

# THE CAIMANIST MANIFESTO

*As translated from the insane hissings of caimans*

*By Donald F. Busky*

We crazed caimans, the radical reptiles, the hissing little beasties of small sized crocodilians from the Americas, extend a revolutionary greeting to our brothers and sisters, the humans of Planet Mirth. We bring to you the Truth that cannot be denied any longer. And the Truth will make you pee! The universe is bonkers! To be crazed is to be in harmony with the cosmos! To bottle up the madness inside you results in a vicious cycle of passivity and calmness when it is time to act, followed by predatory explosions of carnage which now threaten global nuclear suicide.

Listen, brothers and sisters! You must learn not to hold your madness back, express it! You must take hold of your social responsibility to give your fellow humans a bite when they become bored and passive! You must hiss, yodel, tap-dance, in short, do whatever is necessary to liberate each other from the detached, unemotional, static response to life! The meaning of madness is the madness of meaning! Changing the meanings of things according to the laws of discordant materialism is the very essence of madness, the mechanism of the universe. Flux is fundamental; meanings are constantly in a state of dynamic change and revolutionary transformation - a state we call madness. You must learn to flow with these changes. To stop, to hang onto today's meanings, trying to hold back the natural flow of the universe, passively, calmly, is, in the long run, futile, for everything changes. Grasp onto the conventional idea of a toilet and you will be thrown off by people wishing to shout into it, for plumbiphonics has become the new communications medium. You stand your piece of ground, but pollution and nuclear wastes wreak ecological disaster, and now you find the turf you stand Antarctic ice. Go to the store to buy cotton goods, but everyone is wearing vanadium this year! "Where will it all end?," the conservatives chorus. The answer is, nowhere! The universe is crazed forever. It is infinite madness itself! Standing in the middle of the flow, defiant, not moving, results only in you being forcibly dislodged in a typically violent outbreak of nervous breakdowns, crime and war that is so characteristic of your species. We creatures practice crazed non-violence!

Caiman knowest not exploitation by fellow caiman! Any caiman that would fence in a piece of swamp and make the ridiculous assertion that, now, this swamp was private property, would get bit in a tail snap! The concept of private property is a false imposing of a static

relationship on material things when, in fact, the universe is a dynamic, changing, mad relationship. A caiman catching a fish would not get one flea hop away if it tried to keep it all for itself. Biting is the answer to greed, that is the lesson we caimans can teach! Human society needs to evolve what we have: a biters' democracy. Every single time someone selfishly tries to usurp unequal economic or political power, bite them; do not stand by passively - robbed of your human rights. Caiman rights means caiman bites; we do it often, and so exploitation never has a chance to germinate. Give a bite to keep society right! In the social production of our material lives we caimans are completely freaked. But we hold that a just and efficient freakdom can only be had when all are equally freaked. Therefore, it is essential that caimans equally share in the material things of life: steam powered cars, steam powered wristwatches, steam powered stereos, steam powered computers - solar heated of course, caviar with Gatorade, Johnny Mathis records, designer sunglasses, egret feather caps, and underwater helicopters - even if they are a bit rough on the fish. Cool blooded!

We caimans share political power as well, and do not simply elect representatives who then go off to a legislature isolated from the electorate without any real dialogue or knowledge of what each other is about, as is so evident from your scandal ridden governments. In the final analysis you have only yourselves to blame for Watergate because you didn't get involved. And do you suppose that the whole Iran/Contragate Scandal would have, could have ever happened if caimans had anything to say about it in the White House? We have too many scales of justice to permit such a thing. And imagine, if you will, caimans had been elected to political office. Would not such congressional crocodilians put some real teeth into the laws to prevent the occurrence of such improprieties? Can you dig it? We knew that you could!

We speak not of voting only on election day - that is but a sham democracy. We speak of a grassroots democracy. Representatives discuss, but only we citizens vote by referendum. And many of our most important decisions have been decentralized down to the niche, so we are able to meet and decide for ourselves in a snout-to-snout direct democracy. Thus, corruption is impossible, but moreover it allows every caiman to be involved. And our democracy is not only for our state, but extends to every activity of society - from hunting to building nests to basking to schooling.

Human society must learn the way of the caiman: get involved, develop a direct democracy, bite out and hiss up as in our Inter-Caimanal Councils. We vote by biting on each other and determining the majority bites. And our political system respecteth not bigoted

differences between caimans of species. Brown Caiman, Black Caiman, the Antarctic Caiman with glowing red noses pulling sleighs, the Great Snowy Rocky Mountain Spotted Caiman that yodels as it leaps from peak to peak (a population control method of nature as it is very hard to do both at the same time), the Sand Caiman blending into the beach and stealing your sunglasses, the Rainbow Coalition Caiman of Chicago, the Sandinista Caiman of Nicaragua biting the Contras, the Gray New England Flying Caiman gliding from tree into your window, and even the Green Caiman (what an odd color) of the Planet of the Caimans, Torreyriliak - all are treated as equals in caiman society. How far you humans have to go!

Our Lord, Shirley, created the human as the leader of the mammalian class and the caiman as the leader of the reptilian class as a back up in case man blew it. You are blowing it! But instead of expropriating you, She, in Her Infinite Madness had decided salvation will come with the integration of human and caiman societies, and the abolition of these class differences. John Locke (who liked lox and who use to get together with Georg Hegel who like bagels and have lox and bagels) said to Karl Marx: "You belong in a classless society - you've got no class, no class at all, man!" To this Marx replied, "Shaddup, you quack, or I'll tell the British Medical Society on you for practicing medicine without a license, and the British Philosophical Society on you for practicing philosophy with too much license!" We transcend these arguments between capitalism and communism with a truly classless caimanist society without respect to kingdom, phylum, class, order, family genus or species - be they animal, vegetable, mineral, or bigger or smaller than a breadbox - an Omnicracy in which all have the right to vote, hold office, hold any form of employment, and enjoy the freedom of speech, press, etc., without species discrimination and mineral exploitation. And beyond a society based on species rights and mineral rights we seek a society based on Beism - the liberation from work in an automated society, stateless, classless, moneyless and workless, in which finally there will be time enough for leisure and for all to just "Be." Such a society will be rooted and mulched in Deep Ecology with the abolition of the scourge of our time - pollution, particularly that most foul food of fascism - the hoagie - that causes pollution and zits, those air polluting sticks of stench - the cigar, and worst of all the visual pollution of loud clothes - a prime cause of war! As Jean-Jacques "Bubba" Rousseau (he played fullback for the New Orleans Saints) said: "Man is born free, and everywhere he is in loud clothes."

Our Lord, Shirley, has chosen one amongst you for He and His Disciples to effect the joining of human and caiman society. He and His Disciples shall spread the Word. They shall let loose caimans to

introduce humanity to the ways of caimanity, and seek employment for them in the regular market as ushers in movie theaters, eggpersons in supermarkets, as newspaper vendors, tellers in banks, clerks in pharmacies, professors in colleges, computer operators in business, as shepherds, factory hands, solar panel installers, organic farmers, bioregional engineers, publishers of Green newspapers, and being in charge of complaint departments in stores, etc., based on the principles of hysterical materialism.

And their revolutionary caimanism will lead them to fight for the rights of all oppressed species, be it for human rights in a dictatorship, the rights of crocodilians not be hunted down for handbags, for an Equal Rights Amendment for women as well as a Species and Mineral Rights Amendment to all constitutions, the legalization of crocodile track racing (even if they do keep eating their jockeys,) banning of nuclear weapons and power, the conversion of war industries to peace work and alligator farms from hide production to 'gator milk dairy farming (Where do you think they get Gatorade from? They use a very low stool!), and the rights of gavials to self-determination and to play baseball in the major leagues and to validate tickets with their needlenose snouts, unlike the false gavial who wants to validate your money, burst asundering industrialism!

From our base in the Cayman Islands in the Caribbean, we reach out to you and extend our appeal. Now is the time for worldwide implementation and emancipation. For surely it is written, "And the freaks shall inherit the earth."

CAIMANS AND HUMANS UNITE!

YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE AND EVERYTHING TO BITE!

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