

Americus Vesputius

Americus Vesputius, 1451-1512, Italian merchant, adventurer and explorer.

America, United States Of America. Love It Or leave It!

I am regarded as an American. I am able to declare: "I am an American", both with pride, and with disgust.

Human Being. Love It Or leave It!

I am regarded as a human being. I am able to declare: "I am a human being", both with pride and with disgust.

Born with pride and disgust.

Where You From?

From a planet known, by those human beings, who occupy it, as Earth, upon a continent (a body of 'land') known, by those human beings, who reside upon it, as North America, within a political boundary known, by those human beings, who reside there, as the United States Of America.

I am writing this from within another political boundary, on the same planet, on the same continent, in another country known as Canada. Canadians do not refer to themselves as Americans, although they reside on the same continent. People who reside in Brazil on the continent of South America do not refer to themselves as Americans. Canadians and Brazilians are known as Canadians and Brazilians, whereas all those who reside within the political boundary of the United States Of America are known as 'Americans'. People who reside on the island of Cuba, very near to the coast of the United States of America are known as Cubans. People who reside much further away upon a string of islands known as the Hawaiian Islands are known both as Hawaiians and Americans, as much as those from a political boundary known as Alaska are both Alaskans and Americans, as are those from a State within the United States Of American (the 48 States) known as Texas are know both as Texans and Americans, and so it goes with most States within the political boundary of the United States Of America. Because I was born in the State of Massachusetts in the United States of America I am known as a New Englander, the States comprising New England, in general, not lending themselves to such easily annunciated naming as Texan, Alaskan, Hawaiian, or New Yorker, or Oregonian, or Californian, or Washingtonian. It is not easy to say Maineian, or Massachusettsian, or Connecticutian, New Hampshire; perhaps a bit easier to pronounce Vermonter, or Rhode Islander. An Old Englander and a New Englander are worlds apart.

New England is where the disenfranchised, the persecuted, the escaping malfesants, and the opportunists landed from ships that had sailed from another continent known as Europe (after Europa,

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a creation by Zeus of a lady in the form of a bull, from which we have derived 'bullshit' as in "what a bunch of bullshit", commonly abbreviated to BS, and so on), but mostly, in the beginning, from Olde England. Many of these arrived only one century after Americus Vesputius had sailed into his berth in Heaven, another planet in another Universe about which we hear a great deal from peculiar human beings known as Men of God (a reference not unlike that of Europa). Thus began the expropriation of America by, and for, the Caucasian horde.

This essay is intended to relate something about being an American, as outlined in the foregoing.

I hail from Massachusettes, although I have resided most of my life in the State of Oregon. My draft board was in the State of New York. Although I have also resided in Canada from where I pen these words, and where I prefer to reside, I am not known as a Canadian. To the Canadian I am considered an American, an alien, *persona non grata*. There are some distinct advantages in being just plain incognito. As an American I am responsible for a lot of the strife in the world, for disadvantageous trade agreements, for catching too much salmon, for acid rain, and for far too much arrogance (i.e. lacking class). I am an ugly American. Americans are often synonymous with assholes. Some regard America as the asshole of the world, and Texas as the asshole of America.

Love It Or Leave It has special meaning to me. Usually Love It Or Leave It appears in association with the Stars And Stripes, a pennant (flag) that is often stitched to the uniforms of law enforcement personnel as a shoulder patch. Sometimes these personnel shoot without provocation, only upon suspicion, or swing very wildly with their 'night sticks' (Billy clubs) with the intent to beat senseless that upon which they deliver their blows, all the while the patch is a wavin' in thar' They also carry stun guns, and MACE in your FACE. Love it Or Leave It acquires a special meaning under such circumstances. (And you thought Putin and the KGB were a wild bunch). There just isn't any place to go anymore, no more New United States Of Americas, although we have heard of New Frontiers as though we were hearing of New Heaven (that's not New Haven; ever look over all those News in the registry?) And they dare to tell us there is 'nothing new under the sun'.) The rumor has it, if the current revisions of the Patriot Act ever become law, any person who does not salute or pledge will be deported to a never never land, Southern Somalia often mentioned, in lieu of which would be lifelong incarceration at Guantanamo; only the unpatriotic need apply.

They say I oughtn't bite the hand that feeds me. Nobody feeds you there, so don't look upon me as an ungrateful dog. Of course,

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that's an exaggeration. There are some very kind people there, like there are some very kind people everywhere. The kind people are those who have nothing to lose, but much to be gained by being kind, because it is writ that 'kindness is ever the begetter of kindness'. You guessed it, there isn't much kindness going around, considering the sorry state of the world. Most people fear they have something to lose by being kind. If that sounds like I'm talking out of both sides of my mouth, it is true. Man is both kind and unkind, even the social retards.

Declaring I am both an American and a human being may seem a contradiction in terms. To a good many good 'Americans' I seem un-American. It is true I am not a yea-sayer; I do not pledge allegiance, or salute. The national anthem is not my kind of music. But the famous Declaration Of Independence is a document that enlists my support, not as an American, per se, but as a human being. Our Constitution is a document that mostly enlists my support, not as an American, per se, but as a human being.

When I declare that I am a human being, I do not use the term selectively. Part of being a human being is to acknowledge the faults of the creature so evoked. Acknowledgement does not indicate approval. But how can one not approve of something that is what it is? Human beings are not faultless. Human beings want forgiveness for their faults.

This latter may seem headed in a direction of excusing certain behavior because it is incontrovertibly part of the beast (for the lack of a better expression) (as Gerry Spence has wailed, and Clarence Darrow believed)). Not so. Then perhaps 'human being' is more a concept toward which '*homo sapiens*' might aspire. It is possible the species is still evolving, that it is not fixed in time and space. A slow process to be sure, involving more than any single lifetime. Creationists and Fundamentalists will argue we are immutable and perfect in the eyes of God.

The 'proud to be an American' part is to acknowledge our overall humanity as opposed to our bestiality. Although we generate and promote violence as part of our culture, we also abhor violence; at least we are troubled by it as fit material for our youth. As adults, it seems to have a great appeal in the entertainment industry. Perhaps depicting human beings surviving the evils of this world, triumphant, though violently tossed about through Sturm and Drang, finding in oneself an equalizer, though violently delivered, only righteously slaying the dragons, engenders a catharsis of unknown dimension. What a mouffull. And what a cathedral.

Am I a person who advocates preemptive strikes against evil? Do I have a right to walk into another man's house to violently deal

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with him because he deals violently with his family? Our Constitution guarantees our right to privacy. If we beat up on our family in private, it is not somebody else's right to interfere. While there is no specific right to beat up on one's family guaranteed by our Constitution, there is also no right guaranteeing one the right to interfere. This concept has been incorporated into the United Nations charter which does not advocate interference in civil matters by the UN. That is, one nation does not get to go into another nation in order to support, or to annihilate, certain factions; it is not regarded as a justifiable action (although America, albeit, the United States of America, actively pursues a campaign of interference), although the whole body of the United Nations is in agreement that the civil strife is abhorrent and ruinous and contrary to a concept of human civilization evolving in peace and harmony. The United Nations guarantees neither human civilization nor peace and harmony, although it pays lip service to these notions. The UN is not an enforcer of lip service.

So when our mighty American nation uses its muscle to go into another nation to annihilate a bad guy, it is breaking the law. Might makes right. Don't want to forget that. That is to be one kind of unkind American. It is considered unpatriotic (hence un-American) if one does not agree with such an action. If you open your mouf at the wrong time the Love It Or Leave It contingent are all over you and your privates. If you bad mouf America when she is trying to save the world, the Homeland Security boys and girls empower themselves to enter your privates without probable cause. Nowadays that's being American, even though it violates the right of free speech, and the right to be secure in one's privates. Suspended rights are not rights, according to Ashes, and probably to the overindulgent SC.

When our forefathers drafted and signed the Constitution, which our subsequent leaders have sworn to uphold, there were no Terrorists (only Henry David Thoreau). There were no Weapons of Mass Destruction, so there were no terrorists. It's a lot easier to become a terrorist if you have Toyotas, AK-47s C-4, TNT, RPGs and Stinger missiles, and aeroplanes. A terrorist would have a hard time being a terrorist with just his fists (or his ugly disposition). And if a terrorist wore his true colors, he would use WMDs if he had them, since the true terrorist does not value his own life. A terrorist is, by definition, a fanatic who will sacrifice his own life to do away with a certain number of others, so why not do it in a big way? All Paul Revere, the rebel, had, was a rifle and his horse. Nowadays he would be a threat to National Security. All Brutus carried was a dagger.

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So you can see we need another amendment to our Constitution which deals with Terrorism (Rebelism?). An Amendment that suspends all rights? To drink or not to drink. A return to the Dark Ages? Because we haven't got it right. Long before terrorists were occupying the landscape we showed our predilection for violence. But we still had our Constitution and our Bureau Of Indian Affairs. We were marauders and killers and occupiers from the very beginning. We sure needed a Constitution to keep us from tearing at each others throats. But people, being people, tore at each others throats anyway, hence we suffered through a lot of litigation to test the validity of the Constitution. And we are still at it, without remorse. The Constitution is a bit of a leaky sieve, but its what we got; and its not apt to get any better, because the hidden agendas of the control addicts is a goin' ta return us to the Dark Ages. If you think 'preemptive strike' is a bold concept, just wait until the gendarmes knock down yore dore to get at yore private thoughts, and yore dirty pictures, pictures of equalizers and the 69 virgins. Conan the Boobarian became the governor of a Big State, the state of bedlam where they make all those violent moofies showing the Terminator in action against the forces of eefill. Watch the eefill cower before Arnold the Great, from Austrio-Hapsburger, located on the Last Sunset Blvd. in Horrorwood Crawlifornicateia. Watch. A coarse he's a Republican, part of the new wave of new unconstitutionalists. Watch yore privates and yore soapbox.

I have yielded to scandalmongering (Schwarzeneggering); boy what a twisted pretzel is that name; fine accompaniment to all them ugly muscles. Evildoers, Beware! Free speech gives me the right to malign public figures. Are free speech and free press one and the same thing? Maybe only the 'free' press gets to malign, for the time being.

Am I un-American?

One thing for sure, The United States Of America is a transient political boundary; you can plan on it. Like Genghis, Alexander, Caesar: Like the Ottoman: Like Napoleon, Stalin, Hitler: like Idi Amin: like Rhodesia, like Apartheid: even the good guys take a fall, get crucified, stabbed, or plugged without their consent; all except You Know Who Hoo died for our sins, like the terrorists die for our sins; trying to rectify the evils. You know Who requested forgiveness for mankind with his dying breath, whereas the latter go too quickly for such a grand exit.

I'm not getting to the point. Maybe there isn't any point. I don't know enough to compare past civilizations with ours. I truly suspect the differences are small. What have we learned about empires? We have learned that as long as you are on top; the

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victor, so to speak, then you get the goodies. When you have the goodies, often referred as spoils, at your disposal, you have a great opportunity to become magnanimous. To rule with compassion, that is, to recognize The Least amongst us, and to rehabilitate the enemy with fine example, and exemplary actions of higher civilizations. Not to rule with an iron fist, not to subjugate, but to allow the plebes to rule themselves, to be self-governing, yah diddy diddy dah (diddy wah diddy). Ha Ha Ha, get serious.

In America, that is, the United States Of America, we have made some effort to treat some of our enemies with mercy and compassion. As a rich powerful 'Christian' nation we have demonstrated some grace in victory. It has proven difficult to show grace when defeated (however we did start doing business with Vietnam, China, etc., another source of cheap labor?); it has not been considered good politics to acknowledge the superiority of the enemy, whom our leaders resent with every fiber of their patriotic souls. We are plagued by terrorism, an enemy that blends with the shadows. Within every shadow lies a potential enemy. Hence we have acquired a second enemy within the first: Paranoia. Our next door neighbor becomes a shadowy figure. We watch his every move. The deed is done; the terrorist has succeeded; he has sown dissension within. The walls of the Constitution will come tumbling down. Probable Cause no longer has meaning or relevance; only the expedient serves our interest, the Constitution is doomed. One tear in the fabric is enough to expose its weakness. Doomed, exposed.

It is said: Pride Goes Before The Fall. I exhibit disgust in an attempt to prevent the fall. Shame is not part of our vocabulary.

I think we know that we can expect no mercy if we should be brought low by the sword. So we must always remain as belligerents. Bound to perdition by our acts, and by our arrogance, resented deeply by those so affected and demeaned, disparaged, rendered impotent, we, of necessity, must defend the pinnacle against assault; in preemption, there is wisdom. By all means we must avoid the vengeance of those whom we have alienated; they are many; and their rage will outdo ours; their number mounts. Its no answer to the turmoil; we have an opportunity to appease the other, to acknowledge the uniqueness of the other, to grant him his individuality, even tolerate his resentment and hatred. We provoke, but do not assuage. Death seems preferable to humility. Aw Shit, man. The very words of our Prez: *The way I think about it is, you know, a great ... uh ... great country that had gotten a little soft, and, you know, we didn't have that same competitive edge that we needed over the last .. uh .. couple decades. We need to get back on track. (Backtrack O. another great American).*

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Although we espouse the principle, it is the expedient that serves our interest. A very human thing to do, a very American thing to do.

Am I still an American? By association, am I still an American? Am I answerable to the rage that seethes the world over, even though I exhibit my disgust? I am no fool. Without being paranoid, I know that others the planet over, perhaps the world over, are far from being exemplary; after all, they are human, they humanate (Right, Gerry?). Am I to be answerable for all the evils that exist the world over? Even though I show my disgust?

The disgust arises because I believe it is within our power to do things differently, but we choose the low, hostile, combative, and destructive road. The arrogance that places us higher than anyone else because we live in a world surrounded by things, that the human soul is not measured by its quality, but by the comforts of the body that houses it, that gives rise to disgust. Things are tangible, souls are intangible, so they tell us. Anybody can have a soul.

Gawt! the ubiquity of shoddy merchandise produced by the cheapest labor for the low end of the market, nickel and dimeing us unto death. Holy Sheeeit! And souls go begging. America! My America! My grandchildren believe they are not whole and complete unless they walk out the door every morning with a Swiish Logo on every article of clothing, from jock strap to chastity belt. All manufactured in contract sweat shops located in the farthest reaches of the toid woild. Missionaries of doom!

After Labour, Septic Oh Three; daughter's BD.

The grandkiddies have returned to the gapeagape to learn all their Hay Bee Seas and the Art Of Surfival in Today's Modern Civilization.

What Civilization?!

Pret Soon, The Converso's BD. You Know, the guy who sailed far and wide across the Seas in search of New Reeches fo his Queen.

Listen Up kiddies, Love It Or Leave It.

Perspectives:

In this time and this place.

I suspect I do not have a clear picture of the world in my mind; at least I cannot encompass it all at once.

A certain part of North 'America' is my reference. Hawaii is in Asia. The other 59 states are in North America.

In my scant accounting of the globe proper, I am aware there are great numbers of people who live below, what those who know,

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characterize as the 'poverty level'. Those who know do not measure the poverty level in 'things', but in nourishment and general health, and shelter from the 'elements'. Others might consider 'education' as a measure.

When one lives at the poverty level, even if that is all they have known, pleasures are few. Fornication is one of those pleasures that bridges all human occupation. And results in the increased burden on all the planetary resources, and assures those mired in poverty less hope of relief. We have been told by the higher ups that we need to put air in pour tires to save on our fuel bills. At last, someone empathizes.

Some might describe this 'state of affairs' as the 'human condition'.

Somehow, that 'catch all' phrase does not really describe anything. Its like Sigmund's use of the phrase 'fatefully inevitable'.

These phrases indicate a loss of hope, while also providing a justification for unconcern, unconcern for another condition:

*Help us to help each other Lord
Each other's cross to bear
Let each his friendly aid afford
And feel his brother's care.*

This last, some might describe as saccharine shit, but, is in truth, a feeling, a well-meaning disposition of those with heart, and some means, to be generous in spirit. The good people, with missionary zeal, want to bring God to the disenfranchised. God to replace pleasures of the body with pleasures of the spirit, and to transcend the pain of poverty with the thoughts of another life in another time. Many will share God, but not their wealth.

I believe most of my life has been lived in an extraordinary time and place. In less ordinary times, I would be one of a great multitude of those yearning for something beyond the gross animal predicament of survival for its own sake. I have lived a life many would envy, but I have frittered away time in idleness and in lack of purposeful dedication to meaningful endeavors.

That life, that many would envy, when compared to all the others sharing my time and place, would seem barely distinguishable from all the others, so much are we all attuned to the ambience of 'our way of life'. But 'our way of life' is not common to all living within it.

Opportunity has granted to some a life replete with wealth and things. These become those to whom the masses aspire. Replete with wealth and things; high fences and guard dogs.

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In the background (there is always a background), is the almost uncontrollable tumult; the activity of an evolving creature that knows only the bounds of the planet. His appetites drive him on almost into oblivion. And his appetites are always 'tearing at the fabric' of his civilizational imperatives. We feel we got to get this under control. We may not all be in this together, but what one's appetite causes in one area of the planet will affect all those in another area of the planet; or so the story goes.

We could ignore the wilder expressions and emanations of the evolving creature if it was not for disease, both physical and social. We are all vulnerable, hence implicitly, if not explicitly, we are all in this together.

Our 'great nation' once showed a concern, at least recognized a disparity within, to declare 'War On Poverty'. The war on poverty was shitcanned for another kind of war. Poverty is still in the shitcan. And I do not refer to world poverty, but to 'American' poverty.

Yet, even the poorest in 'America' might still be the envy of those in poverty in Africa or Asia. However, there isn't that much that separates the poor the world over. In 'America' poor bears a heavy connotation of worthlessness, and burden (burden to those with conscience). And social burden. It is amongst the poor that disease, both physical and social, flourishes.

We are aware of this 'human condition'. Our 'great nation', with this awareness having reached to the highest levels of government, declared a 'war on poverty'; without dedication. Sounded good, real good; got some votes.

Since then the halls of government have sought in every way possible to shirk this 'responsibility'. Government in America has foundered in seeking greater wealth and control of resources, not to build a greater nation (or serve the poor), but to increase the wealth of those already replete in that capacity. The poor have been characterized as 'social retards'. Got no getup and go; 'poorly motivated' might state it succinctly. It is the fault of the shiftless poor that they are in their predicament. Dickall, buggerall, fuckall! Fatefully Inevitable! You can read about it in the newspapers and breath a sigh of relief that it ain't you. For how long?

Actually, if things become any more unreasonable, one would begin to doubt the utility of that attribute (reason).

Almost as if Sigmund were performing the 'I told you sos', it seems 'fatefully inevitable' that each change of the guard will be even more self-serving than the previous one. And it would seem also the great mass acquiesce to their own diminishment as humans and as people with a voice. Broken on the wrack of fear and paranoia, with a sound usurped by those proven unworthy to

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serve. Someone was heard to ask, "Whose constituency?" Homeland Security put him in Guantanamo.

'Our way of life', as we choose to characterize it, is on the wane. Because we were taught to seek more, we feel we can not do with less. Because those in control (government riding on our backs); are self-serving, that is, they are engaged in the pursuit of acquisition of 'more'; that can only mean less for others, because there is only so much in a pile with which to begin.

The concept of 'sharing' has disappeared in the affairs of men. There are so many men, and only so much to share. Instead of sharing, man raises armies to defend his pile. Of course we realize a person aint nuthin without a pile, and bein nuthin is not part of the script. Life aint worth nuthin unless you are sumthin. Pile it on! Ask those consigned to poverty in the great nation how they feel about being a member of a great nation? If they were poor with their riches in a poor country, they would be rich. How rich would a poor person be if he ate a peck of pickled peppers in a poor cuntree?

As always, you can count on me to moan and wail and bitch. I hear someone in the background uttering: "Get a life!"

My wife tells me not to apologize, whether or not she agrees with my sentiments. Whenever I read out loud to her, although she is screwing up her face with discomfort, she will say something encouraging about my endeavor. That's about as close as I will ever get to having an audience for my spake.

I suppose if I was incarcerated in a mental institution I could openly rant without much challenge as long as I didn't harm my fellow inmates. When I rant outside the institution, I am shoed away because I am disturbing the peace, or worse, conspiring to overthrow the government.

At the University (another kind of institution) where I worked, outside the Student Union building, the powers that be had installed a podium, from which any student might be able to speak, upon any occasion, even in the rain and snow, upon the darkest of nights, on the darkest of subjects. It was not used very often, and when used, seldom did the milling student population pause to listen. The speakers would very seldom be impassioned in their delivery, hence the lack of response. It was still a good idea. There ought to be 'soap boxes' on every corner of every byway where those in the know can speak their minds, and unburden their souls, even if they are thought mad; and even if they become a nuisance. As long as they are only molesting with words. Its easy enough to carry one's Walkman, marching to a different tune.

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However, Man needs to be heard. A wise world would encourage the spake rather than insisting on silence. A bottled up man might be a dangerous man, whereas a revealed man might just be discouraged, but also made very weary from carrying the weight of the world on his shoulders. We might compassionately help him with the burden.

However, I almost never accept any help in what I am doing. I often chase off my wife when she well-meaningly suggests she might be of assistance. Its not that I want to be self-sufficient in all things I do; its just that I am habituated to my own dubiously independent behavior.

The great social burden is another matter. When you consider there are seven billion+, social burden acquires a meaning beyond description and invocation. All meaning is lost. I need only imagine the few around me with varying, and often unpredictable, degrees of conscience. Even conscience is not a universally applied concept. If I say 'social conscience', some people know immediately, innately, that to which I refer; and are in sympathy with the notion, while others, Ayn Rand, e.g. see it as an obstacle to their ambitions. Just a handful of people is almost too great a burden in these matters. ***Quot homines, tot sententiae.***

Sigmund's intonation "fatefully inevitable" haunts the byways of my thoughts. Its like the intonations of the Chorus in an ancient Greek drama. And it was Pandora's Box (vase) that contained all the ruin of mankind, evils to plague him, Zeus (the God) thus avenging Prometheus's theft of fire, stolen to benefit mankind (jealous and vengeful Old Fart). And it is purported when the lid of the Box (lid of the vase) was raised, the ruin flew forth, hope remaining within. Hope is and has been an impotent and useless force in the affairs of men. So are the dimensions to Myth. Man is not a myth.

Our nation, my nation, by default, may espouse a social arrangement somehow dubiously identified as 'democracy', where the meaning of the word is more implicit than explicit. Our Constitution sets out the parameters in which we are intended to operate as a nation of 'free' peoples. 'Democracy' and 'freedom' are implicitly intended to be intimately related.

The reality of the 'state', our nation, in its government, in its parceling of freedoms, somehow converted into laws, i.e. explicit freedoms, is not consonant with its own professed humanitarian idealism. With its power to legislate, not in an unbiased manner, that is, in its political manner, forsaking the implicit to make explicit its favoring of vested interests over those who have no voice. The once self-evident becomes both wrested and vested.

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The Constitution permits the making of laws that favor the vested interests. The hierarchy of these interests is invested in those who are permitted to create the laws. In short, to put the bold face upon it, the laws are bought. Those who make the laws, by and large, do not represent the average constituent, and certainly do not represent the disenfranchised. However it is the average constituent and the disenfranchised who hold the majority of the enabling votes. Often the choice, almost without fail is between two evils, that is two individuals who are beholden to a moneyed interest (who really lobbies for the poor, who cannot support a campaign?).

There are no strictures within the Constitution regarding the practice of supporting candidates for public office. With the foxes guarding the chickens, the foxes, for the sake of appearances, debate 'democratically' before the chickens how they will dispose of them. Campaign financing laws are a token assent to the manner in which the chicken, by its own choice, in a free chicken house, should be cooked. There is no loop hole, hole in the fence, through which the chicken may escape its fate. The chickens will never be permitted to decide their own fate.

Some will argue that I exaggerate. That I throw out the baby with the bathwater. That it is unfair to assume that every candidate can be bought.

I think it is fair to say that political candidates represent mostly the vested interests, those who support their campaigns, the big contributors, whether those of business or labor, to unfairly bias their position as a law makers. Representative government thereby becomes the representation of money, whether the 'dirty' money of business or the 'clean' money of labor; each corrupts the process.

This whole farce of representative government must be redesigned to disallow any form of campaign financing. The foxes and the chickens must become people again. People must debate and decide upon issues not based in vested interests. They must refer to their own professed humanitarian idealism. While I am reviewing this, I am mindful of Gerry Spence's analogies to sheep and wolves, and the allegiance of wolves to corporations.

'Democracy' requires redefinition in explicit terms. 'Freedom' requires redefinition in explicit terms. The root of democracy is found in the demos, the people. The intent behind 'freedom' is the freedom of person, and the freedom to choose.

Albeit, the people choosing something; choosing democracy, choosing communism, choosing socialism, choosing a bastardization of social and economic conditions for themselves. Some would argue that you cannot allow too much freedom to choose. That is, freedom must not be allowed to become a 'free for

all'. Those with power will dominate those without power, both implicitly and explicitly; the net result of the 'free for all'. Those without power will always be wanting to gain power, and those with power will want to suppress those who want to gain power. Social unrest is the fatefully inevitable consequence of this 'free for all', and a dangerous consequence, it is.

Benevolent vested power might be a substitute for a certain kind of social unrest, a placating of the masses, so to speak. Throwing the dogs bones, so to speak. But it is too arbitrary in the first instance, and in the second instance, humans are not dogs.

To a benevolent vested power, the limits of sharing are dictated by the amount of social unrest. Benevolence can easily turn into malevolence when the power is threatened. The threats come in many forms. To thwart any armed threats, the vested power maintains an insurmountable force.

To me, the foregoing precepts have some self-evident quality about them. They are intended to suggest the ease with which man allows corruption to take over his government, with or without any kind of idealism to guide him. He simply becomes influenced by the exigencies of persuasion, most notably those of the vested interests.

It might also be self-evident that any kind of government is better than anarchy, the real 'free for all'. Even a hard assed government, that demands that everything be shared, equally, even though an almost unenforceable demand. This would be, necessarily, a government of Gods, not men; but because it was for men, and not the Gods, the Gods would have their hands full with a very devious character, a survivor.

But it has been shown that all are not survivors; especially when man is allowed to design his own chicken coop. The Gods would design a coop with enough high roosts to avoid the predations of the chicken eaters. Alternatively the Gods could create laws controlling the predators. It is a foregone conclusion, amply demonstrated throughout his history, that man's exploitation of his own kind is the chiefest commodity on the planet, both as slave and a consumer. Chickens exploiting chickens only seems less likely.

The Gods fucked up when they created man. Gods are in denial, claiming that evolution fucked up their work. Man wanted to be differentiated from the chicken.

Orwell told us that War is Peace, Freedom is Slavery, Ignorance is Strength; I have added Survival is Success. He also mentioned pigs and chickens.

Recently in BC Canada, there was tell of destroying some 19,000,000 fowl because they might be carriers of Avian Influenza.

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Just imagine what would happen if a species of chicken, à la Orwell, evolved to conspire to preach insurrection. Never happen, like it will never happen that man will be anything but what he is, a very foul fellow.

My humanitarian idealism is a given. It's a pretty phrase. Does it mean anything? Of course it does. But man is not ready to implement and practice this kind of high-minded interaction with any other living thing, man included.

Pretty phrase? My neighbor, a cynical realist claimed he practiced vegetarian idealism. It was easy enough for him do, since he did not consume vegetables. If one consumes humans, albeit exploits humans as either slave or consumer, it might be said that he does not practice humanitarian idealism.

Would it make any sense to expand on a pretty phrase?

We have read that it is the best of all possible worlds, even though we lose a piece of our derriere, even if our spouse turns fat and ugly, and all of doom conspires to haunt and dismay us. Very funny fellow.

The chicken mounted the dung heap to proclaim: "No chicken will have dominion over another chicken"; "Any system of Chicken government that does not account the least Chicken must be deemed a failure". That's a pretty good start for a pretty phrase.

We then considered justice. What is a just world?

If any of the foregoing suggests that there is any possibility of one condition, 'democracy', let say, then it may follow that 'justice' somehow fits into that equation.

If a person is persecuted because he is poor, albeit a 'social retard' (someone on welfare), who do we assess as the responsible party? Who is responsible for the persecution? When a president declares that those on welfare are 'social retards', is the president responsible? Is the president the responsible party whose implicit obligation, as part of a last resort society, it is to see to it that there is welfare for those who cannot make the grade?

Are we hinting at justice? The president may claim that he sees it in the stars that the poor are unfit for a handout because they are shiftless, useless weights upon an economy that requires every available dollar for SDI. How do you argue with what is read in the stars?

Yeah! its easy to pan a dumbassed president. But we have had others before him, and since him. You can bet your bottom that the poor didn't vote for the dumbasses. The poor are often dumbasses themselves, falling for all the political rhetoric that promises to relieve them in their plight. Instead they get arrested for vagrancy, and lost in partisan infighting. Then comes the 'war

Americus Vespuccius

on poverty'. Who the hell thought up that innuendo? Why did not the 'war on poverty' take precedence over that other fucking war?

Because there aint no justice, is why. And guns are a lot more expensive than butter; implying that there's money in guns. What well-meaning gun manufacturer would not advocate the one war over the other? Guns For The Poor!?

Lets back up for a sec. There are no guarantees, because you live in democratic country, or because you have mountains of lawbooks declaring that equality, fairness, and justice, are the name of the game, that you will receive any part thereof. Now that we have cleared that HURDLE, lets move on with what actually happens in the land of the 'fatefully inevitable'. It may be intended to resemble justice, but, in actuality, it resembles a moral affectation; or something on consignment.

Sancho Panza tagged along with the great liberator, the great emancipator, great righter of wrongs, in order that he might be awarded a governorship. LO! After one week, Sancho was so overburdened with supplicants, implorers, miserable wretches, he was ready to return to his peasant wench, and all her wondrous complaints. RR went on to serve his country in another capacity, preferable to looking after the miserable wretches; he already had his fancy wench in the palace working the astrological significances of the poor in the hereafter; the overcrowding!!; geeezzz!!; on consignment in Limbo.

The United States needs to have some humility .. because there have been times where we did the wrong thing. There have been times where we have problems in our own country. And so we will want to go tell other people what to do, but then, back home we're not always doing what we say we should do. (Diddly Doo).

My message is simple.

The road map to moving forward is fraught with sea change.

Not him again.