. In a bubble thought secure you rationalize your lies -- inured.

Hidden in this churning madness, caught up in elitist gladness are the truths that we would have if we would cop to what we've said. Hallowed treaties by the score, around five hundred, *slightly* more -- ripped apart by Uncle Sam to fill the vaults of shadow men. Fixing prices, built in failure, planning for a short-term nadir, building walls they hide behind for insulation's sake -- contrived. Knowledge is the power, friend (explains our schools that just pretend). Autonomy is what we're missing, teams have power beyond dismissing, but that is what the man still fears (above all else) it so appears.

Flying in the skies like crickets, *somewhere*, it has been admitted, are reflections of ourselves that look and wonder for themselves. They're not here 'cause we're not there (?), our science says, but oh -- contraire. Better that we treat them like they're watching us prepared to strike. The evidence -- historical, photos, papers, anecdotal, are the tips of massive 'bergs that float serenely unperturbed. We're not LOOKING. We don't admit it. We're lost to our indifference with it. Our focus is on learned sneering, proudly bloated profiteering. We've no thought beyond tomorrow, and that is our collective sorrow.

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Everybody's dad dies -- doesn't make me special, but my dad was a lover of Words, and his passing deserves some kind of notice in the habitats and environments of words.

He was a scientist, a published author, a poet and, undeniably, he was one who had remained curious about things. An artist, he was noted for his flamboyantly creative and efficacious manner. While not occurring in a manner of statistical significance <g>, he could admit that he was wrong.

His accomplishments are widely and interestingly varied. He's done everything from work with Stanton Friedman on project NERVA (an early, and working, atomic engine) to oil exploration among alleged headhunters in South America. A political independent (a little too right for my taste <g>), he kept an open mind that was an inspiration to many and an astonishment to the rest.

All unquestionably intelligent persons would agree that he was the very soul of rationality, and he had an edge. He had the courage to profess that he felt it likely there was a solidly esoteric foundation to the UFO conundrum, and that it deserved unflinchingly serious study -- for example.

Alfred Lehmberg II died Tuesday at seventy-six, laughing with his family almost to the end. I will miss him, as will anyone who knew him.

For a taste of him, visit his Web Site at:

<http://www.fortunecity.com/roswell/witches/237/lehmberg.html>

Restore John Ford! <Dad always knew Suffolk County was crooked -- said that it had been that way a long time>

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