

Sancho put to the task again

Here we go again Sancho

He Nibbles.

The author once again finds himself at a loss for words. These are very dark times.

Perhaps it seems he flails too wildly, too desperately, when he calls upon Sancho. Perhaps also, he shuffles, shifting, avoiding, his responsibility.

One wonders if collectively we will never get it right.

The pink pussy movement has become tainted like the Oscar movement.

It doesn't seem the intent was to emphasize white supremacy, or indicate that black lives don't matter (speaking of dark times).

Donald Trump unfortunately became the focus of too much stuff. When he made light of the female with his 'grab 'em by the pussy' reference, the feminine contingent responded with pink pussy hats (make pussies great again).

In previous judgments rendered by Sancho, he thought that blacks should, with their great sports riches, create their own movie industry, rather than seek Oscars from the 'white' (honky) Academy.

Of course, because of 'systemic racism'. this judgment was deemed 'racist'. It escapes this author why that is so, unless every discussion involving the differences between Negroid and Caucasian is bound to evolve into a systemic polarization. In the background was heard; "it is what it is". Sancho was given the task to make a determination; he is a fair minded, pragmatic, down-to-earth adjudicator; he will not answer to a charge of 'systemic racist'.

Although DT was non-specific in his grabbing reference, it has been assumed he grabbed pink (white) pussy. There has been no connection to brown pussy, although DT did go for green pussy with the Statue Of Liberty, which is bronze beneath all that verdigris. PTSD (post Trump ...)

Sancho is once again burdened with the task of making a judgment, which now goes beyond race, ethnicity, tattooery, but also involves gender. You have the pink pussy versus the brown pussy, then you have dubious pussies, regardless of 'tint',

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stemming from assordid sexual proclivities, allowed by the Supreme Court Of The United States Of America, and protected by the first proclivity amendment to the Constitution of the United States Of America.

Is Sancho the right individual for the job? Who is, then? Like, who is the right one for solving the Israel/Palestine imbroglio? Jared Kushner?!?!. Or an escapee from a looney bin? As Iago uttered ...'what you know, you know'. Or as the great rummy statesman uttered, ...'you don't know what you don't know'.

Is Sancho qualified in any other way than being a reasonable man? It is possible that Sancho has some Moorish origins, like Othello. There's Desdemona (hanky panky), and there's Teresa (no hankies).

In order to fill the dramatic requirements, Anglo-Saxon, Laurence Olivier, was importuned to leave the foggy rock for a tour in the Mediterranean tanning salon. All the other casts could have performed in Spitzbergen without losing face. O. (short for Othello) J. Simpson got his white chick, didn't know what to do with her, once he lost interest. So he rode off in his bucking Bronco after offing her (an obtrusive neck bone prevented a complete severance) and her honkey lover, in fit of jealousy, (what's mine is mine, and what is yours is mine.) That's the way the green-eyed monster works.

One day this will all become perfectly clear. And we will owe the squire a debt of gratitude for taking the brunt of the criticism for our hesitant, uncertain, awkwardly prejudicial, behavior.

It comes down to what one discovers in another individual, regardless of noticeable differences, physical, or other manifestations of offputtingness. When consulted honestly, the mirror reflects not what one imagines, but an awkward, perhaps even an objectionable, presumption or intrusion. Is one importuned to reflect upon this?

The 'other' is more real than the reflection; rounder, more substantive. Ambivalence is the name of the game. One thinks of Peer Gynt, finally deciding that Solveig is 'where it's at'. He travels from a distant place to her, in the ship that wrecks and sinks en route, finding Peer on the ocean wide, supported by some flotsam, and supporting another as well, but not sufficient for two afloat to Norway. The aged Gynt is an individual who has been troubled in soul, seeking solace in his quest for resolution and fulfillment,

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whereas the other bloke is just wanting to get back to his family. The only somewhat consequential individual is chosen over the 'other' in this tall tale. When you write the play you get to say.

The George Floyd tale is another matter, achieving incidental drama, whereupon two apparent losers grapple with destiny, the dominant culture surfacing after the encounter. Of course George Floyd matters, Life matters. It took 9 minutes and 29 seconds to achieve what a single bullet would have achieved in a matter of seconds. A bullet destroying a life is a lot less visible than the old knee trick. Chauvin did it with his hands in his pockets, while onlookers 'took pictures', maybe even 'selfies'.

All in one act. Who wrote the script?

We should be ashamed, instead we are becoming inured. It happens every day, so what's new?!

Sancho admonishes this kind of talk. He woefully contemplates, and declaims, if we really believe things should be a certain way, like the application of the Golden Rule, with credence given to 'fairness, equity, and justice', then we gotta do more than pride ourselves in thinking such things, you know, the old 'lip service'.

But Sancho is a realist. He peers into the mirror, wondering what he is looking at. What is he seeing? He feels he can no longer be blind to what he sees.

He is seeing the end of the road, where all travel has ceased, because he senses we cannot go any further down this o'er trodden path, full of pathetic pitfalls. We have gathered at the border of: 'we are all in this together'. It is a fateful crossing point.

Sancho believes there are few alternatives. One: continue down the old byway whose history is well known (speaking of knowing what you know), where every milepost is smeared with blood, a fact abhorred by all the decent among us, as lip service, would portray it. Two: continue down that same road, casting aside all offensive weapons, declaring that, until we know for sure where we are headed, never take up arms again. Inter the Second Amendment.

Yes! He knows man for what he is. He has no expectations. He breaks treaties on whim. He strikes in anger, in fits of jealousy, in uncontrollable rages against things he cannot see. Yes, he is troubled by the presence of the 'other'. The difference is explainable, but only acceptable if it stays behind the imaginary border. This is not only reflected by, or in, color, but by ethnicity,

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by language, by any non-look-a-likeness, the Cro-Magnon look, or the Neanderthal look, the big-nose, big-lip look, the mesomorph look, the fat look, the skinny look, and the deformed look. It starts early and lasts a lifetime. To quote a compatriot of Cervantes: *Gargantua would not permit the purblind, blinkards, the lame, crooked, ill-favored, misshapen fools, senseless, spoiled or corrupt women; or men sickly, subject to defluxions, or ill-bred louts, simple sots or peevish trouble-houses, as nuns or monks into the ABBEY of THELEME; but only such women as were fair, well-featured and of sweet disposition, and men that were comely, personable and well-conditioned.*

To return to the reason for this opus: Darkness. Not white pussy or brown pussy, although this becomes part of the whole. There are lot of white men feel inferior to black men when it comes to (mythically) satisfying a (white) (honky) woman (gotta watch that one). (Also, there are lot of black folk that become involved with pink pussy; it's a kind of racial/non-racial decision/choice, made by hormones [What is it that a black man sees in a white woman? A cultural revolution?]). Then there are those white guys looking for gold in New Guinea, doing all that hanky-panky with the somewhat darker look-a-likes.

The black is being disproportionately executed by white police, that is, white people are less often executed by white police (this phenomenon should be studied further). The black individuals are more often suspect in their behavior. This is mostly true, but also it is the result of an aggravated condition. Sancho observes that when you have an oppressed population (it is fair to say that blacks are oppressed by poverty, and the 'other' circumstantial juxtapositions [gotta remember that only 200 years ago, a black person was considered only 3/5ths of his white counterpart]), you have a resentful population, particularly if the society in which they live espouses equity. It does not follow that oppressed people are incorrigibly bad, it follows they have less motivation to follow the rules and examples of the dominant culture, which, at best, does not practice what it preaches. They are, by situation, more recalcitrant, they not only feel harassed, but are in fact harassed. Their response to the harassment is negative. The blacks who run afoul of the law are often living on the fringes of society, that is, since they are not included, they are, or become, less compliant to

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what is perceived as a hypocritical world. The ones who feel this most keenly become testy, and defiant. They seem to flaunt. They do drugs, they traffic in illicit activity; they carry weapons. They are always on the edge of springing into action, both defensively, and offensively. And when they are confronted by the honkey police, they suspect their number is up. It is a bad situation for all concerned. The white cop pulls the trigger with a certain amount of desire and venom. The honkey cop knows he has pushed his antagonist to the edge, mostly in order to justify his execution of him. The outcome is predictable. The black becomes an easy and certain target.

The author wants to make it perfectly clear that his opinions are not those of Sancho, whose opinions he trusts implicitly.

Lets suppose you have an all-white community. You still have 'white' people who are suspect. An analyst friend of the author put it simply, the cops have a khaki complex. That is, the more nefarious white folk, mostly living under the bridge, in tents along the tracks, on the commons, near the edge of poverty, frequent military surplus stores in order to procure clothing. In an orderly white community, if you are a 'white' cop looking for suspicious activity, or suspicious individuals, you single out the khaki clad, on the sidewalk, under the bridge, in the tent in the park, or in the abandoned auto. Since it is assumed they are poor, they most likely engage in illicit activity in order to survive (they even stoop to collecting beer and sodie pop cans and bottles to exchange for a bite to eat). The same modus operandi: cops can't be cops unless they are cops. Cops have more to do than 'encourage' decent white folk to pick up after themselves or their dogs, or cite white people for jay-walking, or for logging petty theft, or b&e's. Cops carry badges, flag patches, citation pads, Ipads, Kevlar pads, body cams, Pistols, Tasers, Billy clubs, hand cuffs, tear gas, stun grenades (7 megacandela, and 170 decibels), daggers (switch blades), brass knuckles, shheeeeittt man, steel toed boots, and sometimes they appear in riotous gear, big bellies and all, they sport dogs with huge fangs, and fire hoses with 200 psi pressure; HOEEELLEEE Sheeeeittt man! That's making chaos out of order! If it wasn't so pathetically tragic, it would be hilariously laughable.

Most amusing, and worth relaying: the media captured video footage of jelly-bellied peace officers in the days of pot growing, bent over, in the act of pulling up cannabis sativa by the roots,

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their pistols wagging like sideways peckers and their bellies shaking like jello. And further, at night, after coming home from a movie getting behind a cop car with the weed flailing in the wind from the mostly closed trunk of their vehicle, rushing to the station before the rear tire, noticeably squat, went completely flat.

Then there was the concerted raid of the author's neighbor's property in Canada by a huge contingent of RCMP, partly descending from a helicopter, and a beach landing from an inflatable skiff. They commandeered the author's pickup to haul away the dope to the skiff, as well as all the growing paraphernalia, which was deposited on the beach, while the product was hauled away to the barracks. One does wonder what they do with the stuff, that life-giving and life-saving illicit substance.

Yes it gets comedic almost from the outset. All assumptions are wrong; the expectations, consonant with the assumptions. Its often referred as Law and Order. In the United States Of America, that's a big thing.

Of course, something is amiss. It should go without saying; it should be obvious to everybody; and all the other rhetorical nuances that evoke an awareness of the shit that faces the nation (Donald Trump is a glaring symptom, a clarion call for disaster). The CEO of J.P. Morgan Chase attributes it to the income disparity. He's up there floating around in his high-fluting opinions. Yeah! give everybody (all makes and sizes) the same allowance to see if white supremacy takes a hike, or if blacks cease being harassable. Is anything worth a try?

Sancho is inclined to let us benefit from his wisdom. He wonders about the integration-inclusion arguments. He feels certain that like gravitates to like. While he is willing to consider Utopian notions in another discussion where all participants have assented to 'we are all in this together', he does not consider it as viable at this juncture. He knows what he knows. He suspects that 'Evolution' is a mindless sometime thing. He wants to say, perhaps only answering to Hope, that there may be exceptions. That there may be a 'civilization', that 'lives up to' its promise of 'fairness. equity and justice'. Once again, he heeds Cervantes compatriot: *Gargantua would not permit the purblind, blinkards, the lame, crooked, ill-favored, misshapen fools, senseless, spoiled or corrupt women; or men sickly, subject to defluxions, or ill-bred louts, simple*

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sots or peevish trouble-houses, as nuns or monks into the ABBEY of THELEME; but only such women as were fair, well-featured and of sweet disposition, and men that were comely, personable and well-conditioned.

In his heart of hearts he knows that blacks do not want to be equal in a honky society, they want to be equal in their own society, preferably away from honky hypocrisy. (There are always exceptions).

A crux facing the white community is its imaginary need to maintain numerical superiority, for whatever reason. In all of his colonization efforts he has been in the minority, and as colonies were dismantled, the remaining whites were treated accordingly; overnight, they were in the lesser position, not particularly welcomed, not integrated, not included; get thee hence!. Does that speak volumes? Sancho is inclined to believe it does. The white has killed off native populations, without remorse, the expedient being served. They have also killed off other white non-ethnics. As blacks kill off other blacks for their own reasons, albeit Hutu Tutsi, not to mention the streets of any US city with its gangs, cults, brotherhoods. Native American Indians killed off other Native American Indian tribes.

Is South Africa viable as an equalitarian state? What an absurd question. What about all the clan differences in Somalia, and the level of distrust amongst them? The Hatfields and the McCoys.

Where do we find the high ground? Do we say to ourselves we have advanced over the years; we no longer do these things. Sancho thinks not. He does not assign blame; rather he ponders certain inevitabilities. He has argued at great length with himself about 'will'. If there is a 'will', is it possible to overcome the visceral response to difference? Is it a matter of understanding where this visceral response originates? And can it be conquered with reason? Is there a desire to conquer it? Has humanity so congested the planet, that the inevitable will drive man into hostile actions against a neighbor out of fear? Fear of what? The other? Fear of diminishment?

We have all seen the George Floyd takedown, and death. If we are black, we feel bad its us, if we are white, we might feel good it is not us.

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Sancho is not begging off. The author senses an impasse. He knows this will linger long after his departure. He feels 'racial', 'neo-racial', is convenient for many. He is mindful of the more primitive, the more basic juxtaposition, suggested by Ortega Y Gasset, of tribes, social units, fearful of the 'other'; also exploitative of the other. Opportunity and Chance, working like hand in glove. The author may envision higher motives, but is very much aware of the basic precept: A visionary scheme that does not account the quirks inherent to human nature. Doomed to failure! Dark!

Yes! The descent into Hell. Into the arena of social constructs, i.e., adrift in a sea of plausible deceptions, clinging to the last piece of flotsam, floating free of Pandora's ruptured Box.

To borrow from sundry metaphors: There is not light at the end of the tunnel; we are buried alive! Abandoned!

At this juncture both the author and Sancho find agreement in echoing Sigmund's sapient and prophetic observation:

We are threatened with suffering from three directions: from our body, which is doomed to decay and dissolution and which cannot even do without pain and anxiety as warning signals; from the external world, which may rage against us with overwhelming and merciless forces of destruction; and finally from our relations to other men. The suffering which comes from this last source is perhaps more painful to us than any other. We tend to regard it as a kind of gratuitous addition, although it cannot be any less fatefully inevitable than the suffering which comes from elsewhere.

Sigmund Freud

(Civilization And Its Discontents)