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The Golden Rule.
Fairness, Equity and Justice.
Human Rights, Civil Rights.
Amnesty International.
The United Nations.

Basic Stuff, However tenuous.

Most likely The Golden Rule has existed ever since time began. however discriminately applied. It is a self-evident given, in the affairs of men (and women).

Amongst the other species, the rule does not apply. Rather it is: Eat or be Eaten. No, that doesn't state it correctly, however true it seems.

It is a matter of an hierarchy of predatory living, devoid of reason.

Whatever we may think of *Mother* Nature, she has developed only a rudimentary modus operandi for survival of any given species.

Animal Rights is not an invention of animals (exception, George Orwell's *Animal Farm*).

Amongst the two-leggers, running amok (anarchy) has been discouraged, but persists anyway. The two-leggers have been at it for some time (often cited in eons, before the dawn of consciousness, i.e., self-consciousness.) A more perfect inclusive consciousness is still under construction.

Two-leggedness is accompanied, and defined, by biological differences, ethnic differences, religious differences, cultural differences; you name it; homo erectus has them all.

Sense and sensibility often eludes the two-leggers. Mutual survival seems only possible at the point of a gun; that is, life, in itself, is not a guarantee of further continuance. It is not a rational world into which we have been delivered, hence the gun. The gun is an implied threat, regardless of who uses it.

In the US of A, every citizen is guaranteed the right to bare his/her arms; or charms, however it seems. A gun is considered a most effective charm by the gun manufacturers, and sundry survivalists; and gives the police an air of distinction; i.e., order, at the pointing of an implication.

If everybody has a gun, it is made more difficult to assure a stable framework for dominance. Amongst the animal kingdom, dominance is

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established through formidable size, fangs, antlers, hooves, bigger beaks.

Don Quixote did his damndest to bring fairness, equity, and justice to a species ill-equipped to abide such high-minded principles. Shoes and shirts must be worn at all times. We reserve the right to refuse service to those who not abide the high-minded principles.

While we continue to struggle with these 'conundrums' (obstacles to peace and tranquility), Sancho was given the task to resolve the complaint delivered to the Academy Of Motion Picture Arts And Sciences, regarding the lack of diversity, relating, in particular, to race, and gender. Because the Academy responded in such a lackluster way to the complaint, which resulted in a seemingly embarrassing situation, they called upon a mediator to, hopefully, 'fix' the disparity issue.

Sancho viewed the issue differently than the complainants. He felt the issue was not one of integration, or assimilation, but one of identity. In as much as one group, in particular, has been integrated into the prevalent society in the area of sports, a highly remunerative field of activity, it was thought by Sancho that such vast earnings, thus acquired, could be applied to the development of an industry (movie making industry) which featured, in starring roles, those whose group was being sorely neglected (by their own complaint) (underrepresented) in the prevalent.

It was all very convoluted and ingenuous of Sancho, but he truly believed that integration was not the answer. In other words it was not a matter of equal representation, but one biological division's identity.

Sancho thought it hearkened back to Aristotle, who attempted to define the art of drama, and the limits of recognition scenes and catharsis, etc. His question to the complainants centered on two kinds of identity; the one to do with biological division, and the one to do with effecting a catharsis.

He wondered if it was possible for one group to wholly subsume itself, while the other took center stage, and rescued the maiden of the other.

When Will crossed the Mediterranean, reaching into the dark continent, he found a Moorish fellow who has been variously cast as rather tanned, sometimes referred as black. Make of that what you Will.

Sancho may have had some Moorish blood in his veins, but he did not allow this to influence his deliberations. Since it was a matter of drama, a matter of effective drama, and how best to achieve a catharsis

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in the audience, he deemed it counterproductive to mix biological division with drama; that is; to force upon an audience that which it was not prepared to have thrust upon it, beyond an effective catharsis. The picket lines must be left outside the theatre.

Moses had not foreseen the implications of the 'tribe of Ham' when he knocked out the tablets thrust upon him at the Mount. His was to receive, not to formulate.

Although Sancho was aware of the biblical tidbits that have suggested many confusing images, albeit attendant to Abraham, Sarah, Hagar, Ishmael, Ham (to whom much has been attributed), he focused on what he deemed the simplest solution.

Where's The Beef? Either substance, or complaint. Which of thee doth predominate?

Without being more specific, Sancho thought that Civil Rights was not an issue, but that cathartic rights was more germane to the issue. So he advocated identity theatres. It was not for a lack of funding that each could or could not survive on its own merits. That one biological division should not be making demands upon the other in terms of rights, and political correctness. He thought token affirmative action was hypocritical, and really did not address any substantive issue.

Sancho admonishes with a caveat: While it is true the human *race* is a diverse happenstance, it is also true that, in areas of biological division, ethnicity, religion, culture, and politics, it suffers with prejudice, xenophobia, intolerance, bigotry; all of which, in various forms, may be developed into a marketable commodity for any body's Movie Industry.

Anyway, people are always complaining.

Then he resigned, mounted Dapple, and rode off into the countryside, anxious to be with Teresa.



The author can't see how or why anyone could be envious of the Nobscar award given to Decapitated for his performance in the Remnant. A testament to a culture's taste for bloody violence. Hey!, you want in on that? Art!??? If you would audaciously inquire of the author his opinion of the Oscar, he would tell you it is a pretty lousy piece of sculpture; hardly worth the effort, white or black (and all configurations in between). A stiff, expressionless bare-assed knight, thrusting a blade into the pudding!!!!

