

47. Dread Capital

There's a whole industry surrounding death rituals. Poet Byron asked to be left to rot wherever, although that could never happen. No, no history to mold, money to make, perceptions to shape, all more important than dignity of one's own death, progression from life to something else, just another rite of passage, like anniversaries, birthdays, confirmations, divorces, weddings. Nobody wants you around anyway: You make people work harder than necessary, provoke thinking, suck down resources, take up room. No, get out of everyone's way; die gracefully young. Why begrudge survivors their funereal fun?

Al wondered if some subtle supernatural pull lets dead still influence living. From a saddle perspective, small usually unnoticed cemeteries and chapels popped up to beg a prayer, as well as decayed foundations, overgrown farms, and ruins of river mills, all sites where dead departed from these mortal coils. More familiar with Catholic and Jewish cemeteries, once he ventured into a bone pit for Pagans, or so it seemed. He'd never been there before, a small sullen park without a chapel over a small bridge and weathered roadbed. Morning mists clung to a pond, not uniformly but heavier and taller in spots and further out, not for those yet alive to notice or wonder why. Birches hugged a dim shore with limbs akimbo as if mischievous sprites in a somber forest. Oaks and other specimens had grown to maturity, roots tilting memorials. Stones were capped with odd but attractive statues, neither saints nor stars of David, but secular symbols, women with seductive curves under flowing costumes. Somehow it reminded him of Romantic Period, when the likes of Byron and Shelley fought aggressively for individual rights and personal identities. Half expected to see monuments to Daniel Defoe or John Milton. Pedaling through these dark currents he found an accurate copy, a blueprint of his pleasure. Names engraved were bland and waspish, and one read simply, "Speak". The dead wish to dearly, he imagined. Best to write it all out before you can't, before all you have is a single word to remind you of your duty.

Is life so miserable and inevitable death so bleak that people must concoct a Land of Cockaigne, Heaven, Nirvana, Valhalla or other afterlives to stuff crevices in their sense of emptiness?

Fear of the unknown is a potent demotivator. You can only know so much then forget even that small amount, so any dogma you personally create is flawed. If spirit is only an electrochemical trick, all worship is a total waste of time. Yet no matter how civilized one rises or primitive one descends, spirituality asserts itself as part of experiential need. Prayers provide something to do when medicines don't work and options are few.

Men retreat to speculative religious arguments whenever slightest resistance is encountered while gathering scientific facts, which nature gives up but begrudgingly. Only divine revelation, not intellect, is in the least useful as a religious study tool. Unfortunately, revelation isn't a switchboard you can easily plug into, but perhaps not any more difficult to achieve than, say, a mastery of quantum physics, which mystified him equally. It's easy to confuse religion and science, alike in so many ways, with haughty arrogance, high priests, martyrs and saints, and unflappable prejudice.

You can never pray again after you're dead, so those alive must do it for you. He prayed for his dearly departed upon each reminder, a small gesture, a simple thought. Did it do any good? All those funerals made for a long list of those to remember, almost everyone he grew up with who had died in Viet Nam, family, loved ones felled by cancer, car crashes, and vascular disease. Those who live on carry an ever heavier weight unless so selfish as to not care or notice. How can one be totally thoughtless, blank to existence of others whether future, past or present? Why not do something to make a better tomorrow? Offer up a few seconds in a life to predecessors? Act politely to those around you, whatever they chose to believe? What else is there to do with your mind or time? Distractions are amusing for a short second. Even sex, which can be an affectionate, enjoyable exchange for both partners, grows pointless and tiresome after an hour, as go all things of the flesh, ephemeral delights dulled by overuse.

Women seek men with the same hormone mix, estrogen or lack of testosterone, that makes them also want to feather a nest, do all those "honey-do" household chores they can't, a Mr. Fixit who can also get stiff on demand once a month to service their private needs. Since there are plenty of girlie men around, extra-marital affairs abound. If you choose to be closet pansexual, you'll instantly double your chances of scoring. As long as chores are repeatedly done, stalwart husbands get "lucky" once in a while, probably just enough to fan their desires. Often, though, either

partner ruins experience through coercing, cringing, crying, clinging, and intermittently choosing chastity. Women don't want to meet men like Columbus or Polo, great explorers never home, likely to meet willing partners in foreign ports, too busy for domestic chores. Meanwhile, "real men" seek comely nymphomaniacs with advanced libidos and discrete maid service. They are interested in constant sex with many willing partners, on weekends and weeknights after work that pays real money, and indulgence of hanging with buddies and going hunting, whether bull elephants or golf balls. There are enough manly men around to make women distrustful of all men in general. They describe these relationships as, "Women are from Venus, Men are from Mars," but really there's a varied extent of humans of either sex from both orientations with a range from giggly pubescents to morose misogynists. To make matters more confusing, all humans are conceived as asexual beings, become gradually oriented to some level of manly or womanly, then evolve back as they age to relative asexuality. Since women cannot conceive after menopause, you'd think men would go through a gradual loss of interest, too. On the contrary, a sex drive has been reported in both men and women who've attained over 100 years, so there's no set pattern for any individual. If you find the image of grandma in a sex shop revolting, get over it.

Sex only seems to work in loveless or totally loving relationships. Those that fall between resemble emotional car wrecks. Baggage of bad upbringing brings barriers and builds obstacles. An inevitable lack of available, interested mates creates frustration for those not in control of themselves. It gets manifested in numerous ways, domestic violence, rape, vandalism, work days that suffer from obsessive behaviors that spill into bizarre leisure activities and hapless hobbies. In countries where they are enlightened to these explosive situations, Holland, for example, prostitution has long been legalized under strict controls. However, prostitutes exacerbate problem for those who aren't simply suffering from sexual frustration but instead would be diagnosed and treated for mental illness if society wasn't so apathetic or judgmental.

Prostitutes become easy targets for rapists and sadists who are more intent on brutalizing someone than scratching their own itch and sharing healthy intimacy. Were security guards stationed in legal whorehouses, such cretins might be separated from polite society before they go on to become serial offenders. Unregulated whores with low self esteem invite brutality, shoot drugs and spread disease, not only to their clients but to "civilian" partners of clients.

Black markets in drugs and flesh lead to danger for everyone, not just willing participants. Even if you have no interest in or need for prostitution, you should support its tightly controlled legalization. Good venues would be casinos and racetracks, meccas for sinful play, which ordinarily are located below or near hotels, where disgusting actions can proceed between misshapen bodies and objects of their desires. This might get hookers off street corners, and would help clean up barrios where people are riding their bikes and trying to bumble through normal lives. Of course, casinos owners discourage such ideas, since gambling is driven by unfulfilled desires more profitably tapped by senseless games, like keno and roulette. Average players will dump a call girl's fee into a slot machine that offers no release and requires no biological testing, cleaning, condoms, laundry service or supervision, but turns productive lives into desperate wrecked shells of disappointment and subsequent anger against innocents. Which is worse? Casinos are full of cheerless, competitive gamblers, never a smile shared among them, grumpier than grouchiest cyclists. Don't ever fret to close a casino, anytime. However much was invested was already more than returned overnight. Tallying and transporting their take is a monumental daily misery most people might say they'd die for.

Since this base urge, unlike gambling, is a human biological imperative not going to disappear, and you can't legislate morality, why not find a better way to deal with it? Cafes, gas stations, and most public places have restrooms, no? Who wants to be subjected to their sights and smells? Sex is hardly different. Who wants people masturbating it in the streets or porno popups while scanning websites? In the right context and controlled setting, anything can be tolerated. Gambling and whoring destroy lives, but not so sensible sexuality, for the most part. Sex procreates more life, even if you're careful. A layer of gauze and veil of short distance are all that stand between you another generation of hungry mouths.

They'll let you pursue wonderful achievements or puke to asphyxiate on your own vomit as long as whatever you do is on your own nickel. If that's the case, what gives them any right to legislate what you do, see or think? If they are so concerned about mutual welfare, let them only govern those they support—fiscally, mentally, physically. Only parents can tell their children what to do. Let those who ask for and get nothing escape the grid entirely, heed no laws, mind their own business, pay no taxes. Unilateral relationships are immoral; only reciprocity is just. This is why casinos should be driven out of existence, not because they are morally

offensive, but they are inimical to life, promise rewards they rarely deliver. Casinos would be tolerable contributors and job creators if they operated to break even or even 85% cost of sales, instead of piggish profitability that drains surrounding community.

Sex as a business rakes in \$100 billion per year. It's 1 of entertainment industry's biggest segments precisely because it's banned, black marketed, denounced from pulpit, made mysterious, spoken of in hushed tones. Church's main reason for hating sex is that it pries loose their grip; priests can't marry because Church doesn't want to support a spouse and a string of offspring; creates too much outflow and doesn't generate income. To be fruitful and multiple inside confines of wedlock is something they do reluctantly support. Churches are specifically oriented around picking pockets of struggling families, while sex industry indiscriminately chisels from everyone, competition. It's a convenient hypocrisy that has gone on far too long. Neither offers much in return, not like manufacturers of durable goods that serve utilitarian needs: bicycles, clothes, cookpans, shelter, shoes, tools. Need, rareness and utility are the only 3 bases of value.

One could conceive of a religion based upon sex, where masturbation was a sacrament and mass celebrants would participate in chain jerks. Orgasm is closer to a religious experience than anything churches currently offer. Something like this already existed once, in Dionysian cults and matriarchal tribes long ago. You might say porno industry today is not much different, a way to bilk parishioners of hard earned dollars through ceremony and ritual at darkened clubs and seedy book shops. America is so twisted, sleaze merchant Lazy Flank may soon be evading taxes as a nonprofit modeled on television evangelism. Then porn and religion will be equal, supposed exemptions that reek of capitalism and serve no purpose. Free porno web sites are just advertising for those who would sell what many willing partners already indulge in for free. Plants, shrubs and trees annually burst forth, unconditionally baring their reproductive organs to any creature in need. South Sea Islanders offered their bodies unashamedly to visiting strangers, a pleasurable release after shared meals, just as they did among themselves. Westerners provided fig leaves and venereal diseases. Religious taboos progress from childish fears into money pits and politics, arrested evolution.

Truth spans entire populations, true everywhere you go, indiscriminating despite local customs. Macro-thinking serves no purpose, either. He prayed people would humbly manage the sphere to which they belong rather than impose their beliefs, customs, so-called truths or values globally. These grand missions, unless to assuage fears and teach tolerance, are pure evil. He didn't want any part of Atheist, Buddhist, Catholic or Moslem homogeneity, instead wanted people to decide which best suited them, espouse them all, freely move among them, move beyond them. They appeal to exclusivity, ranks closed against anything unfamiliar. They prefer prejudice; this fuels pride, and it's a hell of a lot easier than dealing with mind numbing contrarities. What they like about their religion is its bigotry, constancy, cozy smugness unchanged for millennia. Can't see that it's really bondage and submission, curse and judge those who actually indulge in both for pleasure.

Must you marry for good sex? Some people say it spoils it. They say trickiest of connections is between head and heart, and number of failed relationships supports this claim. A long term or lifetime relationships should be possible without marriage. People marry then divorce. But there are those who never marry and remain together, but this requires extraordinary trust. It takes time to learn how to please a partner. This is why sex is unrewarding outside a commitment. The hotter the allure, the sooner male ejaculates. With slow sex, female achieves orgasm. It has to be both ways. Sometimes for her, sometimes for him, mostly for both, and repeatedly, to work. Long term relationships work in a female's favor. Casual gay sex gets it over with quickly, but might not be as satisfying, since efforts required on heterosexual relationship building and intersex understanding is well worth it in other ways, chiefly bearing children, for parents a millstone around their neck yet a quantum leap into understanding what life is all about.

No marriage can survive monetary collapse. If one spouse makes a bad investment or overspends and they lose just about everything they've worked for, it comes down to whether they'll split or tough it out. Half go either way. Isn't this just like society today, where lower class citizens, who used to be fattened and herded and nurtured as a collective buying organism, are now being squeezed out of existence by a blind uncaring aristocracy and unsupportive governmental policies? Certain individuals with too much already twist rules to their gluttonous favor. But what a hollow victory! Then they assuage their guilt by dabbling in charities while plotting pandemics with bioengineered viruses to kill everybody but them, to own everything, share with nobody.

To be a successful extortionist, while everyone else watches what they've built over a lifetime dwindle away, is no avocation to which one should aspire. He'd rather see collection at MOMA sold to Arabs or Japs than farmers losing their farms, if ever things came down to such an unlikely choice. Who owns MOMA but the masses? Auction off those dusty paintings for billions. Create a trust fund for subsidizing small organic, specialty farms. Grow amaranth, garlic, mushrooms or truffles; test experimental grains and vegetables. Send homeless street families there to work, not to get rich but to make a life. If people only had an initial push, such a program would work, a new WPA. Why not insist on supporting policies? Why put up with a democracy where only a few benefit?

Food, ocean, roads, sex, water: all used to be free for the taking, now all fee based and regulated. What's next, air? Because of pride, privilege and wealth, whatever once was a basic human instinct has now become a revenue stream. Pride goes before a fall. Because of closed property boundaries and game tainted from rampant toxicity, you can't hunt for food anymore. Ditto fish from increasingly hostile oceans and potable water. Furthermore, they regulate fishing to the extent fishermen can't even put into port during storms because they might influence local market prices. They rather sacrifice a boat and its crew than affect commerce. Who does that protect?

Fear makes people do stupid things. They clothe themselves even while alone in fear someone might show up at their door or peak in window. They fear embarrassment from nudity as if a sin or lumpy, misshapen limbs revealed scars of perversion, sloth or stupidity. Yet they sing in shower, because, there, nakedness is washed clean and they are reborn as they remove natural odors that so offend others who smell worse. Billions don't bathe every day. Twice a week seems enough. When did this immaculate fetish begin? Churches insensitively fumed pilgrims with incense as if unwanted. City dwellers in close proximity can't live without daily, even hourly, showers. What's wrong with their bodies? Are they're washing away natural resistance to UV radiation? Would give new meaning to that old saw, "Cleanliness is next to godliness," closer to god of underworld, no doubt. Wash with hexachlorophene laden soaps and you might die faster.

A selfless act no matter the reason cheers and encourages, makes people feel good about themselves. Feeling good after dreading fear is something casino owners, religious pastors, soap makers, and sundry fallen angels all exploit. Monuments to the dead is what nation's capitol is all about, trying to get people to give ever more,

their very lives, if it suits ambitions of a select few in power. The trouble with sacrifice is it's all one-way under capitalism, immoral. Just to survive, everyone has to profit from every minute spent. Getting and spending, collecting and storing, retrieving and trading: can you believe this is what nature intended for man?

The conditioning is so complete, nearly everyone reviles propelling oneself practically for free by bike or on foot. Unless you try it yourself for awhile, you'll never fathom its exhilaration or pitfalls. At first you notice how space is unfairly allocated to moves, and very little consideration is given to all other forms of locomotion. Fences and obstacles that surround properties, railroads, and roadways bar you from heading straight for your destination. While you don't need pavement to ride a bike, especially mountain bikes, practically no pavement is allocated for bicycling. There's a 1:3 ratio between cyclists and drivers; although bicycling takes up much less space, you'd think there would be at least a 1:3 ratio of dedicated byways for each. Sadly, it's more like 1:100,000. Congress passed a 1-shot, decade-long SAFTEA project funding of \$612 million. Sounds impressive. Do you know what they spend on automotive road construction every year? \$576 *billion*. Spending for a failing, unsustainable paradigm rivals defense budget. They spend 2880 dollars per driver per year for roadways and only 55 cents for pedestrian facilities, even less for bicycling, a ratio something like 200,000:1. As of 2008, only ~\$4 billion total was spent for bike and pedestrian facilities combined. Annualized, 12 years of SAFTEA was less than .02% of total transportation budget. Could they spare it? Such neglect is like being slapped down and steamrolled. How about something closer to ratio of bicyclists to motorists, \$164 *billion* per year? Of course, cyclists *don't need* that much, since bicycling doesn't destroy pavement dedicated to it, and lanes 1/3 as thick and wide are sufficient. There's no question they could borrow an adequate \$20 billion per year from automotive budget, since good bicycling facilities will immediately reduce number of drivers, road wear, and root causes for spending. Gas taxes provide matching funds that do pay for roads, as they should. Diverting a small percentage for bikeways would help preserve motorways far better than anything else they might try, but preservation is an intolerably cheap strategy with no room for corruption, graft and kickbacks.

Can anything be said to assuage these anxieties? Fearing something as harmless as bicycling is irrational, whereas fear of driving is easily rationalized, as it directly leads to anger, craving, delusion, and ultimately unhappiness. There are real reasons for

dread. Man has lived with a nuclear threat for last 50 years. Most folks assume nukes won't be deployed unless absolutely necessary or subatomic chain reactions won't suddenly go out of control and consume populations or whole planet. Residents near Pennsylvania's 3 Mile Island might disagree. Particle accelerators toy with fundamental existence. If a liquefied natural gas dome erupted, resultant explosion would take out everything in a 20 mile radius, practically as destructive as a nuke. Biotoxins, nerve agents, radioactive waste become sloppy vectors of terrorism. Humans are bombarded by infectious germs daily, yet, because of millions of years of evolution, they've built up some little understood immunities. In Spielberg's adaptation of Welles' "Wars of the Worlds", otherwise invincible aliens hadn't any immunity, so a single base-ment excursion to poke about and be mystified by a filthy bicycle hanging on a wall was enough to neutralize this treat with which mankind couldn't otherwise deal. Today's AIDS or Ebola or other man-made context are what terrorists will try next, as they did in Japan, spray ricin manufactured from cheap castor or fava beans. Russia stockpiled tons of this stuff, and now black marketers are selling AK47s, biological agents, chemical weapons and neurotoxins to the highest bidder. Tragedy of 9/11 shows how commonplace technologies, as a commercial aircraft, can be turned against earth-bound victims and neutral travelers. Whenever airliners crash with massive loss of life, sabotage is often suspected.

Can nothing at all be done about this? Only 3 options are presented: denial, interdiction, and negotiation. Some suggest just ignore it all. Works on a psychological but not practical level; plays right into perpetrator's hand. Cool heads will prevail, but not by doing nothing. How effective has interdiction been in battle against illegal drugs? Hardly at all. You can't stop deranged determined murderers forever. You're only lucky if you catch them before they strike next. Even destroying entire countries suspected of promoting terrorism hasn't proven successful. Enemies already live among their targets. Immigration services haven't been able to isolate and deport those illegally among you. Has anyone actually approached whoever is behind terrorism and asked what they really want? In any negotiation one side asks for moon as a starting point. Perhaps they'd be satisfied with something less, something you don't really care about now beyond their grasp, like a life.

In today's World, any corrupt regime supports another, so exchange of vital commodities continue unabated, while billions of have-nots cry out for social justice. In such a scenario you must expect terrorism. For a Moslem, duty of hospitality cannot be

reconciled with notion of jihad over infidels making base camps on consecrated ground where their prophets are buried. Mullahs need reassurance that these bases are there only to preserve holy places, or will be gladly moved to nearby neutral locations that cause no offense. But can one forestall Armageddon, that final battle on plain alongside Jordan River, where, perhaps in the very Palestinian village that bears his name, Devil and God themselves will lock in mortal combat, like antimatter and matter, and bring utter annihilation upon all creation? Probably not. There's no point in dwelling on such matters, which you can't, by definition, do anything about, which, in itself, is a curious notion, defining problems for which you may never find a solution. Until then, for the moment, why not focus on what serves the common good?

He usually made it a point not to speak ill of the dead. What good does it do, anyway? By criticizing those yet living, at least they have a chance for atonement, a last chance to change before it's too late. The dead are done. You can only pray for those who can't pray for themselves. Reagan, however, still ticked him off. In year after leaving office, Ron made \$4 million in speaker fees and so forth. Paid what in income taxes? That's right, zero, all fastidiously legal. Code includes generous deductions that only extremely wealthy or former heads of state can use. Everyone else is held to usual rules. Time to end this Reagan worship, hero to only a handful of opportunists, villain to masses of hard working folks.

Talk among territorial correspondents is always about the shortcomings of only 2 major political parties. Some EU countries have as many as 50. There's a good modicum around 3 to 5, where enough issues are raised that can be dealt with reasonably, but not so many that nobody agrees. USA used to host a 3rd party, Trade Unions. About 35% of workers were represented, so their endorsements were powerful. Reagan did everything humanly possible to bust trade unions, because they historically backed Democrats, neither Republicans nor rich pals. Without this third eye watching out for middleclass survival, poor got poorer and rich richer in a real hurry. Democracy can't persist without a middle class. What's left? Anarchy or Aristocracy, neither of which represent majority's best interests. Today, both are clearly evident, while democracy, equal representation of everyone, clearly isn't.

Reaganomics theorized that if majority of citizens let a few opportunists make ungodly amounts of money and didn't compel them to return any to public coffers, they'll gladly use this windfall to expand employment, so called "trickle down economics". What actually occurred is they sucked up most of existing money supply,

so there's little left for everyone else. Eventually, cash becomes so tight, average investors can no longer afford to. Businesses aren't looking to hire disenfranchised workers, but to eliminate as many positions as possible. To boards of directors, a small headcount is a necessary evil. Investors cheer when staffs are cut. Job creation relies not on investment, but on business expansion and lure of new profits. This comes from increased cash flow due to consumer spending. Attrition begins when wealthiest individuals park money in hedge funds, short stocks, or sock away huge cash reserves in offshore accounts. In some countries it's illegal to export cash, but not America. A considerable portion of foreign workers send excess wages to relatives overseas. Down tricksters and their army of economists had been given their chance to balance economy and ensure a high standard of living. They failed. Time to oust them, seize their assets, and start anew. It's an instant panacea.

Unions now represent <10% of workforce. Union jobs were always good jobs. They can't rip rug out from under you. Unions used to fight to maintain your benefits and salaries through collective bargaining. He never belonged to a union, never enjoyed any of their advantages, yet always worked steadily based on his own ingenuity and skill. But, after your 50th birthday, contract or not, companies will discriminate against you by age and get away with it despite your seniority. Older workers tend to evade pointless busy work, so look slow and stupid, when, instead, they're doing the most efficient, productive, smart work of their lives. Kids promoted above them seldom recognize this difference. They value appearance, not substance. Ron's private greed lives on in horrible policies completely disproved but never rectified. So, there's really no question that the dead influence the living if you let them.

The consequence of me-first squabbling is gridlock. Nothing gets done. People give up. You need a whole set of powerful tools to force people to take an interest then follow through: applied science alone can't do it. Takes charisma, commitment, determination, facts, fresh eyes, good manners, memory recall, open minds, but mostly confidence. Very few individuals have mastered all this. Adam Smith's model of dog-eat-dog, Malthusian want because of lack of resources, is a load of manure that simply justifies greed. Amateur Smith was no more an economist than he. Nature is willing to provide you with whatever you need, if you only take just enough and leave some behind to replicate itself. Hoarding cash causes inflation, lowers buying power, and ushers in the very collapse against which this fearful behavior was supposed to defend.

There's a J-curve to all human interactions. If you plot positive-negative responses over time, all teams forced to do something start off at a baseline of forming, immediately descend into confrontational storming, then, if allowed to continue, gradually return to baseline, eventually exceed it, performing. This is normal behavior, applicable to practically every transactional phenomenon, what usually "goes down". This basic theory has been co-opted to explain all sorts of events and trends, including international economics, why nations fall or rise. China, for example, has bred a whole generation of male soldiers through female infanticide and nobody questions its purpose. China's developed beyond a bad dream or sick joke into totalitarian nightmare. Western countries have molycoddled an entire generation into incompetent boobs. Gen-Xers don't know how to do anything; there are few internships except those privileged kids automatically get.

Something most people don't understand about oil: Pumping up, refining and spewing out the liquefied carcasses of long dead prehistoric animals and plants is the most profitable business on earth. A typical world class manufacturing company operates at 85% cost of sales, only 15% profit to shareholders. Oil blatantly beats that at 85% profit, but don't be fooled that stockholders get their share. Road-building is subsidized by gas taxes, so public pays each and every transportation penny that goes towards a massive windfall that winds up in pockets of annoyed oil tycoons. Beats even pharmaceuticals, which is difficult when you think about it, since pharmas dream up a tiny pill that does nothing or worse and set whatever price they want because of government policies. But pills must first be proven nontoxic when used as directed, few and seldom, which doesn't necessarily mean deadly if overused. On the other hand, for every 1 dollar oil companies spend in bribing, drilling, exploring, fractioning, and shipping, they get 6 in return on a product known to be totally toxic, especially additives, for example, MBTE, to all forms of life, land or sea. The worse something is, the greater its rewards for a select few.

Roads themselves are an unsustainable enterprise. Many states pay more than 50% of federal transportation dollars to debt maintenance, not road maintenance. Some in Midwest have simply given up, stopped repairing roads, suddenly closed interstate highways. Americans should call for an immediate moratorium on road building—but not bridge repairing/washing/upkeep. This won't happen because it wouldn't serve banking interests, the sole beneficiary in this road building fiasco. They design more dangerous roads, and make existing roads less safe, then slake their lust for

lucre on resulting deaths, whether you do or don't drive. Why instigate wars, which can cause collateral damage, when you can directly capitalize on death and dread every day? Shoppers scurry to stockpile rice upon unsubstantiated rumors of worldwide food shortages. They add Chinese aggression to climate change and escalating fuel prices, and worry the sum will be starvation, a primal fear easily exploited.

Ronnie's heir apparent, Dudbubba, dragged out a well worn tape of bogeyman Usama Ben Gayden just before election. Dud's handlers were pretty slick. If you play on fears of unknown, you can take whatever you want. Already proposed nominating wife so administration can run on mindlessly for another 4 to 8 years. Subverts Constitution but nobody cares. Mines society's polarization. Weirdly ironic, Dud was elected by an unprecedented vote by moral majority who accepted some specious "suddenly found God" conversion, and they respect that, whether or not phony, much like Catholic bishops accepted confessions of pedophile priests and gave them countless new chances. Dud's new plan for Social Security, which makes it a system of self-directed choices, trades a stable pension for a lottery ticket, another way to redirect money into investments and offshore bank accounts of the rich, who have nothing better to do than figure new schemes to funnel more money to themselves, and what better way than a policy shift within biggest money funnel of all, federal revenue?

Went to his own bathroom, or, as he'd often call it, bat cave, since that's where he assumed a new identity, someone more confident and relieved. His stank like anyone's, not better, not worse. Begun as a way to displace doubts distracting from stellar performance, his shithouse scribbles just seemed to accumulate and take shape into book you now read, dangerously germy and grimy, somehow lockstep with Bataille's pseudonymous Lord Auch. He kept them in a folder labeled "No Text: Pointless random thoughts". Strange how something blossoms, ripens as something highly comestible, enters mouth of the beast, then passes through into something close to its original material, dung and filth, grain and rose fertilizer, so beast enters into symbiotic loop with plant. Wittgenstein wondered whether metaphysics weren't merely mental therapy, but isn't mind itself a metaphysical construct? Ideas are no less than spirit food, which passes through mind and is excreted as work accomplished. Neither has any intrinsic value of itself other than nourishing moments held temporarily within, which later must be sanitized and swept away. Nevertheless, it's a cycle with a minimum daily requirement.

Just a brief overview of theatrical releases reveals far more movies that sensationalize violence—explosions, fear, mayhem and murder—than anything inspirational or reverent. If anything, one is supposed to step up after witnessing horror, but all they do is drag viewers down to their level. Of things to dread, a swan dive into a cesspool rates pretty high, yet that pretty much sums up network broadcasts. At least crime dramas gave you small insights into failings of the criminal justice system and real reasons to fear. Movie makers imagine ways of mutual destruction, neatly package their caustic lies, and see to it destruction eventually occurs, as if a prophecy fulfilled, like a textbook for terrorists who can't read.

Terrorism will persist as long as weaker parties feel more victimized by stronger than any potential for mutual benefit. You can't indiscriminately attack a population if you depend upon some of its members, so there's still hope you'll be spared. But as long as wolves prey on lambs, a climate for terrorism remains.

