Against the weather

A sight of the main...

Can this be the work for which we were created?

Is nature's grandeur what we were meant to experience?

Or is this the realm of our existence, our very being?

What is the true purpose of our existence?

To survive, to adapt, to thrive.

Or to transcend, to understand, to create.

What is the true nature of our existence?

Is it a mere survival instinct, or something more profound?

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What is the true purpose of our existence?
Before the war, the people of [Name of City] were united in harmony. However, the invasion by [Name of Enemy] has torn the city apart. The once peaceful streets are now filled with fear and violence. People are living in constant fear of the enemy's next move. The city is divided, and the future looks bleak.

The leaders of the city have gathered to discuss a plan. They need to find a way to defend themselves against the enemy. The options are limited, and the pressure is mounting. The city is on the brink of disaster, and time is running out.

The people of [Name of City] are desperate for help. They need your support to save their city. Will you stand with them and fight for their freedom?
The fool would think the best of the best is the worst.

E. CAILLIERE, Works of a Moorish Woman

William Conroy Williams
wooded road with the sun in the west, forming warm
shadows on the ground. There's a

truck parked near the side of the road, its
cabin dusty and weathered. The
trees loom overhead, their leaves a
crackling sound as they rustle in the wind.

A rusted sign on the side of the road reads,
"End of the Road". It's an

ominous sight, almost as if it's

warning passersby of a

dangerous journey to come.

The sun sets in the west, casting a warm glow
over everything in its path. The

world seems to slow down, time

seems to stand still for a moment.

The quiet of the road is suddenly

broken by the sound of a
electric bike approaching.

The rider is dressed in casual

clothing, helmet secure on their

head. They speed by, their

shadow dancing on the ground.
Meanwhile twenty or thirty generations have died spec-
ied by it. The genius of the colored would have started sing-
ing it off before any one of them was twelve.

Obviously the trick of postponement needs to knock one leg
from under the table so that it will wobble—to keep every-
someone scurrying about for a prop instead of sitting down
at the table and eating. Finally they put a living caryatid in
the form of a Mexican-Spanish-Russian-Chinese peasant un-
der the loose corner to take the brunt of it on his shoulders
while SOMEBODY gores.

Why are we daf daf other than that the best minds are inope-
itive, blocked by the half minds.

Obviously—"it's his money and a man can do what he
pleases with his own money." He doesn't really own the
money, my dear. After all, you must know that. It's really
in all our pockets..." and "$500,000 may seem impressive to
you but we are in the habit of dealing with a weekly bal-
ance of $35,000,000, or more, so that to me $500,000 might be
something easily overlooked."

Obviously—a man of quite ordinary intelligence sees at
once what is at stake. Somebody ought to offer a prize.

Obviously—the economic inbribilities of the age are re-
rected in everything save the artist's judgments:
The political, the social. Fascism is helpless without com-
promise with capital-credit just as Russia is the same. Both
come out of the same pot. The revolution that will be a revo-
lution is still to be made. It will have a complication of the
great tradition, cannot have any other, which capital-credit
traduces in the name of "masterpieces," to them no more than
conspicuous waste.

"What heavenly blue on those Gutenberg Bibles! We
haven't anything like that nowadays."

Obviously—the Church sold out in 315 A.D. at the council
of Nicaea. The writing shows it—the secrecy and all the rest
of it when compared with the directness and clarity of the

Against the Weather first century. Leo shows his good heart—or showed his good
heart in the encyclical Rorum Origenum addressed to Spain
forty years ago, in which he warned of what was to happen,
and has since happened! if the peasants were to be continually
robbed as they were being robbed at that time under the
Church's dominion. Splendid! But it does not for a moment
wipe out the systematic economic policy upon which the in-
stitution of which A. Vetti is the official head was founded.

Invest in the N. Y. market and count on inside information
to get your funds out before the crash without comment on
the character of the market. These things are obviously
marked with their origin.

Obviously every little cleric who happens to bleach and
consider himself an artist because of his association with the
Church has no title whatever to consider himself so for that
reason. Rather the Church is likely to be an impermeable barrier
today if the major function of the artist—to lift to the imagi-
nation and give new currency to the sensual world at our feet
— is envisaged.

Obviously the artist cannot ignore the economic domi-
nance in his time. He is all but suppressed by it—which
should mean something—but never converted. On the con-
trary he attacks and his attack is basic, the only basic one.

It was not I or even my day that brought the Church into
the discussion touching poetry but by their adoption of its
authority, those seeking order from it, do not by that remove
the question of its relevancy there.

Modern painting and the State have divorced themselves
from clerical alliances to good effect—good being the inclu-
sive sweep of the great tradition. If poetry is to be tied into
it anew it should show in the structural breadth of its re-
ceptors—not a narrowing list and a content of "mysteries."

All formal religions, in spite of their varieties, embrace one
final and damning evil, founded on the immorality of a reli-
gious experience, they tend rather to be monopolies using
The first few lines of the page contain a block of text that seems to be a continuation of a sentence or a paragraph. The text appears to be discussing a topic related to communication, possibly in a scientific or technical context. The rest of the page contains more paragraphs, each beginning with a capital letter, indicating standard paragraph structure. The text appears to be well-organized, suggesting it could be part of an academic or professional document. The page number at the bottom right corner indicates this is likely a page from a larger document or book.