i can remember when the intellectuals used to debate whether huxley or orwell was right.

some would even make a case that both were wrong.

by now i think it should be perfectly obvious that both were right with a vengeance.

-- Gerald Locklin

Long Beach CA

There is no future. There is only an exhaustion of days that begin and somehow end as mathematical equations.

Tomorrow imitates today with its mercenary fashions, elegant boredoms of the rich. Our diaries have become bankbooks with subtractions, divisions and more or less successful deceptions.

The future is a cosmetic dishonesty used in advertising and chic philosophy made to drug oneself into yet another grisly campaign translated into sickly leisure.

Garbage invariably floats on top of rivers and human lava. That's ambition's law.

Every victor knows the future and is occasionally afraid of something breathing in the dark.