UNCLE SAM GOES TO SEE THE NUT DOCTOR

Uncle Sam was a person who was afflicted with some very serious problems. But Uncle Sam kept trying to pretend to himself and everyone else that he didn't have any problems. Uncle Sam was competitive, greedy, self-indulgent, and arrogant. None of his neighbors liked him. Uncle Sam thought that by constantly building himself up and pursuing his own ego trip that people couldn't help but admire him. However, the effect of all of Uncle Sam's efforts to expand his bloated ego was that people found him to be very obnoxious. But Uncle Sam was living in a world of fantasy, so he could not dig people's negative reaction to him. As far as Uncle Sam was concerned, whatever he did or thought was always right. As you can infer, Uncle Sam was out of touch with the reality of other people's feelings and thoughts.

Another aspect of Uncle Sam and his crazy ways was that he was not even happy. As diligently as he would strive to accumulate material wealth and dominate other people, he would only succeed in making himself more desirous and discontented. Uncle Sam had to have more and more, and could never be satisfied. He would give things away from time to time, but only with the intention of receiving much more in return than he had originally given away. Uncle Sam was continually striving to enhance his prestige. He thrived on other people's adulation, but was not aware of the fact that other people's contempt for him was steadily increasing as time went by.

One day, overcome with anxiety and tormented with self-doubt, Uncle Sam decided he would drop in on the nut doctor, to see what this mind specialist would have to say about his condition. The nut doctor, whose name was Bugg, was very happy to see Uncle Sam. Dr. Bugg was always happy to see people with a lot of money come into his office. One of Dr. Bugg's pet therapies was the drug cure, which he and his professional cronies referred to as "chemotherapy." You throw in a little "zine," a little mood-elevator, an anti-convulsant, and a dash of anti-manic-depressive; to this you add a liberal amount of JARGON (highly technical nut doctor talk). Having introduced all these remedies to the life of the ego-tripping Uncle Sam, Dr. Bugg then laid a heavy rap on his patient. Dr. Bugg told Uncle Sam that he had a very serious problem, but if he followed Dr. Bugg's advice and took the special nut doctor drugs for the rest of his life, he would be self-actualized, ambulatory, and well-adjusted.

After consulting with Dr. Bugg, Uncle Sam felt reassured. Now he could continue to be arrogant, competitive, and greedy, but without any feelings of anxiety or self-doubt. And all because of the miraculous chemical cures and magical jargon of Dr. Bugg! Needless to say, other people's opinion of Uncle Sam did not improve; people continued to resent him, and were amazed that he could not dig how much bad karma he was creating through his inconsiderate and ego-tripping ways. Dr. Bugg was strung out on the same vibe as Uncle Sam, being a capitalistic, ego-tripping consumer of "the American way" himself. Dr. Bugg, like Uncle Sam, also had anxiety and self-doubt, which would nag at his peace of mind from time to time. But Dr. Bugg had his own anesthetic. Dr. Bugg lived in the jargon world where all nut doctors reside. In this jargon world, all problems are jargon problems, and there is a jargon answer to every jargon problem. In the nut doctor jargon world, everyone is high on jargon...

As you can see from this happy little anecdote, Uncle Sam and Dr. Bugg had a symbiotic relationship--like they say in the capitalist vernacular, "one hand washes the other." So Dr. Bugg was strung out on his jargon, and Uncle Sam was strung out on Dr. Bugg's therapy; and they were both strung out on money, and on themselves. But Uncle Sam's neighbors grow steadily more discontented, and I have heard that "They got big plans for him," if you know what I mean...

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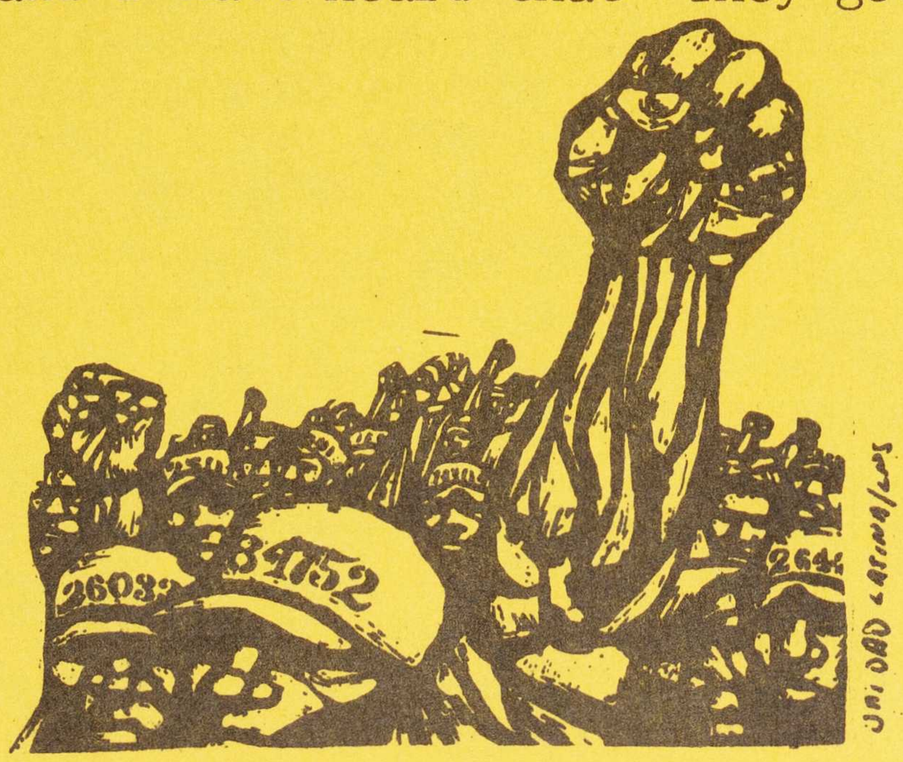

(Writes Mr. Shannon: "I am a convict and an ex-'mental patient.' I spent 6 years in the nuthouse, and I have thus far spent 2½ years in prison...I had 23 different kinds of psychiatric drugs... I appreciate hearing from people associated with our movement. It seems pretty bleak here in this prison, as it did in the state 'hospital.'")