

MILK AND MONEY FROM DREGS AND MONEY

~~Now~~ ^F For God's sake, it is four o'clock in the morning and I can't sleep because I am thinking about all of you bastards who are cozily wrapped in warm blankets. You've already had your full day's of cursing and getting on the level with everyone else, decided you had enough to call it a day, made your decisions for the next twenty four hours, perhaps prayed and thanked the Lord, or maybe prayed and asked for revenge. I don't really know what your personal problem is, but anyway, here it is four o'clock in the morning. There ^{was} ~~were~~ no ~~major~~ news in the paper that should make me particularly concerned, there were no discussions with intellectuals, average men, or communists. There was nothing different from any other day for me to pinpoint it. This is just the way my days are. I seem to start thinking at four a.m. Maybe it just gives me a sort of supremacy over everyone else, because I just know for sure that at 4 a.m., when I am thinking, everyone else is not able to do it. They are sleeping. That is where our difference lies, and that is why I am so concerned about you. Don't you ^{however} feel good to know that while you are sleeping there is someone who cares? Don't you feel more confident now, knowing that after you turn off that light beside your bed, there is someone who turns a light on, and carries on ^{your} the trends of thoughts, asks the same questions, finds out ^{some} the answers and just normally takes on the duties you had until then? Well, I am no night watchman, no policeman, no paid civil servant. And that is one of the reasons I gripe about. Not being paid, you know. I keep the same vigils these other people do and still I don't get paid for it. Still, ~~what do I do~~ The same things these people do, and more. I ~~try to solve your problems before they arise~~. I don't ~~just~~ go around checking doors, ^{carrying} ~~pointing~~ guns or stopping drunks. ~~I think~~. I think for you. And I am getting tired of it.

The reason I am getting tired is that no matter how long I spend solving problems, the next day comes and I read the news, talk to the people I know and the same old questions ~~and problems~~ come up. They don't seem to match up with the answers I had the previous night. People just don't seem to want to ~~join in thought and~~ realize that ours is a uniform problem which could be answered in a uniform way. Something about the problem as a whole seems to have a tint of a different hue and that makes the thing personal. From personal it grows into a minority group problem. From that it becomes a national issue and from that it mushrooms

and falls into either of two categories: an international scandal or a flirt with warfare.

Let us forget these last considerations and go back to our cozy state of being ourselves, in our warm bedrooms, carelessly turning off the lights and not having to count sheep^{to do}. This, I believe, is 50% of everyman's dream. What ^{is} the other 50%? A house to put this bedroom in, the money to buy this blanket, to pay for the heating bill so the room will be warm enough to guarantee that only one blanket is needed in the winter, to have enough in the stomach so he will not grow hungry and want to eat the sheep instead of counting them, on nights of insomnia. In other words - MILK and MONEY. That is what he wants.

Oh, I see. John Smith, over there, has already said he wants the blanket to hold someone else besides himself. Well, Mr. Smith, that is your personal problem. I can't divide a problem in two halves and account for the fact you are including another party in your half of the problem. Women have tried hard enough to have equal rights in this country and when I make 50-50 considerations they fall on both sides of the fifties in equal shares. Anything beyond that is personal.

^{hand} You see. Like I was telling you, just a while ago, no matter how you try to solve it, there is a personal problem. And pretty soon that becomes a minority problem. I immediately thought that John Smith wanted a woman beside him, when he made his little remark. When I go on with my ^{thoughts} ~~speech~~ about women and equality he very meekly tells me that he didn't necessarily mean a woman, but someone. That is - and he groped for his words - a companion. Someone else to be with him, for he has a double bed and not only hates solitude but abhors the idea of having a Mexican farm boy, ^{for example} sleeping out in the fields when he could share that bed with him.

Again I say Mr. Smith is trying to lead us to a problem. At first it seemed personal. As he explains himself it ^{falls} goes into minority group. From the example he chose, it even brings in the international issue and from a perhaps harmless statement we could very soon have, an international scandal or depending on Mr. Smith's position ^{that of a} ~~and the boy's attitude~~ a flirt with warfare! ^{or even} That's Oreg!

Fortunately it is ^{seven} ~~six~~ a.m. now. You have already turned off the alarm clock. You are listening to soft music ~~on~~ the radio, and wondering what you are going to wear today. You pull the curtains open and the rays of the sun are definitely taking hold of the earth. You stretch yourself and feel you're ready to ^{follow} ~~face~~ your daily ^{routine} ~~duties~~: brushing your teeth, washing yourself, putting on clean clothes, eating a meal, driving

to work, facing your duties with an ~~apparent~~ alacrity, ^{your everyday put on} ~~having your~~ cocktail ^{will} ~~to~~ subdue the effort ^{for} of alacrity and ^{you will then} ~~coming~~ home to old beaten clothes, a look at ~~Steve Allen~~ ^{TV} and another short counting of sheep and some more sleep. Well, I am still here. I haven't done any of these other duties yet. I am still waiting for you to turn on the ignition key in your car. Once you've done that, I'll go to sleep. Yes, I will sleep for awhile. After your first high-ball, however, I'll be awake. Nobody has to tell me. No alarm clock goes off. I just know, from instinct, that I must carry on from that point, and I do. After all, you've done so much the rest of the time, why shouldn't I do a little bit too?

^{Don't} Before you drive away, however, let me tell you just one thing: ~~Never~~ make issues of personal problems. They immediately find a minority following, which in turn will ... Well, never mind, ~~it's~~ Forget it. ~~I guess you're old enough to know, better.~~ ^{I'll still be here.}