

1

Dudeness that can be blathered about is very undude. Names we self-apply to things are only handles for what abides. A tumbling of tumbleweeds is all that's really out there. The rug is a fabrication which ties our ruminations together.

Our thinking about this must not be uptight, Or we will enter a world of pain. Investigating complicated cases Allows us to better understand the world. The world is stupefying, but it's far fucking out. Am I wrong? Okay, then.

The Dude digs the style of the Stranger, And the Stranger, the style of the Dude. They differ only in their beverages.

The Tao helps make sense of the whole durn human comedy. It is a Theory of Everything. I can get you a TOE— There are Ways, Dude.

2

When a life of achievement is considered best, They won't approve of your lifestyle. When good men and thorough are thoroughly trusted, Shorts can be slid down with impunity.

Amateurs and achievers are two poles of manhood, Businessmen and bums both have two pairs of testicles, Complex and simple get down to cases, Fair and foul are both over the line, Strikes and gutters are results of the roll, Reactionaries and pacifists are both concerned about basic freedoms, Ups and downs are a dance in the cycle.

So the Stranger controls without authority, And teaches without cuss words. He lets all things take 'er easy, Watches the semifinals, but does not interfere, Drinks sarsaparilla without seeking something stronger, And takes comfort where he can.

3

Not achieving prevents besting competitors, Not trying to scam anyone prevents taking any rug in the house, Not flaunting beauty prevents thousand-dollar blowjobs. This is not 'Nam, this is bowling. There are rules.

So the Stranger inspires the Dude by: Digging his style, Listening to his story, Telling him to take 'er easy, And boosting his morale before the finals.

If people aren't privy to the new shit that has come to light, Cowards among them will threaten castration; If no action is taken, There will only be pee-stains on the rug.

4

The Dude's glass may be empty, But he knows it will soon be refilled. Necessary means are unnecessary. He takes comfort in that.

Let me tell you something about The Dude: Even though his career has slowed down a little, He would never dream of taking your bullshit money. Even if there are a lot of strands in his head, He will help you conceive. Even if he had a rough day, He'll be there man. Even if he loses a million dollars— Can't be worried about that shit. Life goes on.

If you dig his style, he will dig yours. He takes 'er easy for all us sinners out there. His mind is limber, and he fits right in there. What the fuck are you talking about? I lost my train of thought here.

5

Nihilists are unsentimental, They believe in nossing. The Stranger is also unsentimental, He drifts where the wind catches him. Nihilists are like a bellows— Empty, yet full of hot air. The more they threaten, the more cowardly they seem. The Stranger also rambles and loses his train of thought, But tells a purty good story— There's a literal connection. It affects all of us, dude. There is no bottom.

6

After the cable is fixed, Bunny feeds the monkey. Strongly vaginal, she needs no commendation. Marvelous woman. Very free-spirited. The Dude still jerks off manually. Few bones or clams are found in his cash machine.

7

Why is bowling eternal? Because it rolls in cycles. Similarly, because he has no ends, The Dude never fails to achieve.

The Dude takes it easy, And so brother shamuses dig his work. He says, "ah, fuck it" And thus nothing is fucked. Because he is a pacifist, No harm is visited tenfold upon his head. Because he does not put himself over the line, He does not enter a world of pain. It is only because he gives a shit about the fucking TOE, That no one's going to cut his dick off.

8

It is best to be like the Dude. The Dude takes it easy, and is calmer than you are, He hangs out in bowling alleys and other places Where careers slow down a little.

So, be like the Dude: Laying low, upon his rug, Driving a car with rust coloration, Helping his lady friend conceive, Taking any rug in the house, Patronizing the In-N-Out Burger on Camrose, Digging your style too, And ending this thing cheap. In this way, life goes on, And worry does not.

9

When a plan gets too complex, everything can go wrong. Do you see what happens? Draw a line in the sand, toes will slip over the line. Put a million dollars in your car, perhaps they'll tow it. Roll your way into the semis, they're gonna fuck you up. Take any rug in the house, you'll get a crack on the jaw. Keep the fucking money, they're gonna cut off your johnson.

Instead, say "Fuck it." That's your answer for everything. It is the way of the Dude.

10

Can you embrace both Maude and Bunny, And see them as two sides of the same special lady? This will help you get down to cases, And prevent you from no longer digging them.

If you are perfectly calm, You can be like a little Lebowski on the Way. If you adhere to a strict drug regimen, You will be able to keep your mind limber. If you give a shit about that poor woman, You will be rescued from being a fucking asshole.

As temptations fall burning into your lap, Can you just take it easy, man? As you are made privy to new shit that comes to light, Can you retain the humility of a fucking amateur?

Both the Dude and the Stranger nurse their beverages Without becoming addicted to them, They bowl but do not expect to win, And they ramble without becoming rambunctious. People call this "being dude." It is an incarnation of Dudeness— It comes to light when you keep your mind limber.

11

A glass is made of crystal, But it is the space at its center which lets it become a beverage. A bowling ball is made of resin, But it is the holes for your fingers which render it rollable. A bungalow is made of plaster and plywood But it is the open door which lets you inside.

Therefore, though it is stuff that people want, It is space that people need.

12

Too much Kahlua blunts the vodka Too much vodka dilutes the milk Too much milk dulls the beverage Too much beverage maddens the mind, Too much madness makes the whole world go fucking crazy!

A good burger provides for the belly, not for the head In-N-Out, it pairs well with sarsaparilla.

13

The Dude said: "Can't be worried about that shit. Life goes on." The Stranger likes his style because he's the man for his time and place.

The Stranger said: "Sometimes you eat the bear and sometimes the bear, well, he eats you." The Dude likes his style because he's got a whole cowboy thing going on.

He who regards himself as part of the whole darn human comedy, Is able to abide the world. He who asks the bartender for another Caucasian Is still racially pretty cool. If you take the good with the bad, Life does not stop and start inconveniently. This affects all of us: The Royal We, Down through the generations. I'm rambling again.

14

You can look, but it can't be seen. It is a worthy fucking adversary. You can listen, but it can't be heard. It is a stonewalling little brat. You can grasp, but it can't be touched. It floats away like a magic carpet. There is no bottom, nor proper nomenclature, All these ins and outs make it a very complicated case.

It is not dark, yet darkness warshes over, It is not light, yet new shit comes to light: It is fucking ingenious, yet cannot be understood correctly. It draws lines in the sand, yet does not split hairs, It throws out a ringer for a ringer, yet there is no handoff. It has its story, you have yours, yet both are ludicrous.

Don't live in the past, Worry about what day it is, Nor hope to make it to the finals. In this way, the Dude abides, As Dudeness has always abided.

15

The Dedefathers were fellers so much smarter than ourselves, That we are like children who wander in the middle of a movie. Because we are out of our element, we can only dig their style:

Good and thorough, like a worthy fucking adversary, Bright and flowering like the young men at Khe Sanh and Lan Doc, Ingenious, like a Swiss fucking watch, Dark, like a black steer's tookus on a moonless prairie night, Genuine, like Miller Genuine Draft, Open, like the most modestly-priced receptacle, Yet opaque, like a White Russian cocktail.

Those who can take 'er easy while dealing with real reactionaries, And remain calm while goons micturate on their rug, Are able to safeguard their basic freedoms. So everything works out pretty good for them.

16

Lie perfectly still upon your rug. You will find that this really ties the room together. Breathing in and out— Oh, what a wonderful feeling. This is your concern, dude.

Life is a dream sequence: You float high above, then fall down to earth, Again and again. Awakening, the rug is pulled out from under you. Prior to attaining this insight, Threads bind you, Balls burden you, And you get a rash so bad you can't sit down.

Fuggedaboutit! Cracking the case, you learn to dig the world. Digging the world, your mind becomes limber. Limbering your mind, you just take it easy. Just taking it easy, you become very dude. Well, you know, the dude abides. We take comfort in this.

17

The best achievers are scarcely known by the bums. The next best are compensated and given beepers. The next best are real reactionaries who make things plain. The very worst are human paraquat— They blame everything on the bums. So the bums reveal them for the phonies they are.

When achievers accomplish more than most, But without scamming anyone here, The bums leave them alone, mister.

18

When Dudeness is abandoned, League bylaws and fucking rules take its place.

When political advocacy is dealt by pornographers, Standards fall regrettably.

When you can no longer keep 'em down on the farm, Nihilist dipshits are dispatched as experts.

When the goddamn plane has crashed into the mountain, Fucking fascists take over beach communities.

19

To lighten up the human comedy: Be skeptical of experts, Forget about 3000 years of beautiful tradition, Don't do what your parents did. Fuggedaboutit. Without these unnecessary, unnecessary means, Natural, zesty enterprises will be allowed to flourish.

Moreover, if we: Disregard learned and disputatious men, And make fun of shrines to fame, We will not worry about employment, Nor distress over what to do with our lives.

Furthermore, if we: Root artists, And tell smut businessmen we still jerk off manually, We won't have to purchase immodestly priced receptacles.

Since the Supreme Court has rejected prior restraint, We must take it upon ourselves To face the muck, Enrobe the ordinary, Weaken vanity, And steer our drives away from dumpsters.

20

Too much higher education keeps you from getting high. Many learned men have disputed this. Sooner or later we're going to have to face the fact That they're goddamn morons.

Can't be worried about that shit. The world is as wild as a Jackie Treehorn garden party, But I take it easy and abide, Like a little Lebowski before it learns to dig, Living alone, not much to tell.

The achievers are fucking loaded, But I'm unemployed. Also, my rug was stolen. And my car got dinged up a bit. It was lodged against an abutment.

The achievers have never been more certain of anything in their life, Whereas I'm rambling again. The square community is strongly commended, Whereas I throw out ringers for ringers, Aimless as a wave drifting over the bosom of the Pacific Ocean. Thaaat's right, dude— One hundred percent uncertain.

Whereas my career has slowed down a little lately, The people are busy, as I know you are. Let me explain something about the Dude: He is sustained by the Tree of Life. Aitz chaim he, as the ex used to say.

21

The physical act of love is expressed through coitus. The special lady calls, but does not listen. Her art has been commended as being strongly vaginal. Is that what this is a picture of? Darkness warshes over the Dude. There is no bottom.

Vagina— It expresses all that can be blathered about. Yet without batting an eye, A man will refer to his dick or his rod or his johnson. That and a pair of testicles.

Don't be fatuous, Jeffrey, Please slide your shorts down.

22

Those who abide can truly achieve. Those who spare can effectively strike. Those who live alone can leave the toilet seat up. Those who take it up with the man get a man down. Those with a lifetime of achievement don't do very well. Forget about the fucking TOE! Nothing about it indicates.

In order to warsh over the world, The Stranger accepts it as it is. In order to tell a purty good story, The story doesn't revolve around him.

By not offering any answers, he provides the answer. By not self-applying a name, he seems eternal. He has never seen the Queen in her damned undies, But he gets to see things every bit as stupefying. He does not eat the bear, so the bear does not eat him. He does not curse anyone, so he is never cursed.

The Stranger said, "Take it easy, Dude—I know that you will." Yeah, man. Well, you know, the Dude abides. The Dude Abides. I guess we can close the file on that one.

23

The Dude does not get hung up on things, Therefore he does not lose his cool for long. Just like Nature— Eventually she gets sick of her little games, And, you know, wanders back. Tumbling tumbleweeds.

Even if we wanted to fuck this up, we couldn't. Nothing is fucked here. Therefore, for those who are deeply casual, Life goes on. But those that contravene league bylaws Have to be worried about that shit.

As for man, his days are like grass. Therefore he who abides in them, Helps fertilize the world, And brings a bright flowering from the muck.

Of course, you do get the good with the bad— He who uses the world as a toilet and moves on Never gets a day of rest. Oh man, what's that smell?

24

Put your toe over the line, That's a foul. Mark that frame an eight, You're entering a world of pain. Flash your piece out on the lanes, They'll stick it up your ass. Fuck with the Jesus, You are nobody. Don't calm down, And you will be asked to leave. Threaten our basic freedoms, And you will forfeit yours. This prevents any delayed after-effects.

From the point of view of the Dude, These actions are drags and bummers. This is why he has to use so many cuss words. Shit, man— Don't kidnap yourself.

25

In the moment before the bowler rolls There is a great mystery: Silent, unmarked and without score, He stands alone before innumerable possible outcomes. He finally got the venue he wanted: Empty lanes in which to perfect the cycle. This provident vacancy is like some rich and mysterious mother. I do not know its handle, so I call it Dude. I do not give a shit about the fucking rules, So I wait and see what happens.

Yeah, well, you know, it's just like, uh, my opinion, man, But it's fucking far-out, Some kind of eager thing Which lubricates the balls and the lanes, Warshes away the darkness, And returns the ball to the ball-return. It really ties the world together. It helps us fit right in there.

People forget that the brain is the biggest erogenous zone, Bigger than even the biggest Lebowski. The player follows the bylaws of the league, The league follows the way of what-have-you, What-have-you follows the way of the world, The world follows the way of the Dude, And the Dude follows the way of the limber mind. There are four more detectives working on the case, They got us working in shifts.

26

The extremes of looking for a job and laziness entail each other, Like those of taking 'er easy, and taking the money.

The Stranger has never been to London or France, But never feels like the good lord gypped him. He's seen something every bit as stupefying as you'd see in any of those other places. So he invites the Dude to take 'er easy for his sins, Remains calm and orders a sarsaparilla. That's a good one.

But a beautiful heiress cannot indulge in fun and games, Else she will squander her fruit, And she cannot date the Dude, Or she will lose her commendation.

27

A good bowler leaves no pins standing, A good tenant leaves the rent under the door, A good husband leaves the toilet seat down, A good friend leaves you the fuck alone. A good caller leaves a message after the beep. Takes a minute.

So the Dude abides, And says, "Fuck it." He accepts everything, And says "I'm sorry, I wasn't listening." He bathes with candles, whale songs, and a J. People dig the style of the Dude Because the Dude remains perfectly calm.

But those that don't dig the Dude, Who do not like his jerk off name, His jerk off face And his jerk off behavior, Are plainly jerk offs themselves. They react like real reactionaries. Those who abide do not react. Those who react do not abide.

Pacifism is not something that is hidden behind. It is a weapon employed against obstacles. Say what you will, at least it's an ethos, One with the necessary means for a necessary means.

28

Relinquish the robe, And help the special lady conceive. Requisition the lane through which you roll your balls. What is that, yoga? Going down through the generations.

To know the new shit which has come to light, Let darkness warsh over you. The guttural balling, The physical act of love. Can you blow that far?

He knows it's his fucking homework, But doesn't say peep. Mixing the liquors, He creates the cocktail. Careful, man! There's a beverage here! The Dude loves limberly. Wonderful womb man! Very free-spirited.

29

Those who threaten castration Cannot succeed. The world is totally unspoiled by taking it easy. It cannot be destroyed by the undude. Trying to steer it, the plane crashes into the mountain, Working in shifts, the leads will not be promising. Leads!

Therefore: Sometimes you roll strikes, And sometimes you roll gutters. Sometimes you eat the bear, And sometimes the bear eats you. Sometimes you deal with reactionaries, And sometimes you deal with pacifists. Sometimes you take any rug in the house, And sometimes you take a crack on the jaw.

The Stranger has never seen the queen in her damned undies. But he's seen something every bit as stupefying— What's a hee-ro? This is our concern.

30

Achievers are well-advised not to use aggression, For aggression does not remain unchecked. Tumbleweeds tumble across lines in the sand. Doesn't anybody give a shit about the rules? Well, no. Not exactly. Across this line you do not!

It is only when aggression must not stand, That the Dude confronts the undude, Rights the wrongs with dude-jitsu, And assures us that it will be no problem.

The Dude seeks only compensation— Succeeding through slack, Smoking and sympathizing here, Trying to get out of things cheap, He wins by being a loser.

Though Walter may bring about a more dramatic victory, He will end up trading good buddies for lines in the sand. Idealism is very undude. It fucks everything up!

31

Goons portend peril. The Dude will not deal with morons: Their purpose is micturition, While his purpose is recreation.

Nihilists believe in nossing. They are cowards, dipshits, crybabies. Experts at unrepentantly betraying trust, And stepping on penises and squishing them.

Those who lack an ethos Will threaten castration, Only to be chop-chopped themselves, From their toes, up to their ears. Do you see what happens?

Say what you will, A worthy fucking adversary should still be offered condolences, Just as the permanently shut up should be immortalized with a eulogy.

32

Though he has been innerduced enough, There's a lot we don't understand about the Dude. Jackie Treehorn draws a lot of water in this town, But the Dude doesn't draw shit. He is someone the square community doesn't give a shit about, And yet he is in a unique position: A deadbeat, a loser, a bum, Someone in whom casualness runs deep.

The achievers are only dimly aware of the Dude, Yet if only they could learn the Dude way, Then the world would become totally unspoiled, Our fucking troubles would be over, People would stay and enjoy their coffee, And we would not have to involve the Supreme Court.

Achievers give rise to institutions, And the habit of determining a preferred nomenclature, Yet this all might be a lot more uh uh uh complex, uh uh... You know? There isn't a literal connection. Face it, there isn't any connection.

What the fuck am I taking about? If we only listened occasionally, we might learn something: After cracking the empty case, The strands in Duder's head enter an ocean of the pacific.

33

Knowing the world requires wittiness, But knowing the inner Dude requires shittiness. Conquering the world requires a great inheritance, But conquering oneself requires only an empty ringer.

A lifetime of achievement is not measured in riches, but in rashes. He who can dig his day despite the dipshits at the door is fucking loaded, And his legacy more than just a little Lebowski.

34

The Dude is deeply casual during all the separate incidents: Confronting Lebowski, Attending the cycle, Helping Maude conceive, Wanting only to get back to his rug.

He abides all things, Does not try to scam anyone. He is unemployed, So he seems like a loser, a deadbeat, Someone the square community doesn't give a shit about.

He is mixed up in all this, In bed with everybody. He has no expiration date, So he fits right in there.

Because his thinking is not uptight, His thoughts are bottomless, infinite. That's ingenious, if we understand it correctly. Think they've got room for one more?

35

Because the Dude lacks a job and business papers, He can neither be hired nor fired, He is never bumped into a higher tax bracket, And his schedule remains always unposted. Though The Eagles and lingonberry pancakes may seduce others, The Dude favors Bob Dylan and burgers. His sustenance is simple.

If you look for Dudeness you cannot see it. And if you listen for Dudeness you cannot hear it. But if you learn the way of the Dude, You will hear the unspoken message here: Oh, what a wonderful feeling! La la la la la la la la la la la la la la.

36

Kill that car, your own car gets killed, Mark it eight, you're entering a world of pain, Float to the sky, you'll fall in the gutter, Get a million dollars, they'll cut off your johnson.

The Dude eventually overcomes the undude. It's like Lenin said: Look for the one who benefits. Vanity is a weakness. Modesty is a receptacle.

37

The Dude isn't tied down, Yet he leaves nothing untied together. If the achievers could do the same, Life would become a natural, zesty enterprise And proud we'd be of all of them.

Not greedy, All the Dude ever wanted was his rug back And to just take it easy, man. A peaceful easy feeling: It's down there somewhere, let me take another look.

38

Artists want to be commended as strongly imaginal. Nihilists want to hide the fact that they're fucking amateurs. Jewish Catholics want to get over their sick sinfulness thing. But the abiding do not want anything.

For when the Dude is undude, Jeffrey takes over. When Jeffrey is fatuous, Walter takes over. When Walter is a goddamn moron, Donny takes over. And when Donny is dead in the water, You have to brush him off your clothes.

Known pornographers are not easily fucked. Nihilism is not easily annihilated. When the Jesus exposes himself to children, Their thinking becomes very uptight. Ethos is the end of digging each other's style, The beginning of not listening to the Dude's story.

Like a child who wanders into the middle of a movie, We are the walrus, And out of our element. Everything is just, like, our opinion, man.

The Dude's mind is limber, not uptight. He carefully reviews labels, Then sniffs the half-and-half. Chooses the most modestly-priced option, And pays with a post-dated check.

39

In the early '90s things were not so half-and-half: Business papers were properly employed, Basic freedoms were more stable, Pacifism was more respected, Our conflicts were cakewalks, Phones were not mobile, And the Dude abided.

But without credence, business papers are stolen, Without basic freedoms, we enter a world of pain, Without pacifism, our buddies die face down in the muck, Without a hostage there is no ransom, Without reward, the briefcase is barren, And without compeers, even the Dude will wander.

So the Dude depends upon the bowling team, As the bowling team depends upon the Dude. They are the uncompromised first draftees, A collective action of non-reactionaries.

Wholeness is made up of halves-and-halves: Strong men also cry, Deadbeats get down to cases, Jewish veterans care for Pomeranians, And German nihilists chase after compensation.

Rather than ride the wave of the future, The Dude rides a '71 Ford, An occasional acid flashback, And an heiress who shares his heritage With a little legacy on the way.

40

The motion of the ball is a cycle. The use of the ball is to knock pins down, After which, they pop up again. Bowling is made of motion, And motion is made of nothing. It's all just a game, man. Well, that's your perception.

41

When smarter fellers study Dudeism, they practice it diligently. When the average study Dudeism, they practice it dispassionately. When the dipshits study Dudeism, they say "Laughable, man! Ha ha!" This is how we recognize dudeness: The dunces find it dumb.

Starting on the Dude Way, one at first seems like Donny. Rolling into the semis, one enters a world of pain. But upon making it to the finals, one abides and takes comfort.

On the Way: The greatest stonewall seems like a pushover, The simplest plan appears complex, The laziest deadbeat appears lively, The biggest Lebowski appears small, The greatest achiever seems to be a fucking amateur. The private residence enjoys no privacy, The ideal father has no interest in raising the child, And the most special lady does not want to see him socially.

The Dude cannot be correctly named or pinned down: But he's got certain information, man, And he fits right in there. He's the man for his time and place— You're calling him at home.

42

It begins with the stupefying, unintroduced Dude. Then comes the half-and-half. The half-and-half is poured into a beverage with three parts. Everything gets mixed up in all this. All things come from this carefully held beverage: The world begins with a thirst, and ends with a buzz.

We invent new things my mixing old products together. The world is a giant supermarket. Try to find the best ingredients at the lowest cost.

Many people look at the Dude with suspicion, Yet the wise see the Dude as a hero, Only, they won't say that exactly. They know that in a tumbling tumbled world, It is the upside down who are often the most upright.

Though many learned men have disputed this, Those who treat the world as their home Will be casual and comfortable anywhere they go, Especially if they subscribe to a club of value.

43

Those that abide, In time, naturally overcome those that aggress.

The loser overcomes the achiever, The bum comes over the heiress, The lazy undermines the loaded, The goldbricker outwits the gold-keyed.

From these examples we learn the value of taking it easy. What the fuck are you talking about— Unemployment can produce wealth? That's fucking interesting, man.

44

Bullshit money or basic freedoms: which is more valuable? Contentment or competition: which is more rewarding? Fucking or getting fucked: which gives you a rash so bad you can't sit down?

The more a rug is valued, the more painful is its absence, The greater the finder's fee, the more frustrating it is to lose. So he who can't be worried about that shit Will avoid a world of pain, And may long endure ups and downs, strikes and gutters.

45

Perfect calm seems imperfect, But it's calmer than you are. Ample allowance may seem adequate, But it owes money all over town. Complicated cases make you lose your train of thought, Especially when you're anxious to get to the point.

In the same way: The straightest cowboy can seem gay, The biggest Lebowski can seem small, And the most beautiful plan can seem fucked up.

Baths overcome bummers. Relaxation overcomes rashes. To help tie the room together, Just take it easy, man. Life will go on, Even if it doesn't start and stop at your convenience.

46

When people take it easy, Veterans enjoy their coffee in family restaurants. When people don't take it easy, Reactionaries throw their coffee at innocent foreheads.

There is nothing more dangerous, Than doing the "right thing" no matter what the cost, And there is no greater weakness, Than the weakness of vanity. For only when people find it easy to take it easy, Can we be cured from our dis-ease, The hazard of a whole world gone crazy.

47

You can listen and learn something occasionally Without leaving your private residence. We can wait and watch something wonderful Without having to pay another hundred. The more you dig, The more there is to be dug.

The Stranger wanders westward without a wagon, Sees the stupefying without going to London or France, And is cool without having to use cuss words. Though he

doesn't find the angels to be that exactly, They make him laugh to beat the band.

48

The follower of achievement Accomplishes more than most men. The follower of the Dude Just drops in to see what condition his condition is in.

By slowing down his career, The Dude reaches a state of total pacifism. By letting things roll freely, Allowing the pins to fall where they may, He strikes effectively, sparing little. Which bothers some men. Beaver.

To conquer the world, take it easy. If you must do something, Do a J, And let the world conquer itself.

49

The Dude knows that everything is just, like, his opinion, man. He does not distinguish between Lenin and Lennon, Marmots and Ferrets, Pomeranians and Yorkshire Terriers, Chinamen and Asian-Americans. Dance quintets, cycles, and what-have-you. He doesn't draw lines in the sand.

He looks for the ones who will benefit, But he doesn't look for handouts. He digs those who are a Lebowski. He also digs those who are not a Lebowski. That's terrific. He does business with those who are wrong. He also does business with those who are not wrong, But are just assholes.

He doesn't want to be a hard-on about this. He is in harmony with the world, So he abides the worlds of others. You know, it's just a game, man. Mark it ∞. This affects all of us.

50

Death comes upon Donny As the Dude comes upon Maude. A lifetime of achievement can occur in three ways: Three in ten men are idealists, Three in ten men are nihilists, And three in ten men are materialists, Men who will not name their sighs. They care more about wall hangings than floor coverings.

Yet the one in ten who truly knows how to abide Does not fear marmots in his tub, Nor nihilists in the parking lot. Marmots and morons do not cut off his johnson, Nor do samurai swords cut at his Cowichan sweater Why is this? Because he knows how to get out of these things cheap. As for compensation, there's little he would ask.

51

Strong vaginas don't want to see us socially, And private dicks won't leave us the fuck alone. Cleft assholes laugh at us, But they're not privy to the new shit. Do they think we're fucking around here? Mark it zero.

On the other hand, Dudeness benefits all, And hurts no one. When we honor the Dude, We aren't dealing with vaginas, dicks, or assholes— We're digging the whole durn human comedy.

Dudeness abides— It sympathizes here, Slips the rent under the door, Drives us to Pasadena, Doesn't make us saps, Bowls without fouling, Dies without feeling like the good lord gypped it, Apologizes for not listening, Waves the peace around, Gives a shit about this whole fucking thing: The marmot, the poor woman, the money, and what-have-you.

Don't tattoo it on your forehead, But this is your answer for everything. I've never been more certain of anything in my life.

52

The origins of the Dude are in the Port Huron Statement— The manifesto for its time and place. Dig the decree and you dig the Dude. Read the uncompromised first draft. You can imagine where it went from there: The burns lost.

Keep your voice down in a family restaurant. Do not step on anyone's toes. Make everything a first amendment issue, And everything will be a fucking travesty with you, man.

Father's weakness is vanity. Do you have to use so many cuss words when you're doing business? Have it your way and you'll fuck this up. Sympathizing here makes you a worthy fucking adversary. Why don't you fucking listen occasionally? You might learn something.

53

It is the modest task which is your charge: Following the Dude like a Brother Shamus, Fearing only that you'll crash into a dumpster.

Yet while following instructions is easy, Believing in nothing is also easy. That's two things we learned in 'Nam.

Though mansions in Pasadena are full of plunder, The valleys are left to tumbleweeds, And the bowling alleys are out of business.

Darkness warshes over: Unworthy adversaries wear purple jumpsuits, Play, ugh, techno-pop, Threaten to fuck strangers in the ass, Draw pictures of penises, and a lot of water, Purvey pornography and politics, Keep amphibious rodents within the city limits, Demand ransom without a hostage, And purloin money from needy children of promise.

These are not worthy fucking adversaries. These are the manners of the monkey-feeders, And grave deviations from the Dude.

54

He who doesn't remember much from college, Learns to live on his allowance. He who digs Dudeism deeply, Does not become a fucking fascist. Dudeists follow 2500 years of beautiful tradition, Pooling resources, flowing far, freeing spirits.

Cultivate love in the true sense of the word, And you won't need to scam anyone here. Care about the rug in your residence, And it will tie everything together. Create camaraderie among the bowling team, And you'll enter the next round robin. Fit right in to your time and place, And you'll be in a unique position.

Therefore: Know a residence by its renter, Know a bowler by its team, Know a team by its league, Know a league by its lanes, Know the lanes by its location, Know a location by loving it, in the true sense of the word.

How can I enter a world of no-pain? By loving the world, Even when it's full of goddamn morons.

55

Because he's an old-born baby, The Dude is one of the greatest characters in the world. Marmots will not scratch him. Pomeranians will not take his turn at bowling. Nihilists will not cut off his johnson.

His belly is soft, yet his toes are strong, So he rolls a strike! He has no wife, nor a ring on his finger, So his toilet seat is up! He sings the theme song to "Branded" in a Malibu patrol car. He has fun, even when everything is fucked here.

Though the Dude is chronologically middle-aged, He is still naturally enterprising and zesty. He is careful not to let his thinking become uptight, Else he will enter a world of pain. For too many Js will burn the lungs, And too much half-and-half will age the heart. The toe that slips over the line may get cut off, Making it difficult to wear flip flops. Thus, the Dude does not detour when he drives, Because one who departs from the path of Dudeness Ends up going the way of Donny.

He who is wise does not blather, While he who blathers usually has something to hide.

It's all just, like, your opinion, man, So keep your voice down, And stay out of the preach communities. There's an unspoken message here— It's "Shut the fuck up!"

In shutting the fuck up, Phoniness and aggression, Satyriasis and nymphomania, Strikes and gutters, And even matters of life and death, Will not affect you. You'll rest easy, good buddy, and make it to the finals. Fuckin' A.

A bowling league is best governed by a German Kraut. A war is best fought by fig-eaters trying to find reverse on a Soviet tank. But life is best lived by the Dude. This is because he doesn't have any schemes for doing so.

Why is this a good way to live your life? Because: The more competition and achievement there is, The more the bums lose. The more guns there are to be waved around, The more league bylaws are contravened. The more strongly beaver pictures are commended, The more we cannot love in the true sense of the word. The more nice, quiet little beach communities are built, The more lines are drawn in the sand.

Therefore the Stranger says: I give comfort, and the human comedy is perpetuated. I hitch my wagon westward and the people become surfers. I lose my train of thought and this a-here story unfolds anyway. I innerduce the Dude, and the world digs my style. I die with a smile on my face, and, well, I hope you folks enjoy yourselves.

When the Dude is lazy and smokes a J, Adversaries are friendly and fawning. When Walter is violent and threatens plan B, Brats stonewall and deceive.

Feeling down in the dumps may give way to joy, Just as contentment may yield to catastrophe. Who can say what makes, a man, man? This whole fucking thing! We're sympathizing here.

Let me tell you something, pendejo— Drafts are always compromised, And simple plans become complex. Humans have always been like this, down through the generations.

So the Stranger cultivates without cussing, Panders without perversion, Is unnamed but amiable, And a smarter feller than ourselves— Though that's not a handle he would self-apply.

When doing business, Don't say peep. When cracking a complicated case, Don't let your thinking get uptight. Though it appears there is no point, Things seem to work out pretty good.

Restraint allows time for story, production value, feelings, To bowl and bathe, To simplify the plan, To aid in chance conceptions. The more rapidly you return to your rug, The less you'll have to worry about that shit. The less you worry, The more you'll be there for the life cycle. The more you dig the dance, The greater your capacity for Dudeness, The more Dude you are, The more you'll inspire others to follow in your toesteps.

Thus, those who can ably abide Are able to put the world under their influence. Like Kahlua, vodka and cream, They limber our minds, While tying together the strands in our heads, And making us feel all warm inside. In this way, the Dude's style remains, Even after the last strike, and the credits, are rolled.

The Stranger introduces the Dude In the same way that he introduces himself to the Dude. That is to say, he only speaks through one side of his mustache, Humble and unassuming as the walrus.

When people treat each other with humility, There's no need to blather about God. It's not that you need to stop believing in what-have-you, Only that it turns people into answering machines.

The Dude doesn't tell people what to think. Because of this, they figure things out for themselves. Though suspicions are neither confirmed nor disconfirmed, Our lives are in our hands.

People are tied together through seduction. Maude seduces the Dude by slipping off her robe, Even though it was not hers to slip.

When the Dude submits to Maude, He does so to compulsively fornicate. When Maude submits to the Dude, She does so because she wants a child. The Dude will submit for fun and games, Maude will submit to increase the chances of conception. They're both mixed up in this: Laying one side against the other, In bed with Jeffrey, Maudey, Fabulous stuffing.

Therefore: It is in everyone's interest to pool their resources, trade information. Compeers, you know? To achieve the modest tasks which are our charge, We must resign to be tender.

Dudeism is a source of goodness: It comforts the Stranger, And takes it easy for all us sinners out there.

Truly sensible words produce love in the true sense of the word. A worthy fucking adversary earns respect. If a man is fragile, very fragile, do not threaten him with a world of pain. Though his toe may slip over the line, it's only a game, man.

When a man accomplishes more than most men, He is honored with a key to the city, meetings with first ladies, and a trophy wife. It's all a goddamn fake! Especially when compared with the delights of the Dude.

Do not dream of taking his bullshit money. Just take it easy. Be there, man— To give and take notes, To sympathize here, To help put him back in the chair.

Why is the Dude given a job by the Big Lebowski? Because he is in a unique position. Why does the Dude give comfort to the Stranger? Because his style is so likeable. How does the Dude take it easy for the sinner? He loves you even if you're a goddamn moron. It is our most modestly-priced receptiveness.

Practice not practicing, Achieve modest tasks, Sample discounted half-and-half, Treasure the tiniest joint, Keep the mind limber, Mark it zero. Too many strands in ol' Duder's head make his thinking uptight. Deal with a plan while it is still simple, When the plan gets too complex, everything can go wrong. Vladimir Ilyich Ulyanov!

By not worrying about shit, life goes on. Being privy to the new shit, new shit comes to light. Giving a shit about the rules, nothing is forfeited.

By giving a shit about the poor world, man The Dude does not fuck this up. Across that line he does not.

The ball that is still is easy to hold. The game not yet played is easy to win. The lane not yet used is easy to roll. The foe not yet braced should be a pushover.

Yet he who strives may split. He who grasps may gutter. A bowler often cracks on the verge of a perfect game. Remember: A roll of sixty feet begins at the spot under one's toe.

Therefore, make it to the finals before rolling your way into the semis. Imagine you are bowling while relaxing on your rug. Knock down the pins before you even let go of the ball. Take care at the follow-through as you did at the approach. Then you will really throw rocks tonight!

The Dude desires only not to desire, Wants only for his rug back, Remembers little from college, Yet teaches people how to take it easy. In helping them conceive, He helps a whole world gone crazy. Are you happy, you crazy fuck? Okay, then. Mark it zero.

65

The Stranger did not tell the Dude what to think. He only offered comfort and confidence. After all, sometimes you eat the bear, And sometimes the bear, well, he eats you. To insist that people's traditions are just part of their sick Cynthia thing Only keeps them living in the past. While becoming privy to the new shit Helps us perpetuate the whole durn human comedy.

To understand these two scenes— The Stranger at the bar and Walter in the car— Is to understand the human comedy. Understanding the human comedy helps us sympathize with a world of pained, And help them back in their chair.

66

How did the river carve out Simi Valley? By flowing beneath it. This is how the strong overcomes the seamy.

To unrepentantly allay their mistrust, It must naturally lie close to the ground, To support them with their cycles, It must be down for their dumps. To be the one for their time and place, It must not be too busy, as I know you are. Is this a—what day is this?

Though the Dude is more far-out than most, The people do not feel lower than him. Though he is an excellent bowler, We never see him bowl. Because he takes things easy, The people find him easy to exalt. Because he is in bed with everybody, Everybody digs his work. Because he listens and learns, eyeball to eyeball, He increases the chances of conception. Because he does not try to scam anyone here, In the end, no one scams him.

67

It may seem that the Dude is a bum, But at the same time, he is the man for his time and place. What the fuck are you talking about? Dudeness is both a complicated case and a simple plan. It is only because the Dude is both simple and complicated That he can call himself the Dude. If a man gets too complex, Something always goes wrong. And if a man is too simple, He is like a child who wanders into the middle of a movie.

Here are three highly commendable commendations: The first is abiding, The second is restraint, The third is not being a fucking asshole.

In abiding, one does not worry. With restraint, one gets out of things cheap. By not being a fucking asshole, nothing is fucked here.

Those who can't worry about shit, but cannot abide, Who take things easy, but perhaps too easy, Or who are not wrong, but are still fucking assholes— They are fucking this up.

Only abiding overcomes all, And is bested by none. It can win a foot soldier's war, Provide for inner city children of promise, And give comfort to strangers. Truly, everything is preserved by abiding: It is nature's heaviest bowling ball, Its biggest scissors. And its most beautiful plan— A Swiss fucking watch!

68

A good bowler does not contravene bylaws, A good lord imagines where it goes from here, A good buddy rests easy, A good man is thurrah, A good story makes you laugh to beat the band, A good burger is found in low places. Avoiding conflict is the best way to have it your way, Dude. And a good day to you, sir.

69

There is a saying among soldiers: Fighting in the desert is much different than canopy jungle. Choose your battles carefully. In this way, one makes the handoff without taking the hill, Draws a line in the sand without stepping over the line, Overcomes obstacles without becoming bereaved, And keeps what's theirs without getting a man down.

Conversely, there is no bummer like getting your dick cut off. Bush-league psych-out stuff can get you fucked in the ass. When two bowling teams have got a date Wednesday, baby, The unworried adversary Is the one that will crack.

70

The Dude's words are easy to understand, And his actions are easy to perform, Yet everyone continually asks him: "What in God's holy name are you blathering about?"

Because he doesn't remember much from college, The Dude must lead by example. Those who listen to his words might find him fatuous. But those who lounge beside him feel he's far-out.

Those who truly understand the Dude are hard to find. But that's okay. We proceed. The career is slow.

Though the Dude's wardrobe is drab, His drive is green, with rust coloration.

71

If you know what you know, Well, I guess you can close the case on that one! But if you ignore what you ignore, Face it, you're a goddamn moron.

He who becomes sick of sickness Learns to abide. While he who makes everything a travesty Remains a crazy fuck.

Why is the Dude so well? Because he is never dis-eased.

72

As soon as people cease to give a shit about the rules, They enter a world of pain.

Therefore, Do not step over the line, And do not threaten anyone with castration. It is only when rich fucks raid private residences That people are reduced to robbing rugs.

Though the Dude may have been to college, He does not display credentials on the wall. Though he self-applies an honorific handle, He does not regard himself heroically. Because his casualness runs deep, He is always welcomed in the abodes of his acquaintances.

73

Have it your way, Dude: Be brave and bold on Saturday and get fucked. Or be brave and cautious next Wednesday and prevail. That's fucking combat— It favors some



and fucks others. Why? Well dude, we just don't know.

Dudeness does not fight, Yet everything turns out pretty good for it, Although there's little it would ask, It is your answer for everything. It does not call you at home, It just comes in through the unlocked door. Because its beauty is its simplicity, It does not make plans. It is because the Dude's embrace is so generous, his limbs so limber That everything is fucking interesting to him.

74

People don't need your sympathy, They need their fucking johnsons, The only reason they unrepentantly betray the public trust, Is because their leaders have led them to believe in nossing.

Darkness warshes over, And man's days are as grass— Blades cut down by blades.

Yet he who swings the sword, Will only amputate his own ear. And he who waves his piece around on the lanes Will not make it to the next round robin. Do you see what happens when you fuck a stranger in the ass? It kills your fucking karma.

75

The people are only goldbrickers Because the rich have taken them for the proverbial ride. The people are only deadbeats and losers Because the square community doesn't give a shit about them. The people only blather in God's holy name Because they feel like the good Lord gypped them.

Thus, those who hold the world to ransom Are the adversaries of what abides, While those who say "Ah, fuck it" Are its compeers. You know?

76

A Dudeist's heart is soft and limber, A nihilist's heart is hard and stiff. Thriving plants are limber and green, with some rust coloration, Upon death, they are dry as ashes, stiff as a severed toe. Thus the soft and supple is the disciple of Dudeism, While the stubborn and stiff is the fan of the fucked.

Just as a shitty rule that cannot be bent will be broken, So will an inflexible adversary be forced to give up his girlfriend's toe. So many bright, flowering young men died face down in the muck— In your wisdom you nixed 'em, Nixon, While those who occupied various administration buildings Still ably perform dude-jitsu upon their rugs.

77

Nature moves like a bowling ball. It rolls in cycles: ups and downs, strikes and gutters. Nature's plan is to play one side against the other— Sometimes you eat the bear. Sometimes the bear eats you. The ball returns. The robin rounds.

The way of achievement is not like this: It is a dark detour that leads to seamy valleys. It throws out ringers for ringers, And fucks up our simple plans. It's all just a game, one in which the bums always lose.

The way of Dudeness is to maintain equilibrium. It empties the briefcase, and refills the beverage. It pulls out the rug, and throws out the ringer. Taking needs from the mean, it gives means to the needy.

This is not the way of Jeffrey Lebowski, the other Jeffrey Lebowski— He takes from those who are looking for a handout, And gives to those whose allowance is already ample.

Because the Dude can navigate the ways of the world, Things work out pretty good for him. To dig the world is to dig the Dude, man. See who benefits? This affects all of us, on a personal level.

78

Nothing in the world takes it easier than water. Also, it is good at cleaning pee-stains from a rug.

Just as the easy undermine the uptight, The bums will undermine the achievers. Takes a minute.

The Stranger says: "I like your style dude; Just one thing, Dude— Do you have to use so many cuss words?"

The fuck is he talking about? This is the parlance of our times. When the whole world has gone crazy, Only the crazy fucks are happy.

79

After a story is wrapped up, Some strands in ol' Duder's head still remain— What happened to the Dude's rug? Did Maude compensate the Dude with more bones and clams? Was there ever any fucking money? Did they make it to the finals? How are you gonna keep 'em down on the farm? Well, Dude, we just don't know. It don't matter to the Dudeist.

All the Dude wanted was his rug back. Not greedy. Where Walter sought comeuppance, The Dude sought only compensation.

The Stranger said: "He's the man for his time and place. I won't say a hee-ro, 'cause what's a hee-ro?" That done innerduced him enough.

The story is stupefying. It is also ludicrous. You have your story, I have mine. It's a pretty good one. Don't you think?

80

The ideal association would be a modestly-sized bowling league, One which could really throw rocks, But which wouldn't wave their pieces around on the lanes. The people would dig the style there so much, That they would never allow anything to interrupt league play.

They would do the usual: Bowl, drive around, the occasional acid flashback, They might never get to see London or France, Or the queen in her damned undies. They wouldn't roll out naked, But they wouldn't be inclined to take that hill either.

They would be good at taking 'er easy— Careful with beverages, Bathing with candles and whale songs, Tying together their private residences, And calmer than you are. Because they wouldn't obsess over a lifetime of achievement They could die with a smile on their face Without feeling like the good lord gypped them.

What the fuck are you talking about? I'll tell you what the fuck I'm talking about! I'm talking about unchecked affection here.

81

To tell you the truth, Brandt, I don't remember much. Therefore there can be no literal connection. This could be a uh, a lot more uh, uh, uh, complex... I mean it's not just, it might not be, just such a simple, uh—you know?

The parlance of our times may be full of blather, But those who demand you parla inglés are not privy to the old shit. Whereas modern artifice has conceived much but does not listen, Dudeness recycles everything as it rambles. Though the abiders may not achieve, The achievers do not abide.

I've never been more certain of anything in my life: The Dude does not want to get bumped into a taxing bracket. The more he takes it easy, the more ease he is afforded. The more he abides, the more he achieves. The more he helps lift others up, the higher he becomes.

Despite their wandering dodder, The Dude Way is to treat everyone as a compeer. Because this whole fucking thing— It's only, just, like, our opinion, man, And we cannot drag our negative energy into the tournament.

In this way: The Dude abides, Down through the generations, Across the sands of time, With his manhood intact, A trophy life, And the garlands of our times.

Fucking A, man. Fucking amen.