

The Cookie Jar

The Cookie Jar

Do you already know what to expect?

Sancho and the author had discussed the 'human condition' at length. Sancho indicated he would be hard pressed to touch the subject with a ten foot pole, or with the length of the Don's lance. Teresa would wonder, "Where did he hear such things?" Dapple however, took it all in his stride. Could the world live without Sancho's considered opinion?



Wherethereof the author proceeds directly on ihis lonely path.

When '*The Cookie Jar*' appeared on the marque, one occasioned to imagine all sorts of things, perhaps recalled from his/her earliest childhood memories. These remembrances may have much to do with the contents of the jar, real or imagined; something precious, sought after, and as a hiding place for booty of one kind or another.

The author did not attach any particular significance to the vessel, although it was referenced often enough in story and fable. That is, until he heard the expression, "Keep Your Hands Out Of The Cookie Jar", uttered by a Police Officer to a client of his wife's. His wife 'kept books' (was not kept by books), for assorted businesses. She and he were not newlyweds; they were recycled people who had come together, lived together, perhaps still becoming



acquainted. Not privy to their understandings with one another, the author perhaps made more of the comment than was inherent to its utterance. Perhaps the Officer suspected his wife of something, maybe a susceptibility to certain charming overtures, or perhaps he suspected the individual to whom he spoke, of some kind of surreptitious hanky-panky, as a matter of inclination (not the way his wife might be inclined, but the general proclivities exacerbated by proximity).

The Cookie Jar

This may constitute a mild way of suggesting some kind of everyday occurrence, where people, in proximity, in certain settings, susceptible to certain excitements, agitated by pheromones designed to bring about the continuation of the species, will gravitate to some kind of gesture that would attempt to facilitate an involvement brought about by attraction, libido, opportunity, proximity, and the plain ole urge to merge, for the purposes suggested.



To jump ahead a wee bit. Of late, it has become part of our acute social consciousness (Me-Too), becoming acquainted with individuals (prominent individuals [public figures], exemplary individuals [that is, people from whom we may expect exemplary behavior]) find themselves in ignominious circumstances described above, whereupon they cannot deny the urge, that is, they ‘touch’ ‘inappropriately’, as the expression goes. As another saying may go: Reaching for the Cookie Jar may result in the “Opening Of A Can Of Worms”, or “Letting the cat out of the bag”.

In the Jar, or the Can, or on the Cat, so to speak, we may belatedly discover Moral and Ethical Considerations that were not included in the original assumptions.

We may discover PTSD became the result of our inappropriate behavior, a condition that may persist for many years after the event. Those with any moxie could turn any such event into a best seller, given the species preoccupation with matters sexually tainted, perhaps purposefully pursued.

Let’s not fall into a trap; the trap of creating, and ‘blaming the victim’, those inappropriately touched (in the Jar).

The sex thing suffers with many permutations, some of which the author has experienced. When a sixteen year old, pumping gas, he was propositioned by a paunchy older male, driving a big old Franklin, who flashed a \$20.00 dollar bill. Later while he was in the USN, he was goosed repeatedly by a certain shipmate. While driving in the city of Norfolk, at stop signs, hands reached for the passenger door of his chariot. Greenbacks were flashed at Drive-ins.

The Cookie Jar

And while the author is tendering recognitions, he will not fail to mention he has found the opposite sex a great source of attraction and stimulation. Proximity has aggravated the impulse to touch, the touching *'in of itself'*, if pursued, would not have constituted a deliberate offense, as much as a way of communicating something. That's about as far as the author will argue for something that has, regardless of rationale, proven offensive; even though, yes, even though, temptation and execution may have been something that resulted from proximity; and may have harbored a mutuality (consensual) component (as advertised on TV), (the contact having quickly soured for one reason or another).

The author proceeds awkwardly to a concept of behavior. While there are many ways to approach the opposite sex for any number of reasons, we are not all trained in the exact etiquette of conducting ourselves in the many circumstances in which we might find ourselves, with a variety of proximities, in private or public spaces. Of Late, 'No!' is intended to mean 'No!'. and to be understood as such.

Thus, it is best to assume nothing. It is best to approach any individual, ones' own sex, or the other, with some kind of deference or respect. We would do this as a firm believer in the Golden Rule. One part of gender assumptions is that a male has some prerogative with regard to the female. The author does not recognize any such prerogative. He has no special right. He may feel that since he may be physically larger and stronger that he has some special right to be forward in his approach to the other. This author has not found any special right recorded or granted to any such individual in any 'civilized' society.

This is not being written to explain anything, or to excuse or exonerate anyone.

It was asked in *The Family Of Man*: "Shall Loveliness Not Always Be Loved?" That is to say that the female form (perhaps chauvinistically) has been depicted in our finest pretenses, as 'Art', an object of 'beauty', as an object suggesting the highest, most spiritual, most poetic, expression of human feeling (quite apart from lust). And so it is, and hopefully so will it always be.

But we have experienced some outlandishness in our attempts at 'art'. In the 'Entertainment' industry; we have depicted extremes from sublime love to the most gruesome violence to the individual, the latter often

The Cookie Jar

pursued, as we say, ‘gratuitously’ (to elicit some kind of horror or disgust, that being the only purpose, rather than to teach us anything about life or ourselves – a rank catharsis).

Perhaps, more culpably guilty, and with subtleties and nuances flashed at us in rapid fire, is the overt exploitation of our most basic responses, by the ‘Advertising’ industry. The author has given vent to some of this in some previous writings, namely, “Go For The Gold”, “Sex Sells”, “Sitting Upon a Cushion”, The “Celebrity”, “The Sacred” and “The Profane” (as part of “Apropos Of Nothing”), “*Droit du Seigneur*”, “Thumping”, “Leviticus”, and to lesser extents, “*Jus Primae Noctis*”, “Notes 31 ♪♪♪”, parts of “The Dialogues”, “Reminiscences”, and once again from “Apropos Of Nothing”, “Rose” and William”; with ribbons of words in other places.

Your author is suggesting many things simultaneously; you are wondering where he stands in all of his speculations. We propose and we dispose. Sexual mores vary greatly from place to place, from time to time.

Is a person’s true character revealed because he ‘gropes’? If there is an assumed code of behavior, whether implicit or explicit, and if we violate that code, what does it mean?

Your author is aware of The Good, The Bad and The Ugly. There is also much of which he is not aware. He is aware of the mores during the time of Charles Dickens as they affected Charles himself. He is somewhat aware of the mores during the times of Abraham Lincoln and how they affected our greatest President. He is aware of the mores during the time of FDR, of JFK, LBJ, of WJC, of DJT. He is aware of the Gist of the Commandments. He has read *Coming Of Age In Samoa*, *First Contact*, and *Typee*. Dispassionate anthropological studies reveal inauspicious beginnings, laced with taboos and mystical forebodings.

In suggesting some historical context, it is not assumed that time has brought with it a civilizing element. It may indicate something about persistency of flesh and blood as something formative; that expectations are inconsistent with the creature under discussion. It wasn’t Moses who fashioned the animal; it was the Lord who dumped this protoplasmic entity upon the world. Rather than reclaim him (it) HE thought, on Mount Sinai, with laws, tenets, commandments, he could steer this ill-fashioned thing to become something he was not.

The Cookie Jar

Once again, this is not intended as a 'whitewash' or a 'coat of paint covering up a lot of shit'.

Sexual harassment is real, whether in the highest government offices, in the workplace, on the street corner, the city park, or in the bedroom.

We treat the whole matter with salacious interest. The phenomenon finds its way into best sellers. Somehow we all participate, contribute.

More than one career has been 'ruined' by sticking one's hand in *the cookie jar*. A lotta people put it on Eve, who could not resist temptation. What did the Lord know about his creation? Was the omnipotent just fooling around when he added the 'apple' to the equation? How does the deity escape his responsibility by simultaneously providing appetite and admonition? Then, later, he needed to deliver a blast against adultery, coveting, stealing and murder; and taking The Name Of The Lord In Vain.

The author thinks he understands why Sancho begged off. It's that ole fateful inevitability. Civilization aims for the lowest common denominator.

The author does not make light of the real intimidation that occurs when the *droit du seigneur*, the 'boss', the employer, takes liberties, exercises his assumed rights or prerogatives, or simply allows the primitive brute to take the stage.

Girls, women, the female, might desire romance, as any sensible person would surmise, but to be groped, peremptorily manipulated by brute force, does not equate with romance. It's not only disrespectful, but demeaning, and abasing. Those who practice this abasement need to be put in the public pillory for further study.

A disturbing reality has become a noteworthy preoccupation. It has been revealed that MALE CEO's and MALE public servants, and sundry other MALEs of the species, *homo sapiens*, have been dipping their fingers into the 'cookie jar'. The revelations are not a new occurrence associated the species; its just that now, the dogs have been unleashed from their kennels, panting and salivating with salaciousness, frothing us up.

The Cookie Jar

Do we need to know whether so and so dipped? It didn't seem to matter when the nation inadvertently voted for a president who had dipped. It is curiously questionable whether or not his votes were obtained because he had dipped (the ruffian vote) (not the 'clean' Republican vote).

We live in a society that flaunts it; that is, uses the female anatomy (of the species, *homo sapiens*, partially revealed (PGA), to get someone's attention, in order to promote something that needs to be consumed. Does this sound right? Reveal to me the purpose for revealing the aforementioned anatomical persuasions? See here, if its part of the culture, then what's the beef? When a female dolls up to go to work, to shop, to walk in the park, she is merely fitting in, as part of that culture.

The female is often consumed instead of the product, whether it's a thing, or the culture itself, she has been displayed to promote. But something has gone amiss in this scenario; it has backfired; the timing is off.

The Backfires have become the thing of the day through multiple communal, 'me too', revelations. There are so many, involving individuals with varying degrees of couth, we have begun to wonder if we should not grade the offenses and the offenders. Don't throw the baby out with the ingénue. There's good bad people (the flip side of Charlottesville).

Pretty soon, farting in public will become a quality event.

As always, we need to clean up our act.

Homo Sapiens (?) is a strange evolutionary concept.