

Let Bilegones Be Gone

Another Chapter In The Making

The author realizes that he makes of himself the center of some things, even when it's the other guy who is pressing the issue. The other guy, in this instance, is the father of Ivanka.



When the author was mandatorily enrolled in Elementary School, it was his good fortune to have a tooth knocked out (as they say) by the school yard bully. Later, as a conscripted student in HIGH School, he seemed destined to become the butt of every school yard bully's aggressive behavior. Later still, as a full-fledged citizen, when forced to become a member of the ARMED Forces of the Stars And Stripes to fight the Hammer And Sickle in Korea, he never saw the front (or the back), but he did do battle with all the pecking order assholes (shipmates) whose aggressive behavior found its outlet in the author's presence. As time has mellowed, the author has been confronted by many elbows, and many individuals whose only claim to fame was their attempts at dominating some pore old freak like the author.

This little pre-ambule is intended to set the stage for the author's general feeling to be expressed regarding the hierarchical nature of human society. The bullies always seem to be on top; and those who 'turn the other cheek' are always on the bottom. It seems to be that way; and most likely is that way; and seems 'fatefully inevitable' to remain that way into eternity. 'JUSTICE Is In The Interest Of The Stronger!'

Your author is nearing his 85th, attempting to escape the big bully in the sky, who hovers over his life like Joe Bf'tek in Li'l Abner; a very dark cloud indeed,

When Alas!, the author, like Job, is tested once again, by the likes of Ivanka's father, and Kim Jangle Joe, of No Korea (once again, what goes around comes around). Vicarious Bullying, like Sexual Harassment, is in the Vogue. (on the rise; speaking of erections).

Like prayer, humor proves ineffectual.

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Seriously, Ivanka's father feels he has the right to tear into shreds the already o'er patched and o'er mended fabric of the nation. Even Goodwill would consign it into the rag bin. But Ivanka's daddy is not alone; he has the help of Party hacks whose vision is impaired by psychophantic greed; (bulging faces, puffing the eyelids). We need Hieronymus Bosch, or Peter Breughel to paint these guys into oblivion. Never happen!. They were put upon this planet (fatefully inevitably) to rape and pillage (multiply and subdue) as their viscera will dictate (the dictatorship of the gut), engineered by the very narrow encephalon..



That foregoing humour is a real winner, like Ivanka's father grabbing the Bedloe's Island occupant by the youknoewhat.

Flattery will get you everything you want.

Your author may seem unkind and frivolous. Mistake not how he feels about Ivanka's father and the appointed-confirmed, and the elected, officials of his Administration.



We are in for a real barn burner. It may be the last chapter.

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OH! By the way (say can you see), as an addendum to this very last chapter; if you believe that by giving the Corporations a TAX BREAK (break what?) those oligarchs are gonna rush right out and build manufacturing plants to hire US citizens to slave away (make America Great Again) in their production of shatteringly, sheeny, shitty, shoddy, shudder-to-think-of-itty merchandise for the materioconsummsocio-economic way of laugh, you better visit your local shrink, cause you got it all wrong; just like Alan got it all wrong, with his in-jargon (lessy faire liquidity/cupidity/stupidity).

It aint gonna happen. And the market is not gonna grow to infinity. All the powers-that-be can do, is print more money. When they do that, everything loses (inflates) value, if you equate value as wampum. As soon as you inflate the wampum (after all, its only paper) it doesn't taste any better, it doesn't buy (consume) more; it merely gives false assurance of more to come; sustainable only in the moment. At the circus, we laugh when the juggler drops his ninepin, but we can't even crack a smile, a satisfactory smile, when congress drops the ball, because we know it spells doom for ALL the plebes (hey, that rhymes, when little else doth portend). They try to assure you with smug smirks. Have you ever felt assured by a smug smirk? In case you don't already know it, a smug smirk is a reflection/manifestation of guilt. We're all good cops (citizens); we know when they are lying (equivocating, prevaricating, dissembling, double-talking, plausibly deceiving, ranting a righteous exclamatory rhetoric; just simply not telling the truth). By the same token, as good cops (denizens), we can see the guilt. They know they do wrong. Then they go home in a self-congratulatory wrench, to pour a martini, while we stare aghast at their crass humanity. What other kind of humanity is there? Savage inhumanity! Another manifestation of savagery – you cannot shame the bastards, any more than you can shame a baboon or a hyena.

