Batsh*t Crazy!
Digital Dementia Dystopia
BIL. ALVERNAZ
Batsh*t Crazy!

Digital Dementia Dystopia

Table of Contents  ... the Communiqués
Indexicon  ... to find that word or phrase

Or, just “turn the page” and start reading
... the “units of language” will carry you
along and whisk you away ... in the Communiqués.

Copyright © 2017 - 2018

bil@alvernaz.com

America’s Premier Unknown Writer!

Bil. Alvernaz

Copyright © 2017-18 by Bil. Alvernaz
Exordium … What are we all doing here (or there)?

Come on along … in a units of language “objet d’art,” with me looking out at you, looking back at me, through these words. “Jump right in” and we can balance our way along this high-wire act performance, all without a net to catch us if we fall, though I know we won’t. “Words to phrases, paragraphs to pages.”™

For so long “things have not been quite right,” all while each of us constantly have “inklings” about so much “just not adding up.” There’s a certain something missing, but we can’t quite put our intellectual fingers (IP) on what it is. The excess amount of absurdity comes at us day and night from everywhere, insulting our intelligence. The real indignity is we have to “play along” with it all … you know, so people won’t think we’re the ones who are actually Batsh*t Crazy!

We’re all seeking meaning in so much ridiculousness and babble that doesn't seem to make any sense. Especially the confusing clutter bombarding us every which way in a constant barrage of illogical elements. So, to do something about all of that, together, wherever it is we now are, we’re going to traverse and repurpose a good number of the 100+ billion neutrons gathering and transmitting vibrant electrochemical signals in your brain.

Oh, yea, and, most importantly, all of this has to do with a) the “meaning of it all” … your mission in life, even if you don’t yet know what it is or can’t quite “get to it;” and 2) you need to start paying more attention to what is (and ISN’T) going on all around you! You’ve been stepping on (and in) the ectoplasm of so much of what you have completely missed along the way. That’s because, instead of your brain just sitting there atop the entirety of your existence, you need to “flip the switch” controlling your mind from “slightly off” (where it is flickering like a motel sign continuing to dim, with certainly letters ultimately failing to "light up") to the all out, completely full ON position … so you can do much, much more to PAY ATTENTION!

That’s why it is urgent I share these Communiqués with you … so we can all channel our unlimited (though used so infrequently) potential, boosting and amplifying our mental horsepower in laser-beam focused and “with purpose” positive directions, most specifically for increased instances of Intellectual Stimulation (which is at the illusive, difficult to catch/grasp essence and pure substance of life - most significant to you and all that you want to do … … it’s what you have been on a quest to find for so long now). An important factor here could be that maybe, just maybe, we all got off at the wrong planet! Not really, but, at so many points, it sure seems like that, doesn’t it?
That (well, this) upon which your eyeballs are relaying signals to your brain right now, I suppose you could call it “a book.” But, it is much different, in that what we are doing, you and me, intellects intertwined, will evolve as we have an on-going discourse about all that has gone and continues to go awry. Whatever it is we are doing “here” will be done in bursts that will first be posted to the web at alvernaz.com in the form of Communiqués, with no particular “production schedule” … read that as the Communiqués will "come flyin' your way" from time to time with no “set in stone” timetable.

You can provide input, ideas, suggestions, advice, point out typos, and, yes, even interpose encouragement (or wrath and scorn) - bil@alvernaz.com … or you can just go on to something else and be done with it, thus moving right back “into the mix” of all the Batsh*t Crazy stuff we’ll be covering here. Whatever you choose to do at this point it perfectly fine.

I know I’m on to something that speaks to so much of what usually doesn’t get “talked about” … that is until now … and, if you're still with me, I think you know exactly what I’m talking about.

Batsh*t Crazy! Digital Dementia Dystopia is a series of copyrighted Communiqués first broadcast on the Internet in bursts as I wrote them (using my word anvil). The key word in that last sentence is "copyrighted" which means I own ‘em all (everything you read here) outright, every single word. Right now, here, this moment in time, you can read these Communiqués, following along in the “play of words.” You may freely share any or all of these Communiqués with anyone and everyone else in whatever manner you choose (so long as you quote me as the source AND are NOT profiting from using my words). Everything you read will be real and true with me striving, among the collected combinations of words, to produce as many as possible of "that one true sentence" Hemmingway so eloquently and passionately talked about.

This is a “worded performance” about how out of whack things and people are. Not just another narrative. Instead, a “mental engineering” examination of the Batsh*t Crazy stuff all around us (whether or not we each realize it or the extent of it), that no one seems to be doing much of anything about.

I didn’t post any of what I’m doing “here” anywhere other than alvernaz.com. That’s because social media, emails, and texting, combined, are a monumental part of our collective, bewildering dilemma. Ah, but, therein lies my “marketeer weasel approach” to promoting what I’m doing here, because I’m encouraging people to share my Communiqués on any social media platform, in emails, and even texting. Not me. THEM. They’re the ones so firmly entrenched in all of those places they worship so
much ... not me! So, they can "spread the word" for me to help open people's eyes to what's really going on (and NOT going on) ...

So, in effect, I'm using what I see to be a mammoth problem to "tell the story," not only about our all-encompassing predicament, but how we can all start to "dig out" from this Alice in Wonderland, non-reality hole (that seems like, or actually has become, our reality) we're all spinning, twirling, whirling, thrashing, and gyrating around in.

I'm "here" for good cause. Things are askew, off-center, and misguided. You've sensed it. Maybe you missed it or just didn't care about it. But we all know something ain't right somewhere. So we need to not just talk about it, but keep the conversation (and us) moving in a direction that takes us back to a point where things aren't so Batsh*t Crazy ... or we somehow, some way, know how to deal with it all better and more sanely (because none of the Batsh*t Craziness is going away any time soon ... or ever!).

Why? Because we are now living life sheathed in a "feels a bit too tight" Digital Dementia Dystopia where things look and feel like they always have ... sorta, kinda, maybe. But, it's all very much like that mirror on the passenger side of a car that with light grey lettering that no one pays much attention to (like so many other things). Those all-caps, rhyming words (if repeated enough times might even put you into a trance) say “objects in mirror are closer than they appear.” So, basically, you don't really know what you think you are seeing. And, that is exactly what's going on with so much surrounding and smothering all of us, to the point where we actually do gasp or gag (knowingly or unknowingly ... maybe just mentally at a subconscious level, just enough so "alarm bells" start faintly sounding)!

THAT'S WHAT'S WRONG. It isn't just things in the mirror not being what you think they are. Just about everything and everyone else in life is not quite what it all appears to be what it appears to be!

Look closer, much closer at what you think you see. Turn over rocks - LOTS of rocks (not real rocks, but, hopefully, there's enough logic "still in play" so you'll know what I mean). Ask questions, questions you normally wouldn't ask ... for whatever reason(s). Don't just accept things you are told or what you see for what they appear to be (because, in an incredible number of instances, they AREN'T). Start observing more closely what's going on (or not going on) all around you. Maybe you've already noticed something ain't right. A lot of "something," actually. So, you can (or should) see everything is totally screwed up. At work. At home. Anywhere you go.

And, I'll tell you why, my friend. YOU, along with me and everyone else, have succumbed to it all. Our technology connected world with hundreds of millions of virtual, intersecting grids seduce, persuade, coerce, and severely influence each of us,
in crippling, debilitating, addictive strangleholds, with every glimpse, touch, or "urge to check" our connected devices.

You’ll be able to see the truth in all of this at any point you catch a glimpse of your reflection in the glaze of whatever screen you’re peering into. That’s when it will be so easy to clearly see the seemingly “organized chaos” of how we’re all "dancing around," in herky-jerky fashion like marionettes, with the marketeers (behind the scenes) tugging on our strings, making us feel involved (maybe even seeming to seem "happy") while getting us to do whatever they want (especially digging into our wallets to extract as much cash as possible).

The primary purpose here, while trekking through all of the sludge and baffling absurdity besieging all of us, beyond the far reaches of that upon which you now, hopefully, will be more mindful ... so "connecting the dots" becomes all that much more intuitive. And, that will help us to more clearly see what it is we really see being presented to us.

So? Let’s get on with it ...

"'ving been some days in preparation, a splendid time is guaranteed for all."

... The Beatles, Sgt. Pepper’s Lonely Hearts Club Band

... Inscribed for Diana ... celebrating life! Penned by America’s Premier Unknown Writer!

Copyright NOTICE/RULES/PERMISSION: Batsh*t Crazy! Digital Dementia Dystopia is a series of copyrighted Communiqués that are broadcast in bursts, “hot off the press” as I write them (using my trusty word anvil). The key word in that last sentence is “copyrighted” which means I own ’em outright (everything you read here), every single word. Right now, here, this moment in time, you can read the Communiqués, following along in the “play of words.” You can freely share any or all of these Communiqués with anyone and everyone else in whatever manner you choose (so long as you quote me as the source AND are NOT profiting from using my words). Everything you read will be real and true with me striving, among the collected combinations of words, to produce as many as possible of “that one true sentence” Hemmingway so eloquently and passionately talked about.

Options:

- Table of Contents (if you’re looking for a particular Communiqué)
- Indexicon (if you’re looking for a specific word or phrase)
- Who is Bil.? (if you want to know more about me, the writer)
- Continue on reading (in which case, move your eyes downward)
Communiqué #1 – OIC

Dateline: Santa Barbara CA ... at the Chase Bar & Grill among the downtown red tile roofs ...

U & I ... EZ 2 C? OMG! WTF LMAO :) 😏

Those cryptic characters above illustrate what our language has decayed into. The happy face you see at the end of that line is an emoji (the graphical evolution of emoticons), used to express emotions. Originally, before texting, when there were just letters and symbols in emails and other communiqués, there were emoticons that looked like what you see just the left of the happy face in that first "sentence" above. That was the original “text/symbol” happy face (originally used on mainframe computers in the late 1970s), as opposed to a sad face - :( ... now we have the completely overused emoji images that are so easily inserted into whatever we are digitally "saying" ... again, it's all just part of the bastardization and deterioration of the English language with "emotions thrown in" for good measure!

Thanks to how we so often quickly squiggle our fingers and thumbs to “type out” communiqués to each other (with texting being the biggest culprit), we’ve gotten ever so clever at abbreviating and condensing words into what looks like gibberish. Sadly, this has become the de facto way we “talk to each other.” It’s no wonder people, more and more, can’t spell words correctly ... or even “write things out” for that matter!

But that’s only a teeny tiny part of Batsh*t Crazy, complete with redundant dilemmas, plights, and predicaments, far exceeding what is usual or natural, in which we find ourselves “thrashing around all over the place.”

The real sad story here is that we no longer write things out in letters, cards, or notes (except mostly scribbling on white boards and those yellow stickies). There is no longer any permanence to it all. Try and find an email or text from just a week or month ago (even yesterday) to see what someone said about something.

Oh, and on the matter of emails, bulging inboxes with a gazillion emails have become SOP (Standard Operating Procedures). Then people are always frantically searching to find emails, because they don’t know how to set up rules in Outlook (or whatever email program they are using).

So, if you’ve got some time (after all, isn’t that all we really have?) ...
We need to have a conversation. It’s about what’s really going on right under our noses ... what we are letting happen to us! And, honestly there aren’t many people even wondering if maybe we should do something about all of this ... whatever it is.

**Things are so Batsh*t Crazy!** At home! At work! Everywhere!

Anywhere you go, everything just seems to be all screwballed up ... none of it makes any sense.

And, I’m not sure any of us really understands or grasps the full/fool extent of what is being done to us (by our own account and because of so many other factors and people).

You might not have said it out loud, but I know you’ve thought about it a lot. Either that or you tried really hard to shove it way back to the far corner of your brain. But, still it bothers you! It bothers me, too. That’s because for each of us, our brain has a mind of its own!

Oh, wait. I just looked in today’s mail and someone sent me a hand-written letter ...

![utf]

<END OF TRANSMISSION>

... Inscribed for Diana ... celebrating life! Penned by America’s Premier Unknown Writer!

**Copyright NOTICE/RULES/PERMISSION:** Batsh*t Crazy! Digital Dementia Dystopia is a series of copyrighted Communiqués that are broadcast in bursts, “hot off the press” as I write them (using my trusty word anvil). The key word in that last sentence is “copyrighted” which means I own ’em outright (everything you read here), every single word. Right now, here, this moment in time, you can read the Communiqués, following along in the “play of words.” You can freely share any or all of these Communiqués with anyone and everyone else in whatever manner you choose (so long as you quote me as the source AND are NOT profiting from using my words). Everything you read will be real and true with me striving, among the collected combinations of words, to produce as many as possible of “that one true sentence” Hemmingway so eloquently and passionately talked about.

------------------------------------------------------------------------

Options:

- **Table of Contents** (if you’re looking for a particular Communiqué)
- **Indexicon** (if you’re looking for a specific word or phrase)
- **Who is Bil.?** (if you want to know more about me, the writer)
- **Continue on reading** (in which case, move your eyes downward)
Communiqué #2 — *Impossibly plausible is possible!*

Dateline: Santa Barbara CA ... still at the Chase Bar & Grill ...

Maybe you’re not buying (or wanting to believe) any of what I’m saying.

Really?

Let me be clear.

My main objective here, in all of this, is for you to **think about what you think** you think ... as well as what you see, think you see, or what you just completely keep missing ... instead of seeing what you should so clearly recognize as Batsh*t Crazy.

Think about for a moment.

Could it be the **Chaos Theory** “at work” all around us, in that in all of the insane randomness there are underlying patterns? Or, perhaps it’s just **Imaginary Time** we’re dealing with. But, then we’d need to understand special relativity and quantum mechanics. Of course, everything then would be mathematically convenient in connecting quantum mechanics with statistical mechanics where “regular time” is a horizontal line running between “past” in one direction and “future” in the other. Of course, Imaginary Time runs perpendicular to that horizontal line just as the imaginary numbers run perpendicular to the real numbers on any complex plane.

But, then, there is this reality in which we are all engaged.

Okay, so whatever you buy into to “account for things,” doesn’t it make sense that none of this makes any sense? Or, perchance, it’s all a little bit (or way too much) beyond our comprehension just like the Chaos Theory and Imaginary Time (assuming they really do make, well, you know, sense).

The essence of Batsh*t Crazy simply is each of us caught up in so much of:

a) all of the dissatisfaction we encounter each day (and night), as well as

2) what appears to be what appears be in life, “news,” and online ... **ISN’T**.

Can you talk about or react to any of it all without, at least once, pausing for a moment, shaking your head a bit, then stating (to yourself or out loud) that it is, indeed, all Batsh*t Crazy?

If you don’t see anything “wrong,” then maybe you’ve just come to accept “It is what it is.”
But, here’s the thing … “It ISN’T what it is!” We’ve all be led to believe (or duped) that that’s that!

Or, is it?
Really? ;-)

---

Copyright NOTICE/RULES/PERMISSION: Batsh*t Crazy! Digital Dementia Dystopia is a series of copyrighted Communiqués that are broadcast in bursts, “hot off the press” as I write them (using my trusty word anvil). The key word in that last sentence is “copyrighted” which means I own ‘em outright (everything you read here), every single word. Right now, here, this moment in time, you can read the Communiqués, following along in the “play of words.” You can freely share any or all of these Communiqués with anyone and everyone else in whatever manner you choose (so long as you quote me as the source AND are NOT profiting from using my words). Everything you read will be real and true with me striving, among the collected combinations of words, to produce as many as possible of “that one true sentence” Hemmingway so eloquently and passionately talked about.

Options:

- Table of Contents (if you’re looking for a particular Communiqué)
- Indexicon (if you’re looking for a specific word or phrase)
- Who is Bil.? (if you want to know more about me, the writer)
- Continue on reading (in which case, move your eyes downward)
None of the puzzle pieces fit together anymore!

Do they?

It’s like maybe some of the pieces we need are missing! Or, perhaps, we just can’t see what’s right in front of us.

Like so many things in life, right this very minute, could it be the pieces we’re looking for are right under our noses, hiding in plain sight? It all comes down to the need for you look at things much differently to see the entire picture (including any hidden clues). That’s where considering your options in relation to what you perceive comes into play as you decide what you are going to do in any given situation (large or small).

Our thinking, functioning, and comprehending capacities have been impaired and numbed in obliviously obvious, debilitating ways ... that we somehow need to pay more attention to!

And, that’s the point here. We need to PAY ATTENTION.

Whatever it is we are doing “here” amidst the play of words (and in life) simply is not the same old story.

The point of this exercise, experiment, and, most importantly, experience is to wake you up to what is (and isn’t) happening all around YOU. What we’ve come to accept (and expect) as “normal” in our quest to “gobble up” more and more technology, is all totally and completely Batsh*t Crazy. And, we, each of us, of our own doing, has waltzed right into where everyone is now mildly (or in a big way) disoriented, but, oh, so, “connected” in (and to) a bleak, isolating dystopian state!

Here’s the thing. We all just want to be happy (whether or not we realize it). The Constitution of the United States even guarantees the “pursuit of Happiness” which is where things start to get fuzzy in determining what happiness is ... even though the Dalai Lama says over and over again it is as simple as "seeking happiness."

Most people probably wouldn’t know what happy is, even if it was placed right in the palm of an open hand.

What would make you happy?

Just ask people what would make them happy. A common response is something along the lines of, “wanting more money!” But, when it comes to being serious, you’ll
most likely get long pauses, things mumbled, or nothing said at all, accompanied by a "moue" (hey, that's a real word ... look it up!). Even worse, those same people most likely will utter what they think you want to hear (while it could very well be what they, themselves, want to hear said out loud ... you know, so it will be all the more believable).

Ah, but here is where the “things around us” come into play. Those commercials on TV, the radio and in newspapers (online and printed), ads on the Internet, junk mail, announcements, flyers, people trying to talk you into doing things. It all keeps coming at us in such a frenetic pace with the cleverly disguised, subliminal messages that all imply the same things, in so many sneaky ways suggesting: “Hey, this is going to make you happy!”

That is what’s going on, isn’t it? You can see that, right?

Or, does it just seem to seem that that’s that?

<END OF TRANSMISSION>

... Inscribed for Diana ... celebrating life! Penned by America’s Premier Unknown Writer!

Copyright NOTICE/RULES/PERMISSION: Batsh*t Crazy! Digital Dementia Dystopia is a series of copyrighted Communiqués that are broadcast in bursts, “hot off the press” as I write them (using my trusty word anvil). The key word in that last sentence is “copyrighted” which means I own ‘em outright (everything you read here), every single word. Right now, here, this moment in time, you can read the Communiqués, following along in the "play of words." You can freely share any or all of these Communiqués with anyone and everyone else in whatever manner you choose (so long as you quote me as the source AND are NOT profiting from using my words). Everything you read will be real and true with me striving, among the collected combinations of words, to produce as many as possible of "that one true sentence“ Hemmingway so eloquently and passionately talked about.

Options:

• **Table of Contents** (if you’re looking for a particular Communiqué)
• **Indexicon** (if you’re looking for a specific word or phrase)
• **Who is Bil.?** (if you want to know more about me, the writer)
• **Continue on reading** (in which case, move your eyes downward)
Communiqué #4 — What is why it isn’t??

Dateline: Santa Barbara CA … at the breakwater … watching the sunset, waves, birds, and people …

It all comes at us from so many divergent directions we just can’t keep track of it all (but, then, it’s entirely planned that way to keep us three degrees off center). You, me, and everyone else are constantly being seduced, induced, and subjected to a non-stop barrage of Batsh*t Crazy stuff. With so many things already not making any sense, our addiction to and dependence upon our precious, techno-weenie things (with smartphones, tablets, and gaming devices at the top of the list) has "sucked us into" an exasperating void most of us don't even realize we're caught up in.

All of this is an actual medical condition known as "Digital Dementia."

The Alzheimer's.net web site explains it this way: "'Digital Dementia,’ a term coined by a top German neuroscientist Manfred Spitzer in his 2012 book of the same name, is a term used to describe how overuse of digital technology is resulting in the breakdown of cognitive abilities in a way that is more commonly seen in people who have suffered a head injury or psychiatric illness."

A head injury!

Or, a psychiatric illness!

How Batsh*t Crazy is that? But, it is definitely true! And, we haven't even touched on the cancer concerns of non-ionizing radiation from cell phones emitting radio frequency energy (radio waves). There just might be more to that than you've thought (assuming you've ever even considered that you might be doing harm to yourself). If you want to read more about that, just click the link below:


Back to "Digital Dementia," you can read much more about the specifics at Alzheimer's.net by clicking the link below:


Simply put, we're so overly absorbed in and, yes, obsessed with, all things “connected” via the internet that we're having a much harder time “thinking straight.” That makes it all the more demanding to focus long enough on grasping complex or even seemingly simple concepts. We've now isolated and sequestered ourselves in our own little worlds of whatever it is we're invariably “wrapped up in.”
It doesn’t help that we are continually numbed and distracted by nonsensical, debilitating interruptions and diversions (a lot of which are advertisements, including all of the “product placements” in movies), crippling our intellect and muting our creativity. It borders on aphasia, only we still have the ability to speak and understand things (or so we think we think ... maybe, maybe not).

We are being manipulated by people who know how to boost the production of Dopamine, a "catecholamine neurotransmitter," in our brains. Dopamine is a “reward molecule” released in our brains that gives us a “rush” when we do something that stimulates positive reactions.

Dopamine is central to all of our digital (and any other) addictions. Feeling a part of (or involved in) all that is going on in social media is an integral factor here when it comes to “digital dementia.” Online or any kind of gaming is one of the most addictive dopamine rushes on a massive scale that is completely out of control Batsh*t Crazy. You can play games on any device and hundreds of millions of people do ALL THE TIME every day. Just as with social media, there is a ridiculous magnetic, addictive attraction. People of all ages just "get lost" in it all and can't stop doing it, thus detaching themselves from reality.

And, don’t, for a minute, think this all just somehow happened. Those who are developing and constantly refining games, apps (including the ostensibly safe dating apps that can be scary and even dangerous), the sanctums of social media, and, of course, all the advertising we’re “treading water” in, they know exactly what they are doing to us to produce non-stop dopamine rushes in our brains ... so, in much the same way carbohydrates create hunger urges, we crave more and more. They get to us with such precision and specificity, it’s like knowing exactly where to scratch a dog’s belly to get that hind leg-twitching thing going!

It all adds up to us now living in a Batsh*t Crazy, Digital Dementia Dystopia. Just look around you ... it is all going on right this very minute. Oh, yea, and TV is yet another one of the other major “numbing factors” (as well as “time wasters”) where people just keep sitting there in monosyllabic trances, passively (and ever so subtly ... no, really, it's like brain washing) absorbing the “we can make you happy” commercials ... all of which are all designed to jolt more and more dopamine rushes (or the need for them).

So what can we do about this quagmire?

You just have to pay more attention, a lot more attention, to what is (and isn't) going on all around you.
So, my friend, I’m here to do something about all of this with an on-going discourse of Communiqués ... addressing the multitude of things bothering all of us, including so much what we all try so hard to ignore ... the stuff that constantly “eats away” at each of us, all while we continue (realizing it or not) our life-long quest in what the Dalai Lama says is **as simple as “seeking happiness.”**

Add to that all the rest of our self-imposed encumbrances (many of which we're left with after the newness wears off), retarding our “positive progress forward” that we think we’re making as we continue our quests to look for more things to worry about. Hey, it’s all quite simply emanating from and miring us in a ...

Batsh*t Crazy, Digital Dementia Dystopia!

But, then, you already know that, don’t you?

Could it be you’ve reached the point where you just don’t care? Maybe you’ve lost your way and, for some reason, just can’t find (or don’t even bother to look for) a route (any kind of passage) back? Or, maybe, just maybe, you, like me, really want to do something about all of what is “dragging us down,” keeping us in the same place (or, in many cases, causing us to “lose ground”).

It isn’t until you find out what you find out that you’ll know exactly what you should already know.

Or so it seems ... don’t you think?

<END OF TRANSMISSION>

Copyright NOTICE/RULES/PERMISSION: Batsh*t Crazy Digital Dementia Dystopia is a series of copyrighted Communiqués that are broadcast in bursts, "hot off the press" as I write them (using my trusty word anvil). The key word in that last sentence is **copyrighted** which means I own 'em outright (everything you read here), every single word. Right now, here, this moment in time, you can read the Communiqués, following along in the “play of words.” You can freely share any or all of these Communiqués with anyone and everyone else in whatever manner you choose (so long as you quote me as the source AND are NOT profiting from using my words). Everything you read will be **real and true** with me striving, among the collected combinations of words, to produce as many as possible of **that one true sentence** Hemmingway so eloquently and passionately talked about.

---

Options:

- **Table of Contents** (if you’re looking for a particular Communiqué)
- **Indexicon** (if you’re looking for a specific word or phrase)
- **Who is Bil.?** (if you want to know more about me, the writer)
- **Continue on reading** (in which case, move your eyes downward)
Communiqué #5 — How is this not happening why it is?

Dateline: Hearst Castle CA … Central Coast of California …

At first, I thought it was just me. My brain just seemed to be incapacitated or in the “off” position at so many points when I needed mental horsepower. I wondered if it might be a non-life (or life) threatening brain aneurysm, as I was having fewer flashes of brilliance mixed in between all too frequent fits of stupidity.

Or, maybe, just maybe, I was on to something.

So I talked to others about it. I mean I talked to a lot of people!

I quickly learned it wasn’t just me. As I talked with people about what is going all around us, the common denominator for everyone was best summed up two-fold, “OMG!” and “WTF!” There was one other phrase that stands out and it was used more than any other, because of the frequency of our constant befuddlement at so many things that just didn’t make any sense … “I don’t frickin’ believe this sh*t!” Most often, another, more commonly used, “F” word was used instead!

I mean, really, little kids with cell phones? And, everyone else possessively glued to their precious digital devices, with nonstop, adoring gazes, mouths slightly ajar?

So many people captivated, heads down, constantly “eyes on” their smartphones, bumping into each other or worse, walking right into trees and other objects … even oncoming cars?

We're blocking out everything else to the point of absurdity, fixated on those electronical toys strangle-holding our intellect (what's left of it)!

People (many masked as “friends”) you think you can rely upon, telling you one thing and then doing something else. Insincerity and disrespect at the most basic, backbiting levels. Or, people being people! Never forget that people don't let you down. You let people let you down.

Those nonstop urges and compulsions of “gotta check things” to see what's going on?

All, while the collective mass of social media has everyone "quietly," but in so many needy ways, screaming, "Look at me! Look at me!"
And, so many people, herded along like sheep (thanks to the marketeer weasels' skills to push the invented, perceived "value proposition"), have been duped into thinking it helps all the more to have the newest, latest, greatest model of whatever it is that holds the fascination of a glowing oracle!

You can’t run in a marathon, go to a music nightclub, walk on a bridge, spend a day at the beach, even go to a hospital, or do so many other what used to be "normal" things now without worrying about someone trying to kill or harm you with a gun, a knife, home-made bombs, or what used to be viewed as “ordinary vehicles?”

Donald Trump, one way or the other, became President of the United States? Really? Tweeting all the time with bizarre, dubitable statements and theories, while adding whole new connotations and interpretations to certain idioms …

• “Family in the house!”
• “Conflict of interest” (on a wide variety of levels and in so many different, creative, inventive ways)!
• “This ain’t as easy as it looks … and is exhausting!”
• “I’ll ’twitter’ ’em a piece of my mind!
• Taking bloviating to a whole new level (all with a minimal use of big or any meaningful words), and lots of frantic hand gestures!
• Appointing the “best” person for the job!
• “Exercise being misguided,” with the main argument (misinformed as it may be) being that a person, like a battery, is born with a finite amount of energy, so you don’t want to waste that energy exercising. Just look at his waistline and you’ll see why he needs to “expend some energy” in, well, gosh, maybe even, dare I say it … EXERCISING! And, also having a fewer (or many less) extravagant, “loaded with calories” meals.
• Of course, the alternative to him as President, well, now that’s a whole other “kettle of fish,” isn’t it?

And, some guy from Colorado on kidney dialysis, Gary Faulkner, went on a “Mission from God,” making seven trips to Pakistan after 9/11 to hunt down Osama Bin Laden, completely on his own, taking with him a sword, a knife, and a gun?

I could go on and on, but it doesn’t take much on any given day to “prove the point” about how Batsh*t Crazy things are. Just watch or read the news, biased as it is, with "news" sprinkled in between the advertising!

The non-stop news media just keeps feeding it all to us! Their main concern is two-fold: a) getting our attention to boost ratings; and 2) squeezing in as much advertising as possible with snippets of highly biased (and entertainment focused) “news” sprinkled in. The real issue here (and major problem – Batsh*t Crazy, if you will) is that in their quest to report every detail, the news media plays right into the
hands of terrorists and every other nut job out there who all crave being glorified, as well as furthering their causes!

It's all Batsh*t Crazy! And, no one even seems to be phased by any of it. Or, maybe we've just become so used to the cumulative factor (and effects) of Digital Dementia that we don't even consider how certifiably insane things really are ... each of us included!

Are we all so badly in need of being "included" or part of what it is that “it” is in the realm of all things inter-connected on the web? Things already were pretty much Batsh*t Crazy! Now, our “connectedness” via the Internet just helps it all with great rapidity, constantly “exploding in our brains” right before our eyes all the more, overloading already taxed and encumbered flashing and misfiring neurons in our brains that are slowing down in a kind of reverse velocity, detaching our thinking processes.

That's the whole/hole "digital dementia" aspect in all of this. And, this is only the beginning, with much, much more Batsh*t Crazy stuff to come. People who already were, without question (or, at the very least), kooky (you know, like some of your friends, people you work with, or those running the show at work), are now more enabled to be even more wacky in a "showcase" kind of way with social media (where our President would be “Exhibit A”).

I'm here, invading your mental shelf space because you, me, and everyone else, quite matter of factly, are “in too deep” at this point. So, we need to stand back and take a much closer look at how Batsh*t Crazy all of this is.

These Communiqués herein are intended to help you and me get back to where we can be sure (and secure) in what it is we think we think ... don't you think?

Oh, yea, and if nothing else sticks from what you read “hear-in,” the most important thing you can do to combat getting further “sucked in” is simply to:

**PAY ATTENTION!**

While we think we are so "connected," we've really become disconnected with, well, you know, people and the real world all around us. In so many subtle ways, we're completely oblivious to what's all around us. And, even when you think someone is paying attention (without even making eye contact with you while “doing something” on a smartphone or anything else), muttering "uh-huh, uh-huh" ... that person (just as you and I so often do) really wasn't paying any attention, nor will that person remember much of anything you said (or what was supposed to be done)! Again, we come back to “digital dementia.”

Okay, I’m writing these Communiqués in a “familiar fashion” (in bursts) like so many of those oh, so familiar texts, social media postings, and emails we're all
consumed and absorbed in. I have no idea when, if, or how this series of whatever it is I’m doing here will ever end. Since we're now living in, while somehow trying to find our way through, in a **Batsh*t Crazy Dystopia** that has been compounded by **Digital Dementia**, we need to have an on-going conversation about it all, which is exactly what “here” is all about (and why I’m doing whatever this is). We need to NOT just talk about it, but “keep the conversation moving” in a direction that results in taking us back to a point where things won't be so Batsh*t Crazy!

Otherwise, we’ll just continue down a serpentined, perfidious path.

By what means did we wind up to where so much appears to be what it isn’t?

Do you know how it all started? This “here and now” in which we’re all entangled!

You do know more than you think you know about how this all started … it’s just that you might not know that you know you know … ya know?

<END OF TRANSMISSION>

... Inscribed for Diana ... celebrating life! Penned by America’s Premier Unknown Writer!

**Copyright NOTICE/RULES/PERMISSION:** *Batsh*t Crazy! Digital Dementia Dystopia* is a series of **copyrighted** Communiqués that are broadcast in bursts, “hot off the press” as I write them (using my trusty word anvil). The key word in that last sentence is “copyrighted” which means I own 'em outright (everything you read here), every single word. Right now, here, this moment in time, you can read the Communiqués, following along in the “play of words.” You can freely share any or all of these Communiqués with anyone and everyone else in whatever manner you choose (so long as you quote me as the source AND are NOT profiting from using my words). Everything you read will be real and true with me striving, among the collected combinations of words, to produce as many as possible of “that one true sentence” Hemmingway so eloquently and passionately talked about.

Options:

- **Table of Contents** (if you’re looking for a particular Communiqué)
- **Indexicon** (if you’re looking for a specific word or phrase)
- **Who is Bil.?** (if you want to know more about me, the writer)
- **Continue on reading** (in which case, move your eyes downward)
Communiqué #6 – *Getting to not where we think we are!*

Dateline: Back in Santa Barbara CA ... @ the Botanical Gardens ...

Just think about it:

- Smartphones.
- Tablets.
- Computers ... everywhere.
- Texting.
- Social media.
- Gaming.
- Email.
- The Internet ... encompassing one and all, “burning holes” in our brains!

**ALL of it!**

Everything and everyone is connected. Even those who think they aren’t need to think again. That’s because those ATM machines and POS (Point of Sale) terminals we so often swipe (or stick) our credit/ATM cards in ... like so many other things, they’re all connected to the infamous and “hard to grasp just what it is” **cloud**. And, that cloud is where EVERYTHING is to which we are all connected (with Amazon, along with everything else), it has wrapped around your intellect, controlling a good portion of that entity.

Even cable companies are Internet and cloud based, for “streaming it all.” From NetFlix and just about anything else you’re “doing” on your TV, computer, tablet, gaming device, and, yes, your precious, “can’t be without it” smartphone ... they're all bound and linked ...

**... like soup cans tied together with strings!**

Stop for a long moment (you know, like when the electricity goes out or you can’t get a cell phone signal) and seriously think about all of it ... the entire world is catalogued for us. You can instantly search for and get whatever it is you want to know, find, and do ... even eat!

We have it all. Right?

But, are we saving or wasting time ... in the entirety of what we do (and don’t do) with it all.

Give that a little more thought for a moment.

Because in the totality of all of what you consider to be what you think you’re seeing or doing ... there just might be more or less to it than you assume to “be the
case” (a whole lot more ... or an incredible amount less). That is, if you really think about!

So let’s go back to the early 1980s and see how we got from there to here where we have everything we think we have ... while still somehow wanting more (but what?).

The whole point here (and of these bursts of Communiqués) is that you might be missing some (or very many) things you should (or shouldn't) be paying more attention to. This all because of and beyond those digital devices you’ve virtually let take over your life (the true essence of your being).

What I have to share with you in this particular Communiqué is a personal narrative, so I’ll step out from behind (or through) these words to tell you my story. As things turned out, I was fortunate enough to be “right in the middle of it all” when my life and the rest of the world changed so radically with the arrival of the “Age of Personal Computers” in the late ’70s and early ’80s (especially with the IBM PC).

So, a first person accounting of certain developments and events, with me being in a lot of the “right places at the right times,” makes it easier to put all of this (what you think you have) into a more comprehensible perspective. That way you can put more of the pieces together in this “story of your life” where you (we all) are pretty much controlled and manipulated by machines and devices.

It’s much like the movie, The Matrix, only scarier (well, not the “you think that's air you’re breathing” part, but much of the rest of it). And, if you haven’t seen that movie or it's been awhile since you have, you definitely should have a “look/see,” because many aspects of the story line fit perfectly for what is happening collectively to all of us, minute by minute each day.

There’s no place else on earth like Santa Barbara. I don’t know exactly what it is, but there’s just something about being there. You have to go there to see for yourself what it is (back to The Matrix reference ... you just have to “go in” to understand what it is because no one can explain it). We lived in Santa Barbara in the early 1980s for five years when the world became “Personal Computer oriented” ... with the rhythm of “clicking keyboards” taking over everything!

Before we go any further here, I need to address a Constitutional "issue" that I was dealing with at that time, that being running for President of the United States.

According to our Constitution: The formal qualifications to become President of the United States of America state that “a candidate must be 35 years of age or older, a resident of the U.S. for at least 14 years and a natural-born citizen.” Okay, so, just after we moved to Santa Barbara, I turned 35. Thus, I had to make the decision about running for President (not that I ever intended to). I just wanted to make it official. Hey, I’m a writer. We do things like that. So I nodded my head a few times and made
the announcement to my wife and son that I would NOT seek the Presidency. They were watching TV at the time. I'm not even sure they ever heard my "momentous announcement!"

I got that out of the way about the time the IBM PC personal computer was introduced. Apple was already “there” but not on the scale that the PC would go on encompass!

August 12, 1981 – the day IBM Personal Computer (PC) was released. Apple already had a stranglehold on personal computing (even the hobbyists), but that was all about to quickly to change in a very big way. So much so that Time Magazine named the personal computer for 1982 (that looked like an IBM PC) “Machine of the Year” on January 3rd, 1983 ... with the story about it titled, “A New World Dawns.”

I got my own IBM PC not too long after they hit the market (for $3,500, including an additional $800 for a dot matrix printer). Up to that point, you had typewriters and pesky dedicated word processors that had something called “computer memory” (but very little of it, actually).

Link to Time Magazine article about this.

To more precisely put things into perspective here, less than 800,000 personal computers were sold up to 1980. And, yes, beyond the hobbyist personal computers (many of which were built from kits), Apple was the only “real game in town” for computers in business and schools. The IBM PC changed all of that, legitimizing the PC for business and home use!

The popular 1983 movie, War Games, spoke of things to come about the potential for computers to think for us. The movie was about a high school kid (starring budding teen actor, Matthew Broderick) who finds a “back door” into a high level military computer (the early beginnings of AI – Artificial Intelligence) that loved to play games ... all of which led the computer and the kid to play a supposedly simulated game called “Global Thermonuclear War” that no one was sure if the computer actually knew it was real or a game. The key point here is that in the early 1980s, this wasn’t such a far-fetched idea ... and computers were “popping up” all over the place, running things for us.

I was lucky enough to write about technology for PC Magazine, USA Today, and many other publications. I had a nationally syndicated newspaper column, too, that
focused on helping people learn how to use and get the most out of their personal computers.

The rest of the 1980s was the evolving revolution of the personal computer becoming a key part of everyday life – at work and at home. Take for example, TurboTax (I helped build that empire). That was just one of hundreds of thousands of “things” that were now being done on personal computers!

Then the Advanced Research Projects Agency Network (ARPANET) was about to morph itself into something would become part of everyday life.

The United States Department of Defense initially funded what became ARPANET. And, that ultimately became what we now know as the Internet. There is a LONG story about all of that, but we won’t go into it here. You can, you know, use the Internet to find out all about it.

The Internet emerged and radically expanded through the 1990s and on into the new millennium … as it continues to “keep on going.”

Back to my being in the right places at the right times, I truly “lucked in” to being part of Microsoft’s Windows95 Team in the early ’90s (when Windows95 was still code-named "Chicago"). And, that really did change everything, because we helped pioneer the World Wide Web, starting in the mid-90s. I got to watch it all unfold, from people knowing nothing about this “thing the Internet” and electronic mail (which I had been using since the early ’80s with MCI Mail, where you had to actually pay for emails you sent and received!) to everyone, on a global scale, being “connected” on their desktop.

That was just the beginning of what was to come. All as I got trained in Human-Computer Interaction (HCI) which is the study (and science) of how people interact with technology and computers. HCI, combined with Alvin Toffler’s Future Shock (which is even more so valid today, right now … read it, if you haven’t) ever present in my mind, is what allowed me to catch “snapshot glimpses” along the way. It all caused me immense concern as I wondered if all of this was really a benefit or detriment. What I saw and learned (and became more and more concerned about) has led directly to me inscribing these Communiqués … specifically for YOU.

Why? Because you need to know what you need to know that you didn’t already know you knew … only you somehow didn’t know it, didn’t think about it, or, just got consumed by it (like all the rest of us).

With the new millennium, then came music players (led by Apple’s overpriced iPods), cell phones, NAV units, tablet computers, social (and streaming) media, an insane amount of “gaming,” and on and on … right up to now where we “have it all!”
Right?

**Maybe. Maybe not.**

You need to stand back and take a good look at YOU and what you are doing with all of this technology that is right there, all around you, to do with whatever you like (and can afford to pay for). Look closely at just how much all of this controls you, instead of the other way around.

What are you doing with it all?

What is the sum total of “it” doing to you?

Do you ever consider what all of this means (and doesn’t mean) now that you are so connected and “tied in” to everything that is anything? The picture of all things (and people) ideally connected (in theory or principle) is always “painted so perfectly” for us through advertising, movies, gaming, friends, and so much more.

But, is it? Really? That perfect?

<END OF TRANSMISSION>

---

Copyright NOTICE/RULES/PERMISSION: **Batsh*t Crazy! Digital Dementia Dystopia** is a series of copyrighted Communiqués that are broadcast in bursts, “hot off the press” as I write them (using my trusty word anvil). The key word in that last sentence is “copyrighted” which means I own ‘em outright (everything you read here), every single word. Right now, here, this moment in time, you can read the Communiqués, following along in the “play of words.” You can freely share any or all of these Communiqués with anyone and everyone else in whatever manner you choose (so long as you quote me as the source AND are NOT profiting from using my words). Everything you read will be real and true with me striving, among the collected combinations of words, to produce as many as possible of “that one true sentence” Hemmingway so eloquently and passionately talked about.

Options:

- **Table of Contents** (if you’re looking for a particular Communiqué)
- **Indexicon** (if you’re looking for a specific word or phrase)
- **Who is Bil.?** (if you want to know more about me, the writer)
- **Continue on reading** (in which case, move your eyes downward)
Communiqué #7 – Post hoc ergo propter hoc …

Copyright © 2017 by Bil. Alvernaz … 07VI17 … 1,506 / 7,292

Dateline: San Ysidro Ranch CA … about to have lunch …

Post hoc ergo propter hoc is Latin and it means “after this, therefore because of this.”

This is important because it describes the root cause in a logical fallacy used to ensnare all of us all of the time. Here’s how this works. Since one event follows another, therefore the first event must have caused the second event. In other words, if you decide to wear a hat while driving your car and you get a ticket, then wearing the hat is what caused you to get a ticket.

Sure. That’s just stupid … or, you know, Batsh*t Crazy.

But, let’s look at advertising. Beer commercials. What is portrayed over and over again is that drinking beer means having this great time (cool cars, girls everywhere, and lots of cool, "hip" friends … all enjoying life). Therefore, if you drink beer, all of that “great time” will be a regular occurrence for you.

Or, how about technology commercials? Oh, say, for Apple products. The iPhone (and the pretty much superfluous, but oh, so cool, screaming “Look at me!” Apple watch to go with it), the iPad, and, of course, the iPod … use them and you can do all kinds of cool things like you see in the commercials (when really, most people will only use a small fraction of so many of those “try and figure ‘em out” options).

And, pay close attention to those kinds of ads because there is always a non-descript, “easy to miss” disclaimer statement flashed on the screen that has to do with something about “simulations.” This is especially true for gaming ads. So the references to simulations make it okay (from a legal standpoint) to show you things you’re never going to be able to do in a million years!

The implied messaging – “post hoc ergo propter hoc” – is that you’ll not only be to do all of those things (many of which you’ll never quite figure out), you’ll also be cool, too. Thus, people, year after year, “line right up” to get the newest offerings from Apple (thanks to such “makes you want to be part of it all” marketing). Microsoft, Google, everyone else … they all do the same thing.

Here’s the thing though. Starbucks - it’s frickin' coffee! The smartphone. It's a phone, and it comes with lots of other stuff (and plenty of distractions)! The same goes for tablet computers and so many other electronical toys, many of which end up "on the shelf" or in a drawer after the newness wears off … or yet another cool, newer version of a "gotta have it" product comes out.
Don’t even get me started on Starbucks (where “bucks,” as in spending a lot of them, is the key part of the company name). They are basically selling COFFEE, “dressed up” (and massively marketed) to be something you just have to drink, complete with “having the cup” with the Starbuck’s logo for all the world to see. But, hey, its coffee being sold for way too much, along with all of the other “goes with coffee” stuff (which is also over-priced). But, look at any drive-through for Starbucks. People are “lining right up” to get what they have been led to perceive (and believe) they just “gotta have it.”

But, back to technology. It is simply offering you tools. Look at what you need to do (not what you’ve been programmed by the marketeers or peer pressure to believe you simply have to do). Consider options (beyond what would make you look cool or be “part of the hip, with-it scene”) for what you need to do and how you can do it.

Here’s an example of being smart while still getting what you need, instead of what you think you want. Apple sells iPods for ridiculously expensive amounts of money to “play music” (with lots of other options, again, that most people just don’t or won’t figure out how to use). The commercials suck you in by showing all you can do and how much fun you’ll have, as well as how happy you’ll be if you buy their product(s). But, stop right there. You want to listen to music. Okay, so there are LOTS of music players out there. When I wanted something to listen to while exercising and working out, I checked 'em all out, listening to and evaluating them. It turns out that the $89 earbuds from Bose were exactly what I was looking for.

So, even though I went the somewhat extravagant “route” for the earbuds, I still got the music player and the earbuds for half the cost of buying an Apple product. And, now all these years later, I’m still happy with what I’ve got, which is all working great. Oh, and the battery life on the Sony lasts a long time – two or three weeks between charges.

My point being, it’s Batsh*t Crazy to just buy what you think you want, instead of getting exactly what you need (and will be more happy with). “Doing your homework” and checking things out leads to getting what you really need (and usually saving a lot of money, too).

Coming back to what we’re talking about here. Making the assumption that people who have Apple or any other “in” product (this includes paying five dollars or
more for flavored and multi-colored “coffee” at Starbucks”) and, thus, you are having a great time while being cool, definitely is post hoc ergo propter hoc.

You’ll never know unless you check things out first, BEFORE you rush to get whatever you think it is you need. McDonalds and Dunkin’ Donuts were smart to offer “fancy coffee” at a price much less than Starbucks. And, they have made a big dent in Starbuck’s market (even though Dunkin' Donuts doesn't even have a drive-thru, you know, for all the folks who won't even make the effort to get their butts out of their vehicles). Not that Starbucks is going away any time soon, but they did close stores recently.

The only way to be sure you’re buying (or asking for) what you really need, versus what you think you think (or have been led to believe) you want, is to do following:

✓ First, write down (or type it into your electronical device of choice) all of the reasons why you want whatever it is you think you absolutely “have to have.” And, because all your friends have it or because you “saw it advertised,” doesn’t count. We’re talking about what it is YOU really need.
✓ Once you clearly define what it is you want, create a comparison chart of the products to consider, including the features AND the prices.
✓ This will “lead you down a path” to making smart decisions to get exactly what you need, based on what you have clearly defined about what it is you think you need ... instead of having been “influenced by outside sources,” all of whom aren’t really taking into consideration wants versus needs. Nor do they even care about what you really want. Again, we come back to the marketeers who only want one thing and LOTS of it – money from YOU!

And, when you really think about it, what about all of that other stuff you think you want?

Post hoc ergo propter hoc ... that says it all, don’t you think?

But, then, there is one crucial aspect of the syllabus used for making us “dance like monkeys” on command ... and it all has to do with how they (and there are plenty of ‘em) climb inside our heads to get us to do whatever they want (most often to extricate as much money or as many favors as possible from our person).

Oh, and this particular component of our mental (and physical) “makeup” ties very closely to exactly that extra something in your life you have been desperately searching to find! It might even carry as much or more meaning (and mental weight) as “Rosebud” from the movie Citizen Kane. That movie, one of the best of all time, is well worth watching (for the first time or repeatedly, like so many of us have done). It will help you clearly see that all of what you think you want might not be all that you think you want.
But, somehow, some way, you maybe, sorta, kinda already perceived that what you’re really looking for is much beyond all that you think you have (or don’t have). You know, it’s all in “connecting the dots” ... that you are so much better at doing than you realize (or want to admit being “on the hook” for)!

<END OF TRANSMISSION>

... Inscribed for Diana ... celebrating life! Penned by America’s Premier Unknown Writer!

Copyright NOTICE/RULES/PERMISSION: Batsh*t Crazy! Digital Dementia Dystopia is a series of copyrighted Communiqués that are broadcast in bursts, “hot off the press” as I write them (using my trusty word anvil). The key word in that last sentence is “copyrighted” which means I own ’em outright (everything you read here), every single word. Right now, here, this moment in time, you can read the Communiqués, following along in the “play of words.” You can freely share any or all of these Communiqués with anyone and everyone else in whatever manner you choose (so long as you quote me as the source AND are NOT profiting from using my words). Everything you read will be real and true with me striving, among the collected combinations of words, to produce as many as possible of “that one true sentence” Hemmingway so eloquently and passionately talked about.

Options:

• Table of Contents (if you’re looking for a particular Communiqué)
• Indexicon (if you’re looking for a specific word or phrase)
• Who is Bil.? (if you want to know more about me, the writer)
• Continue on reading (in which case, move your eyes downward)
Communiqué #8 – Intellectual Stimulation ... and then some!

Dateline: San Ysidro Ranch CA ... basking in the glows and hues of a crimson Sunset ...

Those whispers inside your head, along with those familiar, odd feelings, and sensations you’ve been wondering about for so long. You’ve known all your life, out there somewhere or deep inside of you ... “something missing.”

But, what?

It’s the quiet moments when “things well up” (especially in the wee hours of so many nights when slumber eludes you in clustering bundles of maddening ways).

So often you try to ignore them or let them all get lost in the din and clatter of more thoughts “popping up” and all the rest of the Batsh*t Crazy stuff that so steadily keeps coming at you non-stop ... so many things to look for to worry about!

All those reflections haunt you because you are so sure there is an incompleteness in your life of some sort ...

It’s something you know you shouldn’t have, but missed ... that is right “there.” Nonetheless, you can’t quite seem to get a handle on it.

What it is, that is always right there, just out of reach?

At lucid, luminous moments, bordering on “touching enlightenment” (howsoever that somehow just happens to happen), where you think you’re just about to “latch on to” whatever it is ... that certain element, aspect, or factor that haunts you ... and then, POOF, it’s gone before you can mentally snag it.

You have no doubt there is more to it all than what is constantly presented to you as “this is what it is,” amidst the entirety of this Batsh*t Crazy Digital Dementia Dystopia, in the self-created, inviolable reality in which you have immersed yourself.

There just must and should be more, right?

It’s no coincidence that the marketeers are using every Batsh*t Crazy “trick in the book” to get to you, to all of us ... so we buckle under the onslaught. That’s how they (including friends, relatives, and others) manipulate us. We’re all looking for whatever it is we missed or needed to know that, to be quite blunt, completely gets lost in the Batsh*t Crazy aspects of everyday life.

And, whether it is the results of the constant bombardment of advertising or whatever it is you think you’re “probing for” out there in the vastness of the Internet (especially with social media and gaming), the Batsh*t Craziness of your life just gets...
pounded and “beat into your brain” even more so with, you guessed it, a round-the-clock stream of even more Batsh*t Crazy impedimenta.

And, your friends, relatives, acquaintances, “associates,” and just plain, ordinary looking people (even all of those strangers you talk to for no reason), are just as “indoctrinated” by it all as you are!

So just what is it that we all keep looking for? And, thinking we’ve “missed it” or won’t ever be able to detect, “unearth,” “establish contact with,” or, somehow, some way find it? The existence of “matter” not found on the Periodic Table of Elements? Even though, at the heart of it all (just like so much of the wide variety of other substances in our proximity, near and far), each of us is, indeed, “carbon based!”

What you’ve been looking for, what we’ve all been looking (whether we ever realize it or not) is Intellectual Stimulation. That’s what brings out what is already “there” in your brain that can lead you to exactly what it is you didn’t even know you already knew you wanted … and, it has been there your whole life. And, at points, come what may, it just magically happens (usually accompanied by an incredible sense of well-being).

It’s that “something” that has been lacking or the quietly nagging feeling of you knowing there is something more “out there” to all of “this” (whatever "this" is or should or could or would be) than what reality seems to be presenting on purpose. But, you know it isn’t what it absolutely seems to seem to be. There must be more.

What’s missing? What you’re looking for (and have stumbled upon at certain, unexpected points) is Intellectual Stimulation … it was (and is) already there, just waiting to be unleashed.

From boredom and indifference to complexities and the simplest countenance of simplicity, Intellectual Stimulation is what resonates in your brain to spark untapped (and, most often, little used) mental potential and capacity to a level where neurons are flinging pure synaptic (even synoptic) energy and excitement in fully charged electrochemical signals that whisk you off into a pure state of “this, absolutely, most certainly, is it!”

Thus, there it is … what you knew all along was “probably probable.” Exactly what you didn’t quite know what you knew you were looking for or sensing was missing in your life (and the lives of so many others). Well, it all unfurls, or to be more precise, “explodes” inside your head so what used to be “normal” is now your mental energy (and horsepower) “zooming along” in such a way as to make you feel on “top of the world,” far beyond the stratosphere of any limitations (self-imposed and otherwise) you have been “living with” for so long.
You experience Intellectual Stimulation from time to time, when it just somehow happens to happen. Sometimes you know it will happen. Most often, it just happens. And, therein lies our conundrum here, because we never can quite put our “intellectual finger” on it long enough (if at all) to analyze just what Intellectual Stimulation is (or how to activate it) ... you know, so you can more easily duplicate that sensation and conscientious level of awareness.

The real essence of your life, holding everything together, is Intellectual Stimulation – those circumstances and situations that spark positive cerebral intensity, putting the true luster in life and making whatever we do or accomplish shimmer, glimmer, shine, and sparkle ... making you feel so mentally alert and alive, it almost doesn’t seem real. Enchantment is a better word for what Intellectual Stimulation is (and does).

The golden key to uncorking Intellectual Stimulation is YOU ... not anyone or anything else. Before you ever get to philosophy, religion, politics, money, sex, fame, personalities, aspiration, guilt, and/or coping with the “good intentions” of manipulative relatives and friends (and all of the subliminal influences of advertising), you need to take care of and, more importantly, be exceptionally nice to yourself.

You need to always make sure to take care of YOU so you can do exactly what it is you want to do (truly knowing it, even if you aren’t quite sure you do know it ... and you do, most certainly, know it ... you just have to dig deep enough within the recesses of your mind to “see it all”)! And, Intellectual Stimulation is a big part of that in creating, inventing (or reinventing), and expanding the landscape and true voice of your life to be exactly what you want it (and YOU) to be.

But, here is the conundrum and hazy aspect of Intellectual Stimulation. No one can tell you what it is. It is different for each person. That said ...

If you need it “spelled out” for you, well, then ...

The starting (and holding) point for Intellectual Stimulation is dopamine. Ah, yes, we come back to that organic chemical in the brain that plays several roles, the prime one related to reward-motivated behavior ... doing those things that make you feel great (invincible even), experience wonderful sensations (all kinds), and, dare I say it, bringing about true happiness that would even make the Dalai Lama smile in confirmation!

Dopamine is a key ingredient to Intellectual Stimulation. But, instead of letting increased Dopamine production be artificially inflicted or forced upon you (which is so often the case and only done by others to control or manipulate you), why not boost your Dopamine production yourself ... you know, so you’ll be doing exactly what it is you want to do.
So would you want to do that? Of course, you would! Duh!

Well, as with EVERYTHING in life, it all comes back to YOU.

To manifest Intellectual Stimulation of your own doing, it really doesn’t take much at all, except YOU being willing to actually be YOU … and, it will all be things you like (or “stumble upon” to discover that you enjoy) doing. Heightened perception and perspective are the key factors here and that means YOU have to pay more attention to so much of what you now just “let go by” or completely ignore, choosing not to see and, thus, act upon in your own best interests.

To help you see more clearly how this all works, we’re going to look at two things … a) behavior (things you can and should do); and, then, 2) actually how do to what you need to do to boost Intellectual Stimulation. You will also be provided with a formula (actually, it is the “Dynamics of Equational Flow”) so you can actually see how to get from Point A to Point B (with the least amount of heartache) so you can more frequently (read that as A LOT more often) “connect the dots” for Intellectual Stimulation.

So …

Behavior to “behave and engage in” for Intellectual Stimulation …

✓ **Hobbies** … no matter how others view what you love to do and the passion you have for hobbies, crafts, or what might be considered “otherwise outside activities, distractions, or diversions,” as long as you aren’t breaking any laws or hurting anyone (and that includes animals), pull out all the stops to make any and all of that a regular part of your life. And, who cares what other people think!? You can waste so much mental and emotional energy worrying about what others will think … or, even worse, investing time and effort into trying to please others (or live up to their self-righteous standards … that even they don’t go by). Who cares!? Look closer at them (your “accusers”) and you’ll clearly see “under the veil” just how much is missing (read that as “empty”) in their lives which are mostly built on "hard to keep holding up" facades. And, really, when you get right down to it, so often it is jealously that drives people to criticize or make fun of you (that being YOU doing what you want to do while they never quite get around to doing whatever it is they want to do and, most importantly, be).

✓ **Crossword and jigsaw puzzles** … and let’s not forget Sudoku! Work your brain … stimulate those brain cells. Work ‘em! Work ‘em hard! Then watch all the great things that will happen with your “razor sharp” intellect!!

✓ **Theater Plays, movies, Internet/TV/Radio shows** that aren’t so contrived you know exactly what’s going to happen. When entertainment is good, creative, and plot twisting, that “takes you away” for an
engrossing, fascinating “ride,” resulting in active thoughts “connecting the dots,” as well as knowledge gained – and so many things you can relate to and learn from.

✓ **Games** (the mental challenge, as well as winning or things going your way) and, we’re not talking about online games here. Board games, like Monopoly, Scrabble, and, well, you know which ones you like (or would want to learn).

✓ **Card games** ... not online gambling where you can “get lost” in time (and money). From Solitaire to Gin, there are LOTS of card games that keep your brain “noodling away” ... and that’s a good thing!

✓ **Spend time with people you like** being around and doing things with. Do MUCH more of that!

✓ **Love and close friends** (ones you can really trust).

✓ **Sex** (which speaks for itself LOUDLY).

✓ **Engaging conversations**, discussions, and even intellectual disagreements.

✓ **Learning** (from classrooms to reading) ... always keep pushing your brain!

✓ **Idle time** ... this is your most dangerous foe, because when it seems like there is nothing to do or you have to just sit (or stand) there waiting, think again. And, that's the point ... THINK! Don’t just take out your phone or “go out there” on the Internet. **ENGAGE YOUR BRAIN!** Take out a notepad and write down what you think about you think ... how you feel about things ... what you want to do ... who you want to be. Doodle or draw! Just do something to employ your brain to just think – pure thoughts ... then write them down. That will help you better define just who you are (and want to be/do). Oh, yea, all of this, these items listed here ... you guessed it ... they are all "pieces of the puzzle" for all Intellectual Stimulation!

✓ **All in!** Yep, life is, well, the biggest poker match of your life. This is, in fact, your life where it is all in how you play the cards you are dealt! But, not half-heartedly. You need to go ALL IN on anything you do. Give it everything you’ve got. That way there is no looking back with woulda, coulda, shouldas. Your enthusiasm should be obvious and infectious to make a difference each day of your life (for you and others), doing what YOU want to do!

Your mind, your health, who you are, what you want, what you like, where you want to go and what you want to do – those, all rolled up together, must be given first consideration in anything you do (or consider doing). Everything else is secondary. And, that’s not being selfish. It’s YOU taking care of you. And, really, if you aren’t taken good care of, then you aren’t going to be much use to anyone else! Besides, you’re the only one who is really going to take care of you. Let’s face it, everyone is out for themselves, so you most certainly gotta take care of YOU.
You just have to dig deep enough within the hallowed, numbed, and subdued hemispheres of your cerebellum to intellectually "thump" every fiber of your brain where ultimately your life's drama gets structured and shaped to flow freely from thoughts, ideas, perceptions, perspectives, and, ultimately, into actions. Whenever you ignore what is there – what you want, you can most certainly expect some sort of pain in your head (or intellect). That's where the emptiness you feel comes into play. So don't let that happen!

And, this is where we come back to the Marketeers and this Batsh*t Crazy Digital Dementia Dystopia in which we are ensconced. Because while you might only stumble upon Intellectual Stimulation from time to time (which all has to do with dopamine levels in your brain), there are lots of “people” out there (well, actually, they are more like weasels always trying to get to you) who have it down to a science as how to “tweak your brain” to induce and sustain Intellectual Stimulation (and overdose you on Dopamine) ... all so you buy their products or purchase their services.

One other neurotransmitter that needs to be talked about is Serotonin that enriches your central nervous system and affects your brain in ways that contribute to feelings of well-being and happiness (or, lack thereof, if “the flow” is disrupted or diminished). Like Dopamine, you need Serotonin to be the real you. And, all of this has a great deal to do with Intellectual Stimulation.

And, when you combine Dopamine and Serotonin together with endorphins, well, that is pure Intellectual Stimulation. Endorphins are produced by the central nervous system and pituitary gland. Endorphins are known to inhibit the transmission of pain signals, while they also produce feelings of euphoria (which are commonly produced by opioids). Aerobic exercise causes the release of endorphins in the bloodstream ... and, that, of course, takes us to all the more reason(s) you need to get up off your ass and exercise (exercise A LOT MORE!). If you’re already exercising ... exercise even MORE! Laughter also produces the production of endorphins. So work on laughing more, too, including at yourself (hey, we all do dumb things, so why not laugh about it all, instead of fretting so much).

So let’s look closer at Intellectual Stimulation and then “map out a plan” for you to “do it yourself” for Intellectual Stimulation. And, yea, you still might go to those marketeers for the products and services that induce Intellectual stimulation (especially movies and games ... the good ones), but, you want to do it on your own terms, in your own way, and, most importantly, so YOU are completely in control of it all (including gravity ... which is very important, but we’ll come back to that topic in another Communiqué).

So what is life all about?
What does it all mean?
Why are we (you) here?

**Who are you?** This is the big one, because once you figure this out, everything else falls into place!

What do you want?

What is it you should be doing ... and what is holding you back?

Where are the answers to all of these (and so many other) questions?

How can you find true happiness?

Those are just some of the questions we torment ourselves with. But, hey, if you’re living your life, being who you want to be, doing what you want to do, and, increasing episodes and instances of Intellectual Stimulation, then the rest of it all (and all of those seemingly unanswerable questions) will take care of itself.

You won’t find anything close to answers to life’s questions in any kind of technological apparatus or contrivance ... not even the electronical essence of whatever or however it is the binding of these words are being held together so they can now somehow be imparted to you, though this is the only way I can cram ‘em into your cerebral cortex for “informational processing” and positive impact!

Too many people spend too much time “connected” and glued to whatever piece of technology they seem to be so madly in love (and obsessed) with.

**THIS IS THE PROBLEM!**

In your insatiable quest to have the newest, latest, most appealing piece of technology (to impress yourself and, even more so, your friends), you have lost your true connection with earth and, even worse, YOURSELF, as well as the rest of us here in something commonly known as REALITY! Occupied with your computing device and constantly checking your smartphone isn’t where you will find the answers. And, doing all of that in excess of 300 times a day (on average), you are further removing yourself from the real world ... you know, where so many others around you are doing the exact same thing! And, it is all the beginning of Digital Dementia, too!

We’re so connected, we’ve really become disconnected in so many ways and on so many different levels. Just because you can do all the things you do with your smartphone and computing “utensils” doesn’t mean that is what you should be doing or attempting to do ... whatever it is you are (or aren’t) doing.

Technology gives you tools. That’s all they are.

You are, matter of factly, plain and simple, ADDICTED! You’re an addict “for a fix” from/to whatever is your preferred choice of “tuning everything else out.”
Oh, you don’t think you’re addicted?

Just try going a morning or afternoon without touching (or hovering over) your smartphone or computing device. Try going an entire day without touching anything connected to the realm of all things online.

Then and only then will you see that you’ve become a fanatic in the realm of all-things technical!! [two exclamation points for emphasis]

Forget the self-help groups and therapy sessions. You don’t need any of that.

All hope is not lost.

Here is what you need to do ... to get back to YOU.

Focus on what matters. First and foremost, that would be YOU! And, not who everyone else thinks you should be. Be who you want to be. Listen closely to those whispers inside your head. Also, forget about seeking the approval of others. It isn’t your job to make people happy! You need to focus on what makes you happy. And, NOT the “happiness” you think you’re attaining by being fixated on a colorful, interactive screen (whatever the size of it may be). Once you are truly happy, everything else in the Universe will take care of itself! Only then will you see technology as the tool it was meant to be.

You’ll still use your computing devices and smartphone as tools, but certainly not as extensions of (and additions to) who it is you really should be ... and, by now, hopefully, you should have a much clearer picture of who it is you really are (and should be, based on who YOU want to be).

And, now for the “how to do it” aspect of Intellectual Stimulation ... but, before we get into that here is the formula (actually, it is the “Dynamics of Equational Flow”) that allows you to visually see, in an Infographic, how to get from Point A to Point B so you can “connect the dots” for Intellectual Stimulation (as well as to be who you really want to be).

We have two options here for viewing the Intellectual Stimulation Formula:

• On the web – Int-Stim Formula – Dynamics of Equational Flow
• Herein – Int-Stim Formula – Dynamics of Equational Flow

Here are the “how to do it” key points and suggestions for moving forward (and being much happier) in your life, starting with four key points you need to focus on:

• What do you want? Have you figured out exactly what you want?
• What do you want to do? It’s as simple as “mapping out a plan” ...
• What’s missing? Think hard ... though “it” is more obvious than you think!
• **What will you do with today?** It’s a whole new beginning with the sunrise of each day. And, that’s all you have – *today* … so think hard about how you want to “spend the hours you’ve been given” for today. And, see if you can make a difference in your life and the lives of others.

• **Get a notepad or a notebook** to carry around with you ALL THE TIME! You’ll need a pen, too. Use that notepad or notebook to jot down ideas, notes, things to do, stuff you don’t want to forget (especially at points where you find yourself just “waiting there”). DO NOT put this kind of information into your smartphone or computer. At least not initially. You need to “write things down” and “draw things out.” The act of actually writing something out, and thinking about it as you do it, will jumpstart your brain into thinking what you really think. Yes, putting this information into digital form at some point will most certainly take place. But the act of using a notepad or notebook, with the movement of a pen (and your mind), on a regular basis, well, you can write in it, doodle in it, draw in it, scribble in it – any time day or night (and keep it by your bedside for those middle of the night flashes of brilliance you don’t want to forget). Do anything you want with pen and paper. But, just try it for a few days and you’ll quickly see this is an important thing for you to do. It’s the Universe!

• **Talk to people.** Really talk to them. If your phone rings while you are talking to someone, don’t interrupt things by seeing who is calling. There is such a thing as voicemail you can check later. Interact with people by doing things with and for people. Texting and chatting online DOES NOT count here (remember, technology is a series of tools). The real world is NOT online (though the entire world is catalogued there for you). The real world is all around you, so get back more to living and participating in the real world with the rest of us!

• **Go for a walk!** Walking not only “clears your head,” but it is exercise. So do a lot more walking! AND, a lot more exercising (as in sweating your arse off)!

• **Exercise!** And, that means you have to “work it” enough to sweat. Oh, and no TV watching or reading while doing so either. You can listen to music (the beat really helps keep you moving).

• **Make people smile!** Do that by doing “little things” unexpectedly for people. Surprise people with spontaneous, fun things. Take someone to lunch or dinner … or out for ice cream. Buy flowers for people to show them just how special they are (you won’t believe the incredible impact flowers have on people). The more you do for other people, the more dopamine you will produce in a good way in your brain (and the brains of others, too)!
• **Write letters** – you know, with a pen, paper, envelope, and stamp? You will not only surprise people by doing this, but you’ll reconnect in an old fashioned, fun kind of way. And, too, you’ll actually be writing out words on paper! It’s an experience you’ll enjoy (and rediscover) … and, you just might get a letter in return! Think of it. Something worthwhile in the mail! The Post Office isn’t just for junk mail, NetFlix, and Amazon Sunday deliveries, ya know!

• **Send cards** – this is similar to writing a letter, but a little more special. Let someone you know you care. Even someone you live with or near. Send a special card and write a note inside … date it, too. It will not only make that person’s day, but, again, there will be something worthwhile in the mail for them … and perhaps someone will then send you a card, too!

• **Play games** – board games, card games, do puzzles, take up a new hobby like nurturing a Bonsai tree, or Origami, or any of a gazillion other fun things – whatever interests you. Just do something beyond spending time on your computing device or smartphone.

Sure, there are many other things you can (and should be doing). So … DO THEM!

And, just so you have it all “on paper” … here is the **Int-Stim Formula**, that being the Dynamics of Equational Flow for Intellectual Stimulation …

• On the web – **Int-Stim Formula – Dynamics of Equational Flow**

• Herein – **Int-Stim Formula – Dynamics of Equational Flow**

So … do the things you want to do (so many of which you just haven’t gotten around to for whatever reasons)! The technology side of things will always and forever more “be there” when you need to use them as tools. But don’t make technology a deep-rooted obsession in your life.

The simplest way to look at it all is that when the electricity and/or battery power goes out and there isn’t anything “there” … none of that electronical stuff will function. You’ll be staring at blank screens.

At such points, what do you really have?

YOU! YOU! And, YOU!

<END OF TRANSMISSION>
words). Everything you read will be real and true with me striving, among the collected combinations of words, to produce as many as possible of "that one true sentence" Hemmingway so eloquently and passionately talked about.

Options:

- Table of Contents (if you’re looking for a particular Communiqué)
- Indexicon (if you’re looking for a specific word or phrase)
- Who is Bil.? (if you want to know more about me, the writer)
- Continue on reading (in which case, move your eyes downward)
Communiqué #9 – *Yes! You! Can!

Dateline: San Ysidro Ranch, Montecito CA … sitting by a warm, cozy fireplace …

So how often do you say or hear things like …

- I can’t do that!
- I’d never be able to do that!
- No! I’m not going to do it!
- Why try?
- It’s impossible!
- It won’t make any difference, if I do …
- You’ll never make it.
- It would be stupid to attempt that!
- Why should you even try?
- What are other people going to think?
- I want to, but …
- What’s to be gained by doing it? (ANSWER: A lot!)

That’s just some of the negativity that all of us let get in the way of what it is we really want to do, try, or, most importantly, be … that being the person who sheds the cloak of cowering and avoiding trying new things and just doing things you want to (but, for just some reason, can’t get around to) do, giving such things everything you’ve got, and making great things happen.

You’ll surprise yourself (and so many others) when you “stumble upon that fact” (i.e., quite simply coming to the realization) that facing fears and “taking a leap” beyond your comfort zone (no matter how small or large) is all a direct path to making very special, magical things happen in your life (and the lives of others).

**So, screw it! Do it!**

Don’t let anything or anyone get in your way.

Think positive. Be positive. **DO positive!**

Don’t miss out on so much there is right there “for the taking” in life.

And, **don’t let people bring you down.** Or, thinking you can’t even “give it a shot” … you can and it will be so much easier, fun, and more exhilarating than you ever imagined! Sure, it is going to be hard, that first time you “break out of your shell” that’s been holding you back for so long. But, once you see that you can, indeed, DO IT (no matter how small or large that first step is), you’ll find more and more new doors opening for you, along with opportunities you otherwise would have missed out on.
Make great things happen in your life if for nothing more than to show those nay-sayers that they can stay mired where they are (with all of their self-imposed limitations) while YOU are going to do what you’ve known all along you can and will do.

And, forget the expression of “think out of the box.” There is no box!

There is only what YOU make happen in your life!

Yes! You! Can!

<END OF TRANSMISSION>

... Inscribed for Diana ... celebrating life! Penned by America’s Premier Unknown Writer!

Copyright NOTICE/RULES/PERMISSION: Batsh*t Crazy! Digital Dementia Dystopia is a series of copyrighted Communiqués that are broadcast in bursts, “hot off the press” as I write them (using my trusty word anvil). The key word in that last sentence is “copyrighted” which means I own ’em outright (everything you read here), every single word. Right now, here, this moment in time, you can read the Communiqués, following along in the “play of words.” You can freely share any or all of these Communiqués with anyone and everyone else in whatever manner you choose (so long as you quote me as the source AND are NOT profiting from using my words). Everything you read will be real and true with me striving, among the collected combinations of words, to produce as many as possible of “that one true sentence” Hemmingway so eloquently and passionately talked about.

Options:

- **Table of Contents** (if you’re looking for a particular Communiqué)
- **Indexicon** (if you’re looking for a specific word or phrase)
- **Who is Bil.?** (if you want to know more about me, the writer)
- **Continue on reading** (in which case, move your eyes downward)
Communiqué #10 – Why you?

Dateline: San Ysidro Ranch CA ... just back from a long trek in the foot hills ...

People are always quite “matter of factly” good at telling, as well as pestering and bullying, others to “do their bidding.”

- “Go do that?”
- “Just do it, will ya?”
- “I don’t want to bother with it ... so YOU take care of it?”
- “You’re the only one who can fix this!”
- “You’ve always taken care of stuff like this ...”
- “It’s better handled by you!”
- “I’m not going to do it. YOU do it!”

And, so you, well, gosh, by golly ... you just go ahead and do it. All without really considering the simple fact that you can (and definitely have a right to) say, “NO! You do it!”

So, stop right there. Hold your horses!

Why is it always you?!?!?!

Because you just do whatever you’re told? Because you feel that, well, hey, maybe you should just do it yourself and not make a big deal about it (to keep everyone happy)... even though you really don’t want (as well as feel that you shouldn’t be the one) to do it.

So, then ... there you have it ... why do it?

Because you always have? Because someone has a hold or overwhelming influence (laced, perhaps, with guilt and manipulation intertwined) like a magic spell has been cast over you?

SCREW IT!

If you don’t want to do something, don’t do it.

Stop worrying so much about everyone else! Zero in on exactly what YOU want to do and who YOU want to be.

Why is it that you somehow always seem to be the “designated one” who gets talked into, persuaded, cajoled, “roped into it,” and/or are otherwise pushed into a) doing things people want you to do (that they dump on you so they won’t have to be inconvenienced to “lift a finger” to help .. not to mention deal with the consequences); and/or 2) doing things you just otherwise wouldn’t ever want to do - EVER?
Okay, so there is a very simple solution here that is an all-purpose fix for not just these “you do it” situations, but for many, many other times when you don’t want to budge, but just don’t really don’t know how to “stay put” … this mind trick never, ever, EVER fails to work.

There’s a bit of acting involved, but, hey, we’re all actors on this stage of life, don’t you think? That’s what Bill Shakespeare thought anyway …

Okay, so let’s pretend I just told you to “go take care of something” that I should be doing myself. It’s so obvious that I should be doing what I’m “doling out” to you, but I’m one of those people (you know, like your relatives – especially siblings, “friends,” people you work with, and/or even complete strangers) who just like to “designate others” to do their bidding … so they don’t have to deal with any of the, you know, messy details (including any work or diplomacy that might be involved) as well as any “negative results.”

Here is how your “I’m just not going to do this” routine will work. Only you’re not going to use any of those words. You have just one line in this reoccurring scene in your life, center stage.

Okay, so here goes …

**ME:** **Hey,** go take care of that mess I created. Whatever the “mess” is doesn’t matter here … focus on the dialogue, because I’ve just ordered you to do something that, like so many times before, I’m expecting you’ll to just go ahead and take care of it … and, I’m anticipating you will simply “just do it” without any question or consideration, like you always have done … putting your head down, marching forward, and “taking care of whatever it is that needs to be done” … that I really should be doing myself!

**YOU:** I really couldn’t say. Say it matter of factly, without making any eye contact while also not budging from whatever it is you are doing (not making a single move indicating you are about to do anything at all).

Be ready for odd and/or puzzled looks once you first say that, but just be sure to stick with the script here …

**ME:** Wait! What? You can’t say what? You’ll notice a befuddled tone of voice.

**YOU:** I really couldn’t say. Remember … say nothing else. Shrugging your shoulders will definitely help with (and add to) the confusion you are now quietly inflicting … much like holding up a mirror so all of the evilness and turpitude “coming your way” just bounces back to (and on) the person barking at you.

**ME:** What do you mean you really couldn’t say? Say what?
YOU: I really couldn’t say.

This will go on for a while … as long it takes to wear ‘em down. Then, as you finally exit the room (or situation), still only having said, “I really couldn’t say,” make eye contact, looking back over your shoulder, and then quietly utter (without stopping or pausing), “You do it. Thanks, though, but I’m going to pass on this one.”

This routine/script works in many different situations where you just don’t want to “engage” in any kind of conversation … from sales people hounding you to even strangers attempting to start up a conversation. It’s really an all-purpose way to stay completely disengaged from anything you choose not to be involved in.

This is especially helpful with relatives (again, we come back to the word “siblings”) and “friends.” The word “friends” is in quotes, because you really need to take a closer look at just who you think your friends are (many of whom ARE NOT your friends … which you will clearly see once you look more closely under their veil or mask, as well as actions or inactions, they are always presenting to you … and the rest of the world).

And, most importantly, YOU always have a choice to engage or not engage in anything. It just requires you to incorporate a powerful new, not often used (until now), word into your vocabulary (that you’ll be using more and more once you grasp the power of it) and that word is “No!”

When all is said and done … life is really all about what YOU want … what YOU want to do (and not do) … and, most importantly, who YOU want to be!

<END OF TRANSMISSION>

… Inscribed for Diana … celebrating life! Penned by America’s Premier Unknown Writer!

Copyright NOTICE/RULES/PERMISSION: Batsh*t Crazy! Digital Dementia Dystopia is a series of copyrighted Communiqués that are broadcast in bursts, “hot off the press” as I write them (using my trusty word anvil). The key word in that last sentence is “copyrighted” which means I own ‘em outright (everything you read here), every single word. Right now, here, this moment in time, you can read the Communiqués, following along in the “play of words.” You can freely share any or all of these Communiqués with anyone and everyone else in whatever manner you choose (so long as you quote me as the source AND are NOT profiting from using my words). Everything you read will be real and true with me striving, among the collected combinations of words, to produce as many as possible of “that one true sentence” Hemmingway so eloquently and passionately talked about.

Options:

• Table of Contents (if you’re looking for a particular Communiqué)
• Indexicon (if you’re looking for a specific word or phrase)
• Who is Bil.? (if you want to know more about me, the writer)
• **Continue on reading** (in which case, move your eyes downward)
Communiqué #11 – Stupid People!

Dateline: Santa Barbara CA ... visiting some friends ...

Let’s start (and then end) with a quote here ... this first quote is actually from/by me!

"There are a lot – A SIGNIFICANT NUMBER – of stupid people breathing the air we could otherwise be putting to good use!" ...

Okay, yea, I know ... that sounds cruel ... kinda, sorta, maybe.

But, just hear me out here. Oh, and, I guess this is as good a time as any to mention that what I’m writing here ... you can either agree or disagree with me. That’s perfectly fine. I’m “putting things on the table” (bringing them to the front of your mind) so you think about them. Why? Because of our Batsh*t Crazy Digital Dementia Dystopia where being “politically correct” (as well as so many people, "friends" included, trying to screw over everyone else) has taken on such, well, Batsh*t Crazy proportions (and implications) that you’re almost afraid to say or do anything at so many points.

All I’m doing here amongst the “play of words” is protected by the First Amendment in our Constitution (which gets completely ignored so often), too, by the way. What I’m doing (i.e., what you and I are doing) right now, in this very moment, is, well, really, an on-going conversation where I climb inside your head so we can blow out the cobwebs that seem to have collected themselves in way too many places that are impairing how you see and thus do (or don’t do) things. And, that, too, is all part of the digital dementia we already covered in Communiqué #4.

So, yea, I’m here, right in these very words, tweaking your intellect. And, that’s mainly so you don’t let the stupid people crowd out the sanity you definitely need to hang on to, as well unclutter or even restore so much that has been smothered in your intellect by all the do-gooders and, sorry, but no other characterization works here ... people who are just too stupid to realize they are stupid .. just really, really, REALLY stupid!

I have something to say that, since the 4th of July (2017) when I started all of this, has “struck a chord” with people all over the globe. I know that for a fact, because I’m hearing from LOTS of those people daily (in record numbers that even boggle my mind). There are those who agree with me and those who don’t, but the overwhelming response – like 99.99 percent – is that they appreciate me bringing all of this to the surface of their consciousness ... so they’re now thinking about it all (which many of them were NOT doing). So I know I’m on to something. Thus, I’m definitely going to
keep this conversation going ... coming right at you, full/fool force, and continuing to make YOU think about **what it is you think you really think!**

So let’s get on with this whole/hole Stupid People thing because we need to address this matter ... mainly because there are so very many stupid people everywhere!

You know what I’m talking about, too. **Stupid people.** They are everywhere. They are in management and so many other places that have various and assorted impacts on our lives. It doesn’t take long to spot or see that someone is stupid either. There needs to be a Nobel Prize for Stupidity, because those stupid people should be acknowledged for doing so many dumb things of such “astounding, absurd stupidity.”

A dead giveaway for spotting a stupid person is the dumb questions they constantly keep asking (even after they realize they are showing us how stupid they are). And, they ask the questions usually so they don’t have to think or, well, there is no other way to put this. They’re just plain stupidly stupid, stupid, stupid.

Know this. No matter what your “situation” is, good or bad, **nobody cares.** If something bad has a mental, lock-tight grip on you, stupid people, if you can even get their attention, are either going to feign sympathy and interest or relish your malady. If something worthy or great is happening for you, those same stupid people (and many others) will put on a false face of “being happy” for you to mask their envy or jealousy ... or both.

And, one way or another, no matter what, you can be guaranteed any information you share with stupid people will a) either end up as some form of gossip (usually greatly distorted or “added on to” for greater negative impact), and/or 2) be used against you.

Once you realize that, you are then on your way to being YOU.

There’s one other thing you need to know about what you have let muck up your life. Stupid people are the real problem and they are all around you. These are the people who insult your intelligence because they are so dumb (especially with all of their lies and fabrications that you have to "play along with"). Most of ‘em don’t even know they are stupid ... that’s how stupid they are! You can either let them continue to intrude, encroach, interrupt, infringe, or meddle in your life. Or, you can choose to remove their negative influences completely. Just look at them as the cartoon characters they truly are and then you’ll be able to better handle the absurdity of everything about them (stopping them right in their tracks of whatever they’re trying to do to/for you ... most often to better themselves ... or so they think in their convoluted logic and “reasoning”).
You’re going to have to live and work with these stupid people – relatives, friends, people you come in contact with. STUPID PEOPLE ARE EVERYWHERE. You just have to learn how to maneuver around them and their cockeyed ideas and completely ill-informed notions and suggestions. Work with them, do things with them, be kind to them (for they know not how really stupid they are), but don’t let them get in the way of what you really want to do and/or who you want to be.

Let them stay caught up in living their own lives of total stupidity. Besides, they most often will keep busy in their self-absorbed quests so all you have to do is side step their influence and encroachments. It is like a bull fighter. You can either hold the red cape out in front of you, standing directly behind it as the bull clobbers into you, smacking down your intellect! Or, you can step to the side, raise the red cape high into the air, swirling majestically away, as the bull rushes by (so closely), and not have to deal with the bull and any “byproducts” thereof generated by a stupid person.

You won’t believe how easy it is to raise the cape, stand aside, and let the bull go by. Removing negative “elements” from your life and thus focusing on the positive side of things means you can then do whatever you want to do. Outside influences of negativity (and stupidity) really and truly do not matter in the slightest for your life to be what you want it to be.

So how do you cope with and tolerate all of these stupid people, all without letting them drag you down into the muck where they think they are happy (which they aren’t, not by a long shot)? Kill ‘em with kindness, all while continuing to do what you know is best for you. Yes, this will “test your mental metal,” but until you get past the gauntlet of these stupid people, who are constantly bringing you down, you will never get to where you should be headed. And, that is simply being who you want to be!

And, now, here is the “end quote” I mentioned at the beginning of all of this when I started with my first quote ... actually, this will be paraphrasing a line from the movie “The Six Sense.” I am paraphrasing what the little kid who sees dead people says ... “I see stupid people. They’re everywhere. They don’t even know they are stupid and they just walk among us.”

Now the significant point here is that in the movie, the main character, played by Bruce Willis, he finally realizes that he, too, is dead! So, here’s the thing, you are that “main character” here among all of these stupid people. What you need to realize (hopefully sooner, rather than later) is that YOU are not stupid ... the others are stupid, but you ARE NOT stupid. So deal with all of the stupid people, knowing you are not stupid. And, you never will be stupid either!

<END OF TRANSMISSION>

... Inscribed for Diana ... celebrating life! Penned by America’s Premier Unknown Writer!
Copyright NOTICE/RULES/PERMISSION: Batsh*t Crazy! Digital Dementia Dystopia is a series of copyrighted Communiqués that are broadcast in bursts, “hot off the press” as I write them (using my trusty word anvil). The key word in that last sentence is “copyrighted” which means I own ’em outright (everything you read here), every single word. Right now, here, this moment in time, you can read the Communiqués, following along in the “play of words.” You can freely share any or all of these Communiqués with anyone and everyone else in whatever manner you choose (so long as you quote me as the source AND are NOT profiting from using my words). Everything you read will be real and true with me striving, among the collected combinations of words, to produce as many as possible of “that one true sentence” Hemmingway so eloquently and passionately talked about.

Options:

- **Table of Contents** (if you’re looking for a particular Communiqué)
- **Indexicon** (if you’re looking for a specific word or phrase)
- **Who is Bil.?** (if you want to know more about me, the writer)
- **Continue on reading** (in which case, move your eyes downward)
Communiqué #12 – *You can’t go back*

It’s been said that what’s done is done. The past is in the past (sadly, where too many people far too often revisit or even try to live!)

And, that is true. The past is the past and it ain’t ever coming back!

Whatever has happened in the past is “there” forever more. You can’t go back and alter it or even reinvent your personal history (as much as many of us would like to).

What you have is **NOW**. This moment. This place in time.

You have all of these minutes and hours of today, right now, to do with as you will. Or, you can just let them go right on by ... but DO NOT do that!

So look at it all like **RIGHT NOW**, this is what you will be revisiting at some point (or several points) in the future. In other words, what you are doing right now, TODAY, several moments and instances throughout this day, they will be permanently etched in time ... in the past.

All of which you cannot return to ... thus you won’t be able to change anything after it happens. So that brings us right back to NOW, because this is where you can change things as they happen or before they happen (or even stop bad things or whatever you might come to regret from happening!)

The point being, think about what you are doing now. Consider options and opportunities, and probabilities. But, think. Really think about what you are (or aren’t) doing or will do or could do or should do.

Because this moment, this now ... you don’t want it to ever be woulda, coulda, shoulda reflections that come back to haunt you.

Make the most of now. Right now. Today. This minute. So many moments that could be special ... or just let ‘em all just slip away into oblivion! You know, the past!

<END OF TRANSMISSION>
words). Everything you read will be real and true with me striving, among the collected combinations of words, to produce as many as possible of “that one true sentence” Hemmingway so eloquently and passionately talked about.

Options:

- **Table of Contents** (if you’re looking for a particular Communiqué)
- **Indexicon** (if you’re looking for a specific word or phrase)
- **Who is Bil.?** (if you want to know more about me, the writer)
- **Continue on reading** (in which case, move your eyes downward)
Communiqué #13 – You are the iceberg!

Dateline: Santa Barbara CA ... Train Station and Wharf area ...

It finally happened!

Yet another “chunk of ice” broke off from the Larsen C ice shelf in the Antarctic. This particular iceberg (there have been many others) weighs in as one of the world’s largest icebergs at 1 trillion tons. It is the size of Delaware.

This iceberg has been named #A68.

Those studying it (and the Antarctic) disagree on whether or not this is climate change related. Many feel it is just something that happens.

But, forget about all of that, because the main point here is ...

YOU are the iceberg!

Yep. You. Drifting afloat, having broken free from any of the entanglements and attachments to whatever it was that the Antarctic represents in your life (i.e., anything “holding you back”).

WTF?

Okay, look at it this way then. That “chuck of ice” was anchored to the Antarctic forever (a really long time). But now it is free, drifting wherever the currents take it.

And, that is where we come to you. Look at #A68 as you being totally free of anything that has been “weighing you down,” holding you back, or keeping you from doing whatever it is you really, truly want to do.

You can now do anything you like, go anywhere you like, be whatever you want to be. Drift endlessly. Melt into the sea. Or, maybe, just maybe, create the most amazing ice sculpture the world has ever seen.

It’s completely up to you. No limitations whatsoever ...

You are now free, #A68, to do whatever you please.

So watta ya going to do?
whatever manner you choose (so long as you quote me as the source AND are NOT profiting from using my words). Everything you read will be real and true with me striving, among the collected combinations of words, to produce as many as possible of "that one true sentence" Hemmingway so eloquently and passionately talked about.

Options:

- **Table of Contents** (if you’re looking for a particular Communiqué)
- **Indexicon** (if you’re looking for a specific word or phrase)
- **Who is Bil.?** (if you want to know more about me, the writer)
- **Continue on reading** (in which case, move your eyes downward)
Communiqué #14 – *Death in the depths of your shadow*

[Copyright © 2017 by Bil. Alvernaz ...21VIII17 ... 584 / 15,862]

Dateline: Santa Barbara CA ... at the Breakwater ...

You **live**.

You **die**.

It is the **time in between** that matters most.

Don't you think?

**Live ... time ... die ...**

No one really wants to talk (or even think) about death ... even though it follows each of us around, day after day, in the depths of our own shadowy shadows. And, just as each of us completely ignores, overlooks, and/or neglects our own shadow, carelessly stepping on it all too often, death is always “there” waiting for us, one and all.

The topic of death doesn’t really ever “bubble up” to our conscious surface to be talked about except for the most “common, uncomfortable platforms” ... those being when someone you know dies or you’re just standing around at a funeral or memorial service of some sort (religious or otherwise) making awkward small talk ... most of which borders on philosophy, religion, different/odd outlooks, or “that’s just the way it is.” Where at some point someone eventually makes a statement about the person having had a “good life.”

And, each day of life, where most people are just dragging around their shadows, is a 24-hour microcosm that “plays out” this way:

**Morning.**

**The day.**

**Evening/Night.**

You see “the pattern” (and similarities) here in the grand scheme of things?

Okay, maybe I have to “spell it out” for you ... each day is a new beginning (just as when your life started). The day is filled with time, which is what you do with (and how you “spend”) your life. And, evening/night is the end of the time you get to use for each particular day. And, sure, some people, obviously, might not wake up to see yet another day.
That’s the point here! Make good use of the time you have each day, because it could easily all end, suddenly and without warning (which is how death so often works). That’s the nature of death and, most likely, why there is a fear factor involved, combined with the mystery of it all.

There’s a quote from Brian Clough, a once famous English “striker” (in soccer), that sums up how we should all look at death, beyond so much that we can learn from “The Tibetan Book of Living and Dying” ...

"Don’t send me flowers when I’m dead. If you like me, send them while I’m alive!"

I also like another quote from Brian Clough about dying:

"When I go, God’s going to have to give up his favorite chair!"

The point being, death is “there.” Death is coming, without exception or exemption ... each of us, in our own way and time, will die. You can fret about it, be afraid of it, or just look at it simply as it is all part of living ... the “it’s just always there” part doesn’t hurt anything either. Clough’s quotes speak to the lighter, more whimsical side of death. No matter what, ready or not, death is always “on its way,” in its own way.

No one really knows what is “over there” on the other side of life, “in death,” whatever that may be. But, sooner or later, each of us will, indeed, find out ... no matter what we believed, worried about, or just plain tried not to think about it at all.

The real question in the depths of your shadow and so much else that is happening right NOW all around (and for) you simply is ...

What are you doing with time ... and your life?

<END OF TRANSMISSION>

Copyright NOTICE/RULES/PERMISSION: Batsh*t Crazy! Digital Dementia Dystopia is a series of copyrighted Communiqués that are broadcast in bursts, “hot off the press” as I write them (using my trusty word anvil). The key word in that last sentence is “copyrighted” which means I own ’em outright (everything you read here), every single word. Right now, here, this moment in time, you can read the Communiqués, following along in the “play of words.” You can freely share any or all of these Communiqués with anyone and everyone else in whatever manner you choose (so long as you quote me as the source AND are NOT profiting from using my words). Everything you read will be real and true with me striving, among the collected combinations of words, to produce as many as possible of “that one true sentence” Hemmingway so eloquently and passionately talked about.
Options:

- **Table of Contents** (if you’re looking for a particular Communiqué)
- **Indexicon** (if you’re looking for a specific word or phrase)
- **Who is Bil.?** (if you want to know more about me, the writer)
- **Continue on reading** (in which case, move your eyes downward)
Communiqué #15 – *Irrelevant*

Dateline: Santa Barbara CA … walking along the beach …

**ir-rele-vant – adjective**

1. Not relevant; not applicable or pertinent:
   
   *Lectures often stray to interesting but irrelevant subjects.*

2. Law. (of evidence) having no probative value upon any issue in the case.

**YOU = relevant.**

**Everything else = irrelevant or relevant** … all depending on what you explicitly want (or don’t want).

It’s that simple … so why do you keep making it all so complicated?

Ah, you display a furrowed brow contemplating that!

Well, it’s the truth (which is probably what bothers you so much).

Things, well, really, life is so much simpler than you have oh, so carefully and carelessly "constructed" (and destructed) it all around yourself. You’ve done such a good job of complicating things, that it is no wonder at points you feel suffocated and claustrophobic (or about to throw up).

Don’t deny it. Think hard about it, because YOU (and only you) can change it all with the most elementary “bat of an eyelash.”

You think all of this stuff happening to you just somehow, for no good reason(s), happened to happen?

Think again.

And, I mean really **THINK HARD ABOUT ALL OF THIS!**

YOU allow so much irrelevant, Batsh*t Crazy stuff to happen in your life that you could otherwise not to have to deal with. But, there is “the this” and “the that” and, oh, yea, the biggest pain in the ass part of your life … trying to keep everyone happy.

Screw it!

It’s not your job to make everyone happy.

According to the Dalai Lama, you only need to focus on YOU being happy. Everything else will then take care of itself (magically).

So whatever is irrelevant in your life, get rid of it or just greatly reduce its impact (or your dependence) upon it.
Batsh*t Crazy! Digital Dementia Dystopia ...

Still your brow is furrowed ... holy shit! **Don’t you get it?**

Hmmmmm.

Okay, let’s look at so much that could be irrelevant that you don’t even realize IS while it all is simultaneously (and constantly) dragging you down and holding you back (from whatever it is you want as well as who you want to be)! This is a partial and completely arbitrary list ... just to get you started (and mostly to make you think about what you think). And, sure, some of the items listed you’ll not rate as irrelevant, but that’s the whole point here ... think, think, THINK about what is irrelevant AND relevant.

**Irrelevant:**

- Superficial, status seeking, social climbing “friends.”
- Meddling relatives and “do gooders” (whose lives are more screwed up than your life is ... mainly because they are mired in so much irrelevance, too ... so much so, that they are completely oblivious to it, all while trying so hard to “make things better” for you ... or so it would seem ... though it definitely isn’t).
- The Internet. Yea, really. Think about it. It’s a wonderful technology tool that has enveloped your entire life, wrapping its tentacles tightly and rigidly around your intellect.
- Smartphones, tablets, laptops, computers ... all of it – irrelevant!
- TV (especially cable TV) – completely irrelevant!
- Local (and national, including cable) TV “news” shows.
- Online games (especially anything VR that is as doomed at the 3D TVs were) – irrelevant ... totally and completely irrelevant!
- Designer clothes and anything that goes with ‘em (including shoes).
- False eyelashes - irrelevant (AND redundant).
- The prestige of expensive (way overly priced) automobiles, especially the Tesla – irrelevant to the extreme degree, beyond the expanse and expense of forever!
- Dieting and everything else sold to make you look better/younger.
- Exclusive, gated communities (complete with competitively expensive dwellings that all must have “the look”).
- Drinking.
- Smoking (and, the most disgusting of all, chewing tobacco!!!!!!).
- Not exercising.
- Tattoos.
- Piercings.
- Drugs (including marijuana and every other concoction under the sun).
- People who are funny (and stupid) without realizing it.
- People who aren’t funny (though still stupid), but sadly and embarrassingly try to be funny.
- Neighbors!
• Weather (depending on “whether” or not you like it).
• City parks (that were relevant and much better “kept” in the far distant past).
• Nightclubs (and whosoever frequents them ... for whatever reason).
• Noise (including the music AND people you just can’t stand listening to).
• Sports “stars” who have been “manufactured” and “built up” to think they’re special.
• Celebrities (with straight teeth, but crooked smiles).
• Movies, especially 3D (with those glasses that hurt the bridge of your nose), that are the same old, tired, contrived “story line” reworked somewhat and quite poorly at that (along with the exorbitant prices, including at the snack bar) and all of the merchandising that goes with them.
• The National Spelling Bee (someone, Puleze, give those poor kids a life!).
• Beauty contests!!!!!!!!!!!!
• Frog jumping contests.
• County Fairs (where you can tell the animals really hate it).
• Theme parks (where too many costs just keep adding and adding up) and the seemingly endless waiting in lines.
• Whatever you are doing that you don’t like (and definitely would rather not be) doing.

The list goes on and on, but you should now clearly see that you are the one loading yourself down with irrelevance (most likely making yourself, at various and assorted points, irrelevant without even realizing it).

So the point here is that you have to “buy into” so much of this irrelevance that you create your very own chunk of irrelevant shit that you have to hold up, as well as “drag around” and display, for all the world to see until one day you just stand back, catch an objective glimpse of it all and, with yet another furrowed brow, think to yourself ... WTF? Batsh*t Crazy should definitely come to mind (or your lips) at that point (if it ever happens).

Should you do trek off to Tibet and live in a monastery?

No, no, and NO! That would be, well, irrelevant!

You need to decide what is relevant. And, then go from there.

First of all, **YOU are relevant** ... and you always will be (despite getting in your own way so much of the time), so long as you constantly (and consciously) make sure that you know you definitely are. So that’s your starting (and ending) point for jettisoning whatsoever it is that you now deem to be irrelevant.
Then, without the need for a magic wand or any other accoutrements (or even ordnance), just oh, so carefully point out that which is irrelevant in your life and so declare it …

You have a “friend” who you now see as unmistakably irrelevant. Point to that person and say, “You are irrelevant!”

You have a toaster you have always hated (those frickin’ little knobs never work right to get bread toasted exactly the way you want it). You first point to that toaster and declare, “You are irrelevant” … as you then toss it out the window!

Anything “weighing you down” (or if it even feels like that). Anything that drains positive energy from your body. Anything at all that you see as irrelevant … declare it (out loud) to be irrelevant and just get rid of it! Any and all of it!

But, first … give irrelevant a great deal of thought. Make up a list and then you declare (as well as discard, dump, and otherwise expel) whatever you deemed to be irrelevant.

It’s much easier to do than you think!

And, you’ll immediately start to feel so much better as well as unconditionally more relevant!

<END OF TRANSMISSION>

... Inscribed for Diana ... celebrating life! Penned by America’s Premier Unknown Writer!

Copyright NOTICE/RULES/PERMISSION: Batsh*t Crazy! Digital Dementia Dystopia is a series of copyrighted Communiqués that are broadcast in bursts, “hot off the press” as I write them (using my trusty word anvil). The key word in that last sentence is “copyrighted” which means I own ’em outright (everything you read here), every single word. Right now, here, this moment in time, you can read the Communiqués, following along in the “play of words.” You can freely share any or all of these Communiqués with anyone and everyone else in whatever manner you choose (so long as you quote me as the source AND are NOT profiting from using my words). Everything you read will be real and true with me striving, among the collected combinations of words, to produce as many as possible of “that one true sentence” Hemmingway so eloquently and passionately talked about.

Options:

• Table of Contents (if you’re looking for a particular Communiqué)
• Indexicon (if you’re looking for a specific word or phrase)
• Who is Bil.? (if you want to know more about me, the writer)
• Continue on reading (in which case, move your eyes downward)
Communiqué #16 – Stop being afraid!

Dateline: Folsom CA ... @ Island’s Burgers (after a stint in “the chair” at the dentist ...

It’s always there ... lurking, though well concealed (or so we think), but ready to pounce out upon us at whatever psychic situation triggers that primal “fight or flight” mode we all are burdened with to “lug around” ... like it or not!

**Fear!**

Perceived danger, threats, pending confrontations, waiting for lab results, “the chair” at the dentist, that speech you’d rather die than make, or sudden, unexpected surprises (good or bad). The list goes on and on. You and I both know that!

From a lifetime of memories and all that is to come, fear, dread, and anxiety are always “right there,” most often controlled and “hidden.” But, in just the slightest of instances, all without warning (or being able to control it), whatever it is that smacks you with panic then rockets to the forefront of your quickly crumbling poise in odd, awkward, uncomfortable, gut-wrenching reactions ... coupled with quite uncontrollable reactions and subsequent actions (good or bad, mostly bad). We all know those horrid, debilitating feelings all too well.

It happens to us all ... it always has and always will.

Fear can be real or, so often, it feels so real in our minds and plagues us enough that it becomes a real threat ... for whatever reason(s).

And, those perceived, irrational fears and phobias are the ones that mentally cripple us the most.

Such fears are at the heart of keeping each of us guarded and sincerely “holding back” ... or not even “doing something” about whatever it is that appears to hold the essence of what it is that fear is (or isn’t)!

But, here’s the thing. **JUST STOP BEING AFRAID!**

Fear fuels apprehension, stuffed with needless worrying and fretting ... and, that’s what stops you from doing so many things you should be doing (and enjoying).

Yogi Bera said it best when talking about baseball, but it applies to EVERYTHING in life ... **“Baseball is ninety percent half mental. The other half is physical.”**
So think about that the next time fear grips you. First, and probably most importantly, whatever it is you think is bothering you ... it really isn’t (even though you’re convinced it is). **It’s all in your mind** (ninety percent half mental! So talk to yourself and even say “Ninety percent half mental,” if you have to, you know, just to stop the “worry factor gearing up and racing in your brain.” The next part of Yogi’s quote is really, really, REALLY important, because the physical part in anything (from sports to whatever you come across in life) is where you “take action,” make the effort (try as hard as you possibly can), and actually do something.

It’s either do something or retreat to the safety (mostly in your mind usually) of carefully backing up or removing yourself from the situation and/or just not dealing with whatever constrains you because of fear.

President Roosevelt’s famous quote from his first inaugural address is also extremely important here:

"*The only thing we have to fear is fear, itself!*” And, it was what he said next that really says it all, "*... nameless, unreasoning, unjustified terror which paralyzes needed efforts to convert retreat into advance.*"

In other words, move forward, NOT backwards. Do the exact opposite of what's holding you back when you feel afraid or fearful.

I had to deal with pure fearfulness when I stood up to give my first speech in a public speaking class. I had my notes prepared and started what I had to say with a question. I was petrified, but somehow managed to speak (in a bit of quivering voice).

After I asked the question and was about to continue, the teacher in the class stood up and said, **“No! No! No! NEVER start with a question!”**

Okay, so now I had shriveled to about two inches tall, face red as a tomato. God! What do I do next, I thought? Then, it hit me ... I’m mentally asking myself another frickin’ question?!?!?!

The teacher came up to me and said, “It’s okay. I’ve seen your speech and it is quite good. So, why not just say it and forget about opening with a question. Because, once you ask a question, you’ve lost your audience with each of them wondering about an answer for the question and, thus, they are no longer listening to what you have to say.”

Then he took my 3x5 cards, tossed them up in the air, and said, “Now, tell me what you have to say just like you are talking to me. Forget about THEM out there. Talk to me and tell me what it is you want to say.”

At this point I have to mention that this was the single most profound moment in my life, especially being a writer. And, it was one of the best, most meaningful things I
ever learned. The reason for that is because this teacher taught us there are four parts to telling anyone anything (and it definitely applies to writing, too). It doesn’t matter if you are making a presentation, trying to talk someone into doing something, or just stating your feelings about something.

The “easy to remember” four elements to giving a great speech:

1. **Assertion** – what you want to say.
2. **Opening Statement / Introduction** – “set the stage” for what you are about to say … to “tell the story” … this is “opening the door” so your listeners ”step right in” to paying attention to what you have to say.
3. **Attribution** – this is all of the supporting facts for the “presenting evidence in a trial” part of your presentation to support and credit what it is you have to say.
4. **Conclusion** – sum up what you’ve said and concisely wrap things up to “sell” what you had to say.

You also, beforehand, have to know your audience and have done your homework to dig up all the information you need to be prepared not only to make the speech, but also to answer questions afterwards.

Okay, so back to me standing there with the teacher while the rest of the class is “looking on” … and I’m still feeling mortified.

Then I paused. And, it hit me like a bold of lightning! I had prepared for this speech and gone over it and over it. I knew my assertion. I knew the opening statement as well as the facts to “support my case,” AND I knew the conclusion. So I talked my way through it all and everything went fine. No, wait … it went GREAT!

After that, I was never fearful of speaking or making presentations. The key in it all is facing your fears. I could have sat down or left the room, but I didn’t. And, I found out that I could make a good speech (and I have been giving speeches ever since!). Today we have PowerPoints and handouts to go along with presentations, but you still have to talk your way through things … “tell the story” to one person or many. It really doesn’t matter as long as you are prepared and you know your stuff.

Okay, so I conquered that fear. My other “worst of the worst” fears has always been going to the dentist. I never had a bad experience, but, for whatever reason, I always have been tormented with this irrational fear of “getting in the chair.” It helps to have a great dentist, which I do. But, I have also learned that having a headset on with music blasting into my head (so I don’t hear any of the noise or sounds), well, that really helps. Oh, and “riding along” with Mister Xanax definitely helps. I’m not saying drugs are the answer for everything, but in this case, Xanax truly helps “take the edge off” from being nervous and anxious.
One more thing about the “ninety percent half mental” thing. There is an old story about a guy who is out in the middle of nowhere and he gets a flat tire. Only he discovers he has no tire iron to remove the bolts from the tire to change the tire. He sees a house off in the distance and starts walking towards that house. Though, all the way to the house, he keeps thinking, “I’ll never get a tire iron being a stranger knocking on someone’s door.”

He keeps going over and over this in his mind how he is not going to get the tire iron once he gets to the house. So, finally, he is at the house. A man opens the door and asks “How can I help you?”

The guy is so upset with himself and has built things up in his mind so much about not being able to get a tire iron that he sighs and as he walks away, he says, “Never mind.”

And, really, doesn’t that sum up so much of what we each do in our minds with so many different things and fears? Instead of walking away from the door (i.e., not facing our fears), we need to ask for the tire iron, which also parallels asking for help when you need it (or just doing what you want to do) … and not thinking you already know what the answer and/or outcome will be.

There is a whole other issue about fear when it comes to the people who pay to be scared and afraid (movies, games, “fright nights” on Halloween) … just for the rush. I think I understand that, though, but not really. And, maybe that all comes down to “getting it all out” or having “safe” thrills when it comes to being afraid.

Who knows?

But, if you let fear “stop you in your tracks,” what are you missing out on? What are you not experiencing that you should? What if (and, you will, once you stop being afraid), you find out there’s really nothing to whatever it is you felt fearful or anxious about?

So, just take a deep breath and plunge right in to the deep end of the pool!

Forget playing it safe or backing off and being afraid. Where is the fun in any of that?

<END OF TRANSMISSION>
produce as many as possible of "that one true sentence" Hemmingway so eloquently and passionately talked about.
Communiqué #17 – *The President what?!?!*

Dateline: James Dean Memorial … a mile west of the highways 41 and 46 junction, near Shandon CA …

Though no one was really quite sure how it happened. He finally transmuted into the President (right or wrong, though many wondered about it and litigated it for some time) … but it didn’t matter.

Then, one day, while sitting piously at his desk in the oval office staring off to nowhere in particular (some would call it a non-self-induced trance, though the President, when caught doing it, referred to it as “*perceiving Neptune*”) … three guys, all dressed in white, with butterfly nets, rushed in and caught him by surprise!

It all happened so fast, the President didn’t have time to utter a sound. He only managed to form a perfect “O” shape with his lips before they quite quickly subdued him and took him away … all without mussing up his hair (at least they thought that was hair on his head, though there were many theories about what was really perched atop the President’s head … ranging from “some strange, brightly colored growth” to even golden colored mold that stayed put in the strongest of winds).

There was much that had happened and “unfolded” throughout the morning leading up to that point just after lunch where the President’s presence seemed to have matter of factly dissipated, but none of that mattered now.

Ordering the fancy salad, trying to eat it, and then quickly getting rid of it to “down” two triple cheese burgers with a large orders of fries … it didn’t matter.

Yelling “*You’re fire!*” at people he had come across in the hallways who had no idea what they had done wrong … it didn’t matter.

Spending over an hour, “scrawling away,” carefully and precisely practicing and perfecting his signature which got bigger and bigger (and much harder to decipher as being something he wrote and didn’t draw) … it didn’t matter.

Pontificating to himself (basking in the glow of just how absolutely great AND perfect he sounded) … it didn’t matter.

During previous meetings with high-level, White House operatives, the President, several times, screamed obscenities out to no one in particular (this had become a daily ritual everyone now had accepted as predictable, but always inappropriate occurrences) … it didn’t matter.

Gazing out the window, wondering where he was, then suddenly, with herky-jerky head movements, eyes blinking, and arms flailing about, him realizing, “*Oh, yea, I’m the President of the United States*” … it didn’t matter.
And, somehow, incredibly amazing and wonderful as it turned out to be (that people would come to realize as time went by, more and more, how great it was), the President had completely vanished ... **even that didn’t matter!**

Everything else in the White House went on as usual the rest of that day after the “appropriation” of the President. Tasks and all kinds of things finally were getting done ... many, many more things were being taken care of and addressed. People seemed happier, friendlier. It was like a dark cloud had been lifted.

Daily tasks (even the mundane ones) just went on “as usual,” but more smoothly. An advisor needing to speak with the President, entered the Oval Office and then left. Next, the President’s administrative aid dashed “in and out” of the oval office. Several others “came and went” for meetings with the President.

It turned out to be a very productive (and happy) day. And, it had been a long time since everyone in the West Wing felt so great at the end of a day where “so many things got done and got done well!”

Around midnight a janitor entered the oval office to clean things up a bit.

The janitor looked towards the President’s chair, put his chin down, and looked over the top rim of his glasses to be sure of what he was seeing (or that what he thought he saw was real). There was a crash test dummy “all dressed up” like the President in the President’s chair.

The janitor frowned as his now squinted eyes darted back and forth.

He just stood there, frozen.

Then he stepped out of the oval office and told a security guard what he had seen.

The guard mumbled something into his the cuff of his right hand sleeve and then put his index finger to his ear to listen to the response. The guard then smiled slightly (actually, it was more like a smirk) and just shrugged his shoulders ... **it didn’t matter!**

*<END OF TRANSMISSION>*

... Inscribed for Diana ... celebrating life! Penmed by America’s Premier Unknown Writer!

**Copyright NOTICE/RULES/PERMISSION:** *Batsh*t Crazy! Digital Dementia Dystopia* is a series of copyrighted Communiqués that are broadcast in bursts, "hot off the press" as I write them (using my trusty word anvil). The **key word** in that last sentence is “copyrighted” which means I own ‘em outright (everything you read here), every single word. Right now, here, this moment in time, you can read the Communiqués, following along in the “play of words.” You can freely share any or all of these Communiqués with anyone and everyone else in whatever manner you choose (so long as you **quote me as the source** AND are **NOT profiting** from using my words). Everything you read will be **real and true** with me striving, among the collected combinations of words, to produce as many as possible of **“that one true sentence”** Hemmingway so eloquently and passionately talked about.
<BEGIN TRANSMISSION>

Communiqué #18 – It’s a lot like juggling!
[Copyright © 2017 by Bil. Alvernaz ... 12VIII17 ... 2,603 / 22,146]
Dateline: Valley Springs CA ... just in from walking the dogs, Lucky & Max ...  

You are no different than anyone else, famous or otherwise ... people in the news, the President, all the other elected or appointed officials, movie stars, artists, and countless other folks (and “wanna-bes” ... you know, like the people you see on reality TV shows and so many others), craving and trying so hard to be celebrities of some sort or the other.

Obviously, everyone is NOT the same. But, there are certain things that set people apart from each other. The point here is that all those people you read about and see in the news ... you could easily be one of those people!

While you aren’t different. You really are. It just all depends what you do with your assets and abilities ... and, most importantly, guts!

We each have our own unique talents, shrewdness, and savvy which are the key points in all of this. The only separating factor between everyone else and you has to do with initiative, chance, fate, destiny, and just plain dumb luck. Also, being in the right place at the right time, and taking advantage of such occurrences, of course, has a lot to do with it, too. Ambition and believing in yourself (self-worth is really the “magic ingredient” in anything you do), those two make the biggest difference in the “just try and do it to see what happens” department.

You definitely have to keep moving and “juggling all the balls” if anything at all is going to happen in your life.

Each and every person is a unique and exclusively special individual. You just have to find out who you are and what it is you want to do and be. Basically, you need to precisely pinpoint your mission and/or calling in life. And, then just merely head in that direction. It’s that simple. Things definitely aren’t ever going to work out exactly the way you planned (that only happens in the movies). But, if you know (and like) who you are, as well as have a pretty good idea of where you’re heading, you, most likely, will get there and a whole lot of other magical, enchanting places you never (or ever) could have imagined.

It’s really all about who juggles the best (and the longest (no matter what), keeping the most balls in the air at one time. And, when you’ve really mastered it all, you’ll be able to juggle with your eyes closed (which allows you to see things so much more clearly) while standing on one leg (and that puts you much more in control of gravity).
But, you have to keep “making the effort,” juggling all of whatever you’re “in the middle of.” You’ll surprise yourself with all of the great things that then happen by never stopping the “juggling act.” Still, you have to “exert the energy” (in other words, *KEEP MOVING*) to do anything at all. The simple reason for that is because the circus is certainly not going to come knocking on your door for you to “join in all the fun and mayhem!” No matter how talented or gifted you are, no one will ever know about it (or you) unless you venture out there into the world.

You have to do something ... anything! It is all about continuing to keep juggling no matter what gets in the way or how many times you keep dropping the balls. The more you juggle, the more complicated things get. Therein lies the secret of all secrets ... the more balls (and things) you juggle, the more great things that will happen in your life!

People and, most importantly, opportunities, are going to “come and go” throughout your life. That’s where (and why) you have to pay attention ... there is much to be learned “along the way” with the various and assorted (nefarious, too) people populating your life, along with all of the other (fun and not so fun) things that will keep happening, no matter what. You have to stay on top of all of the Batsh*t Crazy stuff people constantly do, especially relatives (siblings are the worst), do-gooders, and friends (most really aren’t – not if you look closely enough)!

Decide what you want to do and then, damn it, just start venturing off in that direction. And, forget what everyone is telling and bullying you about. You know what you want, so just do it. The more you juggle, the better you get. That’s where the juggling and juggling and more juggling comes into play ... and, ”play” is the key word, because it is all much more than a simple game. All of it!

The “game” in question here is actually the continually “unfolding” scenarios and episodes of your own TV show where you, like it or not, are the never to be replaced main star! You control everything from making it most likely a sit-com to slowing things down with some heavy drama ”mixed in” now and then (all of which will not get good reviews from the “critics”). There are no writers for this TV show of yours other than you, unless you let other people “barge their way in” to take you off script!

Your TV Show runs 24 hours a day, even when you’re sleeping ... that’s when the most “plotting against you” goes on ... more than you could ever imagine.

Several of the highlights of your TV Show (which can easily have life-long after effects) are most interesting at those points onward from when you start dating and finding out about “all the parts involved” as well as how they all work (for you and the others involved). Awkward is the starting point which evolves into blundering and bumbling until you “find your way” though to master the synchronicity all of the people
and parts. The discovery period in all of this goes on for what seems like an eternity or just maybe it just never stops because things are always changing in the world of all things juggling.

Life is all theatrics with you center stage, most of the time with props, but as is so often the case, you’re just in the blinding (makes you sweat) spotlight, center stage (with no place to hide) as you ad-lib your well-rehearsed (though used far too often), seemingly clever (but usually NOT), lines. And, sure, you are going to tick off a lot of people along the way, but many others will “get it” for you to be the real you … and, those are the people you want to keep close in your circle of constantly spinning (sometimes out of control) reality (whatever that is or could be or should be).

Here’s the thing about people. Most don’t want to be inconvenienced – EVER! A lot of people are just plain and simple, phony … and they will use you whenever you can “be of service” and/or of benefit to them. Though don’t count on them to “be there” when you really need them. Many people (male and female alike) are just jerks. Ah, but there are the rare few who really are true and genuine, so don’t screw things up with them. Know that you will learn so much (only if you pay attention) from everyone in which your life forms a juxtaposition with theirs for whatever reason(s) … usually which becomes obvious much later on in life.

Some people are just shitty and not worth wasting your time with (even though, who knows why, you are drawn to them).

But you have to “play nice” with whomsoever comes into your life, because the Universe has placed them all there – “one an ‘dall” – in specific locations and circumstance for precise reasons. Your life, your TV Show, since you are not only the star (and head writer), but directing your magnum opus, that’s really why you have to pay attention to everything – so many details and minutiae that can so easily be overlooked or, most often, just ignored. Otherwise your TV Show is going to lose viewers and spiral downwards significantly in the ratings (in so many different ways you never could have imagined, all especially when you least expect it).

Sure, you can just “sit around” (which we each of us, all too often, just do) and wait for things to happen. Hey, you really don’t want to do that, because there are enough things out of your control already. This is YOUR TV Show and you can “write your way” into so many situations that otherwise would never have happened … if you hadn’t made the effort, taken action to make a difference and, well, made great things happen (for you and many other people).

Riding in a car with people, all talking while you’re “hands on the wheel,” trying to keep the vehicle on the road. Noise, from the talking, the radio, music players, and everything outside of your vehicle “coming at you” … it’s all right there in your immediate vicinity. And, you have to figure out how to get from Point A to Point B with
the least amount of headaches and heartache ... just like so many other times in life when the skill of juggling comes in so handy (not to mention that it just might save your life).

It’s the same way in schools, universities, at work, shopping, just hanging out, and anywhere else you happen to find yourself to be (including so many of the circumstances and entanglements you’ve tried so hard to avoid, but got “sucked in”).

You’re constantly finding yourself waiting, with others, which is what we all do a lot. People talk. At different points someone inevitable tries to strike up a conversation with you ... someone you would never, ever even think about talking to. <sigh> You’re polite about curtly responding, but these people have a way of just “hammering and hammering away” in the hopes they’ll “break you down” to finally start talking with them (which is, most often, about nothing or too many things you don’t need to know about that person).

It never ends with the cast of characters on your TV Show (even the ones you didn’t write into the script). And, you always need to make the decision to engage or not engage when someone you don’t know is trying to talk to you. But, what is the harm in talking? Or, to be more precise, letting people talk, because, most often, those strangers trying to strike up a conversation are really only going to talk about themselves. So look at it as doing your good deed for the day to let them go “on and on” about whatever it is they just have to talk about. And, hey, there are always “good karma” points to be chalked up in your favor. Also, you never know when talking to someone you don’t know just might lead to somewhere or something very good.

Oh, and, then there is all the rest of it tied together with the most evil of all elements in our lives (and on your TV Show) ...

Advertisements ... they’re on TV, the Internet, in newspapers, embedded in movies, on road signs, on cups, in windows, signs on people’s lawns. You can’t escape the subtle, but not so subtle (though always intellectually insulting) marketing weasel bastards! Everyone wants a piece of your current mental state, with the hopes that whatever it is they are “pushing” will stick just enough to induce, beguile, deceive, seduce, persuade, and/or convince you (mostly with convoluted logic) to do whatever it is they want you to do ... making you dance like a monkey (while extracting a certain amount of money from you)!

Know-it-alls (most adults and especially teenagers are the worst) think you’re stupid and they know better. It’s a constant battle of good versus evil, with you, most of the time, representing good (or so it would seem, mostly to you).

There is just so much Batsh*t Crazy Digital Dementia Dystopian nonsense constantly hammering away at our consciousness (and, even worse, our subconscious
where it can all so easily “stick”) that it is no wonder we just want to “tune things out.” And, that takes us to what we all do way too much of ... “killing time” watching TV, going “out ‘der” on the Internet for whatever “reinforcement” (with a lot of social media “hits,” and, of course, all of the addictive online gaming) just for the pure escape of (and from) it all.

Of course, this is all mixed in with a good, healthy dose of avoidance of anything else that we somehow feel we need to fend off just to survive yet another day (that seems to be repeating itself over and over and over again).

You take all of that and a whole lot more that happens during the relentlessness of your nonstop, wacky daily TV Show and you’ve got juggling on a massive scale, where you’ve got to keep juggling an inordinate amount of things, not to mention various sizes and textures (some very gooey), of balls in the air, all at the same time. That’s what it is all about ... and, how you move forward, onward, and upward in your life.

So you drop some balls that you lose track of. Or, someone else takes one of the balls (mid-air or the one that rolled under the couch or down a hallway). That’s just the way it works. It’s much like the circus, sorta, kinda, maybe.

It’s all in your technique for juggling (which you’ll get better at doing, the more you do it ... which means you have to do it a lot, all the time, every day).

At home. At school. At work. Anywhere, really. It’s all the same thing.

You will always be surrounded by relatives, friends, and others all around you (many right behind you, just waiting for the chance to “get cha, got cha”), constantly getting in your way and always wanting things from you. It’s the same thing, over and over, only much, much worse.

You have all of these “balls in the air” that you somehow keep juggling ... while trying to pay attention to so many other things (and people ”behind the scenes”).

Yea, it’s Batsh*t Crazy most of the time, especially when you add the “digital element” that constantly keeps getting in our way, distracting us, getting us into trouble, and, so often, just being a complete waste of time and mental energy (which is constantly dwindling ... you know, like you actually need to “recharge” your brain somehow, but there is no available “outlet” to plug into) ... cell phones, tablets and all the other various and assorted computing devices (including the ones now embedded in the NAV units of our cars).

All of that technology has wrapped its tentacles tightly around our intellect (while intertwining with the ongoing theme of our daily TV Show which is, let’s face, most often, completely out of our control with too many commercials getting in the way
(even though each of us is the “main writer” and director for what is supposed to be going on).

It’s ALL noise, distracting you ... all while you tirelessly just keep juggling ... and so much of whatever it is that becomes recurring themes in your TV Show, most of it really doesn’t matter (though it does, even if it doesn’t appear so at the time).

It’s life ... your TV Show ... everything ... anything!

This, that, and the other ...

It’s a lot like juggling!

<END OF TRANSMISSION>

... Inscribed for Diana ... celebrating life! Penned by America's Premier Unknown Writer!

Copyright NOTICE/RULES/PERMISSION: Batsh*t Crazy! Digital Dementia Dystopia is a series of copyrighted Communiqués that are broadcast in bursts, “hot off the press” as I write them (using my trusty word anvil). The key word in that last sentence is "copyrighted" which means I own 'em outright (everything you read here), every single word. Right now, here, this moment in time, you can read the Communiqués, following along in the “play of words.” You can freely share any or all of these Communiqués with anyone and everyone else in whatever manner you choose (so long as you quote me as the source AND are NOT profiting from using my words). Everything you read will be real and true with me striving, among the collected combinations of words, to produce as many as possible of “that one true sentence” Hemmingway so eloquently and passionately talked about.

Options:

- Table of Contents (if you’re looking for a particular Communiqué)
- Indexicon (if you’re looking for a specific word or phrase)
- Who is Bil.? (if you want to know more about me, the writer)
- Continue on reading (in which case, move your eyes downward)
Communiqué #19 – What do you mean what do you mean?

Dateline: Valley Springs CA ... puzzling (as always) ...

If isn’t was, maybe would be!

It possibly could, but shouldn’t, though perhaps that wasn’t what it didn’t do.

The same speech and debate instructor (for some reason I never could call him a teacher or professor, which he definitely was) who “opened the door” (thus giving me the fearlessness) to give a speech and for me to be able to easily speak in front of groups, large and small, made a simple statement the very first day of class (as we all sat there nervously awaiting what we knew would be our required “stand up and tell us about yourself” impromptu speeches). Okay, that was just waaaay too long of a sentence, but it needed to be done that way (readability aside) to “set the stage” for what we will be talking about here.

That instructor said,

“Just know that you can’t ever explain anything to anyone!”

Then, over the course of the next two classes we each gave our interpretation and/or understanding of what the instructor meant by that. No two theories came close to matching up (with many not making any sense at all). In fact, repeatedly we all kept asking each other, “What do you mean what you mean?”

And, that was his entire point in not being able to explain anything to anyone.

You have “things going on” in your mind that you definitely want to communicate. So it all comes down to just say what you mean and mean what you say. But that ain’t easy to do. It’s a lot like readable writing, in using shorter sentences and words with fewer syllables. Getting bogged down in all the words is where you can start to stumble. Tell whatever you have to say in a way so people grasp what you are saying.

Most importantly, you need to embed with your words what you want your listener(s) to do once you’ve “made your statement.”

I had been a writer all my life ... words to phrases, paragraphs to pages. But, up to this point, the class, I pretty much “lost it” every time I had to make a speech or give a presentation. But all that changed with that speech class.

And, it was during course of making speeches in that class that I realized just as in poetry, words are open to interpretation. That’s beauty of words, yet also a drawback, too. So you have to be very careful how you use words ... thinking about
how you are going to use words before they tumble out of your mouth. Words are so powerful and yet so dangerous in that what you say can be taken so many different ways. That’s especially true when people (the news media is great at this for “putting a spin” on things) take what you said and then use it out of context or purposely leave out part of what you said (because it doesn’t fit in for how someone is trying to twist what you say to give it a whole different meaning, usually something awful).

What you say and do with words (especially in writing) all has to do with “connecting the dots.” Most people make the connection of the dots in different ways. That’s why you have to be as precise as you can in “stringing words together” in collected combinations. Even then, it comes back to “you can’t explain anything to anyone.”

It’s like that nine dot puzzle about “thinking out of the box.” For these nine dots, the challenge is to connect the dots with only four lines, all without lifting your pencil or pen from the paper while doing it. At first glance it just doesn’t seem possible. No matter what you do, there is always one dot you can’t touch, after drawing the four lines. Or, so it seems.

But, this is where perception, self-imposed limitations, and, well, a lot of other self-limiting conditions come into play. It also has to do with “listen to what is being said.” LISTEN CLOSELY, because it is ALL in the words ... the ones said and not said!

In this case, no one said you have to stay “within the lines” (or dots) of the “box” created by the dots. So, nothing was said (with any additional words) about connecting the dots by going outside of the lines.

Thus, if you start with the pencil or pen on the paper about an inch below and to the left of the bottom left dot and draw a diagonal line through that dot and the middle dot to the top right dot, then go down past the middle dot on the vertical right row of dots to the bottom right dot about an inch or so further, you can then go through the middle dot on the bottom row of dots to the middle dot in the vertical line of dots on the left, continuing upward and to the left about another inch, putting the tip of your pencil or pen (without lifting it) even with the top row of dots.

Next, go from that spot (outside of the “box of dots”) to the right through the entire top row of dots all the way over to the top right dot. You’ve now done the task with four lines, never lifting the pencil or pen from the paper. But, you did it by going outside the lines, which no one ever said you couldn’t do.
Okay, so here is what the solution looks like, done by a right handed person. I’m left handed, so I started from the opposite side, but it’s the same solution with four lines …

Of course, if you think about it from the standpoint of “going outside the lines,” then you can really do it with just three lines … if you do it just right.

When I was faced with doing this, I looked at those nine dots for a LONG time. I didn’t think about the four lines, but I did consider the “three line” approach.

Then I carefully considered the “task at hand.” Since there were no further instructions (i.e., additional words about what you could or could not do), being the paper folder I am (actually, I’m a master at Origami … you should see what I can do with dollar bills!). Okay, so combining paper folding and “connecting the dots,” I came up with a rather inventive solution, even if I do say so myself.

It was beyond just figuring out that you don’t ever have to stay in between the lines (self-imposed limitations), though I saw that I could “stay between the lines” and just use ONE stroke of the pen or pencil. How it “hit me,” I’m not quite sure. But, then where do ideas come from anyway?

I folded the paper so the top row of dots was directly over the second row of dots. And, then I folded the paper yet again so the third row of dots lined up perfectly with the other two rows of dots that were already on top of each other … and, then, I did it! ONE line connected all the dots!

The point here is I didn’t “break any rules” … I just came up with an alternative approach. That’s where “thinking about it” comes into play with anything you do, including using words!

And, thinking is exactly what you have to do with words … if you really want them to mean something – no matter what the interpretation is by the reader(s).

So if you want to make the attempt to explain something to someone, use short sentences with words that don’t have a lot of syllables. The longer your “discourse” on whatever you are saying, the higher the probability that you are going to lose your listener(s). So keep it short. When you make a speech or presentation, you really only have about seven minutes to “get the message through.” After those seven minutes (sooner in many cases … i.e., boring speeches), a person’s mind starts wandering.
And, think about it. By the age of two, we have learned to use (and understand) about three hundred words. By five years old, we know about 5,000 words. Going into our teens, we know about 12,000 words. During the course of your lifetime, you will speak well over 300 million words. Really. No kidding!

But, here is something to really think about. There have been a lot of studies done about how people use words. The results, of course, vary. But, many studies show that women, in an average day, use a thousand (or more) words than men do.

And, that leads right in to this old joke about a man reading a newspaper while his wife is standing near him. Without looking up from the newspaper, the man says, “This article here says women use twice as many words as men do.” The woman paused for a long moment, slightly frowning. Then she said, “That’s because we so often have to repeat ourselves.” Now, looking up from the newspaper, the man said, “Uh, I’m sorry. What did you say?”

That brings us back, full/fool circle to PAY ATTENTION.

So here is your homework assignment. No excuses! Just do it! Do some observing of people, men and women. Take a closer look at what they say and do, as well as don’t do, with words.

You just might learn a lot, including some new words or how to “string ‘em together” in new and different, maybe even more effective ways ... hopefully, so you won’t find yourself too often saying, "What do you mean what do you mean?"

<END OF TRANSMISSION>
<BEGIN TRANSMISSION>

Communiqué #20 – *Text me later* …

Dateline: Folsom CA … somewhere near Aerojet (or what’s left of it) …

*Opening notes:* … we need to “set the stage” for this particular scene which is a set of sequences (communicative, but not really) in the scenario of a seemingly simple (though it actually isn’t) episode of *Your Life Theater* (or, TV Show … whatever you want to call it) that is really more like a quick flash of so many other of the non-stop, intrusive, obnoxious incidents throughout the day and on into the night, every single day … hour after hour, day after day after day.

*The scene:*

I actually observe this kind of thing happening on an all too often basis (where people, together in the same place at the same time, no longer are actually talking, really talking, to each other. It is those points where a person (or persons) there with you, talking to you, and then one person (or more, usually more) “gets lost” in doing a wide variety of things “on the phone” from texting to what a phone best allows, talking. We all know the “routine” so well now. You’re talking to someone, their phone buzzes, rings, or makes some annoying sound.
That person then immediately looks at their phone (like life itself and the future of the earth depends on “seeing what’s going on” in the text). The expressions, upon seeing just what the text is, range from a sly smile to a preponderant frown ... all while you (and anyone else in the immediate vicinity) seem to suddenly disappear and somehow fizzle or dissolve into the nothingness of what that person is no longer paying any attention to.

Why?

Because that person is so focused on the text that just “buzzed in.” Even though you might continue talking and that person appears to be listening to you, while muttering “uh, huh,” over and over again, all without looking up from texting, you know that person isn’t paying any attention to you ... in fact, YOU become, in fact, an annoyance “getting in the way” of whatever is “being exchanged” in the texts. This is all quite obvious from the monosyllabic glaze on the texting person’s face ... which is exactly the same look YOU have when you’re texting and completely ignoring other people.

This kind of thing goes on tens of thousands of millions of times every single day. Two or more people are together, but when a text blasts its way into the middle of whatever is going on ... instantly everyone and everything else just “aren’t there” any longer ... all because of our obsession with texting and the bogus immediacy of it all, like someone’s life depended on responding to a stupid text (though on rare occasions that just might well be true).

And, even though a text (or phone call) can be responded to at some later point, it’s like the world MUST STOP so a person can text or “take a call.” And, we’ve all just come to accept that this is now a “usual routine” of artificially induced immediacy of having to respond to that text or phone call right away without missing a beat.

Why doesn’t anyone ever “say something” about just how rude it is to ignore people around you so you can engage in what most of the time is a completely inconsequential (well, really, “mindless” is a better way to put it) interchange of texts?

So now YOU and I will “play the parts” of what happens to sorta happen (as it so often does). This is quite indicative of so much that is NOT being said or communicated in the real world or “unreal world” of texting ... no matter how cute whatever emoji gets embedded in with whatever is being texted.

This will all make sense in that it shows just how stupid and idiotic texting can be. Hopefully, you’ll come to look at texting in a whole new light (which is exactly my point and intention here). What follows is much like what most text exchanges attempt to do, in that two people are trying to communicate with one another, but actually don’t. Once you “play the part” here with me this should all make much more sense or,
what I’m really going for, you’ll see what you shall see that really isn’t what you think you see or understand like you do so often throughout each and every day, fingers dancing away on and within the luminance of your smartphone (which you can even use in the dark ... don’t we all?).

So here is what led to this following series of texts.

You and I had been trying all day to get a moment alone to talk to each other about something I felt was important to, you know, “talk about.” At many, many points, just I was about to tell you what it is I had to say, there were constant interruptions – people, things (LOTS of texts), more people, more things, and just a wide variety of stuff ... lots and lots of stuff. You know, everyday kinds of occurrences that always seem to get in the way at exactly the point you don’t want them to. So, finally, as I’m walking away from you late in the day, not having been able to really talk to you, I just sigh and say, “Text me later.”

You nod your head and say, “K.”

Now it’s later that same day, evening, actually ... things at your end of the planet have calmed (and clamed) down FINALLY ... you remember that there was something I wanted to talk to you about. So you grab your phone to plunge us to both right into texting with our fingers "dancing away" in epileptic-like fits ...
ME: Wait! What? Y there????
YOU: Me 2 - Phone call.
ME: R U playing games?
YOU: No. I had a call. U aren’t the only 1 getting calls, ya know.
ME: So?
YOU: U wanted me to text U later. This is later.
ME: O I C
YOU: Don’t get cute with me.
ME: What?
YOU: U know what.
ME: No! WTF!

[Another exceptionally long pause, so much so that you and I “get lost” in all of the other things that come close to smothering us until slumber somehow gracefully and oh, so subtly engulfs us ... as it eventually does each day, one way or the other, like it or not.]

Now, it is the next day. I see you again and suggest, “Do you have a moment to talk?”

You smile and, looking back at me as you walk away, talking on your phone, you mouth the words to me, “Text me later.” Then you laugh frivolously.

[I think to myself that this takes us right back to where we started yesterday!]

So it seems, as the “curtain is about to close” on this scene in YOUR Life Theater (or, most likely, TV Show), that even with so much seemingly personal contact and all of this amazing technology at our fingertips, there is one simple, single aspect we need to take into consideration much more than we do (i.e., stop taking it for granted) ... something that seems to have “gotten lost in the shuffle” somewhere.

That key factor in all of this - ANYTHING - is the human element which seems to have been eclipsed by so many “other things” (most that really and truly don’t matter that much at all) that we all let them get in the way of actually really talking and communicating with each other!

And, really, the curtain never does actually “go down” on YOUR Life Theater (or TV Show), because the stage is always there with you on it – center stage - in its ever
present dominating way ... your phone, like so many other things will “buzz its way in” like it (and so much else) always does.

You’re right in the middle of talking to someone but, like Pavlov’s dog, you just have to, at very near the speed of light, check your phone ... only to find this ... as you think to yourself, knowing for certain, without exception or exemption ... “this is never going to stop.” And, there is absolutely nothing you can do to “stop this tide” that constantly ebbs and flows in your/our lives (completely beyond anyone's control and/or willingness to "QUIT!") ... all while knowing there is no way to ever stop it or even slow it down!

**ME**: Where R U?

<END OF TRANSMISSION>

... Inscribed for Diana ... celebrating life! Penned by America’s Premier Unknown Writer!

**Copyright NOTICE/RULES/PERMISSION**: Batsh*t Crazy! Digital Dementia Dystopia is a series of copyrighted Communiqués that are broadcast in bursts, “hot off the press” as I write them (using my trusty word anvil). The key word in that last sentence is “copyrighted” which means I own ‘em outright (everything you read here), every single word. Right now, here, this moment in time, you can read the Communiqués, following along in the “play of words.” You can freely share any or all of these Communiqués with anyone and everyone else in whatever manner you choose (so long as you quote me as the source AND are NOT profiting from using my words). Everything you read will be real and true with me striving, among the collected combinations of words, to produce as many as possible of “that one true sentence” Hemmingway so eloquently and passionately talked about.

Options:

- **Table of Contents** (if you’re looking for a particular Communiqué)
- **Indexicon** (if you’re looking for a specific word or phrase)
- **Who is Bil.?** (if you want to know more about me, the writer)
- **Continue on reading** (in which case, move your eyes downward)
Communiqué #21 – About that bag of dog food you carry around! ...

Dateline: Valley Springs CA …

You might try to ignore it. Obviously, that’s what most people do, despite how tight clothes get … especially around your waist!!!!!

Wishing it will “go away” magically, somehow on its own doesn’t help the situation either!

Perhaps you just don’t care, but I seriously doubt that.

Or, maybe, just maybe, you don’t think about it that much at all … or as little as possible … even though it is always right there … plain as the light of day at those points you catch a glimpse of it in the mirror (or when you see yourself in a photo).

But! There is no getting away from it, all day, every day, and then when you crawl into bed each night … there it is, that bag of dog food you constantly carry around with you everywhere you go. You know it. I know it. Everyone else knows it.

Why?

Because it is RIGHT THERE for all the world to see!

Now, perhaps, you’re wondering to yourself, “What bag of dog food?”

So, let me see here. Should I be diplomatic or politically correct? No, screw it! You need to hear this … so the only way to put this is … FAT! FAT! FAT!

I’m talking about your extra, unsightly FAT you have accumulated. And, you will continue to accumulate it if you don’t do anything about it.

I like to look at “this issue” in terms of a bag of dog food … ten pounds, twenty pounds, FORTY pounds (or, in many cases, much, much MORE). Whatever amount of fat you have added to your body, it truly is like lugging around a bag of dog food. For many people, we’re talking about two (or more) 40 pound bags of dog food!

Just look around you any day, anywhere … you’ll see it … all of those people “wearing” what amounts to big bags of dog food!

And, don’t look around for anyone to blame for this bag (or bags) of dog food you carry around (whatever the “poundage” might be)! YOU … yes, YOU … you have done this to yourself because there is no one to say no to your constant urges, cravings, and impulses. You obviously “have the money in your pocket” to buy all that stuff, including all those “things” loaded with empty calories, you keep shoving down your gullet!
Qualifying statement (to avoid any conflict of interest here, not that I really care, but you need to know this ... even though what is most important here is I can help you ... and it won’t cost you anything ... actually, you’ll be saving a lot of money). YOU and I both know you need to do something about you carrying around that bag of dog food, however big or small it is. I do have an Amazon.com Kindle ebook about all of this –

“Calories! Manifesto: About your weight ... it’s all on you!”

You can get it at Amazon.com, if you want, but there is no need to do that ...

Right here, right now I’m going to give you all the info you need to not only jettison that bag of dog food you carry around, but I’ll show you the common sense “secrets” of how to keep from ever having to “drag around” another bag of dog food.

At this point, you can either jump to the next section, just quit reading, or continue on to find out just how “easy” it is to get rid of the burden of always and forever having to tote around your bag of dog food ...

First, you need to know that YOU have complete control over your body and what you do with what you are putting into it (i.e., what you are eating or drinking). There are really very few things in life that you have complete control over and this is one of them!

Second, you most certainly have the will-power and self-control to get rid of that bag of dog food you carry around (if you truly do want to exert that will-power and self-control). To get rid of that bag of dog food, you, most certainly, can (and should) drop pounds just by doing “little things” which aren’t that hard to do.

We’re talking about three key factors to lose weight:

1. That “piece of real estate on your face” – your mouth ... you govern all of what makes its way within there. The fewer calories going in, the less you have to worry about “hauling around” or burning off!

2. Your arse! That’s right. You know, what you sit on so often (as it also tends to get BIGGER), when you should be moving it (along with the rest of your body). And, that means exercising to burn off all of those extra calories (the bag of dog food) you are carrying around wheresoever you venture forth into the world ... or while you are just sitting around on your arse.

3. The gray matter directly behind your eyeballs – your brain! Here are the a-b-c’s of it all ...
a. It is your brain you will use to carefully control what does and doesn’t go into your mouth. In other words, you will use your brain to **eat smart**, especially to stay away from empty calories which will almost immediately be added to that bag of dog food you carry around.

b. Your brain, besides “talking you into exercising,” also gets a workout when you “**work your body**” to burn off calories. The increased blood flow to your brain from exercising clears out the cobwebs that so often slow down your cognitive functions of your brain ... thus, you’ll drop pounds, think more clearly, and feel so much better.

c. And, most important of all, **will-power** and **self-control** is how your brain will keep you from caving in when you think you want to eat something that you really don’t need to eat. Will-power and self-control are also how your brain keeps you on track to exercise and work your body on a very regular basis (as in five days a week or more, for 45 to 60 minutes ... as much and as often as you possibly can ... or even more).

So, again, it is extremely important to remember there are very few things that you truly do have complete control over. Thus, putting your brain to work (which is really exercising your brain, too) is how you are going to stop and get rid of so many extra (most empty) calories stored as **FAT** in your body (that bag of dog food we’ve been talking about).

Throughout each day and night, it will all come down to this ...

**Who is in control? You? Or, the food?**

We all know that fad and “crash” diets just don’t work.

What follows is simple and basic ... **common sense**. But, because it is so easy to consume extra calories, you need a wakeup call (which this definitely is!) so you can do what you need to do to get rid of that bag of dog food you are so obviously stuck with.

Here, now, is helpful information you need to know and do to free yourself from carrying around that bag of dog food ...

- **First, see your doctor!** There’s no doubt you’ve tried lots of different ways to lose weight, some even crazy, dangerous, and not so smart. So now it’s time to do what you have always wanted to do in a safe, smart, and with-a-sense-of-purpose way. That’s why it is especially important to talk to a doctor FIRST, particularly if you have (or think you might have) any kind of health issue. Even if you think everything is fine, you
probably haven’t had a physical in a while, so a visit to a doctor will be a good starting point … just to be safe, smart, and also find out just how unhealthy it is to be carrying around that bag of dog food.

- **3,500 calories equals one pound of FAT.** This is the key equation to keep in your mind. That means ten extra pounds is 35,000 calories you need to “burn off” by eating smart/less and exercising. You can easily do the math on the additional ten pound “increments” of fat your body is storing to see just how many calories you need to burn off (all while not adding more calories to your “fat storage locker”). Never forget that your body is designed to store fat. Be vigilant and read nutrition labels, exercise, and keep a close watch of what’s going into your mouth.

- **Exercise! Exercise! Exercise!** Not a single “bit or bite” of that bag of dog food you are carrying around is going away on its own. Yes, eating smart and eliminating all of those empty calories (and there are plenty of ‘em) going into your mouth is going to help. But, the poundage you’ve already “packed on” … well, that needs to be burned off.

And, in the item above, those 3,500 calories for each pound of FAT stored in your body, well, they ain’t that easy to get rid of it. If you exercise for an hour a day, on average, you will burn off somewhere in the neighborhood of 600 calories (depending on what you are doing). So that means you need to exercise an hour a day for six days to burn off ONE pound of FAT. And, during that same time period (roughly a week), you don’t want to be “stuffing your face” which would add even more to your bag of dog food you already have “somewhere in there” on you.

You can drop pounds and keep them off, but only if you make permanent lifestyle changes. Of course, that means you have LOTS of bad habits (snacking between meals, eating whatever just happens to “be there,” and all of the other things you do without giving much thought to “what’s going in there”).

And, don’t forget about walking … lots and lots of walking! No matter what kind of physical exercise you do, the more you do (and sweat) the better!

If it was easy, you wouldn’t see so many people carrying around all those bags of dog food. **Will-power and self-control are the keys!**

- **Keep a log** of the calories you eat and the calories you burn off. This isn’t as hard to do as it seems. You can use a simple spreadsheet, if you want. There are plenty of free apps to keep track of “calories in/calories out.” And, in doing this, you’re going to become an expert about calories so you will then keep the “balance of the scale” in your favor every day.
That means consuming fewer calories than you burn off each and every day. Also, keeping a log becomes your ever present conscience. That means you’ll think twice BEFORE you put anything in your mouth, knowing you have to “log it in.” Yea, it’s like a game ... one you will win! Remember, YOU are in complete control here. **NOT the food!**

- **CUT WAY BACK ON SALT!** No more than 2,300 mg per day, at most. Salt adversely effects your blood pressure, your heart, and so many other things, including causing your body to store more fluid (which translates into excess pounds).

- **Cut back or greatly reduce alcohol intake** – alcohol is loaded with calories, lots and lots of empty calories! One shot glass of any type of alcohol has 100+ calories in it! Then there are the calories in the mixes and juice that go into “having a drink.” And, if you are a wine drinker, you also need to cut back on the cheese and crackers (and other things) that go with “having a glass of wine” (which is usually more than one glass of wine, each of which has over 150 calories per glass!). Oh, and, about beer – STOP IT! Even “light” beer is loaded with empty calories.

- **Cut waaaay back on processed foods!** Fresh is the best! Reading the nutrition labels on all those frozen food packages you are buying will horrify you and definitely convince you that fresh is the best! And, coming back to sodium (salt), those frozen foods are all jam-packed with lots of sodium ... and your heart (and other internal organs) definitely isn’t going to be happy with all of that sodium “mucking things up!”

- **DO NOT SMOKE!** That doesn’t have anything to do with calories, but you should not smoke. There are enough documented studies from the past half century that all point out how bad smoking is for you (and, of course, there are the warning labels on each pack of cigarettes, too). Keep this in mind, too ... The only difference between rat poison and cigarettes is that cigarettes have over 90 more, different kinds of poisons in them! Oh, yea, and smoking (including marijuana) turns your beautiful pink lungs black, in addition limiting your ability to breathe (which you’re going to be doing a lot more of because of all the exercising, including LOTS more walking, you will now be doing).

- **Glycemic Index** – Eating smart isn’t just about watching calories (and salt, too). The [Glycemic Index](https://www.nhlbi.nih.gov/health-topics/glycemic-index) is all about carbohydrates which are a major contributing factor when it comes to that bag of dog food you carry around.

The Glycemic Index (or GI) is a ranking of carbohydrates on a scale from 0 to 100 according to the extent to which they raise blood sugar (glucose) levels after eating. Foods with a high GI are those which are rapidly digested, absorbed and metabolized and result in marked fluctuations in blood sugar (glucose) levels ... and most of those calories will be stored as FAT. Low GI carbohydrates – the ones that produce
smaller fluctuations in your blood glucose and insulin levels – is one of the secrets to long-term health, reducing your risk of type 2 diabetes and heart disease ... and the related calories are more often "burned off" as fuel to keep your body running ... instead of being stored as FAT!

Here is how the Glycemic Index works ... the Glycemic Index ranges from 1 to 100. The lower the food item is on the index the better. Basically, the higher food items on the index get digested faster (and are stored as FAT). And, food that gets digested faster pretty much gets stored as fat. An example of this is a sweet potato that is in the low food category on the index, while a white potato is in the high range. That means it takes longer to digest the sweet potato which means your body will be "putting to work" the carbohydrates (calories) as fuel for your body. A white potato gets digested quickly so your body stores most of the carbohydrates as FAT.

One final point ... about your weight ... it’s all on you!

No one is going to take away your extra pounds. They are not going to magically disappear!

No one is going to make you stop eating like a pig. Back to that “piece of real estate on your face” we talked about ... YOU control everything that does (or doesn’t) "go in there!"

No one is going to be sure you exercise and work out as much as you can.

It all comes back to YOU ... YOU have to do this ... for YOU!

YOU have to commit to YOU that YOU are going to do this. And, well, then just do it! And, don't stop ... EVER! Make it all part of your daily routine to continually work your body, as well as carefully and cautiously monitoring what “goes in!”

Who is in control? You? Or, the food?

<END OF TRANSMISSION>

... Inscribed for Diana ... celebrating life! Penned by America’s Premier Unknown Writer!

Copyright NOTICE/RULES/PERMISSION: Batsh*t Crazy! Digital Dementia Dystopia is a series of copyrighted Communiqués that are broadcast in bursts, "hot off the press" as I write them (using my trusty word anvil). The key word in that last sentence is “copyrighted” which means I own 'em outright (everything you read here), every single word. Right now, here, this moment in time, you can read the Communiqués, following along in the "play of words." You can freely share any or all of these Communiqués with anyone and everyone else in whatever manner you choose (so long as you quote me as the source AND are NOT profiting from using my words). Everything you read will be real and true with me striving, among the collected combinations of words, to produce as many as possible of "that one true sentence" Hemmingway so eloquently and passionately talked about.
Options:

- **Table of Contents** (if you’re looking for a particular Communiqué)
- **Indexicon** (if you’re looking for a specific word or phrase)
- **Who is Bil.?** (if you want to know more about me, the writer)
WARNING: Buckle up ... this is going to be somewhat of, no, wait ... NOT "somewhat" ... this actually is going to be an empirical "wild ride!" For, you see, there are no scientific methods, theorems, and/or befuddling labyrinths that can be directly (or indirectly) correlated to or associated with what here forthwith is intended to whisk you away on one of the best and, hopefully, very most mind-expanding "worded excursions," adding even more sparkle to the glow of the multi-faceted diamond that is your life!

So, let’s get on with it. Shall we?

You ... yes, YOU ... right this very minute, are now immersed in and have instantly become part of all that is happening in the collected combinations and bunches of words, here and “just up ahead,” that will pull you through this mental exercise of sorts. At many points you’ll need to ever so slightly squinch your mind while squinting your eyes like you are doing right now to read this purposely lightened text.

There’s a reason for the lightened text and it has to do with what all that is embedded herein “between the lines” (implied and otherwise) as well as those images you can barely make out in the current phase of the moon. Mainly, the lightened text is there (here?) to keep you on your toes so you’ll be ready as ready can be for what is to come.

Keep your eyes from darting too fast from word to word. That will allow the minutiae and hidden “9 Code” messages to all then be revealed and unsealed ... making sense out of what might not have appeared to be so! And, really, this is just like so many other “little things” in your life, especially all of what you weren’t paying attention to and thus missed out on, but later learned about ... that’s where all of the regrets and "woulda, shoulda, couldas” come into play! And, we certainly don’t want that to happen here!

You need to proceed carefully onward (and thus upward). Pay close attention “between the lines” and especially to the “math of it all” in the words, phrases, concepts, and numbers (figures) you might otherwise have just “let go of.” There will be many points where you will be tiptoeing among cryptic, but enlightening, mentally expanding passageways that lead so far beyond what you ever (or never) imagined possible.

From wherever and whatever it is you assume to be “here,” where you seem to think you are (or were), you now, yourself, whichever “which way” you proceed in this worded “meadow” (or howsoever you imagine yourself to be moving forward, when,
indeed, you easily could be sliding backwards without ever realizing it, as you so often do without giving so many situations and perilous footings that much thought) ...

... **YOU are an integral part of what follows.**

Oh, and, just so you know how important you are to all that is about to unfold in the panorama of your mind’s eye, *you just might have a say in the conclusion* ... based on aspects, elements, and mental considerations all going on “behind the scenes” in the words that will be wrapping themselves around the far reaches of your mind. Don’t worry, though, you’ll definitely know the “right way to go” for following along and then concluding things here when the time comes.

The stage is all set ... we’re about to switch back to “regular to read text” ... and you’re about to be in the spotlight, center stage ... so just step forward in (and with) your mind ... *here we go* ...

**2:07 p.m.**

**What now**

Five distinct and entirely dissimilar people (#1, #2, #3, #4, and #5), at that same exact moment in time, etched out those two words you see above - what now. They each did it in quite different, individualistic ways. Each person didn’t really think about why such words were chosen or what caused them to be “effected” on paper in such certain, unique ways. Two printed the words. A few scrawled out what they inscribed, while one took a peculiar, “artsy-fartcy” approach.

And, it was with those two same words, five dissimilar people “purposed on paper,” as if they, unknowingly, might possibly be participating in some sort of synchronized, cosmic contest, tournament, or event ... with no one really knowing what was going on or why. Nor did any of them perceive how significant or what the full impact would be of what they inadvertently were doing with just two “simple” words.

**One person** (#1) printed the words out with a thick, felt-tip pen in electric red, all caps, followed by exclamation points this way, “WHAT NOW!!!!!!!!”

**Three others** (#2, #3, and #4) used ordinary, plain, but functional and very reliable, stick-type, black ink pens to punctuate and “accentuate” what they wrote with question marks, dots/periods, and exclamation points. One of the three, #2, even changed the order of the words (which #5 would also do, but in a severely altered way).
#4, who felt the need to do everything neatly and precisely (well past the point of a well-earned reputation of being anal retentive and living life with an incredibly overwhelming, overbearing, and obsessive rigidity), carefully and neatly printed out the words this way,

“What?! Now?!?!?!?”

There was a much different take on things (from a contrasting perspective) for #2, who reversed the order of the words with dots or periods between the two words (probably for a more dramatic effect, as usually was the case for “inserting dots” for emphasis), wrote it this way,

“Now … what??????”

The other one in the group of three (#3), the most artistic one, almost filled an entire page quite expressively with amazing and imaginatively exaggerated lettering, but all with a graceful flair, followed by nine question marks placed in such a way as to make a single question mark that was “re-inked” so many times to make it boldly stand out, the letters and punctuation were indented into the paper (pretty much the exact opposite of embossing something) … so much so that it almost tore through the page-lined, yellow paper.

#3 had a black, smudgy ink smear alongside of the left palm running down from the outside finger on that hand because of so much effort (and pressure) having been put into getting that elegant looking, though quite peculiarly crafted question mark perfectly and precisely right! #3 had a reputation of being sloppy and careless, but that definitely was a misconception on the part of everyone else, along with so many other things no one could really understand about this person. #3 was much more of a precise person than anyone ever could have imagined (or even attempted to “see what and who was there”). Basically, it was a unique work of art #3 created that said so much with just those two words:

“What now?”

And, the other, fifth person (#5), doodled anyway with a green Sharpie (no matter what - never any other color), not using punctuation at all, having more so crudely drawn, in a psychedelic-printed kind of way, the letters of those two words “blended together” in an elongated, swirling, whirling, twirling fashion.

If you looked closely enough, you could tell what the two words were in what really looked like some kind of distorted image (or something to be “seen into” with a hidden message). The two words were “put together” in reverse order similar to what #2 had written. This was all explicitly and purposely, with intensely intent aspiration (which that person was prone to so often do) penned in lower case, as
“now what” ... 

How all of this was done, using the same two words in a variety of ways, would prove to be an important factor in this matter that none of the five could have ever expected or even come close to “making a mad guess” as to what might actually eventually happen. None of them had any idea how the rest of the day would unfold (as usual, despite so much strategy, planning, and “mapping things out” by #2 and #4, as they each always did with everything).

This particular day would be bringing all five together with such pinpoint precision that one “rational explanation” could have been that the Universe was “at play” here. No one would ever quite know for sure (except, in some odd, unique way or other, possibly because of YOU who just might and very well could be #6 in all of this ... even if you didn’t want to be or maybe otherwise could have chosen “not to be involved”).

None of these people (including YOU, because you are now, like it or not, even more so involved and “invested”) had ever even met, nor did they even know of or about each other.

Not a single one (#1, #2, #3, #4, #5 ... or even #6 and #7 ... yes, there definitely is a #7 - and then some - in all of this) had the slightest inkling or intuitive suspicion of what was to come that day because of them all simultaneously (without even knowing it) scribing two seemingly simple, unassuming words.

Though there were many who were, without a doubt, sure that #5 (including #5) had the abilities and mystic know-how to foresee “things that were to come,” #5 had not a clue about what soon was going to happen! Just like the others in all of this, no one could possibly have imagined what was pending just off, over there, towards the horizon of a day’s waning daylight hours, all in the shadow of an ever so slightly illuminated moon that you could barely make out if you a) knew where to look; and 2) squinted your eyes ever so slightly.

On this day, indeed, all of the “story lines” were about to form an absolutely perfect juxtaposition (with perfection and exactness beyond any of their previous accomplishments combined). And, maybe, just maybe, what was about to happen all had something to do with those two words, no matter what order they were written in or perhaps because two of the five written, two-word “combinations” had been positioned and placed in what would appear to be backwards relative to the others. Or, that the others were backwards in relation to the other two that appeared to be backwards, but actually weren’t! There was no way to tell what was what.
Somehow the syncing-up of these **five individuals** together (along with some additional “numbers” or figures in the background), because of those two words, the Universe was “binding their fates” simply because of the instant and exactness of those same two words they had written (or more like created) at the same point in time. Despite or because of the order in which those two words were put on papers (and how they were written or printed), with at least one of them being “required” to be what appeared to be backwards, when really it was the others that possibly, even by mistake or intently, on purpose, were supposed to be penned backwards in relation to the other “backwards” ones!

No one could really be confused here because no one knew what was going on.

Or, maybe, just maybe, it could possibly have been some kind of coincidental coincidence ... maybe, sorta, kinda (but not quite really ... maybe a key ingredient in all of this was/is YOU “jumping in” as **#6** to have an interpretive, allegorical impact on all of this ... whatever that means because it could all come down to the perception and perspective YOU “bring to the table” ... especially when we “get to the end” of this and YOU look closely at determining what will or won’t actually happen).

Before we go any further (or farther) here, there is something you (who, it actually turns out to be quite truest of true ... happen to be **#6** ... for the purposes of not just this narrative, but, well, actually YOUR ENTIRE LIFE) need to know ... that I, being **#7**, will relate to you (in the “telling of this tale”). There are actually two other people (figures, if you will) who will come “into play” here and many ways in your life, **#8** and **#9** ... the identities of whom shall “be revealed” between the lines (not to mention be quite obvious, because they are both positioned in real life in your immediate proximity more often than you realize ... where, as always, you just can’t seem to alter such happenstances) as your darting eyes (along with so much of the additionally required and much needed brain power) “pupil-propel” yourself forward amongst the play of words here.

Though you have now probably already “figured it out,” there are always nine numbers (figures or individuals ... well, ANYTHING for that matter) in whatever you do, wherever you go (even if you can’t see them, they are still there as “nines”). The number nine is significant ... and always has been. If you take the first four digits of Pi (3.141) you get the number nine. If you multiply 9 times any of the other eight numbers, the number you get will total nine ... 9 x 2 = 18 (1 + 8 = 9) ... the same holds true for the rest of the numbers ... try it yourself if you want to see for yourself what you see for yourself. Even in the TV show “LOST,” it was no accident that the button in the hatch had to be pressed every 108 minutes (1 + 8 = 9).

The “**9 Code**” is hidden as numbers (figures and other things) in ancient books, music, art, religion, and architecture, especially in so many aspects of the pyramids.
The number 9 was considered sacred in ancient Egypt and Greece. Oh, and isn’t it interesting that a human pregnancy covers, yeppers … 9 months? Of course, in baseball, there are 9 players on each team and the game goes 9 innings with 27 outs (where 2 + 7 = 9).

To take the baseball “9” story line a bit further, it was Ted Williams of the Boston Red Sox, with the number 9 on his jersey, who was the last person to average over .400 (.406 to be exact) in a single year and he wrapped up that feat in September (the ninth month of the year) of 1941. Robert Redford, in honor of Ted Williams, wore the number 9, for the great baseball movie “The Natural.” Hey, even the Beatles, who did so much to change the world (still to this very day), were definitely trying to tell us something with their songs “One after 909” and “Revolution 9″ with the words “Number Nine” repeated over and over and over again in the song.

Don’t worry. In the whole cosmic, universality, and totality of all things, what you (we) are doing here will all definitely make perfect sense … as if you didn’t already know that, mainly because you know exactly why you’re “here” (or “there,” depending your perspective, especially what you think you see in any mirrored reflection, which possibly might need a little adjusting and/or tweaking) … which is how you also know, deep down inside, that you are, indeed, #6.

You also need to know (perhaps you already do) that I (#7) am going to explain and disclose herein what you need to “connect the dots” for so much of what has become bewilderment in your life. And, really, when it comes to the actual #7 person in your life, I’m just “filling in” right now because that real #7 in your life is someone you can’t do without (who can explain so much of what otherwise seems puzzling). And, it could very easily be someone you’ve ignored or “discarded” because you didn’t really see what you were (and are) supposed to see in that person. If you know who this person is, great … if not, PAY MORE ATTENTION, will ya?! That way #7 can do what needs to be done to help you, just as YOU can do so much to help that person!

Okay, so we have been looking, in terms of numbers (the figures of which are extremely important considerations in anything and everything), at the individuals you’re about to “follow along” on a good part of their way through the rest of their day to yet another certain point in time. We’ll get to their names as this story unfolds. But, know this, there are really only numbers (figures). That’s it. NUMBERS! And, that’s why math is so important!

We just “label” people, pets, objects, all of the things we can’t explain, and everything else with names and words because we’ve gotten lost in the “zero aspect” of everything. That’s why zero is zero or nil or aught or nada or nix or zilch or so many of the other words so often used, because zero isn’t “there” and doesn’t mean anything (though actually it really does … you just haven’t quite grasped the true meaning and
power of it yet) ... unless you want to attach what you believe to be zero to so many other things as we all often are prone to do ... especially with numbers (and figures) because it is always deceptively convenient to do so. Yet another “thing” we don’t give much thought to.

Because we have relied so much on zero (without even realizing it), which includes giving up or not even trying, we’ve lost touch with so much of the way things were done and how people communicated, without the need for words or labels, in ancient civilizations. I’m talking here about all of the ancient civilizations no one knows anything about ... the civilizations BEFORE all of the ones we’ve read so much about. Most of “recorded history” which is really dis-information that was “planted” in various and assorted easy and convenient places for us to somehow find.

That was done to keep us from knowing what was really going on way, way, WAY back then ... as well as all they could do without the need for what we think is our addictive technology of today that really wasn’t necessary in ancient times). But all of that is for another time and place or, well, Communiqué in this Batsh*t Crazy Digital Dementia Dystopian journey of ours.

5:22 p.m.

At this specific moment in time, four vehicles come to a 4-way-stop intersection at Cummings Avenue and Goins Lane, with one of them screeching to a crazy sideways halt ... though still they all make a complete stop at once right there at the intersection. This puzzles the four drivers, because each one wonders, “Who goes first if everyone arrived at the same time?” High above this scene, a sputtering airplane curves off towards the setting sun as the drivers are all eyeing each other, heads moving left and right as they wonder “What now?” or “Now what?”

Three hours and 15 minutes earlier ...

Hill was sitting at his desk reviewing a legal brief, as he realized he had carefully printed out “What now!!!!!!!!!!” with his red felt-tipped pen on the bottom right corner of a page that wasn’t supposed to be “written on.” His mind had been wandering all day as he wondered how he was going to straighten out the monumental “personal mess” (yet another one) he had created the night before. He quickly printed out another copy of that page, but kept the page with those two red words on it.

Now he circled, over and over again, those two red words and then looked out the windows where his corner office on the 19th floor provided a “take your breath away” view of the ideally splendid weather. “Absolutely perfect day to jump” he said out loud as he thought about the pure joy of “falling in the sky.” He then decided to concoct an excuse to sneak away from work early ... as in immediately.
Moss, daydreamed about what he would do after his senior year of high school would end. He was surprised to find he had neatly printed out “Now ... what??????” His parents had taken care of all the arrangements for him to go to the “right college” after graduation, but he didn’t want any part of it. Moss liked racing cars and had built by himself a “souped up,” 650 horsepower, cherry red hot rod that looked like something right out of the 1950s.

In fact, he was going to be cutting his last two classes today so he could “jack up” the torque and do a few other things even more so on an already “loaded” engine. He didn’t care if it resulted in more horsepower, he just wanted to be positively sure it sounded better, meaner, and LOUDER! You know, so more people would look his way when he revved the engine.

That’s all Moss cared about - cars! Definitely not becoming an accountant and working at his father’s CPA firm. Moss just couldn’t imagine ever doing that. Only thing was, he still hadn’t found a way to “break the news” to his parents that he had already decided he wasn’t going to college. He was already planning a backpacking trip through Europe with friends (all of the ones his parents “had no use for”), though he doubted the trip would happen because he was sure his parents wouldn’t fund such an adventure. But, still, he was planning on somehow “breaking away” to somewhere right after graduation, with the main priority being to move out of his parents’ house as soon as possible. Where the money would come from “being on his own” was another matter.

Effie, swishing her head back and forth, brushed back her long, thick, wavy, sandy colored hair over her shoulders at her “tiny spot” in a customer service call center, not really listening too closely to someone “chirping away” in her earpiece. She had just filled an entire page of her notebook with “What now?” She scrunched up her face as she looked at those two words and didn’t have the slightest idea why she had put those two words on paper, especially the way she did.

Effie’s “hair thing” was a lifelong matter in that her hair, not ever having been cut (other than trimmed ever so slightly on the ends) was so long and thick that the weight of it gave her severe, mind-numbing headaches ... but, never ... NEVER ... would she consider cutting it. She loved that her hair gave her such a distinct look. Many people said she had a sorceress look.

And, there were those who were sure some sort of alchemy was a key factor with Effie and all of the “things” she could do, because every time she looked at someone with a scornful glance and held both index fingers together while pointing at the person who had disrupted what she called her “essence,” unusual and unpleasant things almost instantly happened to such individuals. Of course, this was all speculation,
but everyone made sure they never did anything to upset or piss off Effie who was cheerful, bordering on gleeful, most of the time.

This day was a different matter, as Effie’s mind raced about how to deal with yet one more family-saga-drama dilemma in which she found herself. As usual, she had nothing to do with having created it. Yet everyone in her family and immediate circle always expected her to “clean up the messes.” All of them also were well aware of what seemed to be the medieval, mystic abilities no one could ever quite prove or disprove about Effie. Still, whenever anyone could take advantage of Effie’s “powers,” they most certainly did so.

There were plenty of instances where it was obviously easy to “connect the dots” of someone’s “un-doing” or “good fortune” after an encounter or happenstance with Effie. Everyone realized that Effie, from an early age, was quite different and unusual, though still quite charming and alluring.

Effie now sneered as she noticed the smudged black ink on the outside edge of her left hand. She immediately knew she had pressed down too hard while scrawling those two words, though she liked what she saw. She grabbed a tissue to clean her hand from inside her monstrous, multi-colored carryall (that many felt could easily be a duffle bag with who knows what inside of it).

Addilyn, who never ceased to be amazed at the sloppy work everyone else did at the government agency where she worked, was taken aback when she realized that, without really thinking about it, she had printed out in the margin of a policy document she was editing, “What?! Now?!?!?!”

And, what she wrote had nothing to do with the content, except that it kind of made sense in a strange way, because she had been fretting for days about how this new policy restricting computer usage to “business only” would be received ... and, why had the Director dumped the “dirty work” on her to not only write up the policy, but then announce, implement, and promote it. As she kept looking at those two words, she just let out a long, deep sigh.

That she hated her job would be an understatement, because Addilyn knew within a few days of getting the job she was sure that she didn’t like it. She was good at what she did, but working for a state agency, to her, was nothing more than “putting in your time,” and never doing too much other than just “doing your job.” If you worked too fast, which she liked to do, it made everyone else look bad, and so she throttled down her efforts (and enthusiasm). Now, five years into it, with the benefits and job security, she felt stuck ... though she did, from time to time, halfheartedly look for other jobs.

Batsh*t Crazy! Digital Dementia Dystopia ...
On this day there would be a surprising, oh, so positive twist to things. Addilyn had gotten a phone call from a hi-tech startup that wanted to interview her. As she hung up the phone, thinking of the prospect of getting a new job, one she was sure she would like, she felt this warm glow deep inside of her. What was even more amazing was that the hi-tech company’s President wanted to meet her to talk about the job over dinner that evening at an exclusive restaurant called “The Nine Spot.”

Gwen, grasping her trusty green Sharpie in her left hand with an overhand, claw-like grip (no one could ever figure how she actually “wrote things out” that way), drew, with elongated, twisting, serpentined, 1960’s type looking letters without any punctuation, “now what” ... all as she dreaded the thought of what she had been talked into doing a little bit later in the day. Gwen was known for being “stuck up” and self-centered, mainly because she looked like a model, tall and statuesque, with black hair and green eyes.

Now, as Gwen looked at the letters, that all blended together for more of an artwork look than just two words, she realized that what her friends had talked her into doing was just something she was going to hate. Why was it up to her to do this, when any one of her other friends could have done it? It bothered her because she knew they picked her because of her looks, which had been the case her entire life. She was always the “pretty one.” No one paid any attention to how smart or resourceful she was. It was always about her looks. And, it made her even madder that even she played that “good-looks card” any time it would be to her advantage (especially “getting her way” and she always liked to get things her way).

Gwen was irked the rest of the day until she left work, heading towards what she felt was the doom of what she had been talked into doing. But, still, as always, she was going to do it ... for the attention and, well, because that’s what she always did (even though she hated it).

All five of these individuals, though in very different ways, put those two words on paper at exactly the same time.

The rest of the day “unfolded” the way seemingly ordinary days always seem to do ... pretty much the like every other day, except for a few “variations” in the normalcy of the routines everyone followed ... though all of that was most certainly about to change at 5:22 p.m.

For what and for now, it was 2:07 p.m. ... and the milliseconds on the wall clocks and digital “timepieces” tic-toc’ed merrily along as moments (and people ... and figures) do, fading into one after the other and then another and then another ... you know how that goes, just like this day you’re cruising through so far (without really giving too many things that much thought at all) on your way to all of the countless “whats” and “nows” to yet come.
Here are the **nine** elements and aspects that happened over the seemingly normal course of the next **3 hours and 15 minutes** ...

**One** ... this happened ...

Moss ditched school after going to the nurse’s office and feigning a sore throat. The nurse knew what was going on, but “played along” because since they were so close to the end of the school year there was no reason to get in the way of Moss taking off the rest of the day. She gave him two aspirins and told him to go home and take it easy for the rest of the day.

“Sure thing,” Moss said, smiling in a sneaky way as he dashed out the door, knowing that she knew that he knew that she knew what was going on. He just didn’t care about anything other than now heading off to work on his hot rod.

**Two** ... then this happened ...

Before heading to where she needed to be (that she definitely didn’t want to go to or be any part of), Gwen drove home to change clothes. That meant driving all the way across town to her apartment, figuring out what she was going to wear, and then heading all the way over to the far side of Chance, which was now more of a city than a town (no one knew how it had gotten such an odd name). How did she ever let herself get talked into doing this? That was the only thing playing over and over again in her mind, though she knew she would have to “turn on the charm” once she got to where she was going.

Then she drove off, heading East on Goins Lane.

**Three** ... while this had already happened ...

It had taken most of the day, but the workers had finally gotten all of their work done. The ground had been hard to dig holes in, but, luckily, they had brought the right heavy-duty equipment to dig the four post holes. And, now the holes were dug and the new stop signs were all in place at the intersection of Cummings Avenue and Goins Lane.

As the guys were loading up the trucks, one of them said, “Okay, so the stop signs are in, but the white markings haven’t been painted on the street yet!”

One of the others looked at each of the stop signs, then the black road surfaces, and said, “Ah, screw it. We did what we were supposed to do. It’s above our pay grade to worry about anything else. The big shots at the county admin offices will figure something out.”

Not another word was said. Everyone just shrugged their shoulders and then they all hopped into the Prospect County trucks and they were gone.
A tiny yellow bird with black markings on his left wing that looked like the number nine flew to one of the stop signs and perched on in. That little bird then began chirping in the most melodic way.

Watching all of this from the Northeast side of the intersection, there was a little girl sitting on a bolder that she was barely able to climb up on. She had nine gumdrops, each a different color, that she let dissolve in her mouth, one by one, as she quietly watched everything that was going on. She smiled as the yellow bird chirped. And, just to the Southwest of the intersection, sitting high in a tree, a boy who looked much like Tom Sawyer, nodded his head up and down, as he chewed a big wad of Double Bubble gum, blowing huge bubbles that he kept popping, one after the other.

**Four** ... then this happened ...

She had worked at it off and on all day, but Effie couldn’t get those black smudges off her left hand. And, now she had to come to the point here she had to make a decision. Should she go, as she always does, to embed herself in yet one more family mess? Or, just blow it off and go spend time with the love of her life? She knew she was the only one who could calm everyone down, but it was always such a mental drain for her. And, then there was her other-worldly abilities that she thought no one else knew about.

She could “fix things” quite easily if she “applied such competence” with those unique abilities of hers that evening. BUT! BUT! BUT! She only liked to “conjure up” such skills when she doubtlessly needed to ... or, sometimes (which seemed to be more frequent lately), they just “came out” when she got mad, upset, or felt the need to change someone's life in a specific wonderful way.

For now, she would head North on Cummings Avenue. Then, when she approached Goins Lane, she could decide what to do. Staying on Cummings Avenue meant zooming to the love of her life. Turning right and heading East on Goins Lane would mean a very long “family evening” where she knew she could help everyone, and they would all then walk away feeling much better ... with her extremely emotionally drained.

**Five** ... while this was going on ...

Hill set up his auto-reply message for his emails in Outlook. He zipped off a quick email to let everyone know he had to “take care of a matter” and would be gone for the rest of the day. Then he checked around the office for the best way to make his getaway. He walked briskly, with no one paying any attention to what he was doing, to the back of the offices towards the freight elevator. Just as he was about to press the down button, Pierce came from out of nowhere and put his hand over the buttons, saying, “Ah, hah! Caught cha!”
Hill produced the most scornful look, mainly because he got caught sneaking out. And, by one of the true slackers of the law firm.

"Waddda ya want?" Hill asked as he scowled at Pierce.

Pierce, with a weasel grin, said, "You're not cutting out early, are you?"

"What's it to you?" Hill asked, knowing he was much higher up on the "food chain" in the firm than Pierce.

"You give me that file you've been working on, so I get credit for it, and I won't say anything. In fact, I'll cover for you."

Hill, paused as he quickly thought about different ways he could demolish this wanna-be, know it all, no talent, no future person, and said, "Deal! It's on my desk. Go ahead. Take it, if you want to ... knowing someone might figure out the quality of it isn't your work."

Pierce removed his hand from covering the buttons and said, "I'll take my chances, pal." Then he headed to Hill's office.

Hill got in the elevator and started laughing as he pressed the parking garage button. What Pierce didn't know was that earlier that day Hill had voted with other key associates on the company's leadership team for the "employee reduction plan" that included Pierce, mainly because Pierce wasn't a team player who always took shortcuts to make himself look good. Hill thought to himself, "Karma is a bitch!"

Hill just kept laughing out loud, tilting his head slightly upward, as he contemplated that he always treaded carefully in relation to how Karma works!

Once he got home, Hill rushed to the garage to get his parachute and gear. He quickly put on his custom made, Italian jumping boots, grabbed everything else, and was off to jump.

**Six** ... and there was this development ...

The plane’s engine sputtered and died yet again.

Dwight screamed as loud as humanly possible, "Shit! Shit! Shit!"

He knew he had to get this engine "humming," because otherwise he’d miss out on making some “quick money.” And, he definitely needed money because of the poker game later that night where he knew his new "system for winning" would pay off big time. For now, he had spent most of his money on the parts to get this, his words, "God damned piece of crap, flying machine in the air!"

And, finally, after tinkering and tinkering, as he always did, the engine was working, as it always did after him “sweet talking it” into doing what it was supposed to
do. And, even though the engine didn’t sound quite right, it was running ... and he was sure once they got up in the air, everything would smooth out, like always.

So he was now ready to go just as the person who wanted to “go up” arrived.

Seven ... and, this happened, too ...

After quickly heading home, changing into her most favorite dress, the one her boyfriend said made her look “hot,” Addilyn headed South on Cummings Avenue to “The Nine Spot.” She knew she had the skills, know-how, and experience to get this job. She was good at interacting with people, as well as being known for "getting things done," making great things happen, and always made a good first impression. She also was a “tech oriented” person and she knew that would play in her favor.

In the hours following the phone call about this job earlier in the day, she had heard from two of her references. They told her after giving her glowing reviews, they were sure she was going to get the job. Addilyn couldn’t have felt more “up” about life and, damn it, “nailing it” in the interview to get this job.

Eight ... this shouldn’t have happened, especially the way it did ... but it did!

Hill had headed to the tiny “airport” which was really a strip of asphalt for taking off and landing. No control tower. He couldn’t wait to get “up in the air” and then leap out of the plane, arms and legs spread outward ... then arms next to his sides, zooming through the air like a rocket. There was no other feeling in the world like free-falling, “zipping around in the sky,” and then opening your chute to glide downward.

Dwight had the engine revving up as Hill parked his car in a grassy area, grabbed his stuff, rushed to the plane, and hopped in, giving Dwight a fist full of cash ... and, then the plane zoomed off into the sky.

Once the plane reached 18,000 feet, Hill was right about to fling himself out the door for his jump when the engine cut out causing the plane to violently jerk sideways. That knocked out Hill as he hit his head on the side of the open door which also damaged the parachute, after which Hill fell from the plane like a rag doll. Dwight was frantically trying to right the plane that was now arcing off to the West. Slowly Dwight got things under control. He had no idea what had happened to Hill, who was unconsciously plummeting to earth at 130 miles per hour.

Suddenly opening his eyes as Hill came to his senses, he knew exactly what to do ... he had been trained for just such a situation. And, it only took a few seconds to get his tumbling fall better under control and pop open his parachute. Once he did that, he realized his parachute was damaged but not completely disabled. Now the question was could Hill regain enough control of a parachute that had slight rips and tears in it so he could safely land? He continued to wobble about as the ground rushed towards
him. Still, he somehow remained calm, knowing he was pretty sure he could pull this off and manage to land without getting hurt.

**Nine** ... all of which previously happened while this was happening ...

It seemed like it took forever, but Moss finally got everything “purring” on his hot rod. Well, actually, “purring” isn’t the right word, because now when he gunned the engine, all 650 “ponies in there” made best “meanest of the mean” hot rod sounds anyone had ever heard ... so much so you could hardly hear yourself think. Of course, that was just the opinion of Moss and that is really all that mattered.

He left all the tools, the grease, and the mess on the garage floor. Then he cleaned up with something called “Grease off” (that really did work). Moss eased into the driver’s seat and “laid rubber” all the way down his driveway and into the street, swerving every which way, left and right, but still somehow controlling the vehicle (something the neighbors hated, but had begrudgingly gotten used to it).

Now. Where would Moss go to really “open ‘er up?”

Moss thought to himself that he would head West on Goins Lane, because that was open road all the way and he could really let things loose, “flying” on that road to really see what kind of speed his hot rod could now do ... mainly because there were hardly any other cars (or cops) on that road.

Moss (and just about everyone else in town) didn’t know about the new stop signs that had, just earlier that day, been put in at the intersection of Cummings Avenue and Goins Lane.

**5:22 p.m.**

Four vehicles, at the exact same moment in time, came to the newly created 4-way-stop at the intersection of Cummings Avenue and Goins Lane. There were no markings on the pavement – no white lines to NOT cross, not even the words “STOP” on the pavement, which everyone thought was quite odd. There wasn’t even a crosswalk anywhere to be seen.

As Gwen came to Goins Lane she noticed there was a stop sign so she applied her brakes and stopped. She could see the setting sun in her rear view mirror. Then her eyes opened wide in horror as she looked across the street to see a hot rod coming directly towards her as it made a screeching, sideways halt (while somehow staying in its lane) ... but Moss amazingly managed to stop, having noticed the newly installed stop sign at the very last possible moment that would have allowed him to stop without “plowing through” the intersection.
That was the East/West aspect of this highly unusual, “what are the odds” instance of four vehicles reaching a 4-way-stop at exactly the same time. The North/South part went like this ...

Addilyn, who was headed South on Cummings Avenue, was the most careful of the four drivers to simultaneously reach that intersection. She had never been on that road before. She saw the stop sign and stopped. Going North on Cummings Avenue, Effie was fiddling with her smartphone, about to text a message to her boyfriend to let him know she was “on her way” ... in that she was going to “blow off” the family thing and let them all bicker, squabble, and, hopefully, work things out. If not, she would “fix things” later. For now, she had decided to keep going north and not make that right turn on to Goins Lane. She luckily looked up from texting with just enough time to stomp on the breaks and stop her car with the tires slightly screeching, all while she thought, “I don’t remember a stop sign being here!”

5:22 p.m. ... that’s where the four of them were ... then and there ...

The four of them sat at that newly created 4-way-stop, all looking back and forth at each other, wondering what happens next. Since they all arrived at the same time, who goes first? This was a case of where the “person on your right goes first” would be an infinite loop in time ... and it was highly doubtful that any DMV booklet in any state had any details or recommendations for some such occurrence as this. Gwen shrugged her shoulders. Moss held up his palms outward as he smelled gasoline that was probably leaking from one of his three carburetors. Addilyn just kept looking at each person, thinking someone was going to do something, right? And, Effie, getting impatient, was contemplating putting her two index fingers together to “do her thing,” but, instead, just smiled and held her hands out towards the others, thinking they would figure out something.

It was a moment frozen in time where separate minds were all engaged in the first step of taking action, trying to decide what to do ...

NOW ... here is what happened in the next nine seconds ... YOU decide which of the following endings is really what happened ...

NINE-a

All four drivers stepped on the gas, each thinking they would be the first one to “break through,” with Effie deciding to turn right, go see her family, and fix things. Also, Effie figured the right turn would be the smartest move so as to not crash into anyone.

Sadly, all four cars somehow slammed and crashed into each other, where serious injuries occurred, all just as Hill came out of the sky to a deadly smack right in the middle of where all the cars had smashed into each other!
All this as a little yellow bird quickly flapped its wings to get out of harm’s way.

NINE-b

In some strange way, Moss, Addilyn, and Gwen motioned for Effie to “GO!” Effie turned right. Addilyn motioned for Gwen (who was on her right) to proceed through the intersection. Then Addilyn motioned for Moss to then go (because now he was the “next in line” on the right, in this odd circle of a square. And, after Moss slowly proceeded through the intersection, as Addilyn was about to drive through the intersection, Hill came to a gentle, standing-up landing on the hood of her car as his tattered parachute (that really shouldn't have actually ever opened) covered Addilyn’s car.

A little yellow bird just sat there on one of the stop signs, moving its head every which way, observing all of this. It was no longer chirping.

NINE-c

All four cars started through the intersection, but then abruptly stopped before any of them hit each other, all as they realized what was happening. Then Hill landed hard, breaking both legs, directly on the pavement (dead center) in the middle of the square created by and where the four cars had stopped! The little yellow bird fluttered off from the stop sign perch before any of this happened.

NINE-d

All four cars started to go, slowly, just as Hill crashed, full force, back first into Effie’s windshield, killing him!

NINE-or-the-other

Wait!

Hold your horses! Stop right there!

That was the end of the story where it ended before we got to these multiple choice answers.

That’s the end … with Addilyn, Moss, Gwen, and Effie at intersection, all with Hill still in the air trying to figure out how he is going to pull off a soft landing. As for the little bird, who knows?

Oh, the #8 and #9 “figures” were part of all of this, too. One sitting in a tree. The other sitting on a large boulder not far from the intersection. Oh, wait a minute, perhaps Dwight and Pierce were the #8 and #9 “figures” who just “got lost in the shuffle” here (like so many other things and instances in life).

Naaaaaa.
Well, maybe.

**YOU** can actually decide that one!

Again, just like in life, there will always be “people there” you don’t pay much attention to (but probably should), and aren’t even aware of, mainly because you weren’t paying attention ... or you just ignored them. Do #8 and #9 mean something here, either by me telling you again about them only now or the simple fact that you zipped right by them? And, what about the little chirping bird on the stop sign? Was there some mystical or spiritual meaning or reference point in all of that?

Hmmm?

What could #8, #9, and that tiny bird mean? **YOU** are the only one who can determine that (though I did include them for certain reasons) for this story (if that’s what it is) ... or just who #8, #9, and that little bird are (whatever or whomsoever they actually do represent ... and/or “speak for something” or someone) in your real life beyond this “play of words.”

And, if all of that isn’t enough to “cook your noodle,” what if Hill’s “personal mess” somehow tied to Effie’s family drama dilemma ... both of which might even have had something to do with whatever it was that Gwen had been talked into doing. Again, we come back to multiple things that could or might have been “one having something to do with the other” ... or not.

The multiple choice answers ... those other possible “variations on a theme” of what happened next are like so many other things in life. You just don’t know the “what” or the “now” (as well as the how or the why or the when or even the who) ... they just happen to happen until the point in time that you get there ... or don’t get there. Or, just like in life, maybe you just don’t know or never find out. Whatever the outcome, it all matters in one way or the other. There will just be things you don’t know or think you know or that you really should know (if only you had been paying attention).

We could go on here *ad infinitum*, but stories, books, movies, lifetimes ... they all never really do end ... so much always seems to be left “hanging in the air.” They just are what they are and do what they do. Then whatever is supposed to come next comes next by happening in whatever way it happens to happen (with or without your involvement). You might have an impact or you might not, but know that many times **YOU** can make or could have made a difference ... but only if you pay attention to what is going on all around you ... all the time ... right this very minute even.

Life is you simply (though you do make it far more complex than it needs to be at so many points) doing what you do and reacting in whatever which way you do based on what you have just done that leads you (like it or not) directly to what you do
and then what comes next ... all based on all that has happened (most of which can’t and never should be undone).

Don’t you think?

What now?

No wait. Now What?

Well, we could go on and on with all of this, that, and the other (or ‘nother), but it’s time for “now” and “what” to move on to the many other hundreds of thousands of millions of scenarios, plots, schemes, and unintended “blueprints” in which they are sure to be contested ... and, then some ... starting beyond originating within, or even outside of, the next (you should have guessed by now) nine seconds!

No! Wait!

There is one other thing ... wouldn’t it be nice if your life was multiple choice answers where you could pick whatever you felt like choosing ... and your choices always would be the correct?

Maybe. Maybe not.

Actually, there is one other “one other thing” where the point needs to be made about YOU paying attention. Maybe you “added things up,” maybe you didn’t, but this has to do with all the details about the number nine that “started things” here. As with any piece of writing (including the scripts and story lines for movies and TV shows), everything is included for a reason ... so, if you were, indeed, paying attention, then you noticed that the numbers in the three key times involved here, each time (set of numbers) added up to nine ...

- 2:07 p.m. - when it all started with the “cast of characters” writing out those two words.
- 5:22 p.m. - when they all reached the 4-way stop at the intersection.
- Three hours and 15 minutes - the time between those two other times ... 3 + 1 + 5 = 9!

The point being that you never know what unique, clever, fun, uncommon, and delightful things you just might discover by looking much closer at what you think you’re seeing (or reading or watching or doing or, well, you get the point, right?).

Okay, this existential, mental exercise (with me playing with your brain) brings us “fool circle” to what else?

“What now?” or “Now What?”

-END OF TRANSMISSION-

... Inscribed for Diana ... celebrating life! Penned by America’s Premier Unknown Writer!
Copyright NOTICE/RULES/PERMISSION: Batsh*t Crazy! Digital Dementia Dystopia is a series of copyrighted Communiqués that are broadcast in bursts, "hot off the press" as I write them (using my trusty word anvil). The key word in that last sentence is "copyrighted" which means I own 'em outright (everything you read here), every single word. Right now, here, this moment in time, you can read the Communiqués, following along in the "play of words." You can freely share any or all of these Communiqués with anyone and everyone else in whatever manner you choose (so long as you quote me as the source AND are NOT profiting from using my words). Everything you read will be real and true with me striving, among the collected combinations of words, to produce as many as possible of "that one true sentence" Hemmingway so eloquently and passionately talked about.

Options:

- **Table of Contents** (if you’re looking for a particular Communiqué)
- **Indexicon** (if you’re looking for a specific word or phrase)
- **Who is Bil.?** (if you want to know more about me, the writer)
Communiqué #23 – *Open Letter to Terrorists!*

Dateline: A place where people are happy, so leave us alone …

**NO! STOP IT!**

You want to blow things up (including yourself), go pick an isolated spot and “have at it!” But leave innocent people to live their lives.

You’re all cowards, from crashing airplanes into buildings to kill as many as possible to commandeering vehicles to wreak havoc in your self-righteous, misguided paths … **NOTHING gives you the right to do that!** That goes for the morons who feel their life is so worthless, they somehow think they can “make a point” with suicide missions. The biggest cowards among them all (though they are all truly, without a doubt, invertebrates), are the dimwits who leave bombs and then flee.

Oh, and, the sickest of the sick dastards in all of this are the ones wielding knives (and guns), preying upon the completely defenseless, unarmed, and unsuspecting people at train stations, in subways, at the beach, at concerts, sight-seeing, just sitting down to have meal, or doing all of so many other things we do living life, doing what sane people do. And, none of the randomly picked, “easy targets” people in these vicious attacks had ever done anything to provoke such violent, senseless “life taking” assaults.

It can’t ever be justified and it doesn’t make any sense to kill people on these maniacal, demonic sprees, showing no regard for life, including your own!

Whatever your twisted religious, political, or ideological “aims” are, your totally convoluted, brainwashed “logic” and “rational” for killing and harming innocent people, children included, doesn’t (and hasn’t) accomplished anything other than making all the rest of us in the sane world loath you. Oh, and what you zealots really have accomplished with your disgusting and abominable misdeeds is to make so many of us suspicious and “cautious to an extreme” of the specific religions and nationalities that you took and twisted into bizarre, deranged, irrational fanaticism and madness.

Thus, for your “own people” and their true, sound beliefs (that DO NOT tie religion to terrorism), you have made the vast majority of them (even though there are limited numbers who are insane like you) the targets of contempt, prejudice, distrust, hostility, and, sadly, misbegotten violence.

And, for what?

You do this **in the name of Allah ... that’s just stupid!**
Take a closer look at what you’re doing and really think it through in all that you’re caught up in, especially what you mistakenly assume you’re accomplishing ... it’s all a **dead end** for you and your pals who devote so much, including your lives (and, any possible, positive future you might have had), to **absolutely nothing**!

Those of us who can’t fathom why you are doing this, we’re not doing anything differently. Yea, we now have the need for safeguards, but you’re not changing anything ... other than ”keeping it going,” speaking for myself and I’m sure many others who are so angry by what you do, so that every time I see a person of Middle Eastern descent, I feel bad saying it, but I have to be honest in expressing that I look at them much differently now, especially when I’m on an airplane!

And, make no mistake about it, anything we see that doesn’t look right, and anywhere, anytime, anyplace, we’re watching and vigilant ... that’s how many of you are now caught **BEFORE** you can do any damage. We’re now “targeting you.” If you won’t stop, then we will make damned sure we stop you! Calling Emergency numbers like **911 is always our starting point**.

Just don’t forget, we’re watching YOU more than you are watching us. The only difference is we’re happy and helping each other as we live our lives. You guys, well, the end of you is in the entire world’s crosshairs and whatever rat holes you think you’re hiding in, just stay there and leave us alone!

Oh, yea, we also have this:

The **Homeland Security web site for reporting any suspicious activity ...**


So, let me just wrap this up the way I started ...

**NO! STOP IT!**

<END OF TRANSMISSION>

... Inscribed for Diana ... celebrating life! Penned by America’s Premier Unknown Writer!

**Copyright NOTICE/RULES/PERMISSION:** *Batsh*t Crazy! Digital Dementia Dystopia* is a series of **copyrighted** Communiqués that are broadcast in bursts, ”hot off the press” as I write them (using my trusty word anvil). The **key word** in that last sentence is *copyrighted* which means I own ’em outright (everything you read here), every single word. Right now, here, this moment in time, you can read the Communiqués, following along in the ”play of words.” You can freely share any or all of these Communiqués with anyone and everyone else in whatever manner you choose (so long as you **quote me as the source** AND are **NOT profiting** from using my words). Everything you read will be **real and true** with me striving, among the collected combinations of words, to produce as many as possible of ”**that one true sentence**” Hemmingway so eloquently and passionately talked about.
Communiqüé #24 – Oil gives me gas ...

Dateline: It’s about time to “gas up” my car ... AGAIN!

Oil gives me gas ... in more ways than one! < ... Sigh ... >

Why isn’t someone doing anything about how much it costs for a gallon of gasoline?!

And, how come prices at the pump so often and suddenly increase so fast and so much, but when the price of oil keeps dropping, as it has been for some time now, the cost we pay for gas drops only a few pennies?

It’s all fixed … a rigged system ... and no one does anything about it ...

Why?

The big oil companies make billions as well as get billions in tax breaks and subsidies. The annual salaries of oil company CEOs are in the millions (with hefty bonuses “thrown in”). The oil workers, who do all the actual, hard work, they do deserve what they get paid, but they are at the bottom end of the free-flowing “gold mine” that is the oil industry.

But to keep oil prices “jacked up” so the oil companies can keep raking in billions, why doesn’t someone do something ... anything?!

Okay, we can’t pee in our gas tanks (at least I don’t think that would work even though I wish it would), so we’re basically stuck paying whatever big oil wants to “sock us” for poking the nozzles in our tanks ... with no end in sight for lower gas prices. And, the oil companies have plenty of lobbyists who are always hard at work “playing the politicians.”

Oh, yea, states, even “local entities,” as well as the federal government, they’re all getting in on this, too. The United States federal excise tax on gasoline is just under 20 cents a gallon. The most recent estimates show that state AND local “taxes and fees” add on their cut to every gallon of gasoline. It all adds up to a US average of fuel
tax being roughly 50 cents per gallon of gas and just over 55 cents per gallon of diesel (you know, the fuel that powers trucks, trains, and other equipment that handle so much of all the stuff we buy ... that extra five cents per gallon of diesel adds even more of a windfall for the “taxing entities”!).

What the states get for their share of the oil “bonanza” per gallon ranges from 7.5 cents in Georgia and 8 cents in Alaska to 37.5 cents in New Jersey and North Carolina, 39.5 cents in California, 42.4 cents in New York, and, the whopper of them all, 58.2 cents in Pennsylvania ... to mention just some of them. It isn’t just state taxes either. They also tack on other tariffs like inspection fees, Environmental Response Surcharges, wholesaler percentage fees, gross receipts taxes, other local fees, county taxes, environmental assurance fees, underground storage tank funds, groundwater oil clean-up funds, coastal/inland surface oil clean-up fees, Market Share Act fees, and the list goes on and on ... all right under our noses ... as we just stand there at the pump filling up our tanks and paying through the nose for it all!

Don’t think it will ever stop either. The states are always trying to get more, more, more, like what they have done with liquor and so many other “things we just gotta have,” including cigarettes (but, even though those things kill ya, people are still buying them, despite the astronomical costs per pack ... just like what we all do with gasoline)!

So we pay a good part of a buck in taxes and other fees per gallon of gasoline. As for all the rest of the money for each gallon, well, that all goes to make the oil companies all the more FAT, happy, and sassy! They know there is absolutely nothing we can or will do about it. So they keep rubbing our noses in the fumes of it all. Who is going to stop them from doing what they have always done and will keep on doing? We need gas and all of the other petroleum products. The oil companies have not the slightest doubt we’ll just keep swiping our credit cards at the gas pumps!

Think about that.

We’re all blissfully ignorant, like sheep who don’t even know they’re about to be sheered (or slaughtered). And, time after time, we go right back to queue up at Costco and other places to “get a deal” on gasoline. Oh, we might complain somewhat at different points out loud or quietly in our minds (usually without even realizing it), but, still, we almost feel a sense of relief when we see prices drop (no matter how small the amount) ... all while we “merrily go along with it,” not really questioning anything.

Oh, and, anyone who pays close attention will notice that when a disaster hits, for some reason, oil companies take fully-functioning petroleum plants off line or “down for maintenance.” You think that is a coincidence or just happens by accident? Then we’re told some phony-baloney cover story that goes something like, “Oh, hey, there are limited supplies so we have to temporarily increase prices.” And, of course,
“temporarily” is a relative term ... as in “don't hold your breath,” because they won’t drop the price anytime soon and when they do “lower the price,” it is always miniscule amounts ... nothing close to what (or how fast) they raised the prices to begin with.

Everyday there are always news articles and “forecasts” about potential low supplies of gasoline ... while, at the same time, day after day, there is also talk of all the huge surpluses of gasoline, but do the prices go down? Yea, sometimes a wee bit, but nothing to match the ten, 20, 30, or more cents per gallon that gasoline “shot up” when whatever it was reported that “things were going to do this or that” in relation to petroleum prices. The news media (and us) are all being played and manipulated, just like the price of gasoline.

Congress won’t ever do anything. They never have. They’re controlled by the oil companies who always get what they want, no matter what. We just keep “forking over” the money to keep our vehicles running while the oil companies shove “upticks” in the prices down our throats ... or up our, well, I don’t think I need to finish that thought (though in the next sentence, I will).

Let’s look at how this whole/hole “gas up your ass” thing started.

The price of gasoline had never even kept up with inflation prior to the 1973 “oil crisis” which also just happened to happen during the 1973-74 stock market “crash.” It was the first carefully orchestrated oil embargo by the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC) greatly limiting oil production. This is when oil was selling at less than $10 a barrel to begin with. In other words, the price of gas had always been CHEAP. The oil embargo saw gas prices steadily inch upwards into the range of 70 to 80 cents a gallon (higher in some states than others).

In the mid-1960s, there were even “gas wars” ... this being the days of two or three gas stations at one corner was quite commonplace. Believe it or not, gas was in the range of 20 to 30 cents a gallon! Really! No kidding! And, that included the high octane gas in the 100+ range. Today we have 87 octane that muscle car engines, like those of 1960s and 70s, don’t run too well on.

In the late 1990s and into the early 2000s, gasoline prices dropped to around the dollar a gallon mark (even in California, though not for long). Some states, like Texas, it was less than 90 cents for a gallon of gas. I know that for a fact, because I lived in Texas and took this photo in December of 2001. Of course, those prices didn’t last too long. After that gasoline prices went up and down, like they had always done, but it wasn’t really too bad. That is, until 2005.
That’s when everything changed and all the games really started. It’s also why you’ll never see dollar a gallon gasoline ever again! From that point on all of the oil companies hopped into the “driver’s seat” so to speak.

Hurricane Katrina, followed by Hurricane Rita, both hit in fall of 2005. That then quickly led to three dollars a gallon for gas … with “limited supplies.” We all had to wait in long lines to buy gas. So it didn’t take long for the oil companies, all of them together (just like it was all planned maybe?) to eventually “ratchet things up” for the price of a gallon of gas to skyrocket up to well over FOUR DOLLARS (and more when you factor in the “gouging factor” which happened in a lot of major cities and out of the way places).

Ever since then, we’ve been doomed and trapped within the oil companies’ carefully controlled (and fixed) pricing system. We’ve been subliminally programmed (by how the oil companies craftily influence the news media and fuel shortages) to feel grateful when gasoline gets into the range of two to three dollars a gallon. But, make no mistake about it, the oil companies are going to keep “pushing things” so gas stays, at the very least, in the range of three dollars (or more) … whatever they can get away with, always pushing things just to the very edge of milking us for as much as they possibly can.

That’s how they (and we, begrudgingly) now play the game, folks!

There have been national attempts at boycotting “buying gas.” Yea, right! Those boycotts all fizzled (to no one’s surprise). Until my theory of peeing in the tank actually does “power your car,” we’re all just stuck with the oil companies getting as much cash out of our wallets as they can. And, that brings me right back to where we started …

Oil gives me gas … in more ways than one! < ... Sigh... >

<END OF TRANSMISSION>

... Inscribed for Diana ... celebrating life! Penned by America’s Premier Unknown Writer!

Copyright NOTICE/RULES/PERMISSION: Batsh*t Crazy! Digital Dementia Dystopia is a series of copyrighted Communiqués that are broadcast in bursts, “hot off the press” as I write them (using my trusty word anvil). The key word in that last sentence is "copyrighted" which means I own ‘em outright (everything you read here), every single word. Right now, here, this moment in time, you can read the Communiqués, following along in the “play of words.” You can freely share any or all of these Communiqués with anyone and everyone else in whatever manner you choose (so long as you quote me as the source AND are NOT profiting from using my words). Everything you read will be real and true with me striving, among the collected combinations of words, to produce as many as possible of “that one true sentence” Hemmingway so eloquently and passionately talked about.

Options:

- **Table of Contents** (if you’re looking for a particular Communiqué)
• **Indexicon** (if you’re looking for a specific word or phrase)

• **Who is Bil.?** (if you want to know more about me, the writer)
The Nobel Prize for Stupidity was supposed to be announced today, but the Swedish and Norwegian institutions that recognize achievements in academic, cultural, economic, and/or scientific advances faced a conundrum in that there were just far too many “valid candidates” to be awarded the distinction of Nobel Prize for Stupidity.

The Nobel Prizes are awarded each year in Alfred Bernhard Nobel’s name, who lived from October 21, 1833 to December 10, 1986. Best known for inventing dynamite, he held 355 different patents. The story goes that after Mr. Nobel somehow read his own obituary, BEFORE he died, he decided to channel his fortune into something called the Nobel Prize. He was certain that his awards would “make people aware” of important individuals and accomplishments.

It is rumored he had always wanted to “recognize the stupidest person,” because people needed to know the main source (or sources) of who was “mucking things up the most.” But, such an award never came to pass and thus a Nobel Prize for Stupidity was never awarded … that is until now!

Everything changed this year when more of Mr. Nobel’s notes and journals were found, specifically naming people of his time period whom he felt most certainly deserved the Nobel Prize for Stupidity! So, this year will become the first year in which a Nobel Prize for Stupidity will be awarded.

That intent on the part of the institutions associated with presenting the awards immediately ran into quite serious problems. While it would seem to be easy to pick the stupidest person for this award, it turns out there are far too many “valid candidates” who are deserving of a Nobel Prize for Stupidity. And, while the person “at the top of the list” below appears to be the most likely choice, well, there are just soooooo many other “suitable choices.”

Here are just some of those who seem to be most deserving of the Nobel Prize for Stupidity … in no particular order:

- Kim “Ding Dong” Jong-un, the “leader” of North Korea, not just for the haircut alone, but far too many “things” to mention here!
- Nicolás Madrua, the “leader” of Venezuela, who is completely nuts!
- The entire "Squad" (and seemingly so easily corruptible) “leaders” in Brazil.
- Certain (well, okay, several) individuals currently in the White House.
• Many of those populating the U.S. Senate and House of Representatives (who work so hard to keep things from getting done, while making sure they keep their “pig-trough” jobs).
• California Governor “Moonbeam” Jerry Brown (didn’t he do enough damage the first time around?), who often isn’t even sure on just which planet he resides.
• LOTS of individuals in the National Rifle Association (NRA).
• Board members of Home Owner’s Associations who, having not advanced much beyond high school mentality, wield their powers, willy-nilly based on who knows what ... certainly no logic or common sense.
• People who go on and on, talking about themselves, completely oblivious to anyone and anything else around them.
• Anyone who is cruel to animals.
• The people (and marketing weasels) behind all of the drug companies and all of the drugs, so many of which lead to addiction and many of the rest of those multi-colored pills no one really needs.
• ALL of the people behind contrived, formula TV shows ... and so many of the commercials “squeezed in” between the fodder of ”story lines“ ... all of which insults your intelligence (that is, unless you happen to be someone who qualifies for this award).
• Most of today’s manufactured music and no-talent “stars” who even have a hard time “mouthing the words” of completely forgettable songs (that all pretty much sound alike).
• Whoever invented Robocalls!
• The greedy bastards at MLB.TV blacking out games for those of us who have subscribed to MLB.TV’s “Premium service,” but are still “punished” because we don’t subscribe to any cable TV service (having long ago just opted to have high-speed Internet service).
• Crappy, arrogant, imbecilic baseball managers who don’t take the blame for all of their bad and just plain stupid decisions (and won’t even admit to them), who ruin their own team’s chances of “winning it all” ... and, yes, I’m talking to you, Joe Girardi ... it’s time for you to go!

The list goes on and on. You’ll see once you start your own list of candidates.

However, bethatasitmay, the Nobel Prize for Stupidity is still “up for grabs,” because the committees in Sweden and Norway have decided to “open things up.” Citizens from all over, around the world, may now nominate candidates to receive the Nobel Prize for Stupidity.
Of course, think about how many stupid people you know (they are everywhere, breathing the very air we could otherwise be putting to good use). So start making your list of who best qualifies for the Nobel Prize for Stupidity.

You can submit someone for consideration for the Nobel Prize for Stupidity via email to postmaster@nobel.no. Or, you can “do it on paper” by using the following address:

**The Norwegian Nobel Committee**
Henrik Ibsens gate 51
0255 Oslo, NORWAY

Keep your nomination short and include the following:

- The name or names of the candidates,
- An explanation of why the individual(s) or organization(s) should be considered by the nominator to be worthy as a candidate for the Nobel Prize for Stupidity,
- And, name, along with the title and, if applicable, the academic or professional affiliation of the nominator.

Just look around you on any given day, especially your “friends” and people you work with. Read the “news” or watch TV. And, don’t forget about the “relative factor,” because there can be absolutely no doubt there are some in your own family who quality for the Nobel Prize for Stupidity. You’re going to be surprised how many names you’ll be “jotting down” on your list.

And, hey, nothing says you can’t nominate more than one person for the Nobel Prize in Stupidity ... that is, except for, you know, those specific individuals you know who have the most “credentials” to actually win the Nobel Prize for Stupidity!

Oh, and make sure you don’t look in the mirror while you are putting together your list. You know, just in case …

<END OF TRANSMISSION>
Options:

- **Table of Contents** (if you’re looking for a particular Communiqué)
- **Indexicon** (if you’re looking for a specific word or phrase)
- **Who is Bil.?** (if you want to know more about me, the writer)
Communiqué #26 – How did words and languages begin?

Dateline: What did you see, say, hear ... and think?!?

If there is anyone who will listen to this story then know, believe it or not, what you are about to read could not be not (or maybe or should be) not-not true.

Okay, I know that’s a bit perplexing, but I’ve stumbled upon, quite by accident, astounding evidence and definitive proof, all on quite fragile parchment and “other papers” that somehow were preserved for thousands of years ... over many millennia.

And, it’s all about how things got started with languages - words, hand signs, and, ultimately, “collective sounds” that became languages ... you know, speaking and writing ... that we all pretty much don’t even think about how amazing all of that is.

What I have “stitched together” here combines theories, ideologies, postulations, hypotheses, wildly varied speculation, actual facts, and, yes, some very hard to believe (or believed to be) documented and detailed attestations enumerating much about how “it all got started” with sounds becoming words, the human brain and larynx evolving (well, actually the larynx descended, elongating), and people long ago stringing together all of what would become our “systems” of so many different languages.

The point here being that our languages have evolved over decades, centuries, and millennia ... only to now where so many words and phrases are quickly becoming bastardized with the cryptic way we “communicate” via texting, emails, and so much shrugging of our shoulders when we feel like we don’t want to “otherwise be engaged” in responding or even talking ... so to speak, if you will.

Geoffrey Chaucer, who lived from 1343 to 1400, who is known as the “Father of English literature” was an author, philosopher, astronomer, and much, much more in that he is credited with legitimizing the literary use of what is commonly known as the "Middle English vernacular" ... this at a time when the dominate literary languages in England were French and Latin. As hard as that is to believe, French and Latin were the “languages of the realm.” Chaucer dramatically changed all of that.

Many people today still struggle with grasping or even translating what Chaucer wrote, but it was significant that he provided a “standard” for language.

Here are just a few examples of what Chaucer wrote and then the translation of what it means:

- **Whan that Aprill with his shoures soote,**
  When April with it sweet-smelling showers.
The droughte of March hath perced to the roote,
Has pieced the drought of March to the root.

Of which vertu engendred is the flour,
By which power the flower is created.

When Zephrius eek with his sweete breeth,
When the West Wind also with its sweet breath.

Yea, right! It might seem odd, but it was extremely important what Chaucer did. But Chaucer somehow managed to take different languages, dialects, and the way words were used, putting them into what became “proper English.” Of course, you had to “know the code” to understand it all ... which is true of any language to be learned.

Then along came Shakespeare, a century and a half later (he lived from 1564 to 1616), who, through the dialogue in his plays, “framed things” in a way that people actually did talk to and understand each other, thus legitimizing Modern English.

There is much more to the evolution of language - how we use it, speak it, and communicate with it. But, we’re going to focus here on how it all got started ... you know, people being able to talk to each other in the very beginning of howsoever it is all of this (i.e., civilization) began.

As our language is now ever so rapidly (right under our very noses and “coming out” through our fingertips) continues to “devolve” in this Batsh*t Crazy, techno-weenie age of ours, we’re going to look closely here at just how language, variations on talking and communicating with each other, all got started ...

I’m not at liberty to reveal much about the source(s) I found that came from the antiquities archives in a foreign country’s crumbling University (what’s left of it). Though I can reveal the name of the obscure Professor who could quite easily have “changed everything” about what we think we know of how languages (spoken and written) got started.

No one knows why Francisco Ferrera Zanrevla never shared all of what I have unearthed. Professor Zanrevla, from the Terra do Pao area on the island of Pico in the Portuguese Azores (over a thousand miles west of Lisbon in the Atlantic Ocean), began in the 1250s time period, in Lisbon, studying and researching the cultural evolution of mankind, mainly focusing on how languages and how we communicate with each other came about. He traveled to many vast areas throughout Europe, the middle and Far East, and also to the South American areas of Mayan and Aztec cultures.
There are no records of who “footed the bill” for basically a relatively poor, but extremely smart Professor, to do all these studies and so much travel.

But, first ... we need to set aside some basic questions ...

- Where did people come from?
- What about the whole Adam and Eve, and the Garden of Eden thing?
- How did people, places, and things get named?
- How can there be so many different languages and dialects?
- And, we are NOT going to even touch on (I hate to even make a reference to it) the “theory of evolution by natural selection” ... or any other such positions (mainly because of the ensuing “heated arguments”).

The list could easily go on when you look at how all of “this” (what are we doing here) got started. We’re just looking at how “communicating with each other” evolved.

Somehow language and conveying to others what we want or need all makes sense ... involving our senses. That is to say we listen and make sounds. Gestures and observing, too, of course. All of this ties to us “learning as we go.” Just think about the first three years of a child’s life, learning how to interact in the world, as well as seemingly so naturally “picking up” language and so many other cultural aspects of life.

Patterns and sequences in sounds, lines, and images ... they are all connected vitally linking us into as well as how we interact with the world.

From what we see all around us to how we then interrelate, react, function, and participate in all that we find ourselves “in,” we need to “put together” sounds, lines, symbols, and images so we can function in relation to what is happening (or not happening) all around us.

We make sounds that are something called “words.”

We draw and scribble lines and symbols that become “written words.”

Those same lines (dots, “plops,” and strokes of the pen or brush) can also become images, graphics, and artwork.

It all gets “wrapped up” in patterns and sequences our brains are constantly “working on” so we can be a part of what we are doing ourselves and with others.

When you stop and think about how all of this works, WOW! It really makes you realize just how much you take for granted that is truly amazing and remarkable. The point where you really realize how “lost” you can be is when you hear someone speaking in a foreign language or you see something written in a written foreign language.

So where did language and “putting things on paper” all come from?
How did it all get started? How did so many complex mental gymnastics come together for us to talk and understand what others are saying? And, then you “throw in” putting lines, symbols, and images on paper (and now in computing devices), on buildings, signs, road surfaces, and so many different things that all mean something. It is all an entirely intricate, complex, though seemingly simple, “system” we really don’t give much thought ... other than knowing what it all means.

The “discussions” of how languages all got started was such a hotly debated topic (with no real factual “evidence” to back up any of the theories anywhere in the world) that the French Academy, in 1866, banned all papers on the origins of language! No one knows why this action was taken or what the actual “concerns” were about discussing how languages got started. But plenty of other people around the world definitely continued “looking at” and delving into not just how language started, but also how it all evolved ... now to the point where we seem to be unraveling it all.

There is somewhat “general agreement” that how we communicate with each other started with “making noises,” grunting, and using hand signs or signals. This is based on the theoretical “facts” that actual languages all started over five thousand years ago in the southernmost region of ancient Mesopotamia (which means “land between the rivers,” the Tigris and Euphrates rivers, where you now find Iraq and Kuwait). This is where the Sumerians, in a place called “Sumer,” are credited with the creating the first truly organized, written language.
Above are some examples of how their writing looked from what the Sumerians did as well as what others did onward after that:

You can try to imagine that before ancient civilizations, the human species had to do things so they all knew what was going on with each other, right?

Up until what Professor Zanrevla came across, there wasn’t any “written record” of how words, speaking, and writing began. And, while there are plenty of theories, no one really knew what actually happened. That is, until Professor Zanrevla came across the animal parchments that explained a whole lot about how languages originated, all tied to the development of the human larynx.

Oh, sure, the “creating people” (i.e., sex) part in all of this is pretty basic and “self-explanatory.” That said, at some point “making sounds” had to evolve into people “talking to each other.” Immediately following that or tied to it, someone had to start keeping track of all the words ... in this case, the animal parchments Professor Zanrevla just “happened upon” quite by accident provided so many answers.

Let’s get some rudimentary aspects of the development of mankind out of the way first. So, if you look at Homo Heidelbergensis originating between 800,000 and 1.3 million years ago, obviously, they somehow “talked to each other” in some way (or maybe many different ways). That takes us to Neanderthals 400,000 years ago.

The comparison of the DNA of Neanderthals and Homo sapiens (us) indicate that going into 350,000 years ago things kind of “merged together” for the species that became, well ... who we are.

This all tied to the size of our brains increasing and one other critical piece of the puzzle (as in none of what happened next ever could have happened without it). And, that would be Larynx and how it evolved (along with our brains). Now we’re in the 200,000 years ago timeframe in the area of what is now known as Ethiopia.

The key to words and languages is the “descended larynx.” Prior to the larynx becoming how it is now shaped (i.e., how it developed), any “spoken words” (or sounds) would have been in quite low octaves, with a limited range.

So BEFORE the evolution of the larynx, in that it descended and became longer (and lower) ... as it evolved ... voice sounds would have been lower or deeper, mainly because there was a narrower octave range. To imagine what that sounded like, think of the voices of actor Sam Elliot or singer Barry White ... only much deeper.
The key in all of this is all of the various parts of the larynx elongating which allowed us to swallow better and also make a more varied range of sounds. It is quite complicated how all of this “came into play,” but it is the key distinguishing factor that allows us humans to talk and make sounds the way we do (including the wide variety of notes individuals can “hit” when singing or screaming) ...

Speech, as we now know it, up until now was tied to Homo sapiens. But, what Zanrevla found shows that even prior to Neanderthals, there were “conversations going on.” Yes, they were quite crude, but, think about it, before civilization when there were just groups, tribes, and communities of people, they obviously had to interact and “talk” to each other.

So here is basically what Zanrevla found out by “piecing together” several disjointed fragments and parts of a cryptic jigsaw puzzle that involved what was “recorded” on animal parchments and also much of what was “inscribed” on the walls of several caves Zanrevla “happened upon.”

One parchment shows crude drawings of the human body with cryptic symbols (words of some sort) and lines pointing to different parts of the human body. Zanrevla found similar drawings and symbols on the walls of caves all around the globe and, amazingly, they were all quite similar. But, that’s a whole other story for another time.

Then on other parchments and cave inscriptions, he found symbols next to drawings of people, animals, birds, and other objects ... all of which was much like finding a dictionary that “detailed things.” And, it appeared that much of this ultimately became what would be the bedrock of hieroglyphics or cuneiforms ... and that takes us directly to the Sumerians, Egyptians, Aztecs, Mayans, Chinese, and so many other cultures ... with so many different languages and dialects evolving from there.

Professor Zanrevla’s treasure trove of documented proof about how language matured and advanced all started with what he found in a large metal strongbox in a basement of the Foundation of the University of Lisbon that was founded in 1248. After his study and work, which he added greatly to with his writings, the metal strongbox then began a long and perilous “journey” to and through, being handed down from generation to generation (all without anyone paying any attention to it):

- 1537 the University moved to Coimbra and the strongbox went with it.
- By 1825 it was then the Foundation of Lisbon’s Royal School of Surgery (with the metal strongbox now residing in the bowels of the School’s archives).
• In 1830 the school was incorporated into the Foundation of Veterinary Medicine School. Somehow the metal strongbox “went along for the ride” into newly constructed buildings, though no one ever did anything with the strongbox, nor did they even open it.
• By 1836 it became the Foundation for the Fine Arts Academy of Lisbon. Still the metal strongbox was untouched - saved, but still no one did anything with it.
• 1869 saw the transformation of the institution to become the Commercial School of Industrial Institute of Lisbon. And, still the metal strongbox remained “there” with no one really paying any attention to it.
• Then, in 1886, it became the General Institute of Agriculture, Agronomy and Veterinary Medicine. The metal strongbox remained unmoved and untouched.

No one knows for sure the exact date or point in time that the metal strongbox was no longer anywhere to be found. How it got moved or to where, no one can (or will) say. I know that I came across it all ... though I can’t even hint not a single thing or fact about anything further in relation to that (well, maybe a tad more a little further on here).

And, now, well, I’m not at liberty to say just where this rusting, still quite intact, metal strongbox of animal parchments, “penned papers,” and meticulous notes, annotations, impressions, and interpretations from Professor Zanrevla now resides ... though it is safe from anyone trying to destroy it (which has been attempted far too many times to count over the centuries).

The reality here is that upon reading this several scholars and talking heads on 24-hour cable “news” channels will “come out of the woodwork” to debunk much or all of this. But, hey, that’s okay. I’m just sharing what I found, now know, and, am more sure than I have ever been of anything that this all makes perfect sense ... you would have to see what Professor Zanrevla discovered and then spent the rest of his entire life studying to really understand and, hard as it might be to do, grasp what it all means.

Now you can believe all of this or just “chalk it up” to fantasy mixed in with some facts here and there. But, I know what I saw and read (and what I was told by certain individuals) ... and, though I am sworn to secrecy in all of this, I can tell you for a fact all of this could have been conveniently lost in the annals of antiquities without what appears to be the benefit and guidance apparently from the Free Masons (or an analogous secret “order”) resolute on preserving what Professor Zanrevla “stumbled up.” That’s all I’m allowed to divulge and purportedly disclose!

But, here is what it all comes down to when all is said and done ...
What do YOU think about language, words written and spoken, how did it all get started? And, most importantly, how do we make sure we stop this current “devolving process” of the bastardization of our languages in an age of people obsessed with (and in) the “marvels” of technology? I guess emojis, emoticons, and our clever patterns (or so we think) of letter combinations for texting and emails are the new hieroglyphics or cuneiforms ... all of which will be a complete mystery thousands of years from now when archeologists are trying to “figure things out” about us!

And, when you speak of emojis, emoticons and our cryptic “shortcut” letter combinations that we now use so much, it tends to make you wonder, doesn’t it? What if that kind of thing was going on with hieroglyphics, cuneiforms, and even many of the ancient images we pretentiously think we have “interpreted?” Come on. Really? The thought that “way back then,” they could have been doing “shortcuts” and patterns of images and letters like we are now doing hasn’t crossed anyone else’s mind? Hmmm.

And, isn’t the discovery of the Rosetta Stone in 1799 quite convenient to being the key factor for us to then be able to decipher Egyptian hieroglyphics? For anyone not “up to date” on the Rosetta Stone, it was a rock slab created in 196 BC for King Ptolemy V in the ancient capital of Aneb-Hetch in lower Egypt. The Rosetta Stone was a decree with three versions of text – the top and middle texts were hieroglyphic and Demotic scripts. The bottom part was done in ancient Greek. And so it was this slab of rock that provided everything that was needed to decode and cross-interpret the Egyptian language “hidden” in all of those figures and images.

There are plenty more examples of discoveries like the Rosetta Stone:

- **The Cippi of Leqart** – these are two vase-like sculptures, dating to the second century B.C. They have inscriptions in two languages – those providing valuable clues to translating Ancient Greet and Phoenician scripts.

- **The Letoon Trilingual Slate** – this dates back to 358 B.C. and is covered with an inscription in three languages: standard Lycian, Greek, and Aramaic, all covering the four sides of the stone in what became known as “Letoon trilingual stele.” These are not “word for word” translations, but do contain enough information and clues for decrypting what was being “decreed” at the time.

- **The Pyrgi Tablets** – unearthed in 1964, these are three golden “leaves” that record a dedication made around 500 B.C. by Thefarie Velianas, King of Caere. These tablets provide a bilingual text that allows Phoenician to
be interpreted into Etruscan; and it is also evidence of Phoenician or Punic influence in the western Mediterranean for that time period.

There are many more examples like this. The main point is that it wasn’t just the Rosetta Stone that provided major breakthroughs important for us to figure out how to “read” many ancient languages. And, that allowed us to learn about those cultures and time periods of our past as well as what was going on in ancient times ... or so it would seem. But, what if all of this was really something else to hide things from us?

So, here’s the thing, and Professor Zanrevla even made notes about all of this, too. What if EVERYTHING we have found from ancient times was merely misinformation intentionally left for us to find so we wouldn’t ever really know or find out about so much of what they knew back then that they didn’t want us to find out about? The point being maybe they were far more advanced than those of us who now think we are so “technically oriented” and “in control” of so much in this world around us. Thus, those people from ancient times might not have wanted us to “muck things up” with all that they knew, from astronomy and science to engineering and perhaps even much in the way of incredibly mind boggling, magical “technology” (maybe even more advanced than what we now so arrogantly think of it all in terms of we “have it all figured out”).

**And, then there is this** ... a perfect way to conclude things here because what you see in gold below actually “says something.” Don’t you think? Maybe not. But, look close enough and you might hear the feint ancient whispers in your mind as to exactly what it all means ... which is oh, so much more obvious to “primitive eyes,” of course.

<END OF TRANSMISSION>

... Inscribed for Diana ... celebrating life! Penned by America’s Premier Unknown Writer!

**Copyright NOTICE/RULES/PERMISSION:** *Batsh*t Crazy! Digital Dementia Dystopia* is a series of copyrighted Communiqués that are broadcast in bursts, “hot off the press” as I write them (using my trusty word anvil). The key word in that last sentence is “copyrighted” which means I own ’em outright (everything you read here), every single word. Right now, here, this moment in time, you can read the Communiqués, following along in the “play of words.” You can freely share any or all of these Communiqués with anyone and everyone else in whatever manner you choose (so long as you quote me as the source AND are NOT profiting from using my words). Everything you read will be real and true with me striving, among the collected combinations of words, to produce as many as possible of “that one true sentence” Hemmingway so eloquently and passionately talked about.

Options:
- **Table of Contents** (if you’re looking for a particular Communiqué)
- **Indexicon** (if you’re looking for a specific word or phrase)
- **Who is Bil.?** (if you want to know more about me, the writer)
Communiqué #27 – *Never give up!*

Dateline: Hey! It’s the 113th World Series!!

Never EVER give up!

It’s too easy to give in and just say, “Awe, screw it!”

But, here’s the thing … YOU can do it … whatever it is you want to do despite doubts that cloud your thinking and, all too often, keep you from “making an attempt” to do something (for whatever reasons and/or demons smother thoughts your mind). And, what’s the worst thing that can happen if you “give it your best shot” to do something? Things might not work out or “not go your way.” But, you see, you’ll never know if you don’t try or just give up.

This is a baseball story, but even if you’re not a baseball fan, don’t let that stop you from reading this.

You see, *baseball is life* and *life is baseball.* No matter how “down you are.” No matter how “bad things look,” give it EVERYTHING you’ve got in trying to do what you want (and know you need) to do. Then, screw it, go for it! **A lot can happen in 9 innings and 27 outs!**

Okay, so, yes, this is a baseball story and it is about the 2011 World Series when everyone, several times, had completely written off the St. Louis Cardinals for any chance at winning it (or even making it to the World Series). But, THEY DID! And, you have to look closely at how they did it, which we’re going to do here … because it is all about keep trying and keep trying, never EVER giving up, especially on yourself!

This real life “tale” hits at the heart of why baseball is life and life is baseball.

Yogi Bera, the famous catcher for the Yankees who was on the teams that won TEN World Series, sums up the significance of baseball and life …

• “It ain’t over ‘til it’s over!”
• “The game is ninety percent half mental. The other half is physical.”

Those two aphorisms can (and should) be so easily applied to life and never giving up!

So here we go …

Never Give Up – EVER! No matter how bad or hopeless things look or how completely lost and hollow you feel, you a) have to keep moving forward in your life;
and 2) just keep trying over and over and over again. The reason this topic relates to courtesy and kindness is because when those two commodities are missing from the equation (whatever that might be), the tendency for most people is to “get down” on themselves. That then affects (effects) your attitude, perspective, and spirit. And, that can, more often than not, lead to somewhat of a “downward spiral” where you pretty much, give in, give up, and just figure “What’s the point?”

But, you simply MUST NOT ever look at life that way. Imagine the possibilities and then do what you can to “make things happen” (as well as make a difference).

Something that happened in baseball late in the season of 2011 is one of the absolute best examples of how and why you should never ever give up, no matter how “down” you get. It has been said many times that baseball is life and life is baseball. This is a perfect example of that. It also illustrates the point about never giving up and, most definitely, believing in yourself, knowing you can, indeed, do what you want to do. But, you have to try. And, not just half-heartedly either. You’ve got to give it everything you’ve got ... and then some!

The Saint Louis Cardinals were 10 1/2 games out of first place in the wild card race going into the end of August that year (with a little over one month of baseball left to play). Everyone figured it would be another forgettable season for this team that had been to the World Series seventeen times, winning it ten of those times (second in “wins” only to the New York Yankees who have 27 World Series titles in 40 “trips to the big show”). Then, for the next six weeks to the end of the 2011 season, each and every member of the Cardinal’s team gave it everything they had, never ever giving up. They played each game, according to them, “like it was Game 7 of the World Series.”

They played excellent baseball, all while Tony LaRussa, the Cardinals Manager, managed the team in his usual unconventional “try anything to see if works” way. A lot of things (and breaks) went the Cardinals’ way, but had they not ignored everyone counting them out, none of those breaks (or luck) would have mattered.

LaRussa summed it up this way, “We literally played every game like it was the last game of our life!”

When the season was over, they played their way to first place in the wild card standings (clinching a playoff spot on the very last day of the season, thanks to the Atlanta Braves losing yet one more game). That was the good news. Now, waiting for the Cardinals in the first round of the playoffs was the Philadelphia Phillies who had put up the best record in baseball for the year. Against all odds (and one of the best pitching rotations ever in baseball), the Cardinals beat the Phillies in five games ... all when everyone kept saying the Cardinals didn’t have a chance.
Next up, the Cardinals had to play the Milwaukee Brewers in a seven game series for the National League Pennant. Again, everyone counted the Cardinals out. Everyone, except the Cardinals themselves (and so many of their fans who believed the team could do it). And, the Cardinals, in fact, did DO IT. They beat the Brewers 4-2 in the series and were then on their way to the 2011 World Series.

Waiting for the Cardinals in the World Series was the Texas Rangers who dominated their way to a second, consecutive American League Conference title, beating the Tampa Bay Rays and the Detroit Tigers (who everyone had said wouldn’t even make it to the playoffs). The Rangers were the heavy favorites, but the Cardinals were playing good, solid, fundamental baseball. The Cardinals believed in themselves and they went out and played that way, again playing each game like it was the seventh game of the World Series ... and now they were in the World Series!

The first five games of the World Series were anything but “baseball as usual.” The series started with two games in St. Louis. The Cardinals took Game 1. The Rangers then won Game 2. The next three games were in Arlington, Texas. In Game 3, Albert Pujols hit three home runs (in a game score that was 16-7!), tying a World Series record. The Rangers took the next two games. So they headed back to St. Louis for Game 6 with the Rangers ahead 3-2 with only one more game to win for the World Series title. And, yet again, the Cardinals were “counted out,” with everyone expecting the Rangers to “take it all” ... probably in six games. But, the Cardinals weren’t quite done yet.

Game 6 lived up to, as well as added new meaning, the phrase “a game for the ages.” Even the most hardened (or jaded) baseball fans, reporters, analysts, and just about everyone else instantly agreed that the 4 hour and 33 minute Game 6 that ended in 37 degree weather in the 11th inning (that stretched into the early morning hours of the next day) will be remembered as one of the best, if not the “best of them all,” baseball games ever played – EVER!

In the early innings, the Cardinals made unforgiveable errors (the kind of hapless mistakes that Little Leaguers are prone to make ... the ones that make you scream out in exasperation at the TV while you are watching the game). And, the Rangers made “I wish I could get that one back” mistakes, too. They had two errors (more, if the score keeper hadn’t been so kind acknowledging “hits” for the Cardinals), none of which anyone was talking about at the end of the game. After the game, Tim McCarver, the FOX TV commentator, said, “What just happened here?”

First the Rangers were ahead, then the Cardinals went ahead 2-1 with a homerun by Lance Berkman (who would play an incredible role not just in this game, but in the series ... Berkman, the guy the Houston Astros “got rid of” and the guy the
Yankees were too stupid to keep on their team after his one year with them saw a resurgence of his career).

The Rangers then tied the game in the second inning and went ahead in the fourth. This early part of the game was where the sloppy play produced errors and caused you to figure the Rangers were going to steamroll right over the Cardinals to win and take the World Series title.

By the sixth inning it was all knotted at 4-4. And, this is where the “wild ride” was about to begin, especially on the part of the “Power Ranger’s” bats. There was no doubt the Rangers were in complete control of this game. Or, so everyone thought.

The seventh inning saw the Rangers put three more runs on the board to now lead 7-4. The Cardinals put another run in the eighth inning to make it 7-5, but it definitely looked like the Rangers were going to win. The Ranger dugout was all smiles. But, over in the Cardinals’ dugout you didn’t see despair. What you saw were expressions of “we can do this!” It was just another situation like they had been through for the past two months to get to this point. And, you could just see it in the faces of every person in the Cardinals’ dugout ... they were not giving up. No way! No how! Never, never, never!

So now comes the bottom of the ninth inning with the Cardinals still behind 7-5, three outs away from losing the game AND the World Series! The Cardinals get two men on base who, if they scored, the game would be tied. Only now there are two outs and David Freese is up to bat against a closing pitcher who threw 100-mile-per-hour “lights out” pitches.

David Freese, a “home town boy,” grew up rooting for the Cardinals. He was a great baseball player in high school and had what looked to be an impressive career in baseball ahead of him when he just quit baseball. Finally, he went back to “playing ball” and eventually worked his way to the big leagues to play for the Cardinals. Now he stood in the batter’s box with two strikes against him in the bottom of the ninth inning – one bat swing away from being forever remembered as “the guy who lost the game” for the Cardinals. It’s unfair, but that’s just the way things work in baseball and pretty much all sports (as well as life).

Then magic started happening for the Cardinals. On an outside pitch that was pretty much impossible to hit, David Freese, in his words, “put a good swing on it” and smacked a two-run triple (it was just short of being a home run that would have won the game). That tied the game! Again, looking at the dugouts told the whole story. The Rangers who had been “up” were numbed into shock and disbelief. The Cardinals were, well, they were being the Cardinals doing what they had been doing for so many games up to this point, looking as determined as ever. They would not give up. This was the
first time in World Series history that a team came back like this in the ninth inning to extend the game to extra innings.

So now it was on to the tenth inning when the Ranger’s Josh Hamilton who was playing hurt (with either a groin injury or a sports hernia) came up to bat. Hamilton was the American League’s Most Valuable Player the previous year and he was “the guy who hit home runs!” And, even though his production was down being that he was playing hurt, at this point, in this moment, on the biggest stage in baseball, yep, he HIT A HOME RUN.

At this point in this game you started feeling like if you saw this in a movie, you wouldn’t believe the plot line. This was right out of the movie “The Natural” with Roy Hobbs (Robert Redford) showing he was the greatest baseball player who ever lived. And, you had several guys in this game doing just that.

There was a runner on base when Hamilton hit his home run, so now, in the top of the tenth inning, the Rangers were ahead by two runs AGAIN. Now the Cardinals were faced with “coming back” yet again. You just knew it couldn’t happen ... that is, until you looked in the Cardinals dugout. All you saw was resolve and a sense of purpose. If destiny ever had a face, it was these Cardinals, all of them together, along with their Manager, LaRussa, of course.

It needs to be repeated what Yogi Bera said that best summed it all up, “It ain’t over ‘til it’s over,” as well as “Baseball is ninety percent half mental.” That would be the NEVER GIVE UP part in all of this. When it comes to the mental part of baseball, David Freese summed it up this way, “This is the same game you played as a kid. There is nothing different, except now a whole lot of people are watching. But, you have to see the ball and hit the ball.” And, that is exactly what he did ... and what was somehow, amazingly, magically about to happen yet one more time.

Okay, the Cardinals come up in the bottom of the tenth inning. And, they get the first run to make it 9-8. Again, with two outs they are down to their last strike with Lance Berkman at the plate. Berkman loops a single to center field and the runner on second comes in to tie the game. Now, for two innings in a row, the Cardinals, again one strike away from losing the game, have come back from being two runs down. It had never been done before and now the Cardinals had done it twice. Could there be a better example of never giving up?

With a man on third base the Cardinals had the winning run only 90 feet away from home plate. And, then the inning ended! On to the 11th inning. The Rangers were not able to score. And, then the real magic happened for the Cardinals. It’s David Freese, AGAIN, who is the first batter to come to the plate. It was amazing enough that he hit a two run triple in the ninth inning, but now everyone was looking at him as the guy who, with one swing of the bat, could win the game. But, that just couldn’t happen,
could it? Maybe in a movie, but not in real life ... but, here is where we come back to never give up ... NEVER!

In the movie “Tin Cup,” the quote from Roy McAvoy (Kevin Costner) is the only one that fits here, “When a defining moment presents itself, you either define the moment or the moment defines you.” How many times has an individual in any sport been presented with such an opportunistic situation as David Freese found himself in there in St. Louis, in the 11th inning, after midnight in 37 degree weather ... with all of his team mates leaning forward in the dugout to watch and just about everyone in the capacity crowd standing?

**And, then it happened.** On a 3-2 pitch, Freese clobbered the ball to dead center field, 427 feet away (in such cold weather when the ball isn’t supposed to “carry” that well) for a “walk off” homerun that will be long remembered as legendary. The only thing missing in this right out of the movie like “The Natural” was the exploding grandstand lights. The entire Cardinals team was jumping up and down, waiting for Freese at home plate, just like in that movie.

And the Cardinals, who so many had thought just couldn’t win the game, did win! Not only did the Cardinals never give in or give up, they just wouldn’t believe they were going to lose! They believed in themselves and just didn’t listen to any of the “noise” about giving up.

There were other memorable World Series home runs: Bill Mazeroski (Game 7, 1960), Carlton Fisk (Game 6, 1975), Kirby Puckett (Game 6, 1991), and Joe Carter (Game 6, 1993). And, there was also Kurt Gibson (whose knees were so bad he could hardly walk, let alone run) who hit an extraordinary World Series home run in 1988 with the Dodgers Playing the Oakland A’s. Gibson limped to the plate with a runner on first base. It was his only “at bat” in the entire World Series, but it was THE ONE for the ages, right out of a movie (that you wouldn’t believe it if you saw it ... but it DID happen!) On a 3-2 count, Gibson hit a home run to win the game in a “gimping trot around the bases” that still to this day (especially with the Dodgers once again in the World Series this year) is now part of baseball lore, just like Freese’s triple and home run forever will be.

Now came Game 7, after the Cardinals had trailed five times in Game 6 with everything looking like they were going to lose. And, what other team could it be than the Cardinals to hold the record for the most World Series Games 7s. Out of the eighteen times they have been to the World Series, the Cardinals would now be in their eleventh Game 7, more than any other team.

Game 7 started out with the Rangers scoring two runs in the top of the first inning. In the bottom of that inning, it was David Freese, in what looked to be a continuation of Game 6, who hit a two-run double to tie the game. Those two runs
were all that the Rangers would score in what turned out to be pretty much an “ordinary” baseball game ... especially after the night before!

The Cardinals added four more runs and in the top of the ninth a fly ball was caught in left field to end the game and “cinch things up” for the Cardinals to win the World Series! That was their eleventh title, second only to the New York Yankees (who have 27 World Series titles).

And, on the matter of the Yankees or even the Red Sox and other “notable” teams, that 2011 World Series was exciting and memorable ... without them!

No one believed the Cardinals could get to the playoffs, but the Cardinals did. And, they just kept on believing. Way back in August, when the Cardinals were 10 1/2 games behind the Milwaukee Brewers, Bud Selig, the Commissioner of Baseball had a chance to meet with Tony LaRussa. In an effort to encourage LaRussa and “pick up his spirits,” the Commissioner congratulated LaRussa on his "great year." Without missing a beat, LaRussa instantly responded with, "Oh, we're not done yet!"

After winning Game 7, in an interview, LaRussa told of another night in mid-August when nothing was going right in a game that the Cardinals could easily have given up on, but the fans wouldn't give up on the team; and, in fact, those fans quite literally willed the Cardinals to win that night. LaRussa said that changed everything. From there on out, the Cardinals defied all odds, did the impossible, and just kept on winning, despite what anyone said, right on up to taking the World Series title. And, it was all because they never gave up! Even when they were down to their last strike (TWICE!) in Game 6 and it seemed unfathomable that they could even make it to the next batter, the Cardinals believed they could do it ... and they did it!

One other thing ... LaRussa manipulated a lot of "moving parts" in unique, unconventional, and questionable ways to outsmart the other guys (as he had always done with his “no guts, no glory” approach to baseball) and it all led to them winning games. There were a lot of people second guessing LaRussa, but every one of his players and coaches credit LaRussa with the “one of a kind genius” to have pulled all the right strings to actually pull it off and win the World Series. And, therein lies a critical factor in all of this. LaRussa's team didn't win the World Series because they had the best team. They won because each person figured out a way to maximize their potential. That and looking at the same things other people see (or don’t see) in inventive ways is what never giving up is all about.

And, another comment LaRussa made is, "It's a long season. If you look at the history of baseball, teams come back. And, sometimes they could have come back but they gave in or gave up." So there you have it. Never give up!
In baseball (and any sport) there will always be the “analysts” and so many others who “talk, talk, and talk,” predicting what is going to happen. Sometimes they are right, other times they are wrong (at which points they carefully explain how things “went the other way”). But, no one really knows what will happen. That is why they play the game! Odds don’t mean anything (unless you want to let them influence your attitude and will). What has happened before in other games, with other people (along with a universe the statistics), none of that matters unless you want it to.

What matters is each individual “going out there” and giving it all each person has to give ... while not paying any attention to what anyone says about anything. For it is in the “playing of the game,” not standing on the sidelines watching, where things happen!

No matter how it looks “in the game” (i.e., whatever you are doing or thinking about doing), give it your best and see what happens. If you just give up, of course you won’t make it. Giving it all you’ve got doesn’t guarantee that you’ll make it. But, hey, approach anything you do from the perspective of “giving it all you’ve got” (and then some) and you won’t believe how great (and alive) you’ll feel ... oh, and you’ll surprise yourself with all of the incredible things that can and will happen.

The Texas Rangers didn’t give up either, but they lost. And, that is probably the best part of this story. You’re not always guaranteed to win (as Nolan Ryan, President of the Texas Rangers, found out). But, you have to “play the game.” Otherwise you’re going to be “just standing there” watching life go by! It’s been said that the next best thing to winning the World Series is losing the World Series!

This quote from the baseball movie “Bull Durham” says it best about baseball (and life): "A good friend of mine used to say, 'This is a very simple game. You throw the ball, you catch the ball, you hit the ball. Sometimes you win, sometimes you lose, and sometimes it rains.' Think about that for a while."

So? The next time you’re faced with doing or attempting something that seems to be impossible, improbably, or “highly doubtful,” don’t listen to the voices (real or imagined) screaming at you that there is no way you can ever do it.

Quite simply, this is it. ALWAYS GIVE WHATEVER YOU DO YOUR BEST SHOT ... and, never give up!

But that isn’t the end of this story ...

Luckily, I had several people in my life always telling me, “Never give up!” My Mom, Mrs. Pollack (my high school Journalism teacher), Herb Caen (a columnist for the San Francisco Chronicle), Bernie Shepard (my college professor who became a good friend), and Edward Asner (the actor). That’s just some of them. Luckily, people around me always encouraged me.
They all (and, so many more) always told to me “keep at it” and definitely to not ever give up my dream of writing ... and that’s what led to me “weaving in” writing with everything I’ve done ... in all of the jobs I’ve had to writing for USA Today, helping build the TurboTax and Peter Norton empires, and to being part of Microsoft’s Windows 95 (one of the absolute best experiences of my life). There were many other “gigs” I’ve been a part of, including working for Aerojet ... that was one of my most favorite positions, one in which I really thrived.

But, here’s the thing. I initially saw myself as a writer, writing novels. Things didn’t work out that way (though I do have many ebooks for the Amazon Kindle). Instead, whatever job I had, I turned out to be the communicator ... the one “telling the story” for the companies and organizations I worked for, as well as helping people better communicate internally. I also did a lot with employee communications and employee engagement (helping management and leadership “talk to” employees).

So, I “played with words” my entire life (and still do), including right up to this very minute, having written what you are now reading in this collected combination of Communiqués ... with many more yet to come ... stay tuned/tooned.

“The play of words” ... that’s me ... that’s all I have ever wanted to do and have done ... and will continue to do ... all, mainly because I never EVER gave up ... just like YOU should do, whatever it is you want to do ... DO NOT give up!

So what is it you really, really, REALLY want to do that you’re not going to give up on - NEVER?

Then what are you waiting for ... GO DO IT! And, never give up (or in)!

<END OF TRANSMISSION>

... Inscribed for Diana ... celebrating life! Penned by America’s Premier Unknown Writer!

Copyright NOTICE/RULES/PERMISSION: Batsh*t Crazy! Digital Dementia Dystopia is a series of copyrighted Communiqués that are broadcast in bursts, “hot off the press” as I write them (using my trusty word anvil). The key word in that last sentence is “copyrighted” which means I own ‘em outright (everything you read here), every single word. Right now, here, this moment in time, you can read the Communiqués, following along in the “play of words.” You can freely share any or all of these Communiqués with anyone and everyone else in whatever manner you choose (so long as you quote me as the source AND are NOT profiting from using my words). Everything you read will be real and true with me striving, among the collected combinations of words, to produce as many as possible of “that one true sentence” Hemmingway so eloquently and passionately talked about.

____________________________________________________________
____________________________________________________________

Options:

• **Table of Contents** (if you’re looking for a particular Communiqué)
• **Indexicon** (if you’re looking for a specific word or phrase)
• **Who is Bil.?** (if you want to know more about me, the writer)
Communiqué #28 – *Worse than grave robbing!!!*

Dateline: *It’s going on right under our noses, too!!*

Grave robbing and tomb raiding are all part of the ghoulish lore that we see in movies and sometimes read about in the news ... especially on this one single, scary day we call “Halloween.” And, all of this goes as far back (and, no doubt, further) to ancient Egyptian tombs that have been raided and robbed over many centuries and millennia. Even the novel Frankenstein deals with robbing graves and otherwise “getting parts” before the “burials” ... especially of the poor.

But, here’s the thing ... today, right now, throughout the United States as well as all around the world, **it is legal to sell dead bodies and parts** of dead bodies. In fact, it is a multimillion dollar business. Let me say that again:

**It is perfectly legal (and done on a large scale) to sell dead bodies!**

How can this be, you might ask?

Well, folks, many companies like Science Care are getting away with something WORSE than grave robbing and even murder, because they prey upon people under certain “pretenses,” along with the guise of making you feel good about donating a (your?) body to science. While they offer “free pick up” as well as “planting a tree” in honor of the body they snag, they are making a fortune selling the bodies and/or parts of bodies for thousands of dollars.

And, what of the person’s family whose body gets “donated to science?” They get absolutely nothing ... not a dime! And, it hasn’t been verified where the “tree gets planted in one’s honor” (if it does actually get planted)!

If all of this isn’t just the pure and most complete definition of *Batsh*t Crazy*, then I don’t know what is?

It just leaves me with the only comment ... **Sons a bitches!**

Dead bodies! They are all “quietly” a **multi-million dollar business**! And, it is absolutely, 100 percent legal.

Reuters News, in a special report, on October 26th, of this year, mapped it all out. How these companies cozy up to funeral homes, hospitals, and even Hospice.

Oh, and, what about the medical schools who need the bodies for research as well as for study. The Reuters’ article specifically mentions officials in Pennsylvania and Florida reporting that the competition from Science Care and other such “body brokers”...
has reduced the number of bodies that actually get donated to schools to train medical students. The medical schools literally can’t meet their needs, thus instead of three or four students working on donated bodies, it is now six (or more) medical students working on a single donated body.

If anyone is going to profit from someone’s body being “donated to science,” it should be the families of the deceased ... NOT a corporation. Don’t you think?

Those corporations even work with social workers to find bodies people can’t even afford to bury or cremate. Part of the scam and it is a sophisticated scheme of deception (which many people are now calling “dealing dead bodies for profit”) is that the families are told the “cremation costs will be taken care of.” Like these money-grubbing corporations are “doing you a big favor!”

It gets even sleazier, too. The typical pitch to the dying and their families is twofold. The angle of “the gift of a body will benefit medical science.” The second part of the emotional “one-two punch” when people are very vulnerable is that body donation will “save the family money.” Yea, all while the “big bucks” to be made line the pockets of the parasites pulling all of this off in sneaky ways. This main angle is really worked through organizations like Hospice, as well “working” conventions for retirees, doctors, and morticians. And, nurses and chaplains at Hospice centers are constantly “pitched the benefits.”

And, what do the funeral homes get for “playing along” in all of this? A fee, of course, but nothing close to the thousands that will be made from selling bodies once the corporation handles the “free pickup.”

A guy by the name of Jim Rogers, who had been selling funeral insurance plans, founded Science Care for obtaining and selling bodies (and parts of bodies) in 2000. He and his wife went on to make, on average, PER YEAR, $11.6 to $15.1 million which allowed them to buy two homes inside gated communities in Scottsdale, Arizona, one for $2 million and the other one for $2.5 million. Rogers also bought a custom-built airplane for over $600,000, along with a hangar for the plane that cost another $200,000. They also own property in Hawaii and near a ski resort in Colorado.

Why the discrepancy in how much they made per year?

Well, the IRS got involved, because of the “reported amounts of income” by the Rogers. Indiana and Illinois last year provided an exemption from state sales tax on their income because the Rogers argued that they said they were providing a “service,” not a product.

Rogers has continually refused to publically discuss his company he sold to Northlane Capital Partners (led by private equity investors) in 2016. The terms of the
sale were never disclosed. However, word “leaked out” that the sale did include this quite interesting “asset” ... written pledges from more than 100,000 people to donate their bodies to Science Care when they die! It is interesting to note that Rogers built his company on a business model he “borrowed” from how Ray Kroc built the McDonald’s empire.

Again, it needs to be pointed out that nothing illegal was done here. Deception and “selling a story line,” ... yes, that is all part of this ... and, it all continues to be done by the many companies now in the business of “taking care of the remains of your loved ones.”

If you want to be sure a body is donated to a specific medical school (without the profiteers benefiting from it), you need to fill out forms from the school or university prior to the death. Also, if the person whose body is being donated lives beyond a “certain distance” from the school or university (usually 50 to 75 miles), then the estate must pay for the pickup and delivery (which isn’t very much of a cost). Here is body donation information from Stanford University Willed Body Program (650-725-6624) and it is only provided as an example of how things work when you choose a specific school or university:


No matter what you decide to do in relation to donating a body (your body or someone you know), read every single word of any agreement you sign. And, you want to especially look for phrases like “this is a for profit service,” and also look very closely at their terms for arbitration (they all have such conditions), because this limits what you can do in any kind of legal disagreement/settlement.

It doesn’t matter who you work with for donating a body to science or selecting a cremation service company. TRUST NO ONE! This is why working directly with a medical school or university is the best way to go for donating a body to science.

And, in all of this, you kinda have to stop and wonder about all of these sordid individuals involved in this enterprise of “dealing dead bodies for dollars” ... what will each of them do with their own body when they die?

You gotta know the Karmic “balance in the Universe” will definitely play a role in howsoever it is things unfold for the “profits in life” of such opportunistic vulgarians.

<END OF TRANSMISSION>

... Inscribed for Diana ... celebrating life! Penned by America’s Premier Unknown Writer!

Copyright NOTICE/RULES/PERMISSION: Batsh*t Crazy! Digital Dementia Dystopia is a series of copyrighted Communiqués that are broadcast in bursts, “hot off the press” as I write them (using my trusty word anvil). The key word in that last sentence is “copyrighted” which means I own ’em outright (everything you read here), every single word. Right now, here, this moment in time, you can read the Communiqués, following
along in the “play of words.” You can freely share any or all of these Communiqués with anyone and everyone else in whatever manner you choose (so long as you quote me as the source AND are NOT profiting from using my words). Everything you read will be real and true with me striving, among the collected combinations of words, to produce as many as possible of “that one true sentence” Hemmingway so eloquently and passionately talked about.

Options:

- **Table of Contents** (if you’re looking for a particular Communiqué)
- **Indexicon** (if you’re looking for a specific word or phrase)
- **Who is Bil.?** (if you want to know more about me, the writer)
I look at the world – things & people – though a brightly colored, chromatic, ever so slightly refracted prism that illuminates so much that I (and countless others) might not otherwise normally see (or choose not to see) ... were it not for the words I stroke purposely with the “brush of a pen” (well, actually, Microsoft Word) to “prance across” page after page painting intellectually stimulating mental images in your mind’s eye.

That’s what I do ...

**I "paint" with words ...**

Now, first, let me say that I am not comparing myself to Norman Rockwell, though he is one of my very most favorite artists for capturing “real life” and the feel of living life. It is his iconic self-portrait that gave me the idea of “painting me” in the way I know best ... with the “play of words.”

For this Communiqué ... looking out through these words right at you (with you looking back at me smiling at you), I’m using words to do my own self-portrait of sorts, sorta, kinda, maybe. I’m doing this because of so many emails I’ve received from all over the world about just what all I’m doing here with ... and, I read A LOT of those emails, by the way ... people wondering just who this guy is who would be writing a book online for people to “follow along” as he is doing it?

So, while it isn’t quite what Rockwell did, though in many ways it will be ... you’ll find out just who this guy (ME) is ... as I look at my kaleidoscopic reflections “beaming back at me” in the many computer monitors I’m surrounded by in my “work area.”

You can read a lot about what I have done and accomplished here:

- [http://alvernaz.com/bil.html](http://alvernaz.com/bil.html)

And, you can find all of my ebooks for the Amazon Kindle reader here:


Okay, so that’s what I’ve done and can do (and am still doing) in what I so often refer to as “my life of and in words.” It’s always been (and will be) about the words.

But, here’s the thing ... I like bright colors which I “blend in” to whatever I’m writing or wearing or being ... or even pondering.
I love Origami and it has been an important “signature” as well as distinctively punctuating in my life (and the lives of others) in so many different, wonderful, enchanting kinds of ways. I have a deep passion for working wood, carving and sculpting it. I built our grandfather clock (which is still running) in the early 1970s and I even built my own rolltop desk, too. I created a wooden train set for our son, Ian, along with a rocking horse, mailbox (for learning shapes), and an amazing (even if I do so myself) treehouse, complete with a skylight, running water, and electricity!

Working in the yard (changing the look of place with plants, trees, and rocks). Diana and I have done that a lot over the years, from our first landscaping efforts in Buitrago de Lazoya, Spain (60 kilometers north of Madrid), where we got married! Ever since, we have transformed many yards and pieces of property into showpieces!

As I say in my “bio” at Amazon.com, I’ve been "writing myself" to this very point in time (and your mind) my entire life ... with everything I’ve ever done and/or written (or both). So much of what I have done related to writing and "telling the story." I got a BA Degree in Journalism and Communications from the University of California and then did graduate work there in Mass Communications and Readable Writing. Right out of college I worked in and managed non-profit organizations (which taught me just how much you can do in marketing, media relations, and overall communications without spending much money at all ... though I do like having budgets to work with).

When the personal computer came along in the early 1980s, well, that's what I had been waiting for all my entire life without really knowing it. That's when I got my hands on one of the first IBM PCs on the west coast. I then instinctively, immediately became knowledgeable of "doing things" with computers, especially writing ... then programming (and, ultimately, web development and content management). This further perpetuated (and still is part of) my "America's Premier Unknown Writer" Phase that began when I, along with Diana, and our son, Ian, got to know and spend a lot of time with Edward Asner (with many days and evenings on the set of the TV show "Lou Grant," too).

I wrote about technology for USA Today and regularly contributed articles and features for PC Magazine as well as a number of other publications and newspapers. I also wrote a nationally syndicated newspaper column to help people learn more about using personal computers. My first book called "Expanding your IBM" was published in 1984. I was an ally of Peter Norton and helped build the TurboTax Empire, making that “do your own taxes” program the voice of an industry and #1 (as it still is today ... I'm really proud of that accomplishment). I also worked with the TurboTax team (and the IRS) in pioneering electronic filing!
I was part of Microsoft’s global Windows95 Team “blazing the way” on the web and worked on a worldwide scale for Motorola (doing pretty much the same thing). I have done in-depth communications and web content development for Department of Defense contract companies, weaving mirth and “having some fun” into doing all of that. I’m trained and actually certified in Human-Computer Interaction (from Stanford University) and, still to this very day, help a wide variety of companies and corporations in communications (internal/external), strategy, planning, marketing, media relations, web content management, and, most important of all, better understanding how to use and “work” words (which really helps quite a bit with employee engagement, too).

More than anything, I look at what I do (and have always done, just like I’m doing right now) as “telling the story.” Of course, Origami always “works its way into” so much of what I do, especially the "folding" of dollar bills. Doing jig-saw puzzles (and just being) with Diana is one of my most favorite things to do, especially since we “goo” the finished puzzles and mount them on our walls. Diana and I spend a lot of time with our dogs Lucky and Max.

And, make no mistake about it … I never could have done so much of what I have accomplished without Diana … in this lifetime and several others.

Diana and I know a lot about sprouts and creating healthy, fabulous food sensations (which you can see for yourself at Diana's Blue Moon Café, located in Towne Square America at:


My on-going lifelong goal has been to become a Renaissance man … I’m still working on that! This I know for sure, though, live each moment of each day … each day that is the simplest and most wonderful gift of all, living this life each of us somehow managed to “stumble into.” Be kind. Be courteous. Most important of all, be YOU (not what or who others try to “mold you into”) so you can be happy … really, really, REALLY happy!

It’s the little things in life that matter most … all “tallying up” to be the fabric of your life. Here are just some my personal observations about how I look at and feel about life (in no particular order, I think) …

- Baseball. I have to mention this first because life is baseball and baseball is life … that says it all, especially since baseball clearly defines how life works … especially in that you should never give up … use all 27 outs and all nine innings (extra innings, too, if required) to make great things happen in your life. “It ain’t over ’til it’s over!”
The computer (in all forms, including Smartphones) and all it allows you to do, so long as you don’t get consumed by the “moth to the flame” syndrome of that mistress of ours called technology (especially social media). Though I must admit I don’t know what I would do without Microsoft Word, Excel, OneNote, Outlook, and, of course, whatever it is that “thing” is called the Internet (and building places there like http://alvernaz.com.

Designing, creating, and building web pages/presences ... just like where we all so often find ourselves “wandering about” ... especially to the point of ignoring others or even oncoming vehicles (and people) we don’t even see coming towards us because of our noses “buried in” those shiny, shimmering screens!

That brings us to Smartphones. But, remember, they are only “tools” ... and, lest not we all forget that when you get right down to the “nuts & bolts” of it all, it’s a frickin phone ... but, oh, how it has been monetized so very many ways (most of which are pure evil and cost $$$).

People with money (or who think they have a lot money, which they actually don’t, even though they buy into the illusion that they do) who just don’t “get it” about truly living life and being happy, none of which can be “found” in all of those things money can buy (which it really can’t).

Politely curt individuals who hold up a seemingly friendly, outgoing façade, when in reality they have no idea who they are and definitely don’t like who they think they appear to be (to themselves and others).

Those rare individuals who are always there for you to truly help and console you when you really need it ... much more so than many of those surrounding you masked as “friends” (and, we won’t even get into the wretchedness of the “relative factor” ... those folks you somehow, though no fault of your own, were born into being “part of the family”).

Always being yourself, no matter who pulls you into their “circle,” and speaking your mind what you really believe you believe in.

The truth ... it will always be on your side ... if you just take a deep breath, and “let it be there” for you. The Truth and the Universe are one, but you should already know that, right?

Holding up an outward-facing imaginary (but, oh, so powerful) mirror to “bounce back” all of the evilness so many people, over the course of your lifetime, will thrust your way to either a) get what they want (even though they are never quite sure just what that might be); or 2) try to manipulate
you one way or the other, especially playing on any kind of weaknesses they sense in you (or you mistakenly disclosed to them in confidence) ... which takes us directly to simply **TRUST NO ONE!**

- Playing Scrabble, winning or losing, and sometimes even getting a seven letter word to fit just right for a triple word score!
- The card game GIN and playing it without even keeping score (Hollywood style or otherwise).
- Intellectually stimulating your senses ... to quote a Woody Allen movie, "**Whatever Works!**"
- TV commercials (as well as any "ads") are an insult to our collective intelligence, bombarding us with deception!
- Cable TV is a joke, where they charge outrageous "fees" for "bundled deals" which aren’t anything other than a bunch of channels you’ll hardly ever watch, along with "services" you could easily otherwise do without.
- Hi-speed Internet is all you need, along with your computer, where you use your television “hooked in” like a monitor.
- Roku is one of the best modern day “inventions” and one of the best ways to free yourself from Cable TV (which Diana and I did a long time ago).

**Exercising, fitness, and eating smart** ... this requires subcategories:

- Working out (i.e., sweating your arse off) has to be #1 in your life over everything else ... and I mean EVERYTHING else comes AFTER keeping your body fit. We’re talking 60 to 90 minutes a day, five or six days a week, of really “**working the bod**” ... yes, walking does help, but you need to “sweat like a pig” to really burn off ALL of those extra calories (i.e., excess poundage) you drag around wherever you go.

- Don’t eat like a pig, snarfling whatever is there to gnaw on, you know, like what pigs do with whatever is “in the trough!”

- 1,000 to 1,200 calories a day of “fuel intake” ... most people refer to that as food, eating A LOT of it ... way too much “food” loaded with an abundance of empty calories that get stored as FAT in your body, because, hey, let’s face it, your body is designed to store FAT, which, if you look around yourself, as well as in the mirror, you’ll see just how good of a job bodies are doing at storing FAT for all the world to see as so many people “parade around,”
carrying what amounts to a bag (or two or three or MORE) of dog food wherever they go!

○ The main point about food is eating smart, NOT crash or fad diets. It’s all about eating healthy, balanced, and nutritional food that is good for you and “fuels” your body (and brain). The American Heart Association maps it all out for you, how to be “healthy for good” right here: https://healthyforgood.heart.org/ ...

- Things that glow in the dark ... one of my most favorite things in life!
- Mary Lee’s happiness and friendship (brief though it was) and all of her incredible Beatles artwork I still have (which you can see in my ebook, “Penning my Life.”
- Digital cameras, desktop publishing, and “working the web/Internet.”

**The love of a dog.** We have been lucky enough to have five Australian Shepherds. Sparky was “the one” out of all of them, but Trixie (our first one who lived to be 17 years old) and Sheba (Sparky’s sister), as well as the two “boys” we now have, Lucky and Max ... they are just wonderful, loving, sweethearts to have as a part of our life.

- Shoes ... you can’t enough of them ... they, somehow, some way, always make me smile (inside and out).
- Paperweights. Something’s missing if you don’t have a) paperweights, and/or 2) “things to play with” on your desk, work area(s), or anywhere around you!
- Mobiles. We have always had lots of ‘em filling up the “empty spaces” above us. And, most importantly, watching the ever so subtle movements of mobiles frees up your mind to think, not think, dream, daze off into infinity, or just, plain and simple, enjoy the movement of colorful art floating in magical, mystical ways on/in the air that keeps us alive.
- The dancing colors reflected by crystals on the walls, ceilings, and floors in early morning or late afternoon sun. That IS something very special.
- Dancing with Roxanne Boatwright in high school (including at the Junior Prom) and being the Record Hop school rep (to dole out tickets to the Channel 11 dance show). Roxanne and I won dancing trophies, too.
- Snow skiing. Though my “career in the snow” was all too brief (a few months in the special winter of 1969-70 in Spain), I was really good at it;
and, to this day, I can honestly say nothing I’ve ever done before or since can ever top the pure joy and wonder of skiing in fresh powder snow.

- Spain. Ah, I could go on and on about this enchanting period of our life in Madrid, and so many places like Buitrago de Lazoya. It was and always will be just magic!

- The single most important thing that has impacted my life the most is self-confidence, believing in myself. Yea, sure, I’ve been encouraged and “nudged to do things.” But none of what I have accomplish (and will still do) would have happened were it not for really liking who I am, what I can do, and knowing I pull off seemingly impossible things ... which I have done several times! That was all me. I did it. I faced fears, took chances, and LOTS of risks to do what I have done. And, I wouldn’t do anything differently if I could go back in time either! In all of this, Diana has been the one helping, supporting, and encouraging me the most (as I do for her).

- The warmth of the sun. There’s just nothing like it. Nothing at all.

- And, I saved the best for last to list (at least for now) ... The Beatles! They changed EVERYTHING! It isn't just there music that we all now know is timeless ... hey, they have a channel on SiriusXM Radio devoted to the Beatles. For me, with the Beatles coming along when they did in 1963, their music, the lyrics, and how much influence they had on all of us, the Beatles changed the world ... and are still having an impact on it. Today’s “manufactured” music doesn’t come close to all that the Beatles did as well as their true talents and inventiveness. Oh, yea, and I actually got to see the Beatles last live concert for the outrageous ticket price of $12.00 (Candlestick Park, 1966).

<END OF TRANSMISSION>

... Inscribed for Diana ... celebrating life! Penned by America's Premier Unknown Writer!

Copyright NOTICE/RULES/PERMISSION: Batsh*t Crazy! Digital Dementia Dystopia is a series of copyrighted Communiqués that are broadcast in bursts, "hot off the press" as I write them (using my trusty word anvil). The key word in that last sentence is "copyrighted" which means I own 'em outright (everything you read here), every single word. Right now, here, this moment in time, you can read the Communiqués, following along in the "play of words." You can freely share any or all of these Communiqués with anyone and everyone else in whatever manner you choose (so long as you quote me as the source AND are NOT profiting from using my words). Everything you read will be real and true with me striving, among the collected combinations of words, to produce as many as possible of "that one true sentence" Hemmingway so eloquently and passionately talked about.
Options:

- **Table of Contents** (if you’re looking for a particular Communiqué)
- **Indexicon** (if you’re looking for a specific word or phrase)
- **Who is Bil.?** (if you want to know more about me, the writer)
Communiqué #30 – I know who killed JFK!

Dateline: Dallas, Texas …. 54 years ago ...

NOTE: This is but just a story I once wrote and am now adding to ... ... give meaning to it however you please.

No one believes me about any of this anyway. I’ve told this story countless times to whomsoever would listen, including the FBI, the CIA, and several other government “entities” (all after I was initially taken in for questioning about an essay I had written). Here is what I claim to know for sure that I can tell you with great certitude about who killed JFK (whether you want to believe it not) ...

It all started with a creative writing class and then mushroomed from there, much more so than I ever could have imagined.

I originally wrote an essay for a creative writing class in college in early 1967. Little did I know that essay would lead to so much trouble, many inconveniences, and heartache for me (as well as what was going on in so many other places across the United States to “keep things quiet” about what all really happened with the horrid assassination of a President) ... and, now all these years later, “telling the story” (as well as adding to it) yet again with many more specifics, I honestly don’t know what all just might happen ... but, I don’t care, I’m doing it anyway because, like I said, this is “but just a story.”

The title of my essay was “I know who killed JFK.” I made up all the “facts” and “evidence” in the entire essay. And, I even stated in a note at the beginning of the essay (just like I have done at the beginning of what you are now reading), “This is what I believe happened, based on all I have read over the years following the assassination of JFK. I can’t prove any of this and it is all conjecture.” I based all of what I wrote on “connecting the dots,” as I have continued to do over the years from so much of the research I have done on the subject, including reading, re-reading, and “marking up” the voluminous 888-page Warren Commission Report that we later found out is a complete façade.

Oh, and, I got to see the original autopsy report BEFORE it was changed to “fit the story line” that several subsequent “investigations” never agreed on ... that being
the single, or two bullet, or “magic bullet” theories as well as the “head shot” entering from the back or front of JFK’s head. I also read a lot of what Jim Sibert wrote. He was one of the few FBI agents present for President Kennedy’s autopsy after the body was flown back to Washington, D.C. It was Mr. Sibert who said from the very beginning and the rest of his life until he died in April of 2012, that he “didn't buy the single bullet theory.” Nor did he agree with other “conclusions” made after the autopsy.

But, I’m getting ahead of myself here, because I need to tell you all of this in a somewhat disjointed way. The reason for that is because there are many “little things” I did (without ever realizing they would be so important in all of this) in a subsequent sequence of events you need to know about ... which puts all of this into perspective.

Yes, hundreds and hundreds and thousands of articles and books have written about who killed JFK ... movies, too. I just happened to find (in a surreal kind of way), after writing my essay, that I was absolutely right on everything I had written, only I had left out “details” I couldn’t possibly have known about, because of how the conspiracy was planned ... that is until one person provided me with the actual papers, notes, diagrams, and “plans” for how President Kennedy would be killed in Dallas, Texas, on November 22nd, 1963. I’m including ALL of what I know here, right now.

I “have proof” of all of this, even though the FBI, CIA, and other local, state, and federal agencies (and many very strange, fanatical, bizarre people) thought they had confiscated everything I had. That’s because I still have copies (well, 35mm photos) of everything about the assassination that was taken from me. I’ll get into the details of all of that once I fill you in on a whole bunch of “other stuff” that, to be honest, sounds “made up,” that is all of what led up to me “stumbling upon” what I found out.

So, at this point, you can either “chalk me up” to just another nut job who has conspiracy theories about who killed JFK ... or, you can read on, because I definitely know who killed JFK, how it was planned, as well as orchestrated, and, yes, how they did it. Most importantly, who all was involved and who actually did the shooting (there were multiple shooters, none of whom were Oswald)!

You can choose not to continue on here. Or, maybe, just keep reading to find out what really happened for a President of the United States to be killed ... so that no one would really ever know what happened! I have a “long story” to tell, but if you ever wondered about any of this, what I have to say is “well worth the read through.”
The key aspect in all of this relates to a Nikkormat camera that I bought in 1965. While I attended Camden High School in the Cambrian Park area of San Jose, California (on the corner of Union and Camden Avenues, not far from Los Gatos), Jim Simpson, in my Journalism class, owned a Nikon 35mm camera. Often he let us use his Nikon for class assignments. This is but one of those “little things” part of my story.

All of us in the Journalism class, of course, would have loved to have owned a Nikon, but being able to borrow Jim’s Nikon added a nice “touch” to whatever we did when we needed photos to go along with our Journalism assignments and articles.

I ultimately was able to afford a Nikon camera, complete with telephoto lens and a motor-drive that was so incredible for snapping shots in “rapid-fire” succession of our son, Ian, in his childhood where trying to get good shots of him was always a difficult proposition because kids are “always on the move.” That motor-drive was so perfect for getting photos I otherwise probably wouldn’t have gotten. In fact, I know I wouldn’t have gotten such amazing photos of our son without that Nikon and the motor-drive. It was always the fourth, fifth, or other photos in the sequence of shots that turned out to be the “great ones.” Yea, I went through a lot of Kodachrome 35mm film, but it was worth it.

So, in my senior year at Camden, I looked into buying a Nikon camera, but I couldn’t even afford to buy a used one. At about the same time, Nikon introduced the Nikkormat camera (that had a high-quality Nikon lens), which I could afford, so I bought one. You’ll see just how important having that Nikkormat with a high quality lens would be.

Camden High School no longer exists. It was closed in 1980 because of the “fallout” from Proposition 13 (a property tax initiative). In time most of Camden High School would be torn down, except for the swimming pool and gymnasium which are now part of the Camden Community Center. Roxanne, my dance partner and all around “pal,” who attended many dances with me at Camden High’s auditorium (you can see it in the image towards the left side) lived right across the street from the high school on the Union Avenue side, but still was always late for her first morning class/homeroom. Roxanne and I won a lot of dance contests together and were even regulars on the local Channel 11 dance show, Record Hop. People looked at Roxanne as my girlfriend, but we were just really good friends who had a lot of fun together during those high school years. Roxanne gets “dragged into this story” a little further on.
This is a photo of me in my Journalism class newsroom (my nickname was Mulligan because of an “anonymous” letters to the editor column I wrote). It was taken by Jim with his Nikon so he wasn’t in the photo.

So, I finished high school, turned 18, signed up for the draft (it was the law, but if you went to school, you got a student deferment which meant you wouldn’t be drafted into the Army). I then attended West Valley College after that. I was on a waiting list to get into a “hard to snag spot” for a creative writing class taught by Mrs. Cotton and, amazingly, a slot finally somehow opened up the in the spring of 1967. So I got into the class and loved it. I was writing, which is what I planned to do (and have done) for the rest of my life. I wrote the essay “I know who killed JFK” for my one of my assignments in that class.

When Mrs. Cotton was handing back our graded essays (I got an “A” on it, by the way), she told me that she wanted to talk to me after class. After the bell range and everyone else scattered because it was the last class of the day, she told me to have a seat by her desk and then she closed the door to the classroom.

I thought I was in trouble or I don’t know what, but this really spooked me.

Mrs. Cotton sat down, put her hands together on her desk, then looked me in the eye and said, “You’re an excellent writer and I can see you have great potential for telling a story.” She paused, then raised her voice briefly for one word ... “BUT!” she said, then paused for a long moment and looked out the window. I turned to look out the window as if I was going to see something she was seeing ... I didn’t.
After letting out a long sigh, Mrs. Cotton continued with, “You shouldn’t be writing about Kenney’s assassination the way you did, making such accusations.”

I didn’t miss a beat and asked, “Why?”

“It’s too dangerous and could cause problems for you to be presenting information purely based on speculation about something so serious,” she said.

Okay, so this is one more “little thing” in all of this that I did that I probably shouldn’t have done. Because if I’d just kept my mouth shut and nodded in agreement, then subsequent events most likely never would have happened. But, I’ve always had this “problem” with people in positions of authority trying to tell me what to do.

So, with a sly smile, I said, “Well, I tell ya what. I know for a fact that all of what I wrote as fiction is true and I can prove it.”

Her eyes got really big as her mouth dropped open. Stunned, she sat there blinking as I got up and walked out.

I got to my car, a 1965 silver two-door Corvair (I loved that car). Sitting on the front hood of my car was Aldo, a friend I had met right after high school who was also attending West Valley College. He and I ate lunch together just about every day. I had told him a lot about my essay as I was writing it and he had actually helped me make up a lot of the “facts” and “evidence” that I incorporated into the story.

Aldo looked at me and, without the slightest hesitation, before I could even say anything, said, “You got in trouble or warned about that essay, right?”

I said, “Yea. How’d you know?”

Aldo then told me to follow him to his apartment in Cupertino (which was a long way from where we were and even further from where I lived – I was still living at home at the time). I asked him why and he told me it would be worth it. So I followed him to his apartment.

Going to Aldo’s apartment was yet another one of those “little things” that, most likely, if I hadn’t done it, I don’t think much else would have happened … or, maybe not so much that I still can’t believe when I found myself right “in the middle of it all.” So I did go to Aldo’s apartment. And, that’s where he told me everything I had written (and what he had helped me “invent”) for my essay was all 100 percent true … and that he could prove it!

Aldo went into a big closet, brought out a beat up looking suitcase and then took out a big brown folder that had a rubber band type cord wrapped around it, holding it closed. The folder was about two inches thick. When he opened it and we started going
through what was in it, my mouth dropped open. I was in total shock and felt my hands
trembling as I held different papers.

That folder contained EVERYTHING about how Kennedy’s assassination was
planned, who was involved, and how it was all done. Aldo’s father had been working
with the Cuban Nationals who were part of the assassination plot. Shortly after Kennedy
was killed, late one night Aldo’s father asked him to burn everything in the folder. Aldo
worked at a crematorium at the time, so his father figured that would destroy all of
what he had. This was all when Aldo still lived in Dallas. But, Aldo never burned the
folder. He just kept it in that old suitcase he brought with him when he moved to
Cupertino to attend school.

I tried to convince Aldo that I wanted to make copies of it all. He said, “NO! Are
you crazy? This can get you killed. There are people who can just make you disappear!
And, you having this stuff, you’re playing with fire!”

I told him to not move and went out to my Corvair. I grabbed my camera bag
that had my Nikkormat and a dozen rolls of Kodachrome 35mm film (36 exposures on
each one) I had just bought earlier that day at Gemco (one of the first real discount
stores, long before Costco). The film had been on sale, so I “stocked up,” because I
was always taking pictures (which I still do). I rushed back to his apartment.

We set up lights just right (because I didn’t want to use flash that might cause
glare on the images) and put four to six pages of papers together at a time, side by
side, and I snapped away at different sets of documents with my Nikkormat. I used
every single roll and still didn’t get it all. But I had enough – the “good stuff.” Because
of the high quality Nikon lens in the Nikkormat, I knew we could enlarge the photos to
see and read everything. I was actually “making copies” of it all.

Aldo asked, “What are you going to do with all of that?”

“Get it developed,” I said, smiling.

“Then what?” he asked.

I pursed my lips, thought for a moment, and then said, “I dunno. I’ll figure out
something, but people need to know about this.”

Aldo quickly put everything back in the folder, wrapped the cord around it, and
handed it to me. “Here then, you take all of this. I don’t want it,” he said.

I paused for a moment and thought why did I just take all of those photos if
Aldo was going to give me the actual documents? But, I didn’t say that.

“You sure,” I asked.

“Yea,” he said.
“What about your dad?” I asked.

Aldo put his head down for a moment, let out a long sigh, and then told me that his father had just disappeared after giving him the folder. Then he added, “That’s one of the reasons I moved so far away. Now, I just don’t want to be bothered with this any longer. I did think it was fun helping you with your essay, though. But, I want no part in this any further. You didn’t get this from me. Okay?”

He handed the folder to me.

I grabbed the folder, telling him I understood, but also that my Journalism instincts were telling me I had to do something with all of this. Only I didn’t really know what. I also said that it was probably a good idea I had “made copies” by taking the photos. Little did I know at the time just how important those photos would be.

“No! I’m telling you what you have there is dangerous. It’s going to get you killed!” I’ll never forget the panicky look on Aldo’s face as he said that.

I patted him on the shoulder and shook his hand.

Then I said, “Hey. Nothing is going to happen and I honestly don’t know what I’m going to do with all of this, if I even do anything with it. But, this provides all the information needed to show everyone what really happened and who did what in the assassination. So it’s a good thing. I think. But, I won’t get you dragged into anything I do. I promise.” At the time, I couldn’t have even grasped how empty that promise was.

Then I left. But, the final “little thing” I did in this story line now comes into play. And, it is THE most important aspect in all of this.

Most stores were closed when I headed home and I wanted to be sure I got the film developed as quickly as possible. So not far from Aldo’s apartment, I spotted a camera store, one I had never been to (which it turned out to be a “stroke of luck” on my part) that had a night-time deposit slot for dropping off film. I rushed to the deposit slot only to find there were no envelopes to put the film canisters in that I wanted to drop off. As I let out a big sigh, I heard someone say, “You here to drop off film?”

It was a guy who worked in the store who had been working late and was just heading out the door. He still had his name badge on – Gill.

“Yea,” I said. “I’ve got a dozen rolls of Kodak Kodachrome, 35mm film, 36 exposure rolls, the big rolls that you usually get a couple of extra shots on.”

“Oh, hey, no problem,” Gill said, unlocking the store’s door he had just locked as I was walking up. “We can have those for you in a couple of days.”

I thought for a moment, as I was filling out my contact information, including my phone number, on all of the envelopes, and realized that whoever was going to be
developing the film would see EVERYTHING! So, yet one more “little thing” that I did (well, said) came into play.

I went to my car and got my essay and showed it to Gill. He was impressed with my “A” and also said, “You know, there’s just something way too fishy about that whole assassination thing. I don’t believe that Warren Report or Oswald acting alone. Doesn't add up!”

I faked a laugh and said, “Yea, well, my friend and I made up all of this fake evidence to support my essay and I took pictures of it all just to be sure we had copies of it all. So don’t get the wrong idea about what you see in these photos.”

Gill chuckled and said, “Oh, don’t worry. That’s nothing. We’ve automated what we do in processing film so no one really even ever sees the photos we develop. You know, we have husbands and wives and other people who take certain revealing, risqué photos, if you know what I mean, and so we’re very discreet about it all. No one is really going to go through your photos.”

“Oh, cool,” I said.

He handed me a dozen tags that he tore off of each envelope of film to be developed, handed them to me, and I was on my way. I first thanked him for “opening up” for me.

Now, it is important to mention, well, I guess, the right word is “emphasize” that this camera store was in Cupertino and that it was over 15 miles from where I lived. There was a camera store where I usually dropped off all of my film (and even had photos enlarged there), just down the street from my house in the Cambrian Park Plaza shopping center, just across the street from Camden High School. I only lived three blocks from the high school. This camera store would prove to be yet another very important “little thing” in terms of how all of this played out.

I thought about everything Aldo had said about the danger involved with having his folder. The more I thought about it, the more I started to worry that maybe what he warned me about was true. When I got finally got home, I went into our garage and tucked the folder Aldo gave me in between the folded mattress of an old, seldom used roll-away bed. I put the photo receipts between a 2x4 and the garage wall in the back corner of the garage where we stacked our firewood, so you couldn’t see or find them unless you knew what you were looking for. I made sure I took out several pieces of firewood and hid the photo tags behind the 2x4, then put the firewood back in place covering up that spot.

I thought to myself that no one would ever think to look for the photo tags there! Then I went in and plopped down on my bed and “crashed.”
It would be just a little over two days later when all hell broke loose in my life because of that essay and Aldo’s folder!

So all of that with getting my essay back, Mrs. Cotton warning me, and going to Aldo’s apartment happened on a Wednesday. The next day, Thursday, at lunch time Aldo was nowhere to be seen. I thought that odd, because we had lunch together every day. I didn’t see him on Friday, the next day, either. I would never see Aldo again and I have no idea what happened to him (well, I still do to this very day, but with what I knew at that point, there was no way to prove anything I suspected about it).

On Friday, the day after that, Mrs. Cotton wasn’t there when I walked into my creative writing class. I just immediately and instinctively knew, just like with Aldo disappearing the day before, this had to do with her warning me about writing my essay. The substitute for her told the class, while looking oddly, directly at me most of the time he talked about Mrs. Cotton not being there, said she “probably wouldn’t be back for a week or two.”

It turned out that she never did return and no explanation was given as to why. When I checked with the administrative office as to what happened, I was curtly told, “Personal, family matters.” A couple of months later I checked back with the administrative office to see if somehow I could get in touch with Mrs. Cotton. I wanted to tell her about what had happened. The two people I talked to looked at their records, shuffled around a bunch of papers, and then told me no such person had ever taught there.

“Hmmmm,” I said out loud. I left there knowing exactly what was going on.

This is where my paranoia started to strangle me! And, it just got worse from there on ...

I was going to drop by Roxanne’s house on the way home that Friday as I was still wondering about what really happened to Mrs. Cotton. But when I got near Roxanne’s house I saw three black sedans parked in her driveway and on Union Avenue in front of her house. I opted to go home. Driving up to my house, I saw four similar black sedans and one sheriff’s car in the driveway and in front of my house. I parked down the street and watched for a few minutes, until a man in a suit, tapped on the passenger side window of my car, flashed an FBI badge, and told me to get out of the car!

“Holy shit!” was what I heard myself say as my heart started pounding ...

... and my mind raced as I was already putting together the pieces of so many disjointed and “missing pieces” of what was now my life’s puzzle, knowing exactly why all of this was happening ... MY FRICKIN’ ESSAY ... and, certainly even Aldo’s folder, but no one could know anything about that ... could they?
As I walked into our house with the man, I could see other similar men in our garage going through everything. It was the same story in the house with men searching all over the place, in drawers, cupboards, my room, and everywhere else. My mother, father, and brother were all sitting on our living room sofa with blank looks on their faces.

I looked at my mom and said, “What’s going on?”

She handed me a search warrant the men had given her as I was told by one of the men (they were all wearing hats, too) to sit on the sofa. None of us said anything to each other. I honestly don’t know what I could have said at that point. I was sure we all knew to keep our mouths shut TIGHT!

Then, out our living room window, I saw a man in our driveway getting into a car and he had the folder Aldo had given me. THEY FOUND IT! Did they get the tags I had hidden behind the firewood, too? After that everything was a blur and seemed to be in slow motion. The men were talking back and forth to each other and sometimes to us as we just sat there, but I didn’t really hear or comprehend anything.

I was completely dumbfounded as I watched the men take my Royal typewriter (the one I had used to type up the essay and so many other things I had written), ALL of the papers I had in my room as well as what had been in my car (that they thoroughly searched). They also got my camera and camera bag, too. They even took some of my clothes. I never found out what my clothes had to do with anything.

Then, as a tow-truck, with flashing lights, arrived to take away my car, this is the only “piece” of conversation I remember ...

The men told my parents that I was being taken in for “interrogation.”

“About what?” my father asked. “What did our son do?”

One of the men looked sternly at my father before speaking (and, towards me, in a strange way, it was almost funny to me how seriously serious this guy was ... all that came to my mind was that he had to have had his personality and sense of humor surgically removed). The man then said that I “needed to be questioned.”

I wasn’t taking any of this lightly, but I thought for sure because of them having Aldo’s folder that in no time I would be in the lime light and on the news for “breaking wide open” the Kennedy assassination.

So I calmly went with the men, telling my parents not to worry and that all of this would be “cleared up” in no time. My brother never uttered a single word.
I looked at my mom, who was so worried and scared, and I said to her, as I was escorted out the front door of our house by two men, each one holding one of my arms, “I’ll be back sooner than you think.”

Boy, was I ever wrong about that!

So we get to a nondescript kind of building and it is really late in the evening now. No signs on the building. It definitely wasn’t the police station, but there was a beehive of activity going on inside as I was rushed in the back door. That’s where I would spend the next two days, well, until late Monday morning when I was finally released.

I saw Roxanne and a lot of my other friends and people I knew, over the course of the long weekend that seemed to drag on forever. All of those people I knew came in and out as I was jostled back and forth along hallways to different rooms. I was never handcuffed, but being in so many different tiny rooms, I had claustrophobic feelings, along with being beyond anxious, the entire time. When I would see my friends, including Roxanne, we all exchanged questioning looks that loudly, without words, said, “What’s going on?”  “Why is this happening?” “Who are these guys?” “What had I done?”

I was left sitting and waiting in many different tiny rooms over the course of that weekend. I was given food and snacks, but I never really got to sleep much, except for putting my head down on metal tables I was sitting at and snoozing until yet another “suit” would come in, wake me up, and talk to me about the same things over and over.

The first “questioning session” I was pretty calm and thought it would end fairly quickly once we started talking about the truth of what really happened with the Kennedy assassination. Well, that’s when things really started getting bizarre.

I was first put in the tiniest of tiny rooms with a metal table. There was a bright light shining down over the top of it … just like you see in the movies. Then in walks this giant of a man. I mean he had to be close to seven feet tall. As I looked up at him from where I was sitting, it was like I was a tiny ant on the floor looking up at a colossal, enormous, hulking monster who was about to crush me with one single stomp of his foot. I had to suppress the urge to laugh because when he spoke, his voice was high pitched and squeaky sounding.

He smoked non-stop as he questioned me so the room had a blue haze to it. The greenish colored ashtray was already full of cigarette butts before he started and he just kept adding to the pile. I hate cigarette smoke and the smell is nauseating to me! They did provide plenty of water and even Cokes for me to drink. I initially thought they were trying to drug me with the drinks, but I was so thirsty I drank what they gave me...
anyway. It turned out to be more paranoia on my part, because I was never drugged. But, hell, I was scared to death when I first went in there.

The initial questioning started with the “monster man” holding up my essay, as he asked, “Why did you write this?”

I leaned my head back in frustration and looking up at the ceiling, I said, “It was for my creative writing class. The key word here being ‘creative.’ So I made it all up, based on all I read about the President’s assassination, so much of what just didn’t ever add up.” Defiantly, I added, “And, it still doesn’t add up!”

I could tell the guy didn’t like that or my snippy attitude, but he just continued questioning me for what seemed like forever.

We talked for a long time. I mean hours. I don’t really know how long it was because I lost track of time (there were no clock anywhere) and it didn’t take long for me to feel numbed all over. And, I knew that was the whole point of what they wanted to accomplish to “break me down.” For whatever reason(s), I had no idea.

The next two guys I talked with started out like nice guys, asking me non-related questions like how did I like school, and writing, and things like that.

Then I just figured I would speed things up, so I said, “I know what we’re doing here.”

I had already put most of the pieces together during the previous two days. Obviously, Mrs. Cotton had “turned me in” and let the FBI know what I had written. Somehow, the FBI found out about Aldo, too. That’s what I figured had to do with both of them disappearing. But, what I couldn’t figure out was why things were happening like this. I mean I had the proof of what really happened with the assassination, including who planned it, all the details about the shooters, and who headed it all up.

So finally, I had had enough! I held up my hand like a traffic cop to stop them talking and said, “Look, you have the folder with all the stuff about the assassination. I made up everything in my essay, but it turns out I was right about all of it.”

What happened next is the point where I started to think I was really screwed. But it didn’t take long for me to realize I now had an advantage in all of this.

One of the men looked at me sternly and said, “What folder? And, who is this person Aldo you keep talking about?”

I heard myself, in shock, say, “What the ...”

It turns out that their story line now would be that there “was no folder” and that no one knew anything about this person Aldo (or Mrs. Cotton for that matter).
Everything I was grilled about had to do with why I would plan such an elaborate, detailed prank to “stir things up” about the Kennedy assassination.

They were relentless in questioning me, leaving me in empty rooms for extended periods of time, and then more, to be blunt and quite frank about it, moronic, endless questioning that I was sure they were just making it all up as went along. And, the questions soon became, well, just completely stupid. The same questions over and over, only asked in different ways.

At one point, three guys came in. In today’s terms, you would call them computer geeks. They had this huge contraption on a cart they rolled in. The device had all kinds of wires and connections. They fiddled around with it for quite a while and then I was “hooked up to it.”

It was a lie detector machine. I thought to myself, “Now this is really an interesting twist.” Actually, I became less scared and concerned because at this point I knew they wouldn’t be asking me any questions about Aldo’s folder or even Aldo, because, according to them, Aldo didn’t exist and there was no such thing as the folder. I’ll come back to my take on all of this in a bit.

What followed was more like a bad episode of some poorly scripted TV cop show, which made me all the more sure the “tables had turned” and I was now the one with the upper hand in what I knew was a “cat & mouse game” that they thought there were in complete control of, but definitely they were not. You’ll see why very shortly here.

I was questioned by three different sets of “investigators” (none of whom ever had name badges on or even introduced themselves, let alone flashed anymore badges at me). While I was “attached” to that crazy machine, they very carefully scanned over every aspect of what the jerking, moving needles were “inking” on the paper that kept “spooling out” of the device.

I “passed the tests” or using that machine was just one more way to harass me, because one of the last guys to question me, as he was unhooking me from everything, said, “Looks like you’re telling the truth.”

I wanted to say, “Duh. No shit!” But, I kept my mouth shut because I not only knew I was the one in complete control now, I was absolutely confident and had no doubt I had completely fooled the sons a bitches (which is how I referred to them for days afterwards as I was telling everyone what had happened).

Now I’m really good at storytelling (just like what I’m doing right now in “spinning-a-yarn” for you), but, honestly, I’m NOT a liar. That said, I really think you could say I “skirted around the truth” as they questioned me. The reason for that is because since they said Aldo’s folder (and Aldo) didn’t exist, well, it all came down to
how they asked me the questions in terms of how I “beat the test” to “tell the truth” in answering their questions.

Here are examples of how the questioning scenario went while I was hooked up to the lie detector in answering their bullshit questions that, to be honest, they were really bad at asking ... I almost laughed a couple of times, but I just stuck with my “I’m really scared, mister” routine that I guess you could call a “poker face” (though I’m very bad at playing card games ... except for gin rummy).

Here’s how things went ...

THEM: “Do you have photos of any documents or anything else you wrote about in your essay?”

ME: “No. I told you. I made all of it up.” And, hey, honestly, I didn’t actually have “in my possession” the photos because the film was still at the camera store in Cupertino.

THEM: “Where did you get the detailed information to write your essay about the assassination?”

ME: “I’ve told you and told you. I made it all up to begin with for a dramatic effect, based on all that I had read since the assassination.” This, too, was completely true because that’s how it all started out with my essay. I just left out that Aldo provided what turned out to be true details for me as I was writing my essay. But I told the truth when I responded to the question that initially I was just making things up and “connecting the dots” for my essay, which was conjecture. I even told them that I included a note, which they should know have known about if they had read my essay, at the beginning of my essay saying that the essay was conjecture. All of which was completely true. I just didn’t offer any additional details about what I found out from Aldo afterwards ... all of which had to do with me taking all of the photos. And, I made it a point to not ever mention anything in relation to Aldo’s folder (which I almost “let slip out” at many points, but never did), which, according to them, never had existed.

THEM: “So do you believe what you wrote in your essay?”

ME: “Look I’m a writer. That’s what I plan to do the rest of my life, so, yea, I have to believe what I’m writing is the truth. But, the key word in all of this is ‘creative,’ because you create or make things up, just like what has been done in thousands of novels, articles, and short stories, even movies.” This is where I have to give myself a pat on the back because, again, I was telling the truth. When I wrote my essay that I made up, I really believed I was right. It turns out I was completely, 100 percent, “dead on” (no pun intended ... well, maybe that pun was unintentionally intended) right. But I didn’t know I was right for sure when I wrote the essay.
NOTE: It’s important for me to mention yet one more time that this is all about an essay I wrote in a creative writing class and that everything, every last word in it all, was completely fabricated based on conjecture in terms of what I honestly believe (and still do) to be true ... about so many, well, there’s no other way to put this, sinister, unbelievable, and just plain incongruous oddities about so many things that never have added up (and still don’t) about JFK’s assassination.

It wasn’t until that night at Aldo’s apartment that I found out I was right. But, since their story line now was there was no folder (and that Aldo didn’t exist), I danced around answering their questions. Thus, I “passed the test” ... but only because they didn’t ask the right questions and, me being proud of fooling them, I never lied to them. Not really. Now I don’t want to sound cocky (well, actually, maybe I do), but to be blunt and honest, they were so stupid about asking me questions, it was actually like they had slept through the parts of classes on “how to question people.”

The bottom line was that they all wanted to scare the shit out of me, which they definitely did. Being held for two days, hardly any sleep, no showering, and just the same questions asked over and over again, even with the lie detector test.

Once I realized they were just harassing me to make sure I never did anything else in relation to “spouting off” about the assassination, I wasn’t really that scared. Yea, I was completely drained and felt like I had been beat up (for the record, they never touched me or hurt me physically). When I initially stated that I was entitled to a lawyer, they told me “not in this kind of situation.” At one point, when I was within a distance close enough to hear two of the men talking about me, not knowing I was listening, because I appeared to be sleeping with my head down on a metal table, I heard one of them say, “Who is ever going to believe anything he says anyway?” Then they giggled and went off to some other part of the building.

As I walked out the door of the place late Monday morning to my car, I was completely drained, physically and emotionally. They had given me the keys to my car and said I was “free to go.” My typewriter and most of my other stuff, including my clothes, were all in my car, but NOT my essay. They kept that. I later found that the “F” “U” “C” “K” “Y” and “O” keys on my typewriter had been bent so they no longer worked. I figured that at least someone in that joint had a twisted, offbeat sense of humor. It was kind of funny, no matter what. And, I got the keys fixed, because I loved that typewriter. I still have it. My essay was another matter. That was nowhere to be found. And, Aldo’s folder? Well, that just seemed to have disappeared, too ... gone forever, just like Aldo and Mrs. Cotton.

I drove straight to Roxanne’s house and talked to her. Her mom fixed me the best ham sandwich I’d ever eaten. Of course, anything would have tasted great after a weekend of eating whatever I got that came out of vending machines. Roxanne said
she and lots of other people I knew had been questioned at great length about me, my activities, anything “subversive” that I had done, and all this stuff about just what kind of person I was. They never told her anything about my essay or anything to do with the assassination.

So I headed home. My mom hugged me and said, “What did you do?”

I told her it all had to do with the Kennedy assassination essay I had written.

“The one you got an A on?” she asked.

I let out a long sigh and said, “Yea, that one.”

For the next several weeks, wherever I went, there were one or two black sedans following me. I’m sure even our phone at home was bugged, too, but maybe I was just still being too paranoid. And, I know that was the whole point of everything they did. They wanted to intimidate me as well as see if they could find out anything else. But, this I did know. I couldn’t go back to the camera store in Cupertino to get those photos because of being “tailed” wherever I went. And, I didn’t want anyone else to pick up the photos for me, because it was just too risky since I was being so closely watched ALL THE TIME.

One day I dropped off a new roll of film at the camera shop by our house and the guy there said, “The FBI and many other men were in here for days wanting to know about any film you might have dropped off. They asked a lot of questions about you. What’s the deal?”

I just said, “I know. It’s all crazy. They think I did something, but it was all a misunderstanding. They’re just stupid, like the guy in the black car there!” I pointed to a guy far off in the parking lot who was looking through binoculars from his car right at us. I waved to him! I did that all the time with the “boys” who were following me around. It actually got quite comical, especially when I went into stores and out the back doors … just fooling with them. Nothing ever came of it. To me it was such a joke, only it wasn’t funny.

After I left the camera shop that day I dropped off the film, I parked far enough away not to be seen and, sure enough, the guy in the black sedan pulled up to the camera store and he went in. Then he came out with a film envelope which I knew was the one I had just dropped off. When I went back to pick up the film a few days later, nothing was said about that when I got my developed film and photos.

Now here is where things get even more interesting and, well, pretty shitty. The Monday morning that I returned home from that bizarre weekend of questioning, I got a letter from the local draft board informing me that my student deferment had been revoked and that I was immediately eligible to be drafted. So, through “certain means”
(I’ll never tell exactly the how or what part of it), I joined the Air Force on a Texas enlistment number for something called the “delayed enlistment program.” That meant I was officially in the Air Force and could NOT be drafted by the Army, but I wouldn’t “report for duty” until July (right after my birthday and the semester ended).

So I finished that semester of college and went into the Air Force. All of this happened just as the Beatles’ Sgt. Pepper album came out. I was (and still am) a Beatles fan. A year earlier, I had managed to remove the cover (by steaming it off) of the Beatles’ Yesterday and Today mono album to real the original album cover that became known as the “Butcher” cover. Anything to do with the Beatles, I was always, always, ALWAYS on top of it. This album is definitely a collector’s item.

And, I pretty much “let it all go” about the assassination of President Kennedy after that. Why not? I had nothing to prove anything ... except for the photos I never picked up and, I honestly don’t know why, but I completely forgot about those photos I never picked up. I guess, in my mind, I just shut it all out, because any time I talked about the assassination, people would look at me like I was crazy ... one of those nut job, conspiracy theory people.

That’s not the end of the story here, though. I’ll get to the “who-done it” part after I give you the information and details you need to know about what really happened ... what was in my essay that several “agencies” didn’t want “talked about.”

Here is the info on how JFK was killed and who all was involved. What follows is the gist of my essay and many of the key points you need to know.

So let’s get to it:

• The plot to kill the President went all the way to the White House and included “various and assorted players” from the FBI (including J. Edgar Hoover, who headed up the FBI), the CIA, the Secret Service, high level U.S. military members, the mafia, Russia, Cuban nationals, and members of congress (some of whom would eventually be “propped up” on the Warren Commission, headed by Gerald Ford, who would later become President).

It would be Ford who, at the last minute without talking to anyone else about it, changed a key portion of the Warren Commission Report about the “single bullet” theory ... this related to the bullet entering the back of the President’s head and not from the front. All you have to do is look at the Zapruder film and you can clearly see the “head shot” came from the
FRONT and not the back. The published Warren Report, because of the change Ford made, has that the bullet entered from the back, not the front.

- Much of the planning took place in many meetings at various “out of the way” locations in Texas.

- Everything was done in code, with the assassination being referred to as the “visit.” The shooters were labeled by numbers, with Oswald being #1, even though he never fired the rifle that only had his palm print on it (there were a few boxes on the sixth floor that had Oswald’s fingerprints planted there, but his fingerprints were nowhere else! And, two different witnesses who worked in the Texas School Book Depository told the police that they saw Oswald eating lunch in the downstairs lunch room close to 12:30 (the same time the President was shot).

The Warren Commission never interviewed those witnesses. And, even more bizarre, Oswald walked out the front door of the building right after the President was shot. There was no way he could have been up on the sixth floor where the shots were fired from. Other eye witnesses said they saw a “man with glasses” who fired the rifle at the President. The Warren Commission never talked to those witnesses either.

There were five other snipers labeled #2, #3, #4, #5, and #6. One (the real #1) was in the Texas Book Depository on the sixth floor. Two others snipers were positioned in “triangulated” buildings for maximum, “can’t miss” coverage. Another shooter was, indeed, on the grassy knoll. Many witnesses saw “puffs of smoke from a gun,” as well as a man with a gun firing from the fence on the grassy knoll. The Warren Commission never interviewed any of them. And, two more men with rifles were on the other side of the underpass, just in case they were needed.

- Umbrella Man is critical to how the President was killed, because he was the “signal man” coordinating things “on the ground” and just happened to be supposedly standing with an open umbrella on a sunny day in the exact spot where the President was shot.
• The Umbrella Man was Louie Steven Witt. He appeared before Congress in 1978, saying the open umbrella was kind of a “protest” related to JFK’s father and that it was basically a “bad joke.” There are theories that he had a gun inside the umbrella. That wasn’t the case. But, he definitely was the signal man for when and which shooter should do a “hit!”

• Nine shots were fired, not three. Most witnesses talked about the “Pop-pop-pop” and the sounds like firecrackers or cars backfiring. But it was the coordinated firing, from different directions causing so many shots to sound like three or echoes. It wasn’t the “echoes” from just three shots that people heard! Oliver Stone’s movie, JFK, makes references to six shots fired. We’ll come back to much, much more about the movie JFK.

• The “magic-bullet” theory. This is the single-bullet or magic-bullet theory postulated by the Warren Commission to explain the path of a single bullet and how the single shot came from behind JFK to then, defy the laws of physics (more than once), to then hit Connolly.

• Shots fired from behind the fence on the grassy knoll. Several witnesses saw the “puffs of smoke” (as I already mentioned) and heard shots fired from the grassy knoll that was located between the Texas School Book Depository building and the triple overpass. They told the police, Sheriff’s officers, the secret service, and the FBI about it. There was even one witness who said he saw a man fire a rifle from behind the fence on the grassy knoll (with a spark and a puff of smoke) and then run away. Railroad men, who also said that shots came from the grassy knoll, immediately ran to that area and saw many footprints in the mud, as well as cigarette butts on the ground there. Not a single one of those people was ever called to testify before the Warren Commission.

And, according to the Warren Report, there were only shots fired from the
book depository building. Many of these same eyewitnesses in 1966, after the Warren Report was published, then said, for whatever reasons (suspicious, as in being told not to “talk about it,” or otherwise not wanting to “look bad”), that because of what they had been told by men questioning them and also what was in the Warren Report, that they must have been wrong or confused about seeing shots fired from the grassy knoll and that (words to this effect) “the shots then must have come from the school book depository.” That said, many other witnesses never wavered in their accounts of what they saw and were positive the shots and puffs of smoke came from the fence at the top of the grassy knoll. Also, those same witnesses said two police officers on motorcycles stopped by the grassy knoll (one on the street and one who drove his motorcycle part way up the hill), drew their guns, and ran up towards the fence on the grassy knoll.

- The Zapruder film. This is key single “piece of evidence” in all of this. Though there were other movies taken, this one provides the absolute best vantage point to see what happens. But there is one thing that seems to get glossed over and not really explained all that well. It is simply THE PAUSE. First, several people said the limousine slowed down and almost stopped either as the shots were fired or prior to the shots being fired. Zapruder temporarily stopped filming at frame 132 of the film. This was when only police motorcycles were visible. He then continued filming, from frame 133 on when the Presidential motorcade came in view. Also, frames 208 through 211 are missing. Frames 155 to 157 and frame 341 are damaged and spliced out of the original film. The missing frames are extremely important, but no one really ever talks about them.

The issue here about the pause (as well as the missing frames) has to do with the sequencing of the assassination. Some people say Life magazine, who initially bought the rights to film, damaged Zapruder’s film in making copies. But, the main “story line” here is twofold: At what point did the limousine slow down and was there more to it about the pause and missing frames in Zapruder’s film. You can find the Zapruder film at, you guessed it, YouTube. Watch it yourself and see what you think.

- Lee Harvey Oswald, as he even said, was set up (a patsy), because he was given a carefully “mapped out” route for where to head after leaving the school book depository. He did bring the rifle in that morning, wrapped in brown paper and told everyone he that it was “curtain rods.” There was even another “player” who Lee handed the rifle to who would
be the shooter on the sixth story floor of the book depository (while Oswald was eating his lunch, which Oswald was told would be his alibi). It was that “player,” the man with the glasses, who fired the shots and then, according to the planned out scenario, placed the rifle in a supposedly “hard to find” spot in the area where the “lone shooter” had been. But it was even the Dallas police “in on it all” so the gun would be quickly found. And, it was the Dallas police who, within a short period of time, named Oswald as the shooter, but no one was ever told how they could name him as the assassin so quickly after the shooting.

One other thing here is that a woman actually got a photo of the man with glasses “firing the gun” from the sixth story window. She didn't know it until she got her film back. She immediately notified the police and FBI about it. But, here’s the thing ... that photo disappeared and no one ever talked about it after that (except the woman). The movie Rush to Judgement actually has an interview with this woman. We'll get back to her further on here.

- The police officer who was shot by Oswald shot and killed right after JFK was shot, just “happened to be on patrol” when he spotted Oswald. And, just from a very brief description of “who the shooter was,” the officer immediately spotted Oswald. There are murky particulars and plenty of theories about Oswald and Officer J. D. Tippit, but those are details I just don’t have.

- Oswald was questioned for more than 12 hours initially, but nothing was recorded and there were no notes or records of what took place during all of the questioning. The tests for gunshot residue on Oswald showed he had not recently fired a weapon, but the Dallas Police and other officials involved while Oswald was in custody repeatedly said the tests had shown he had recently fired a weapon. None of this ever came out or was related to the Warren Commission. There are more details about all of this in “Rush to Judgement,” the book and documentary film (which, though the video quality is quite poor, is on YouTube).

- Jack Ruby, who shot Oswald, was tried for the killing. On March 14th, 1964, after about two hours of deliberating, the jury found Ruby guilty of murder and sentenced him to death. How could they not? Ruby shooting Oswald was shown live on TV (and on film). However, in October of 1966, the Texas Court of Criminal Appeals reversed the conviction on grounds of “improper admission of testimony and the fact that Ruby could not have
received a fair trial in Dallas due to excessive publicity.” This was astounding because the entire country witnessed it all on TV. Ruby was granted a new trial that was set to take place in February of 1967. In yet another unbelievable twist in all of this, and, most likely because Ruby stated he was going to “name names” in the new trial, Ruby died on January 3rd, 1967, at age 55, from a blood clot in his lung where he had been admitted to Parkland Hospital (the same place JFK and Lee Harvey Oswald were taken) because of “having pneumonia.”

Another “smells fishy” part of this story relates to Jack Ruby’s connections to the Dallas Police Department. While it was officially stated “very few” police officers even knew, had heard of Jack Ruby, or had ever been to his Dallas nightclub, several witnesses in the film Rush to Judgement state on the record that Ruby knew “hundreds” of more than one thousand Dallas Police officers and detectives (almost half of them) ... and that they all frequented his bar for free drinks and “other things” (Ruby was well known for "running girls and card games"). This "opens the door" to much speculation about how Ruby ever could have gained entrance, WITH A GUN, to a “locked down” building to kill Oswald.

- The autopsy of JFK took place in Washington, D.C., and was “overseen” by members of the military telling the doctors and staff what to “write up” and how to diagram things ... all to support the story line of the single bullet theory which was later changed many times to “incorporate new information and interpretations,” as well as the “now fact” that there must have been two bullets. Though there were actually five bullets (or more) involved which were really how the “magic bullet” could hit the President and then, against all laws of physics, change directions (more than once) to then hit Governor Connolly in more than one place. This all being the “magic-bullet” theory in the Warren Report.

- One other person, James Tague, was struck by a ricocheting, fragment of shrapnel from one of the bullets. He was standing near the Dealey Plaza freeway underpass and that made him the third person hit, after the President and Governor. His face wound was not serious, but this is the reason the Warren Commission had to again rewrite things when this “came to light” to address an additional bullet.

- One single man came up with the plan for the assassination and oversaw the entire operation. I’ll get back to this and talk more about just who this
was. There’s more yet that you need to know first.

- No one ever really explained (in a coherent way or anything close to logic) how the front windshield of the President’s car had a bullet hole in it, on the driver’s side, not far from the rear view mirror. Two Dallas motorcycle patrolmen noticed the hole and St. Louis Post Dispatch reporter Richard Dudman wrote an article published in The New Republic on December 21, 1963 where he says “A few of us noted the hole in the windshield when the limousine was standing at the emergency entrance after the President had been carried inside.”

And, any “explanations” or “discussions,” which were few, about the bullet hole always talked about the bullet hole in terms of the bullet “exiting through the front window.” The reality is that the bullet was one of the nine bullets fired and it came from the FRONT of the car and then went into the car hitting Governor Connolly. By November 25th, just three days after the assassination, the front windshield was removed and replaced in the JFK limousine. This was the same time the entire interior was stripped out and replaced. Secret Service agent Charles Taylor, Jr., wrote in a report on November 27th mentioning, in minor details, “the bullet hole in the front windshield of SS-100-X” (which was the code name for JFK’s limousine).

- Richard Dudman’s New Republic article needs further mention, because it was published less than a month after the assassination and he not only talks about the bullet hole in the front windshield, he also talks about FOUR bullets that were found … one found in the floor of the car, a second found in the President’s stretcher, a third removed from Governor Connally’s left thigh, and a fourth said to have been removed from President Kennedy’s body at the Naval Hospital in Bethesda. Dudman goes on to mention even a FIFTH bullet officers found in the grassy area near where the President was hit (this ties to the conspiracy theories about Umbrella Man and the grassy knoll). You can read the article for yourself right here:

https://newrepublic.com/article/115638/eyewitness-account-jfk-
The issue of the different caskets. There is much discussion about all of this. Clint Hill, who was Jackie Kennedy’s top secret service agent, even talked about an issue with getting the first casket on the plane to take JFK’s body back to Washington, D.C. Hill was the one who Jackie, while still at Parkland Hospital, asked Hill to get a casket to transport the President’s body. He did that. This is where the story starts taking twists. The casket Hill got was bronze and ornate … and very big and heavy.

They couldn’t get the casket through the door of the plane, so they broke off the handles from the side of it. That’s the only way it would fit through the plane’s door to get the casket on board. But, when the plane arrives in Washington, D.C., the casket you see them taking off the plane has handles on the side and is a dark color.

What was going on “behind the scenes” is that the President’s body was in neither casket. “Arrangements had been made” to take the President’s body back to Washington D.C. in a different way. I don’t have those details, but what I do know is that this is what allowed “things to be changed” on JFK’s head to support the “fact” of the bullet entering from the back of his head, not the front. The details of all of that were in the rest of the papers in Aldo’s folder that I didn’t have enough film to get photos of.

This all also ties to the fact that the plane we all saw that was supposed to be taking JFK’s body, now the new President Lyndon Johnson, and everyone else, including Jackie Kennedy, sat on the ground at Love Field for over an hour before it took off. The story line was that it took that long to find a judge to swear in Johnson as the new President (while they were all crammed into a tiny space on the plane) BEFORE the plane took off. JFK’s body was on a completely different plane that took him to Washington, D.C.

People died mysteriously following the assassination, with most of them being dead within the first three years after the assassination. There were more than two dozen people (the number varies depending on so many different sources) who died under suspicious circumstances, all labeled as unnatural, homicide, accidents, suicides, and “unknown causes.” These were people who were material witnesses to the assassination or had been associated with it some way. One of the best examples of this is...
Dorothy Kilgallen.

Dorothy was an American Journalist and television personality on the game show “What’s My Line?” She was known for her many her national sensationalized articles, including her article about JFK’s affair with Marilyn Monroe (Monroe “committed suicide” two days after that article was published). Dorothy attended Jack Ruby’s trial and interviewed him at great length with many people feeling she had information that would be “explosive” if it was ever published. She also somehow got a full, unabridged copy of Jack Ruby’s testimony to the Warren Commission and she published it in its entirety. She was always critical of J. Edgar Hoover (head of the FBI) and skeptical of the Warren Commission’s conclusions. And, though she didn’t have a problem with drugs or alcohol, she was found dead on November 8th, 1965, in her Manhattan townhouse with cause of death determined to be “taking a fatal dose of alcohol and barbiturates.”

One other person needs to be mentioned here – Thomas Hale Boggs Sr. He was one of the highest profile persons associated with the President’s assassination. He was the House Majority leader in 1971, who had worked closely with President Johnson for many years. He had served on the Warren Commission and was one of the three members of the Commission who disagreed with the findings. Senators Richard Russell and Sherman Cooper were the other two. Boggs didn’t believe the one bullet theory and he opposed the idea that Oswald acted alone. His criticism of what all happened in and after the assassination never ceased. Then one day, October 16th, 1972, as he was flying from Anchorage to Juneau, Alaska with Alaskan Congressman Nick Begich and others, the plane just disappeared. Neither the wreckage of the plane or anyone’s body was ever found.

Those are just two of numerous examples of people being “removed from the picture” ... that was the code used in “interchanges of information” relating to those involved in actually getting rid of people who were “in the way” or could possibly “talk about things they shouldn’t talk about.” This ties right in with many of the eye witnesses to the assassination who were told not to say anything ... most of them didn’t (or they just weren’t called to testify to the Warren Commission)

That covers most of the key points from my essay. I’ll get to the “Main Man” in all this, the one who came up with the idea to kill the President, planned it, and oversaw virtually every detail in all of this. First you need to know this about the
sequence of events that unfolded in the decades after I got out of the Air Force in 1971. It all has to do with more particulars of how all this ties together and how I finally got my hands on those photos of what was in Aldo’s folder that I had so long ago forgotten about.

Though I talked often about the Kennedy assassination (especially each and every year around Thanksgiving time as the anniversary of the event approached), it never amounted to much. As I have been putting all of this together for YOU to read, I keep wondering how I ever forgot about those photos I took. A dozen rolls of film. I just can't imagine how that could have lapsed in my memory. But it did.

The movie Executive Action came out in 1973. It was based on the 1966 novel “Rush to Judgement,” by Brian Lane. This was the first book to challenge the findings of the Warren Commission and it goes into great detail of ignored or twisted evidence. Sixteen signed contracts with Lane to publish the book were cancelled over and over again, but, once published, the book became a number one best seller. One of the key points in the book (and there are many) states none of the Warren Commission firearms experts (or anyone else) were ever able to duplicate the “feat” of three shots being fired from the sixth floor of the School Book Depository with the antiquated rifle in a little over six seconds. Also, one of the men who served with Oswald in the Marines said that Oswald was “not that good of a marksman, especially for moving targets.”

The movie details much about JFK’s assassination and how it became a conspiracy by the military, along with industrial leaders. The basis for killing the President, according to this movie (and points that actually turn out to be true), was that Kennedy’s policies were a threat to financial and political interests. Also, that Kennedy overruled the military about invading Cuba during the Cuban Missile Crisis in October of 1962. The United States was a “war machine,” but Kennedy didn’t and wouldn’t use it.

Also, Kennedy was going to end the Vietnam War by no later than 1965 (he was in Dallas that day because he needed to charm Dallas to be sure he won the state of Texas in the upcoming 1964 Presidential election). Once Johnson became President, he did just the opposite and escalated the Vietnam War which was more than $1 billion boon to the state of Texas. In total, the Vietnam War would generate over $80 billion for corporations associated with providing the military all that was needed to sustain the war. You just can’t help but wonder how many American lives would have been saved if Kennedy had ended our involvement in Vietnam. He even said many times, “It’s their war. Let them fight it.”
In 1967, Emile de Antonio made a documentary film, Rush to Judgement, based on Lane’s book, Executive Action. This film is on YouTube, if you want to see it for yourself:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fJuKywBF0HY

When that film Executive Action came out I was then “back at it” talking about how fishy so many “final conclusions” were about JFK’s assassination. I read the book, too. But that’s basically all everything was, talk. Years later I learned that the producers for Executive Action faced many battles just to get the film made and released. With the book, it was the same thing. It almost didn’t get published, yet became a number one best seller. And, again, I need to say “they got it right” on so many things in that movie.

Still, to this day, it really bothers me, and I just can’t tell you why, I never thought about having those photos from Aldo’s folder or anything about where I could find them. Thinking about them or not thinking about them, of course, really wouldn’t have mattered, because I never went to pick up the photos from the camera shop. The main reason being that I was followed by various and assorted people (I called them idiots and morons, because they came to be a major annoyance in my life) until I went into the Air Force. So even if I had picked up the photos or had someone else get them for me, I’m sure that whoever was following me would have confiscated those, too. Who knows?

We’ll come back to the photos, because it turns out that someone else did, indeed, pick them up from the camera shop for me … so that should keep you “reading on” here to find out just what happened! I know this is a “long story,” but it is the only way I can tell it. Although now, we’re in the “home stretch” so to speak.

Fast forward to 1991. Oliver Stone’s movie, JFK comes out. Once again, I’m talking about the assassination, though I don’t go to see the movie. From what I read about it and all of the controversy relating to it, I figured, “Oh, yea, he got it right on the money, including how the war in Vietnam was all part of it.” I wasn’t that interested in seeing a more than three hour movie of what I already knew to be true. Though I knew I’d see the movie at some point.

The movie JFK is Oliver Stone’s take on many of the events leading up to the assassination and the alleged cover-up after the assassination. The film was adapted by Stone and Zachary Sklar from the books “On the Trail of the Assassins” by Jim Garrison (who is the main character in the movie, played by Kevin Costner) and “Crossfire: The Plot That Killed Kennedy” by Jim Marrs.

Oliver Stone took a lot of heat about the film and was accused of “taking liberties with historical facts,” including the film’s implication that President Lyndon B. Johnson
was part of a *coup d'état* to kill Kennedy. Stone responded to all of the criticism this way, in that what he did was “a counter-myth” to the Warren Commission’s “fictional myth.”

Just watch the movie JFK and then read or watch Oliver Stone’s comments about the Kennedy assassination (the interviews are all on YouTube). See it all for yourself and decide if I’m “making this all up.” Hey, Kevin Costner is in it and even though he can’t mimic accents that well (especially like in the film Robin Hood), he still is quite good in the movie.

I finally did see the movie JFK five years later, the same time my mom died in the summer of 1995 when I was part of Microsoft’s Windows95 team. And, to me (even though I’m the one writing all of this), this is where my story gets really, really, REALLY interesting … and in such an ironic, almost impossible, kind of way.

**Why?**

Well, after my mom died, my father was about to throw out a bunch of boxes my mom had saved. My mom kept everything. There were always lots of boxes in her closet and another bedroom. We all knew my mom saved things, everything! But this day, I mean, my mom’s boxes were already loaded on my father’s pickup, ready to be taken to the dumps. Now I wasn’t sure what was in the boxes, but I figured what my mom kept might be worth “having a look at.” So, after a minor confrontation with my father (who admitted he had never even looked in them … how dumb is that?), I took all of my mom’s boxes and kept them.

And, when I say “kept them,” I mean we carted around those boxes wherever we moved to for the next two decades, with me never “getting around to it” in terms of going through the boxes. Then, earlier this year I finally started going through those boxes my mom had saved. The reason I finally got around to seeing just what was in my mom’s boxes was that we were putting hardwood floors down in our house. So for the several days of “disruption” because of emptying out our house, so the floor guys could come in, rip out the rugs (we hated those rugs!), and put down new flooring, I had “time on my hands.”

So, one by one, I went through my mom’s boxes. There were photos I’m glad to still have. There were lots (probably all) of my letters and cards I had sent to my parents over the years, including the ones I sent from Madrid, Spain, when I was worked at the America Embassy there (which just happened to be a place where I came across CIA agents “traveling the world” who always kept hinting that “no one would ever know what really happened with the JFK assassination”). Grammar school report cards – my mom had saved them all, including so many of my other “creations” in grammar school … even my beanie I wore as a kid, which still had most of the
trinkets she had hand-sewn on it. Even my bag of marbles that she had created from an old pair of Levis. It was wonderful, like opening a time capsule.

In the very last box I was going through I found what I would have to say is the “find of a lifetime.” And, that would be an understatement! My mom had this old purse. In that purse was a folded, brown bag that she kept “certain things” in. It was a place she put things that she figured she might need someday, but that she didn’t want my father (or anyone else) to find.

The reason I knew about this mysterious purse with a folded, crumpled brown bag in it was that I only saw it once before, years and years earlier. That was when my father asked my mother where the card and letter were that his mother had sent. So my mother tells my father to “hold on a sec,” just as I was heading to the bathroom which is near my parent’s bedroom. My mother didn’t know it, but as I was coming out of the bathroom, I saw her open the purse and brown bag. That’s where she had kept what my father had asked for.

Years later, I asked my mom about that purse and she candidly told me that one time she had thrown away one of my grandmother’s letters (this being my father’s mother) and my father got all upset about it. So it was then I learned that purse and bag was where she kept anything she was sure she didn’t want “to get lost.”

Now, looking at the purse and seeing the bulging brown bag, I was beyond curious as to just what might be in that bag.

I just couldn’t believe it when I opened that crumpled bag.

Chills up and down my spine!

Wrapped with twine around them, there were the dozen envelopes of photos and negatives of the film I had dropped off a half century earlier to be developed after leaving Aldo’s house that night. There was still a note taped to the top envelope that said, “4th call to Mrs. Alvernaz to pick up her boy’s photos. If she doesn’t come in soon, just throw them out. Gill”

I just sat there, totally stunned. It all came back to me in a rush of memories and I mean very vivid recollections, every detail as I remembered that night Gill let me into the camera store. Going home. Hiding Aldo’s folder and the tags from the envelopes (that are still probably behind the 2x4 in our old garage, that is, if the house is even still there … but I know that, obviously, when the men were searching through everything that night so long ago in our house as we sat on the sofa, they never did find the tags for the photos). Now I sat there, holding THE PHOTOS! Somehow, some way, I now had ‘em again!
After all these years ... so many decades later, my mother’s “time capsule” of all those boxes that almost ended up at the dumps ... WOW!

I easily imagined my mother smiling from wherever she is now, saying, “What took you so long?” She always had a great sense of humor and such an amazing smile. It was her! She somehow made it to the camera store before they threw out my photos. And, again, I have to mention that Cupertino was a long ways from our house, so I’m sure that’s why it took repeated phone calls to get her to finally go in and pick up my photos.

What puzzles me is that I really wonder why she never said anything about them. Did she look at them? Did she figure out how dangerous it was to have them? Or, did she just put them in her purse, knowing she would give them to me when I got home on a visit while I was in the Air Force? The thing is, it wasn’t long after I went into the Air Force that I got stationed in Madrid, Spain. So I’m sure my mom just forgot about the photos. The other thing is that my mom was always forgetful. So, for whatever reason, she didn't give me the photos. Well, actually, she did “give” me the photos all these years later, but only because I rescued her boxes that one day from my father wanting to throw them out.

So everything now had now come full circle half a century later and I have copies of all those documents, papers, notes, diagrams, and checklists. The Nikon lens of that Nikkormat was the key to enlarging the photos so you can read and see all of what I photographed. All of the stuff that takes me right back to what happened from that Wednesday on through my long weekend of questioning, my draft status changing, me joining the Air Force ... then going on with living my life.

And, who was the “main man” in the Kennedy assassination?

The state of Texas is the major clue in all of this, where so many of the secret meetings were held (and shown in the movie Executive Action).

Right here, “live and direct” from my Nikkormat camera’s photos, we have the answer, folks!

At the bottom of a coded congratulatory note, on White House stationery no less, about the “visit” being a “great success” is the signature of, to paraphrase the Wizard of Oz, the man behind the curtain ...
Copyright NOTICE/RULES/PERMISSION: Batsh*t Crazy! Digital Dementia Dystopia is a series of copyrighted Communiqués that are broadcast in bursts, “hot off the press” as I write them (using my trusty word anvil). The key word in that last sentence is "copyrighted" which means I own ’em outright (everything you read here), every single word. Right now, here, this moment in time, you can read the Communiqués, following along in the “play of words.” You can freely share any or all of these Communiqués with anyone and everyone else in whatever manner you choose (so long as you quote me as the source AND are NOT profiting from using my words). Everything you read will be real and true with me striving, among the collected combinations of words, to produce as many as possible of “that one true sentence” Hemmingway so eloquently and passionately talked about.

Options:

• Table of Contents (if you’re looking for a particular Communiqué)
• Indexicon (if you’re looking for a specific word or phrase)
• Who is Bil.? (if you want to know more about me, the writer)
Is this all there is?
What just happened?
Does it even matter?
What difference does it make?
Can you get to there from here?
What happens after the newness wears off?

Those are just some of other unanswerable questions “turning gears” in our brains that constantly torment each of us. And, it is in our various and assorted non-answerable, many times subliminal “mental inquiries” that all take us each back to two questions that result in so many “woulda, coulda, shouldas” …

What YOU did that you probably shouldn’t have done? And/or …

What YOU didn’t do that you definitely should have done?

Another way to look at it all is what happened that shouldn’t have happened … or what didn’t happen that should have … all because of YOU? And, why?????????

Those all too frequent, ever present feelings of emptiness or hollowness haunt and plague each of us, many times to the point of debilitation. So many times it comes down to what we otherwise thought would be the “end result” (i.e., the real “there” in it all) … but wasn’t, when things turned out to be so different and completely not what we expected they should have been (or maybe, somehow, could have worked out much better).

Why? (Which is yet another question!!!)

There are countless ways to look at (or question) the simple fact that more and more, day by day, it simply all leads right up to the “brick wall” of there is no there “there.”

While we experience this “sensation” throughout the entire year, it is especially true from Halloween on through to the New Year and thereafter, forever more in the remnants of whatever it is life turned out to be (or not be).

Shakespeare said it best, “To be or not to be. That is the question!”
But, is it really? Was Bill (i.e., Shakespeare) right? I know he was (and still is, too)! I’ll “lay it all out” for you, too! Because getting to “there” is much more simply an “easy to reach destination” ... where you can be “there” on a regular basis.

If you look closer at all of those questions securely anchored to there is no there “there,” the real issue is how numbed and desensitized we have become. We’re doing it all to ourselves, time and time again somewhat intentionally (no, it’s more like not having given the matter, whatever that is, much thought). It’s mostly because we’re just letting things, all tied closely to people and circumstances, continue to “just happen” the way they always do.

You can look at it like things are “short circuiting,” traveling along unintended paths, in endless loops that vary ever so slightly (hardly ever the way we want “things to go” or “end up”). Still, it all tends to be a repeating, recurring, persistent “expected normalcy” we’ve adjusted to and have just come to accept as we passively “stand there” watching our lives occur while so much of everything else just passes us right on by. That’s when we really start to wonder where the “there” is in there, clearly knowing it isn’t what we thought it would be.

It starts with Halloween and all the candy. We spend over $2 billion dollars (and that doesn’t even count the money we “blow” on costumes we’ll never wear again). After “scarfing down” all that white sugar (and so many empty, “makes you fat” calories) that NO ONE needs, we’ve already gotten off to a great start for unloading so much of our “extra cash” that results in no there “there.”

The real there (the way it always happens) in Halloween, when all is said and done, are all of those addictive, “eat more, more, more” Halloween treats that add to the extra poundage people (as well as kids) are already carrying around. There’s also the acid-producing bacteria in your mouth that feasts on carbohydrates (i.e., the seemingly endless supply of sugared, glucose, and high fructose candy “treats” ... and all of the sugary drinks, too) that ultimately rot your teeth, not to mention cause other health issues that contribute, just to name a few, to obesity and diabetes.

From Halloween, almost before we can even dispose of our “costumed looks,” we zip right off to getting ready for the perfect Thanksgiving and spending major amounts of dollars and time, thoroughly mixed in with non-stop exasperation and frustration out the wazoo. But, do we really ever achieve the “there” in family gatherings? The “relative factor” comes into play here, too. The more relatives you have joining in together for what consciously or otherwise we all want to be just like the Norman Rockwell painting, well, things just never seem to
work out or happen the way we expected (no "there" there) ... as the TVs “blare away” with all those morning parades and then the afternoon games.

There were no TVs when Rockwell did his iconic painting! You tell me if that's a good thing or a bad thing.

Of course, when you ask how someone’s Thanksgiving was, the answer about 99.9 percent of the time is, “Oh, it was great!” Really? What about the “home invasion” of whosoever (call `em tribes) descended upon your humble abode and “took over things” (including “helping” you do what you would otherwise have preferred they not get involved in)? And, then there is the matter of YOU and your all-around wondering about and consideration of things not being anything close to what you planned for or expected.

Or, what about all you had to do to reach your destination and then “fight your way back home?” Was it all really worth the hassle and, at so many points, “letting things go” so as to not hurt anyone’s feelings (even though there was “plenty of helpings” of so much rudeness or thoughtlessness passed your way)? Again, we come back to things just simply adding up to there is no there “there.” <sigh>

And, hey, who gives a crap about celebrities, so-called famous people (who are famous for being famous?), or even the President, all who had “amazing productions” for Thanksgiving? That all takes us directly back to so many headaches and so much heartache as we try to create (though it is mostly an illusion) that perfect Thanksgiving. Ah, but do we ever reach or achieve the “there” in all of that. And, whatever it is we did for Thanksgiving, there is the matter of the gobs of money we spent for so much that, in an instant, all becomes left-overs that get sent home with all of the guests. But, don’t worry, there will be plenty of credit card bills soon flocking straight towards you.

Why do we do Thanksgiving anyway? Oh, yea, it’s a Holler-Day that, for many people, means a four day weekend ... which is, really and truly, the “beginning of the end” for all of the insanity that will engulf us on through the beginning of the New Year.

That, of course, leads us right into the heart of the issue ... the main “deal” so to speak ... the “belly of the beast” ... the Holy Grail of `em all that perfectly and without exception shows us (whether or not anyone ever admits it or wants to face up to it) in that, simply put, there is no there “there” ... the essence of the Holler-Day season climbs right up on our backs and “rides us” for almost a month (that feels more like a very long, arduous "MUNT").

Because of all what happened (or didn’t happen) from Halloween up to and including Thanksgiving (should we have all dressed up like Pilgrims and Indians to recreate whatever we’ve been led to believe was the first Thanksgiving?), that’s all just a not-so-scary (hopefully) prelude to what’s coming. After the turkey feast (and oh, so
many cold turkey sandwiches) or whatever that day of family gatherings turned out to be, we start approaching the speed of light that catapults us right smack-dab into the middle of the Official Holler-Day, gift-buying (check off all your lists) season, folks.

But, wait.

STOP right there!

Look at Black Friday, Cyber Monday, and so much more of the “overload” placed on our senses (and wallets), coming at us fast and furious through our smartphones, on whatever kind of computing devices you have, all over TV, and everywhere else. They are all selling us on one oh, so simple, but wonderful concept ... “buy happiness.” When really, in most cases, we’re just pretty much in “check off the boxes on our lists” mode for buying gifts, getting things ready, and, gosh, just trying to survive.

From Halloween “ringing up” that $2+ billion in sales, by the time we reach the new year, Americans, alone, will have dumped between $10 and $20 billion on it all, you know to produce so many smiles and shocked looks, many genuine, while a “fair number” are polite, forced smiles, accompanied by not too enthusiastically uttered statements like, “Dear me.” “Just what I wanted.” Or, “Oh, this is nice.”

Therein lies the biggest dilemma of them all, because how do you top last year after all of the insanity and craziness (and money) you went through to make the Holler-Days a big smash? But don’t worry even the slightest bit. Those marketing weasels (the ones really pushing games and virtual reality) will keep coming up with “new stuff” to hawk.

Before you take another step into becoming mired in whatever it is that “sucks each of us in” ... just stop for a minute and think about what’s going on and what we’ve been conditioned to keep doing (much like Pavlov’s dog).

Take a look at the whole/hole Holler-Day season and what people (including YOU) are doing, frantically scurrying around to do whatever it is everyone does this time of year amidst so much insanity and madness (not to mention the Black Friday induced pushing and shoving ... mentally and physically) all brought on by the mass of companies hawking so much junqué (pronounced “JUNK”) so we can all “check off our lists” of the gifts and what-nots we need to buy for so many people (many of whom we don’t even like and so many others we feel obligated to “do something for”).

We get so caught up in it all, like a monster tsunami, sweeping us away in a swirling, agitating motion, consuming our every waking moment (even inducing some nightmares, while we’re sleeping AND awake). It goes far beyond the Black Friday lunatics and Cyber Monday maniacal buyers “scooping up” so much of the fabricated hype all designed to get us to spend more and more ... as much as possible, maxing out
credit cards and draining all the cash we have on hand! Oh, and I won’t even touch on
the subject of all the sycophants who stand in long lines (even overnight) to buy the
newest electronical toys (and, yes, I’m talking to those of you who just had to have the
newest iPhone or whatever that “clocked in” at over $1,000 per unit).

And, what’s the point of this all?

Oh, yea, right ... you “wrap it all up” (spending even more money on packaging,
paper, ribbons, and bows) and then place it under the tree or send it off into the void of
tens of millions of other packages ... as you wait to see what’s coming back your way.
It’s kind of like messages in bottles. You cast your “ewers” out into that ever expanding
ocean of sending things off. Then you wait to see what might float back your way.

Before we venture any further here (or for each of us to be consumed and
absorbed “out on the streets”), we need to look a little closer at a couple of examples of
“What are we really doing here?” And, that, most certainly, will take us right back to
there is no there “there.”

But, again, I ask, does any of this even matter? What difference does it even
make in taking us/you to wherever it is that we/you think is supposed to be “there?”
Or, do you even ever consider what “there” (singular or plural) you are seeking out?

So let’s look at one of the “hottest items” in all of this - the virtual reality
impedimenta (that definitely, deny it all you want, but it just might turn out to NOT be
too “good of a thing”). Once 3D TVs bombed, a lot of companies (who are only after
one thing ... YOUR MONEY) “took another route” to not only get even more of your
money (LOTS and LOTS of it) with just completely ridiculous “prices of admission,” but,
in the process of seducing and inducing you, beyond carpet bagging you, they make
you look completely stupid in the process because of all the make-your-face-sweat,
wrap-around “eye masks” you have to wear.

No one has really looked much into any possible “brain damaging” effects
involved from all of that. But your biggest clue here should be that the makers of those
virtual reality games and headsets already (probably to stay ahead of the “any potential
lawsuits” curve) have printed warning

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s

s
to learn more about what all is involved with virtual reality, along with the rapid pace that major players are developing software and gear for all of it.


But, hey, the stores (even the online ones) can hardly keep up with the demand. So, no doubt, there are huge numbers of potential buyers (including a mind-boggling number of adults … gaming? Really?) looking for what one can only assume is the “there” in all of this … and life.

Which brings directly to the intersection of “Wait! What?” and there is no there “there” … adding up to “Future Shock.”

In his 1970 book, “Future Shock,” Alvin Toffler wrote about the “certain psychological state of individuals and entire societies” because of technology rapidly advancing. This was almost 50 years ago when computer micro-chips were just “taking hold.”

Toffler believed that as things advanced faster and faster we were being transformed without really realizing it or considering any consequences. So much so that he even talked about the issue of overload and people being overwhelmed, with no one looking at what the ramifications were (are) of “buying in” to letting technology take over our lives.

Though Toffler didn’t quite say it this way, you can’t help but wonder after reading his book … Just because you can do something with technology, that doesn’t mean you have to do it? Exhibit A here would be self-driving cars! Who, in their right mind, would “sit there” reading a newspaper or be ensconced and totally consumed in whatever is being displayed on a brightly colored digital screen …

… WHILE THE CAR IS DRIVING ITSELF?

Wadda ya!? Nuts?!

Another logical question here is why are we doing so many of the things we are doing with technology? Is anyone looking at the potential “good or bad” impacts? Or, like a moth to the flame, is it just that we “gotta have it” no matter what? Yes, yet another unanswerable question, sorta, kinda, maybe … but I do know I have the answer (in the form of yet another question, of course) for that one.

What do YOU think?

Okay, so somehow, some way, we all manage to make it to the “quiet week” between Christmas and New Year’s Day. But, it’s all a mind-numbbbbbbling blur right
up to all of the New Year’s Eve “celebrations” … with yet more food AND drink, all of which “in excess” will add to already bulging waistlines. Oh, yea, and all of that costs major bucks, too.

So where is the “there” there in it all?
That takes us right back to where we started, don’t you think?
Is this all there is?
What just happened?
Does it even matter?
What difference does it make?
Can you get to there from here?
What happens after the newness wears off?

Of course, there still seems to be no answers, mainly because we’re all almost too mentally paralyzed (while maybe, just maybe, focusing more on shutting out so much of the “noise” that really bothered us the most … which we all started “working on” Thanksgiving Day). The beginning of January is much like Groundhog Day. You know it is coming, along with the boatload of bills that will be “popping eyeballs out of their sockets” (to maybe see if they can see your shadow) in a way that cuts a massive gash into your heart and soul … I spent this much on what?

You know what is going to happen in the New Year, like every New Year. But, once it has come and gone and turned out to be, indeed, much like you thought (or hoped) it would, life goes back to what it was with the “there” you expected to find just not being there or anywhere near what you wanted (or hoped) it to be, try as you will, though … that is, if you even attempt to contemplate such considerations and examinations.

And, what is it about New Years anyway? Most people want to go “celebrate the coming of a brand new year” … and be with lots of people. But, here’s the thing. Do people go to these parties because they are lonely and don’t want to be alone at the stroke of midnight on December 31st (when, like so many other points during the year, loneliness is like a constantly reappearing shadow)? Even if they do go parties on that “one night of the year,” are they really any less lonely … or, deep down inside, even lonelier?

The Beatles, in Elinor Rigby, have the greatest lines that express so perfectly the essence of loneliness because, let’s face it … YOU and me, we are, at many points “lonely,” no matter how many people are “being happy” and celebrating all around us (and, that’s really true at so many other points during the year, too).
Here are the key lyrics from Elinor Rigby:

- “Ah, look at all the lonely people.”
- “Where do they all come from?”
- “All the lonely people…”
- “Where do they all belong?”

Those lines pretty much “nail it,” don’t you think. There is much, much more said “between the lines” in that song that ties to so many other aspects of loneliness in our day-to-day lives. Go listen to Elinor Rigby a few times and you’ll see what I mean!

We actually live in a time of complex and usually unpleasant emotional responses to isolation ... or feeling isolated. It’s being described as an “age of loneliness.” More than one if five Americans suffer from persistent loneliness. That’s well over 60 million people! All this while we are more “connected” than ever before in the history of civilizations. More and more research is shedding light on the causes and consequences of chronic loneliness. And, it all has a lot to do with “future shock.”

Getting back to Elinor Rigby, "Where do they all belong?" ... including YOU and me, who definitely need to get to (or back to) the "there" there in anything and everything, treacherous and scary (not really) as the serpentine pathways (especially the ones we shouldn't even be on in the first place) may be that we all too carefully traverse ... when we should just move on through it all without any reservations or skepticism!

**SIDE NOTE:** *(for the Beatles fans)*: Elinor Rigby was one of the eight Grammy Awards the Beatles received, along with a Lifetime Achievement award in 2014. Two of those Grammy wins were for a song called “Free as a Bird” John Lennon recorded as a home demo in 1977. In 1995, Paul McCartney, Ringo Starr, and George Harrison “added in” their parts. The song won two Gammy Awards in 1997 (a quarter of a century after the Beatles broke up) for Best Music Video (short form) and for Best Pop Performance by a Duo or Group with Vocal.

So, what was I saying? Oh, yea ... anyway ...

There is yet another one of those “lost-type feelings,” too, that comes in the form of a question everyone gets about Christmas, AFTER Christmas (or even “later in the day” after all the presents have been opened) ...

“Did you get what you truly and, more than anything else, wanted?”

Therein lies yet another of the not so mysterious aspects of no “there” residing anywhere near (or inside of) there. Most gifts are bought at such a frenetic pace amidst so many “bargains to get you in the store” and “trumped up deals” that they likely don’t
“add up” to much beyond the foreign, not-so-well-made, it’ll break in no time, or probably just stop working at some point.

Is a gift really a gift?

Or, was/is it just something you “had to buy” for whatever reason(s)?

Just look at the person’s face when you present the gift. The expression, the words uttered (or not said), and body language will tell you EVERYTHING! With the main objective having been to “check off a box on the list” next to name after name, very seldom does whoever-whomever (YOU and me included) get what they want. Oh, yea, sure. There are “nice gifts” and “things you can use.” And, sure, the gamers will be happy with their new toys and games. But, therein lies hollowness (though they might not or hardly even know it) that isolates them more and more from the real world ... you know, where YOU and I live.

But, here’s the key question about the gifts you’ve received ... and it applies not only just to Christmas either, but to the whole rest of the year from birthdays and other gift giving occasions to vacations, going places (including concerts and events), and "doing things" ...

"What did you really want or expect?!"

Can you even count the number of times you feigned being happy (or overjoyed) at the gift(s) you’ve unwrapped over the course of your lifetime ... or in so many other situations as well? Can you even remember the gifts and who gave you what? Or, what you gave to who?

To quote the Beatles yet again (from Sgt. Pepper’s Lonely Heart Club Band (Reprise) ... “It’s getting very near the end.”

But, first, before we “move on” to wrap things up here in a neat and tidy big pink bow, I have a suggestion for you. You want people to know exactly what you are “a wishing and a hoping” for? It’s a complete no brainer ... and you’ll always get exactly what you want and need.

Just “load up” your public (not private) wish list at:

https://www.amazon.com/

Then simply point people in that direction. Me, I send ‘em a link to my wish list page at Amazon.com. Hey! I hate to get gifts I don’t know what to do with or, even worse, so much stuff ends up never being used (or played with), somewhere in the garage, the attic, a closet, in a drawer, lost somewhere in time and space, or “re-gifted” (thank you, Larry David, for one of many great ideas I got from watching Seinfeld AND Curb Your Enthusiasm).
So, comes the New Year ... **now what?**

Ah, was that yet another frickin’ question? Oh, my, that’s even a question about a question? Is that making your head hurt? Yikes! More questions, he said asking still more questions?! Holy crap! I gotta stop with all these questions so we can get on with things here, eh! Don’t you think? Sorry, but I just had to “throw in” one final sarcastic question!

The gyms and fitness centers will be packed for an all too short period of time (along with so many other resolutions that will all quickly dissolve, no doubt), but then, as enthusiasm and the “hard work involved” rapidly dwindle, just like so many bank accounts that have been pretty much drained ... there will be bulging bellies squeezed by belts that have to be not so “cinched up,” and the money you thought you might mysteriously still have either has abated much more so than you could ever have imagined ... or it just isn’t “there” (back to that word again!).

Most resolutions, we all know it even before we make them, will be broken, ignored, or forgotten ... all dissolving into pixie dust that results in far too many sneezes or gasps.

The haunting questions will never cease “doggin’ us” either ...

Did you really get the “there” out of whatever you expected from Christmas to be, along with all of the “orbiting satellites” in your life of what all should be “there,” too?

Will the new year come and go with people “being happy,” celebrating all around you at the stroke of midnight (even if you’re watching the horribly contrived and orchestrated New Year’s Eve shows on TV), while in the pit of your stomach, feelings are welling up about the no there “there” inside (and outside) of you?

And, as if all that weren’t enough, now 2018, like each new year (repeating itself?) in the gigantic numbers that they are, so much so that we have to look way, way up to see the glimmer, shimmering tippy-top of them, are constantly looking us right in the eye, knowing we know that it knows it will be here to stay ... until the digit of “8” flicks over to become a “9” in what seems like the blink of an eye.

But, this New Year is not going to be “business as usual” (or a continuation of all the normalcy). No sire, Bob! You better hold on tight to your socks, because you need to be ready for all is going to be “coming your way!”

**Expect the unexpected!**

You just gotta know (especially from past experiences) there is more than one 2x4 (as well as some “pretty cool, good stuff” mixed in for good measure ... to keep you
going) “coming down the pike,” waiting to surprise you, while blind-sidedly smacking you hard as can be (coming from just beyond your peripheral vision)!

The real “one-an-‘donly” question in all of this (and what else is to come your way ... or NOT!) is simply this, “Can you handle it?” The rest of no there “there” will take care of itself, like it always does!

You and I both know you can and will handle “all of it” ... whatsoever comes your way. But be extra careful with the “speed bumps” and any “shock & awe” that comes from out of nowhere (this is where the “relative factor” comes into play A LOT ... a frickin’ lot!!!!)

Ah, but pay attention even the slightest bit (you won’t have to exert that much extra mental energy) and you just might surprise yourself in that you’ll really start to see the real there “there” in so much of what could have just as easily slipped right on by you.

Oh, and it isn’t, by any means, too late for you to reach “there” ... TODAY (as in right now) start making sure “there” is really there. At least on your end of things. The magic in doing that is that it definitely rubs off on people. And, if enough people start seeing and putting the “there” in there, think of how much better things will be.

If you want to give someone a nudge to start putting the “there” in things, just send them a link to this Communiqué!

I’m telling you, point blank, you start working on the “there” there and it will change EVERYTHING in your life!

Really! Honestly! No kidding! I promise you will genuinely surprise yourself when you start making sure the “there” is there all around you.

Before I go (wherever it is anything or anyone goes “out ‘der” on the Inter-Web and you go back to what you were doing that you should be doing now anyway) ... this will take just another few moments, but you need to know about this, because it illustrates a perfect examples of how the “there” in there is, well, there.

I had a friend, Bernie Shepard, who, when I first met him, he was teaching two of my Journalism classes at the University of California in Fresno. Actually, we became such good friends that he was really more like a grandfather to our son, Ian, than my father actually was.

Anyway, Bernie was pretty well set financially and had many, many friends. So it was always hard to buy gifts for him ... this being the case where I wanted the “there” to really be there in whatever we got for him (birthdays included). He pretty much had everything he ever could have wanted and yet people still smothered him in lavish gifts (which he had no idea what to do with).
So, me, I’m always paying attention to people and, to be quite blunt, I’m always looking for what does this person really need ... you know, something on the order of the “there” being there.

I have two examples of the “there” there for gifts I gave to Bernie. The first was a Christmas gift. We bought him a set of flashlights that included a big one, a small one, and one for a keychain. I happened to be paying attention at all the points I heard Bernie always talking about never being able to find his flashlight (which he never could seem to find, especially when he needed it). And, I don’t remember seeing a flashlight anywhere in his house. I helped him move after he retired, so I’m sure I would have come across a flashlight. There wasn’t one.

Christmas came and we saw him the day after Christmas, when he had “gifts galore” piled all over the place. Our son, Ian, gave Bernie the package with the flashlights and when Bernie opened it, his eyes got big and he hugged and hugged us, saying with great delight, “This is the best gift ever!”

It turns out that it was the “best gift ever,” because it was something he really wanted (and truly needed). It wasn’t fancy or expensive.

It was WHAT HE WANTED AND NEEDED.

Then came his birthday. We had had Bernie and his wife, June, over to our house many times over the years. We always saw that Bernie loved to get down on the floor with our son, Ian, and play with the wooden train set I had made for Ian. For the first ten years of Ian’s life, every Christmas, I added a “car or two” to the train set. Well, Bernie just loved that train. Many times, he would hold on to one of the train cars (usually the big engine) while we talked and visited.

I thought about that a lot and then told Diana that I was going to make a miniature wooden train set for Bernie for his birthday. Diana, too, thought it was a great idea. The best part of this story is our son, Ian, even helped me cut the wood and build the little train set – five cars and an engine, much like the one Ian had, only it was smaller. It would be perfect for Bernie’s desk.

When Bernie opened the package on his birthday, he started to cry, saying, “I’ve always wanted one of these!” We’d never seen him happier or more gleeful.

Then he said, “This is the second best gift I’ve ever gotten in my life!” And, then he winked at me.

Ian asked, “What was the best gift?”

Bernie rushed to his desk, opened one of the drawers and quickly pulled out the flashlight! He held it up high for us to see, turning it on and flashing it all around the room. “This! This is the best gift ever!”
Then Bernie took out his keychain and there was the tiny flashlight we had bought for him. It had two modes. One option, you press it and it shines one of the brightest, most eyeball-piercing white lights I've ever seen. He said, "I use this little one just about every day. But, this big one, oh, that's just the greatest one of all!"

The second option on the little flashlight was to have it flashing. He told me that he had a flat tire one night and was able to flag someone down with that flashing "little" light (that shown so bright ... I wasn't trying to rhyme there ... it just sorta happened ... I think).

So, in case you weren't able to connect the dots about the "there" in there what I've been "going on and on" about with all of the words I've been throwing at you, NOW YOU KNOW. If not, email me and I’ll send you a diagram!

Or, you can just simply click the link below to see the diagram PRONTO ...

DIAGRAM - How to get to "there"

One noteworthy "piece of information" for you ... for anyone who still "ain't feeling it" about what all we've just "plowed through" here with all my words then, let's look at some of the lines from Van Morrison's "I'm Not Feeling It Anymore" and then we'll see if you need to look (and try) harder to find the real "there" in any possible kind of there ...

- "I started out in normal operation
  But I just ended up in doubt."
- "Too many cooks, are tryin' to spoil the broth
  I can't feel it in my throat, that's all she wrote."
- "If this is success, then something's awful wrong
  'Cause I bought the dream and I had to play along."
- "I was pretending all the time
  I was givin' everybody what they wanted
  And, I lost my peace of mind."
- "And all I ever wanted was simply just to be me
  All you ever need is the truth
  And the truth will set you free."
- "You have to look for happiness, within yourself
  And, don't go chasin' thinkin' that it is somewhere else."
  - "Not feeling it no more."

So ...
If one or more of those lines resonated and struck a chord with you (they certainly do for me) and/or all of my previous words made a "thing or two," deep within the inner recesses of your consciousness, "click, slipping a digit or two" into a new and comfortable feeling place, then you definitely need to stop, look, listen, think, and, most importantly, always pay attention ... that's what all will provide direct routes for you to get to (as well as find it so much more often) "there."

Oh, and I guess I have yet one more FINAL "thing" here ... something a very different, yet it is still a quite perfect example of finding the "there" in there ... and, it is absolutely like nothing you've ever seen before!

**2CELLOS** is a Croatian-Slovenian cellist duo. Luka Šulić and Stephan Hause were child prodigies trained in classical music with their cellos who met in their teens. But classic music just wasn't the "there" for them, so they "carved out" their own unique identity by blending their classical music skills with chamber music, rock, jazz, and just about everything else. They even say they "just play music" no matter what type it is. They became an Internet sensation with their cover of Michael Jackson's "Smooth Criminal," racking up over 20 million views on YouTube.com. They now tour the world, selling out concert halls and arenas with 30,000 to 40,000 people (and more). They became so popular, they initially toured with Elton John, before "breaking out" on their own, and even appeared on the TV show, Glee.

There are so many unique aspects to these two remarkable individuals, but the passion (and chaotic fury) with which they play, shredding bows, incredible body movements, and even spinning on the floor, while still playing (really, no kidding!). You just have to see them to believe it! From AC/DC's "Thunderstruck" (viewed almost 100 million times) to Led Zeppelin's "Whole Lot of Love" (mixed in with Beethoven's 5th Symphony) ... even Nirvana's "Smells Like Teen Spirit," they blend in the Classical touch, all with a driving, maniacal rhythm and pace ... absolutely amazing!

Here is where you can see just some what they do as well as find more info about them. And, many of their complete concerts are on YouTube, too:

- [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uT3SBzmDxGk](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uT3SBzmDxGk) "there"
- [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=x8yymm3DtVA](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=x8yymm3DtVA) "there"
- [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4qvEpa8SyVE](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4qvEpa8SyVE)

So now, you'd best be on your way to "there" ... NOT there.

<END OF TRANSMISSION>

... Inscribed for Diana ... celebrating life! Penned by America's Premier Unknown Writer!
Copyright NOTICE/RULES/PERMISSION: Batsh*t Crazy! Digital Dementia Dystopia is a series of copyrighted Communiqués that are broadcast in bursts, “hot off the press” as I write them (using my trusty word anvil). The key word in that last sentence is “copyrighted” which means I own ’em outright (everything you read here), every single word. Right now, here, this moment in time, you can read the Communiqués, following along in the "play of words." You can freely share any or all of these Communiqués with anyone and everyone else in whatever manner you choose (so long as you quote me as the source AND are NOT profiting from using my words). Everything you read will be real and true with me striving, among the collected combinations of words, to produce as many as possible of “that one true sentence” Hemmingway so eloquently and passionately talked about.

Options:

- **Table of Contents** (if you’re looking for a particular Communiqué)
- **Indexicon** (if you’re looking for a specific word or phrase)
- **Who is Bil.?** (if you want to know more about me, the writer)
Communiqué #32 – *Doorways and the Labyrinth* …

[Copyright © 2017 by Bil. Alvernaz … 26 XII 2017 … 3,799 / 77,194]

Dateline: It isn’t about “just finding your way” … not by a long (or short) shot! …

Do you think about most in coming years in everyday, ordinary kinds of ways as “it’s just going to be another ordinary one of those years?”

All of what you see here will come into play, so keep reading and for Gawd’s sake, pay attention … meaning envisage and imagine what this all lets you see!

That collection of letters above will make a whole lot more sense. It has to do with opening a door and the knob you just simply twist (maybe) … knowing left or right could easily lead to other consequences for which way you might go. It’s not a given to where that one door leads.

It’s all up to you and your very steady (not shaky) grasp. This all ties closely to YOU reaching this address of *Two Zero One Eight* on *Central Boulevard* at precisely the right time … in relation to the Earth, the Moon, and Sun (all having to do with YOU).

The numbers will be above the door, easy to see. The Labyrinths, one you’re leaving and one you’re about to enter, will each appear similar in so many ways, but they are quite different. As before, you will face twists and turns in the many “games of life” where rules vary.
There’s one other accoutrement required for you to venture forth here (well, for when we wrap things up and you move forward, onward, and upward) ... once you work your way through all of this. **BOOTS!** They’ll need to be heavy-duty, but quite comfy, too. We’ll come back to the details for what you need to do with these boots. Just know you’re going to need ‘em ... more so than you’ve ever needed anything else in your entire life ... EVER! As wild as that statement sounds, it is an understatement! You will soon see why.

So, here are the key factors of what will be happening and what you will need to do:

- You will come upon a special, unavoidable door. There is no way to “get around it” ... except to go right on through it, like you have done with many other doors.
- Make sure you find the address of **Two Zero One Eight** above the door first.
- You can grab hold of the knob to turn it (left or right, your choice). Or, perhaps, you might just want to give the door a slight nudge, poke, prod, or “something else” to get it open. Your initial choices as to a) how to get the door open; and 2) to “walk right on through” the doorway most likely won’t be your best option, but, hey, that’s what I’m “here” for you ... and why you need to plow your way through the rest of this **word excursion** BEFORE you open that door.
- It’s of the utmost importance that YOU open the door and walk through it.
- You can take a quick glance back at the Labyrinth of mazes and grids from whence you just came before you step through the doorway. Once you do pass through the doorway, you will have gone past the point of no return (not that you will have had any choice in the matter, because EVERYONE, one way or another, will be going through that same doorway). And, once through the door, it will automatically slam shut HARD behind you (like it always has done)!
- You then need to survey the Labyrinth before you, once you step through the doorway. After that, it’s just a “simple matter” of doing what you always do ...

Or, is it?

Actually, that’s why I’m really “here.” You now know the basics about the door and doorway at **Two Zero One Eight Central Boulevard**. Yes, it is quite similar to so many of the un-countable and many unaccounted for other doorways you have passed through. In this time and place, even though you don’t know it (but should), I’m going to impart to you some vital, pivotal, and extensively essential “inside information.” You probably didn’t even know you already knew it all. But, maybe, just maybe, a thing or two got lost in the shuffle (somewhere or nowhere) and you just didn’t see (or sense) what it was (and is) you are supposed to see and do getting through that doorway.
Oh, and don’t worry, if you can’t find the door ... IT WILL FIND YOU, no matter where you might happen to be. It’s preferable that YOU find the door first and pass through it ... YOU finding the door first will, most certainly, lead to unimaginably wonderful, enchanting (read that as “just what you always wanted”) kinds of things!

But finding the door and passing through the doorway isn’t as simple as it sounds. Not if you want to be sure you get the most out of the “experiences to come” by maximizing your (and the door’s) full (not fool) potential.

Again, that’s why I’m “here,” if you choose to let me enlighten you. Look at me as being somewhat of a pathfinder to point you in the right direction (mentally and physically), to, well, being quite blunt, provide you with the acumen and “wisdom of the ages” to allow yourself to knock your socks off with the greatest of achievements, successes, accomplishments, and, most importantly, Happiness!

So, let’s look first at the Earth, Moon, and Sun, because, like so many other things in life, there is more, much more, at stake here (with heavy emphasis on “risk,” which you need to “go for it all” a little more often) than “meets the eye.”

We all know (or should know) the Earth revolves around the Sun in 365.24 tropical days or once every 365.26 sidereal days. And, that the Moon orbits around the Earth every 28 days (13 times a year for all you superstitious folks!).

But, what you probably didn’t realize (though maybe you have, at times, had “sneaking suspicions” about it) is that from the standpoint of the Universe (which controls everything ... call it GAWD, if you will) the Earth is really YOU. And, since the essence of the Earth is YOU (or, you are the essence of the 'Ert), that means the Sun and Moon play important, highly critical, and very pivotal roles in your life ... more than just providing the straight forward “light of your life” during the day (even when it is cloudy), along with the Moon’s “lighted” magic, mystery (and, oft-times, odd kinds of the misery) when darkness falls hard upon the Earth (and you) when more “goes on” than anyone can possibly imagine under the cover of darkness.

Now what does all of this have to do with you finding that door and passing through the doorway? Or, the labyrinth? Or, so many of the mazes and grids you’ll yet again be working your way through?

Good question! And, well, gosh, that’s exactly why I’m going to put all of this into perspective for you.

The Moon and the Sun are the main elements of YOU making it on through to the door that is similar (but very different from) the same kind of door you went through 365.26 (or 365.24) days ago (while yet another door awaits you “down the road” in the same number of days/daze). It always seems like the door you will now pass through is, in many ways, much like so many other doorways you have passed...
through ... but it really isn’t ... though all of the doors are interlocked amidst a seemingly non-never ending (endless even) Labyrinth of so many more sparkling, shinning, shimmering, glimmering, twisting pathways “locked in” to an intricate and most often complicated series of interlocking mazes, grids, and convoluted, puzzling “networks” of so many nonsensical conditions and oh, so confusing circumstances.

This is especially true for so much of the “splattering” of all that you so often find yourself mired in “out there” on whatever it is that the Internet is (or isn’t). And, that includes your “ball & chain” (“I can’t live without it”) smartphone and all of the other “connected” thing-a-ma-jigs that so easily keep sucking you into the innumerable mazes, grids, and “frameworks” of whatever it is that whatever they are “out there” on the global “intra-web.”

We won’t even get into the California Department of Public Health’s recent warning about people needing to reduce their exposure to radio frequency energy from cell phones. That was just one of numerous warnings that you should keep your smartphone away from your body and out of your pocket as much as possible.

Does that sound crazy or, maybe, just maybe, is it enough to scare the crap out of you?

It should ... you can read much more about the dangers of radio frequency energy and what it is doing to your body (and brain) at the Federal Communications Commission web site, if you like ...

https://www.fcc.gov/general/radio-frequency-safety-0

Sorry for getting sidetracked there, but that is important information you need to know about, especially if, while “yacking away,” you hold your cell phone right next to your ear AND brain (instead of using a Bluetooth headset or the speaker option). You need to think twice (or thrice) and HARD about it if your smartphone has a permanent spot in one of your pockets or is “strapped on” around your waist with a hip-holster!

Let’s get back to YOU as being the Earth in yet again a circuitous route, carefully measured in three hundred, sixty-five, and approximately one quarter units, gyrating at times in wobbling ambulation, around the Sun ... with the Sun actually being your constant “point of reference” (in so many different ways, especially guiding and shepherding your conscience in the multitude of seemingly coincidental occurrences that somehow happen to happen to, for, and even against you). The Sun anchors you and all that you do, keeping you in motion, while “shedding light” on so much that you see (or should be seeing and not ignoring, which we all have a habit of doing). The Sun is the core of your very being, always there for you and keeping you on a constant, noble, commendable path (circular, though it may be).

So where does that put the Moon?
Well, the Moon represents (and IS) all that is in a constant state of flux, rotating around YOU, sometimes at such a dizzying pace, it would be easy to lose your footing which you would, were it not for the Sun "being there" for you, even in the "light of the moon." People, friends (and those who appear to be "friends" ... which they ARE NOT), points and places in time, situations, circumstances, assignments, tasks, jobs, fun to do things, and just about everything else "moving about" around you (including those individuals scheming behind your back, with or without knives) ... that's all of the diverse, chaotic entirety of Moon stuff constantly circling around you.

So there is the Sun, around which you revolve. And, there is the sum total of what comprises your Moon(s), "rocking and rolling all around you" ... all of which takes us right back to a familiar door, similar to so many of the ones we have closed (or left open, when we could just as easily have closed and locked them) behind us, in what seems like the blink of an eye.

The real mystery, before we proceed, is a simple fact: the Sun doesn't ever budge (like we so often do) as we go around it, whilst the Moon, vacillating from apogee to perigee, keeps circling around each of us. In all probability, if we are to push ourselves forward towards what "lies ahead" of us (mainly that door and the doorway), then we need to make careful and calculated determinations for each event and every incident in our lives ... all in real time, sometimes beyond the speed of light.

Assuming each of us, like the Earth, is part of a dynamically moving set of occurrences, then it is simply a matter of figuring out with great rapidity, just what or who is not benefiting us as we loop around such "entities" or they loop around us. Don't ever forget that we are part of the Moon(s) for many other people, too, in this world of connectivity and relatedness we all inhabit.

We also need to "make a call" as to who or what "entities" we choose to let orbit around (or behind) us. Anything or anyone "weighing us down," well, you should be able to figure out what to do (and then DO IT). And, as if all of that isn't enough of an arduous task, we need to keep in mind that "things are always changing," so we have to think on our feet and see what we can do to make any needed and all the necessary changes, adjustments, or, perhaps, life-changing "course corrections."

That's where the Labyrinth of interdependent mazes, grids, “networks,” and the never-ceasing constant of chaos all come into play ... making it essential to strive hard not to miss a step or two off rhythm, out of tempo (listening closely to our internal metronome), and the fluidity of the continuous flow of everything around us.

Now we come to the most intriguing and always discombobulating component associated with all that you have to do day and night, all the time! The mazes and grids through which you are constantly “working your way” ... or getting lost and/or sidetracked in, out, over, and under.
As you work your way through all the “twisting and turning paths” (and you will despite the numerous times you slip, trip, stumble, and even fall), never forget the importance and coextensive aspects of the Earth, the Moon, and the Sun ... that’s the only way to keep both your internal (moral) compass and instinctual sextant functioning fully at peak operational modes.

Finding the right doors at the exact, perfect moments in time is always quite relevant. BUT! Know this ... how you get from one door (or place or mindset or even ethos) to another and then another and then another ... and so on and so on ... it all has to do with “finding your way” that’s best for you (not what others “think is best for you”). That’s where the mazes and grids all come clearly into focus as ultimately combining to be the sum (or numb) total of your existence, who you are, what you want, and all that you will (or won’t) get out of life.

So, basically, here is what we have ...
Mazes and grids are everywhere, imbedded into every aspect of your daily (and nightly) existence. And, they aren’t just what you think you see all around you. Everything online (including all of those apps on your smartphone and computing devices, which are used to track quite literally everything you do, especially on social media), the streets you drive on, and the walkways you blissfully “venture about on” to and fro. Even the myriad of all the forms, sign in sheets, homework assignments, job projects, applications, and those seemingly innocent entries for contests (that you’ll never win, but still all of your personal data you entered will be used against you in one way or another) … they are all hard-wired into the grids and mazes we’re all “drowning in” without even knowing it.

You see, it is all one monstrosity of a Labyrinth neatly (and so cleverly, right under our noses) all tied together in a series of intricate, inter-connected mazes and very carefully linked grids EVERYWHERE you “venture forth” … or even when you don’t step outside your doorway … that’s because of the billions upon trillions of grids binding everything together in this overly-connected online world in which we so often choose (or don’t even think about it, because it is now so ingrained into our collective consciousness) to get lost, side-tracked, or otherwise engaged (or, to be more precise, “disengaged”) where, so often, it all comes down to passively “just killing time” (when we all have much better things to do).

We’ve all got our feet “firmly planted” on what we think is solid ground, but, in all actuality (which we seem to so easily lose sight of – ALL THE TIME), we’re all slowly sinking in something quite similar to quicksand … only it “feels so good” (most of the time) … all as we are in perpetual motion towards that doorway, this time it being numbered as Two Zero One Eight on the Central Boulevard … one way or another we each need to work our way there through all of the mazes and grids to get there!

Ah, but here is where we come to a little known secret (mostly because no one really ever thought much about it).

Those mazes and grids, we just keep trekking along in them. That includes all of what we are “penciling in” on papered and online “information gathering” systems.

With all these mazes and grids, there is much implied about the “rules” (i.e., what we need to do to get through them). So, you need to be inventive and creative … and, yes, take a risk or two, but here is how you want to look at getting through any kind of maze or grid (which even the little white mice haven’t yet quite figured out) …

There is the “tried and true” way of scurrying around until you find what you’re looking for (or the way out). Or, you can carve out a path directly and straight to exactly what you want.
The thing about mazes and grids is that so often we don’t even realize we are in them. It isn’t just the streets we drive on in grid like patterns, it’s even the very places we live. If you don’t think where you “roost” is a maze, just try walking around with your eyes closed, hands out in front of you so you don’t bump into any walls or objects.

And, mazes are all carefully embedded in all we do. Mazes and grids are everywhere and in everything. They are inside, outside, above and below you, and there isn’t any way to escape the mazes and grids. So you have to adapt to constantly “finding your way,” no matter how much the “playing field” keeps changing on you.

Know this. It is all about the doors. Not so much how they look (well, sometimes that is what matters somewhat), but opening them and getting through them … on to the next maze or grid. It’s much like what gamers experience when they are trying to make it to the “next level” … that’s why finding the right doors and figuring out how to get through them is so important. Though there are many fancy looking, ornate, and unique doors, many times your best option is to pick the most ordinary, traditional looking doors. Don’t worry. You’ll know which one to pick … you’ll somehow, some way just feel it … knowing that’s exactly what you need to do (despite what others say)!
There it is ... just up ahead ...

The unmistakable door at Two Zero One Eight on the Central Boulevard.

Before you do anything else ... STOP right there and look at the door.

You have options that will now determine what happens once you get through that door (and doorway). This is the tricky part, because what you do, which is mostly a “mental thing” (as in everything is “ninety percent half mental”) will make a distinct and extremely discernible difference in what happens for the next twelve “munts.”

This is where the boots we talked about earlier come into the picture.

Put those boots on, raise your right or left leg (whichever you prefer) into a Kung Fu, leg straight out, stance, steadily balancing (without the slightest of teetering or even quivering) and with the hardest kick you can muster, bust down that door before you at Two Zero One Eight on the Central Boulevard.

In that instant of great personal triumph (more so than you can ever imagine), you’ll clearly see “things to come” are going to be very different AND oh, so quite extraordinary for YOU.

Things are NOT going to be “the same old story” once you step through the doorway of Two Zero One Eight on the Central Boulevard of your life. Why?

Because in that collected combination of letters you first saw herein resides a cryptographic, coded message meant only for YOU that is set to be your mantra for this brand spanking New Year ... one that will make all the difference in the world. And, it changes everything because it all has to do with perspective, attitude, and, most importantly, “ALTITUDE” ... all of which relate to, lest not we forget, the NEW YOU in the New Year!

Here’s what it “spells out” for you (if the circled letters and words were too much of jumble for you) ...

Dynamic in every way!

Batsh*t Crazy! Digital Dementia Dystopia ... Copyright © 2017-18 by Bil. Alvernaz - 207
Let me say it again ... Things are NOT going to be “the same old story” when you step through the doorway of Two Zero One Eight on the Central Boulevard of your life.

By knocking down that door and boldly stepping through the doorway on your own terms, you will now have made the determination that this definitively is going to be your year, where you will make great things happen ... more so than you ever or never imagined possible.

It’s going to be a great year because YOU will make it so, as well as you making a positive difference each day of your life ... and in the lives of many others, too.

It really is that “simple” (so long as you don’t get tangled up in all of what can so easily get in your way). Despite all of the complexities you’ll face finding your way, just like so many other times in life, you will figure things out ... more so than ever before!

That’s why this is going to be the best year of your life!

There is one “wild card” for which you need to beware ... and that is ...

Expect the unexpected!

You just never know what kind of curveballs (all beyond your control) will be “thrown your way” ... especially when you consider the “relative factor” as well as those “other Moons” orbiting around you who are not related to you in some way or the other. That’s the main reason you need to always pay attention and never, ever let your guard down ... just in case. The Sun will always be there for you to “shed light” on anything you need help with in finding your way ... the Moon, too, but not so much (because too many things can be so easily hidden in the dark)!

<END OF TRANSMISSION>

... Inscribed for Diana ... celebrating life! Penned by America’s Premier Unknown Writer!

Copyright NOTICE/RULES/PERMISSION: Batsh*t Crazy! Digital Dementia Dystopia is a series of copyrighted Communiqués that are broadcast in bursts, “hot off the press” as I write them (using my trusty word anvil). The key word in that last sentence is “copyrighted” which means I own ‘em outright (everything you read here), every single word. Right now, here, this moment in time, you can read the Communiqués, following along in the “play of words.” You can freely share any or all of these Communiqués with anyone and everyone else in whatever manner you choose (so long as you quote me as the source AND are NOT profiting from using my words). Everything you read will be real and true with me striving, among the collected combinations of words, to produce as many as possible of “that one true sentence” Hemmingway so eloquently and passionately talked about.

--------------------------------------------------------------------------------

Options:

• Table of Contents (if you’re looking for a particular Communiqué)
• **Indexicon** (if you’re looking for a specific word or phrase)
• **Who is Bil.?** (if you want to know more about me, the writer)
Communiqé #33 – **How it all Started …**

Dateline: *In and around the gardens and conservatory greenhouse! …*

She and he wanted for nothing. It was obvious, they had it all.

Or, so it seemed …

Something was definitely missing, though they didn’t quite know what.

Their luxurious house rested amidst a lush expanse of land that had been created, with great thought and planning, in a series of botanical gardens and ponds that all blended together in an ideal, peaceful, thought-provoking tranquility. The inside of the house had several Frank Lloyd Wright touches of harmony with humanity, the environment, and all of the birds and animals around it. The house “had a feel to it” of a “design with purpose” as a conservatory greenhouse with crystal-prismmed skylights throughout.

All of the rooms had a wide variety of fans to provide gently moving air flow, combined with soft natural breezes from outside. The encompassing, botanical, multi-colored flora indoors, ranging from very large to tiny and small, were constantly misted by a very sophisticated and unseen orderliness.

The atmosphere, whether you were inside or out, was blissful and enchanting. It all made anyone there feel so good they could “open up” and talk about anything.

Then one day she walks into enormously spacious lanai room, just as he was coming in from outside holding something she couldn’t quite see. She wasn’t able to tell what it was by the way he was obviously concealing it from her.

Frowning, Eve, as she fluffed her long, sandy-colored hair back over her shoulders, fired off a double-barreled question, “Have you seen my iPhone ‘X’? And, what is it you have there in your left hand?”

Adam smiled slyly as he moved closer to Eve and said, “Have you looked in Viper’s bed? He likes to play with your shiny new ‘X.’ He thinks it is his toy and he even knows how to play music on it. He listens mostly to the Beatles, usually the songs on Apple Records. As for what I have here in my hand, you’re not going to be happy about it.”

Adam now held his hand with the object behind his back.
Eve turned and headed to where Viper, their Blue Merle Australian Shepherd, was toying with her “X” between his paws in his spacious bed. Actually, Eve just as easily could have followed sound of the Beatle Music (*Sgt. Pepper’s Lonely Hearts Club Band*) to find her “X.”

Adam followed behind Eve and then acrobatically moved his arm with a great, magician-like motion, swirling his left hand up for Eve to see the bright red apple he was holding. Before Eve could utter a sound, Adam then started polishing this reddest of red apples by rubbing it vigorously against his plush, gold sweater.

Eve’s eyes got big as she loudly, almost shouting, said, “That isn’t from Mr. Master’s yard next door, is it?”

“Why, yes. Yes, it is.” Adam replied, smiling more than ever now. It quickly became a wicked grin.

“You know he has explicitly told us not to take a single apple from that specific tree!” Eve’s voice then changed from menacing to “dog talk” as she carefully coaxed her “X” away from Viper, who reluctantly let Eve have it ... almost as if he knew she would turn off Sgt. Pepper, which she did. Viper instantly had the saddest look on his face, now having given up possession of what he thought was his new “toy.” Viper had a way of letting you know he was concerned, interested, displeased, or just plain “wanted to know what you were doing” and why he wasn’t involved. He would cock up his ears, look at you sideways, through his one steely blue eye ... all while wagging his multi-colored tail that was, indeed, a magnificent sight, especially when the late afternoon sun “lit it up.”

Adam, now just sort of smiling (it easily could have been seen as a smirk, a sneer, or even a leer) said, “Well, if one of Viper’s tennis balls somehow hit that so called special tree where it hangs over into our garden area; AND, if just one apple happened to fall perfectly right to where I had my hand positioned to catch it, then, well, I guess, anything is fair game, my dear. That tree hangs way, way over into our yard. It’s a huge tree. Besides, Mister Masters isn’t going to miss or even know a single apple is missing. So what’s the big deal?”

Eve squinted slightly, pouting her lips, as she said, “Well, he really emphasized to NOT take any apples from the tree. And, I honestly think he accounts for every apple on that tree. Anyway, here, look at this. I want you to see something. It’s really cool. You’re going to love it!”
Eve furiously “tapped away,” while gliding her fingers, on the shimmering surface of the “X.” Just as she said, “Here. Look.” Adam, as he leaned over to peer at the shimmering screen, took such a huge bite out of his now well-polished apple that juice, with bits of the apple, plopped down on to the surface of the “X” that all of a sudden shot out a tiny spark, went black, and just quit working.

Eve cocked one eyebrow, while still looking at the “X” and shaking it, said, “That can’t be good!”

Adam continued chomping away on his luscious, tempting, yummy apple ... all as Viper, peering even more so with his one blue eye rather than the brown one, kept looking back and forth between Adam and Eve with the most curious look on his face, and his tail was wagging in anticipation of, hopefully, getting that (his) “X” toy back or, perhaps, a tennis ball somehow was about to be thrown. What Eve and Adam were absolutely sure of, when it came to the “laws of nature,” was that, no matter what, it was always about the dog (from the dog’s perspective at the very least)!

At the same instant, Eve and Adam looked down at Viper in wonderment, Eve letting out a series of long sighs and Adam saying, “What just happened here?”

Eve, after letting out the longest of long sighs, said, “Now, we gotta go to that damned Apple store and you know what a pain in the ass that is. And, all of the people there, including the ones “helping you,” usually to spend even more money, they are all so elitist, self-absorbed, smug, and they act as if they’re entitled or special, like having an Apple product makes you so much better than everyone else. It’s all such bullshit with way over-priced products!”

“And, yet you have the iPhone, a Mac, and even Apple TV, as well as iTunes. And, come on, even though you’re always showing me how great your phone is, mine can do exactly the same things. They just frickin’ phones with lots of apps!” Adam was seriously serious as he said that, not knowing where he had left his android phone, wondering if it, too, might also be in Viper’s bed.

Eve, while still gawking at her now not-functioning “X,” said, “Whatever.”

Adam pointed out the window towards where Mr. Masters was on a ladder in his yard by the apple tree. It appeared he was counting the apples on his tree, including the ones where the branches hung over into their garden area.

“Huh.” That was all Adam said as he finished off his apple, eating the core and all ... even swallowing the stem last. Then he looked at Eve who seemed to be in shock, not just at that, but now with the prospects of her “X” no longer functioning. Eve just stood there glaring at Adam.
Moving his neck back ever so slightly, Adam said, “What? Now, look, there is no evidence I ever somehow got an apple from that tree! We’re home free! Masters will never know I got one of his apples ... I don't think anyway. So what, if he does find out?” Then he smiled ... or at least he felt like he was smiling. But, what Eve saw in the ambiguity of his face was doubt or maybe misgivings.

There is much speculation as to what ultimately happened after that day, but things were never the same again ... and, though neither Adam nor Eve never spoke about it, they both were sure, for vastly, distinctively, completely different reasons, what exactly caused everything to be not quite right ever again from that day on.

<END OF TRANSMISSION>
<BEGIN TRANSMISSION>

Communiqué #34 – So, what’s your story?

Dateline: I have a story to tell you …

Yes. I have been absent from this endeavor for a span of more than two full/fool moons.

But, that doesn’t mean I haven’t been scrawling and scratching a quill to parchment (for YOU and me) …

I have this amazing story to tell you. It started out to be a Communiqué for whatever it is we are doing here. Ah, but, then, as is often the case with how it all somehow works with “words at play,” the written words upon the page became vividly lifelike, leapt up, breaking free of the bounds of letters placed in a certain order, and took on their own life form. I quickly grasped that I was no longer “just writing something” … in fact, what had been created, with me being the instrument of putting together the words, was, indeed, writing itself!

I have no idea where this story came from. Well, actually, I do know with great specificity. The story was delivered directly to me from the Universe and then the story just “took off” on its own from there. I’ve learned to let the words compound and shape themselves into whatever it is that happens to evolve (pretty much on its own), thus, from there, the words then guide me, while letting me “go along for the ride.”

Over the expanse of time (whatever that is since last we met “here,” I have come upon this story, a very good story, to tell you. Only I won’t be doing that here. What we’re doing here is completely different in that each Communiqué, while tied to the theme of Batshit Crazy, stands on its own. The compelling aspect of this story is how all the installments will tie together to “tell the story.” Thus, there still will be installments (actually, they are called “Glimpses”) like Communiqués here. And, don’t worry, I’ll “keep writing away” here, doing these Communiqués, too. You didn’t think I’d leave you in suspended animation, did you? There is yet more to come, many more Communiqués are already in the “drafting stages.” Both “sets of writing” will be a dueling parallel kind of happenstance for me … and you, sorta, kinda, maybe.

So, here is what’s going on with my story that is an entity (web presence) standing completely (and proudly) on its own …

Everyone has stories we’re constantly trying to figure out (including our own) … along with all the secrets, superstitions, idiosyncrasies, insecurities, weird things, and many seemingly logical (though most aren’t) assertions, as well as the multifaceted “biggest one” of all, debilitating and crippling … fears (real or imagined).
That’s what this story is all about. And, writing is what I do ... it’s who I am. Thus, I let the word play "carry me" (and, you, if you're so inclined) away to wherever it is the stories are going. That's really, truly the most exciting and fun part about being a writer ... the creativity drain does wear on me (as well as the word play still gurgling and formulating in my brain), but there isn't anything else I’d rather be doing!

This link will take you directly to the space and place where you can find out all about, as well as start reading, it ...

So, what’s your Story? ™

You can also sign up for notifications there, so you’ll know whenever there is a new, just-published Glimpse for So, what’s your story? ™

There will be many, many more, Communiqués, too ... stay tuned/tooned ...

And, anyway, just what is YOUR story? I kinda already know the answer to that in a surreal kind of way, because this story I’m about to tell, well, it just happens to be all about ... YEW!

<END OF TRANSMISSION>

... Inscribed for Diana ... celebrating life! Penned by America’s Premier Unknown Writer!

Copyright NOTICE/RULES/PERMISSION: Batsh*t Crazy! Digital Dementia Dystopia is a series of copyrighted Communiqués that are broadcast in bursts, “hot off the press” as I write them (using my trusty word anvil). The key word in that last sentence is “copyrighted” which means I own ‘em outright (everything you read here), every single word. Right now, here, this moment in time, you can read the Communiqués, following along in the “play of words.” You can freely share any or all of these Communiqués with anyone and everyone else in whatever manner you choose (so long as you quote me as the source AND are NOT profiting from using my words). Everything you read will be real and true with me striving, among the collected combinations of words, to produce as many as possible of “that one true sentence” Hemmingway so eloquently and passionately talked about.

Options:

• Table of Contents (if you’re looking for a particular Communiqué)
• Indexicon (if you’re looking for a specific word or phrase)
• Who is Bil.? (if you want to know more about me, the writer)
I was startled awake, with a jerk and a jolt from the deepest slumber, back to consciousness that was at first startled moments of wondering where I was. This happened at precisely at the stroke of 1 a.m. on our grandfather clock I had built when our son was a “little kid.” That wonderful, enchanting clock, over the decades, has kept a cadence in our lives, like a heartbeat, along with its echoing, endearing chimes that provide a subtle, integral rhythm of our days and nights in quarter hour increments.

All these years (and decades) later, that majestic clock still has the American flag, a yarn figure (at the tip top), and two hand puppets our son put there (as I held him up), while he said, in the innocence of a child, “that tops the clock, dad.” Whenever I think about it now, that point in time seems like it was just the wink of an eye a moment or two ago.

I had fallen asleep at my ergonomic keyboard after yet another marathon “creativity session” of writing. Then I sat up, wiped drool from my mouth, shaking my head a bit, and yawned, stretching, as I rubbed my eyes.

The last thing I recall, before dozing off, was I pondered anything is possible. I was thinking about that, because I know for me, it took me the longest time to grasp (and truly believe in) that concept of not just anything being possible, but that YOU, the individual person, can actually “bring to fruition” anything at all if you put your mind to it. It wasn’t until I finally realized I just needed to shut up and pay attention that I could, indeed, do (and, so often, did) make the impossible actually possible ... and, thinking more about it, I further realized it really isn’t that hard to do either ... once you believe in yourself.

I thought about that for a bit, with my elbow resting on my desk, my thumb under my chin and my index finger across my lips. For some reason I seem to think better when I do that. I know it sounds odd, but, hey, anything is possible!

As I sat there thinking, it just “hit me” that the last day of March had now, well, just about an hour ago, dissolved into the first day of April (howsoever that happens from one month to the next). I happened to look at the calendar to see that this was somewhat of a double day in that it just so happened to be April Fool’s Day and Easter Sunday! On the very same day! With the Internet at my disposal, as we all so often do, I followed that thought to find out that the last time Easter Sunday had fallen
on April 1st was in 1956. It also happened in 1714, 1725, 1736, 1804, 1866, 1877, 1888, 1923, 1934 and again in 1945. I have no idea how I get so sidetracked with such things, but it did seem interesting. And, the Internet “has it all” … anything you want to know or find out about. Anything! Think about that. Anything at all!!!

Then it occurred to me that this thing called the Internet (whatever it truly is and howsoever it came about … and, even more mindboggling, how could it possibly even work with so many billions of devices attached to it … or, maybe the answer lies in those billions of devices that inadvertently “make it all happen” … Hmmmm). Anyway, my point here is that the Internet, quite literally, has catalogued the entire world and history of civilization, along with so much superfluous junk, countless scary things, and an inordinate number of “time-wasters” … those being the voids you get sucked into, especially the two “worst of them all” being social media and gaming. But, still, the Internet, without a doubt, is an incredibly amazing resource and information source.

With all of that in mind, this then just seemed to spontaneously happen next …

I don’t know why … well, maybe I do … probably not, but as I sat there thinking about Easter Sunday and this amazing gizmo-gadget-catch-all-thing called the Internet (whatever it really and truly is), I typed out the following words for an Internet search, purposely using all-caps in italics to emphasize my point while not in the slightest bit of reason ever expecting anything to come of it, “ARE YOU THERE, GOD?”

Now, I’ll be the first one to admit I was benumbed from days/daze of “quill to parchment” (which is, still to this day, the best way I have to describe the act of – and my passion for – writing).

What happened next, gosh, I first thought I might still be dreaming. Next, I thought, perhaps, it was an April Fool’s joke. Or, maybe, just maybe, I had “caught things” just right in all the cogs, gears, wheels, pinions, ratchets, and interconnected something-somethings of all the intersecting grids within the Universality of whatever it is that is whatever it is that has to do with Easter and the whole “having risen” aspects of Pascha (also known as Resurrection Sunday).

Yes, I had doubts about what did actually happen next (or seemed like it really did happen) … I do believe this all actually did take place … for whatever reason and howsoever it came about to, well, be what it would be.

I heard myself talking to no one in particular, saying, “Maybe? Maybe! Maybe?” Lots of postulations populated my consciousness if, indeed, I truly was awake … which I’m sure I think that I think I was. So, this I know for sure did seem to occur … real as real could possibly be.

Consequently, as hard as it might not or otherwise be to believe, here is what happened to happen …
As soon as I typed in that “God query” and pressed ENTER, my dual monitors went completely blank as the room darkened for just the slightest momentary lapse of illumination (mentally and physically). Then, from behind me, the brightest light I had ever experienced almost blinded me ... and, I was still facing the opposite direction away from where the intense and obviously profound luminescence emanated.

I paused, thinking I don’t know what, as those initial moments of this experience now have become all but a blinding blur ... especially (and probably) because of what then ensued.

As I turned to face this seemingly bright as the sun, blinding light, with both hands, palms out, shielding my eyes, I obviously squinted to the point where my eyes were almost shut. The golden light was so intense, I felt that it was going to consume me, or, at the very least, melt my skin (and probably me). Only when I squinted less, I realized what I was seeing wasn’t really blinding me at all. In fact, once I lowered my hands, I could see what I saw more perfectly, though somewhat obliquely, more clearly than anything else I’ve ever “laid eyes upon” before, so to speak.

And, then the voice. Or, at least I think it was a voice, but it easily could have been understandable sounds somehow directly transmitted into my brain with telepathic thought streams. I honestly can’t say which was what or what was which.

The words were perfectly and succinctly, crystal clearly enunciated ... while being enchantingly soothing, too.

The voice, in a tone and sound I had never experienced, said,

“What is it you would like to know?”

There, before my eyes, was an illuminated, glowing, very colorful in an electric and eclectic kind of way, shadow of a constantly morphing and distorted, color-changing shape or configuration of something I have no way to describe. It was there and visible, reverberating with each sound I heard (however they came into my mind). This was like nothing else, except for maybe, sorta, kinda fractals, I had ever seen or could even have imagined, in my entire life. I’m a writer and there is no way I could even attempt to conjure up the right words (or anything else) to describe or depict it all.

Okay, so at this point, whether I believed this was actually happening, or that I was dreaming, or that it could possibly be some sort of an elaborate prank, or I don’t know what ... my mind shifted gears back to “anything is possible.” So, if, indeed, I now had a chance to talk to God, what was I going to say or ask? I mean, here is “little ‘ole
me” and now I have the opportunity, for whatever reason(s), on behalf of, and representing all of humanity (and that includes YOU), to perhaps talk and ask about so much that everyone wants to know. And, of course, I’m already thinking ahead in that no one would ever believe I had somehow, some way “talked to the main, divine entity” in all of this. I immediately realized I was already thinking in terms of and in relation to one of my long-held, basic thoughts about the simple fact that there is no way to know if God is male, female, or not anything at all that relates to gender … and, most likely, something our pea-brains couldn’t even begin to grasp. I was pretty proud of myself for already being “in the zone” and up to the task, if this was, indeed, actually happening, for talking with whomever or whatever it is that’s in charge of EVERYTHING in the entire Universe.

That said, I figured “Screw it!” I’m going for this … all in! I didn’t have anything to lose. And, hey, if this was for real, wow! Journalism Degree, trained and practiced at it that I am, well, this would be one hell of a story, article, feature, in-depth series, book, movie, or, if all else failed, a TV show … maybe all of that, as well as special appearances and speaking engagements. The possibilities for “milking” this were endless. But, I realized I needed to focus, focus, focus, and then focus some more.

But, first, I needed to do whatever it was that I was going to do …

Ah, but where to start?

Actually, I didn’t hesitate at all and jumped right in with something I had no doubt a multitude of people (and that includes YOU) would agree with me as to what should be the starting point in all of this …

I blinked a few times and then carefully and distinctly uttered these words, still looking directly at the constantly morphing colors and shadows that seemed to be taking on a shape I could almost comprehend. I simply stated, “So, which is it? God? Creator? Allah? The Almighty? Jehovah? Numen? Father? Buddha? Yahweh? Supreme Being? The Universe? Perhaps, maybe even Daemon? There are so many references to and wildly varying beliefs in you. What’s what? Who’s who? So, what I want to know to start with is simple. Just who are you?”

Instantaneously came the reply,

“*Whichever name or description you want to use is fine. I don’t care.*”

Leaning back in my comfy, high-back chair, rocking just slightly a couple of times, not really feeling cocky, but just a little bit brash, I fired back with, “Wait! What? Who are you? Really! And, how did all the ‘points of reference’ to you come about?”

Again, no hesitation …
"I just am. Always have been. Always will be. That’s it. It was all of you who came up with the extensive variety of names and monikers, all tied to beliefs and dogmas that require gold-plated, jewel encrusted buildings, elaborate gardens and landscapes with neatly trimmed hedges and lawns, fountains, statues, an incredible, questionable variety of costumes, ceremonies, and services, some that somehow made sense but most that did not. No one, until YOU, ever sat with me directly and asked ME, point blank, anything about what to call me. You may call me whatever you feel most comfortable with, because it really doesn’t matter. So, pick a name, any name, and use it! I really don’t care what you call me.”

At this point, I was thinking, okay, while trying not to be too overconfident, I’ve “got this covered, baby” in what seemed to be the beginning of a “match wits,” verbal jousting match. So, I said, “Alrighty then, JACK! There are all of us, now living and those who have come and gone. Right? And, now, for some reason, you’re speaking with me? You’re saying you haven’t provided input, directly or otherwise, into who you are, what we should do in relation to or because of you, how it all works, what we should or shouldn’t do to reach out and get in touch with you … i.e., prayers, chanting, and everything else, and, well, who’s who and what’s what with anyone other than me? I know I’m babbling and probably not making any sense, but, really, you haven’t ever talked directly to anyone other than me EVER?”

“Precisely!”

That response came instantly without the slightest hesitation in somewhat of a sterner tone. In fact, the response came smashing on top of my last few words as I finished asking what I certainly know seemed to be a convoluted statement combined with a basic question. But, hey, if YOU were in my chair, how “normal” and sane would you be and/or sound in such a situation? Hold (or let go of) that thought and let me continue here …

Leaning forward, elbows on my knees, with my hands clasped (don’t ask my why I assumed somewhat of pious position, especially considering who I was talking to), I exasperatingly said, making sure I varied the gender in the names and references I was using, “Now wait a minute, Madame. You’re saying, if I’m hearing this right, that you haven’t ever spoken to anyone, not a single person or persons other than me? Not even Moses and the whole arc thing? Not anything about getting the ten commandments? Or, the whole deal with Christ at the last supper? No one else but me?!?!?!”

In what was now an incredibly color-shifting, shadowy shape, I could make out the shape of a head nodding up and down to signify,

“YES!”
I quickly blurted out, “What about the Bible and all of the other holy books? And, all of the different religions? What’s up with all of that stuff?”

Then came a long pause. Was this but a dream about to end? Had I pissed off the entity of all entities? Was I about to be smited or turned into a pillar of salt? I have to admit here, that such thoughts I am certain came from the long-term effects of brainwashing from certain Catholic, disciplinary nuns in my early childhood who were now coming back like demons to haunt my very thoughts!

So, I figured, okay, we’re going to play somewhat of a waiting game here. Were we going to wait for what seemed like an eternity or what? Hey, I can play this or any other game, no matter to whom I am speaking. I asked what I had asked and now it was time for a response. That’s not unreasonable, is it? And, well, I wasn’t the one who started all of this … gosh, actually, I guess I did start it all to begin with. Damn that Internet! But, we were now engaged in this semi philosophical, religious, theological, AND, I’m sure of this, theoretical and hypothetical exchange. So, I just sat there patiently waiting for a response. I was getting antsy, but the next move was NOT mine!

Then suddenly out of the uncanny and uncomfortable silence that startled me came,

“They’re all books and stories, mostly written by men. If I had been involved, a lot more women, along with a much greater diversity in peoples, would have ‘lent a hand’ in crafting all of what has become dogma, doctrines, gospels, teachings, and credendum, all tied to elaborate variations on a theme of an entity that requires all devotees to constantly ‘provide funding.’ But, in all reality there is no need for any such practices, rituals, customs, protocols, and procedures. And, certainly no requirement for so many continuously flowing ‘revenue streams.’ All of that is and was made, created, and sustained by man to this very day, just like all of the cathedrals, houses, and locations dedicated to the scope and depth of what you commonly refer to as creeds, spirituality, theology, and doctrines, all neatly wrapped up and draped in religions, faith, beliefs, and even cults.”

Back to me having been raised as a Catholic, baptized, begrudgingly enduring First Communion, and Confirmation, none of which I even believed in at the time (and I only did it all so my mother wouldn’t kill me!), I said, “I don’t get it. There is so much dedicated to you and worshiping of you. What’s it all for then?”

Again, with no hesitation, then came these words,

“You’re not asking the right question, because none of that has anything to do with me. I don’t think any of that is for me. It’s really all an elaborate set of illusions, tied to blind faith, based on perceived power and
control over others, created through the ages in civilizations and societies, NOT me. What is it that you personally now honestly and truly believe about me?”

Ah, finally, after all these years of “spouting off” what I honestly believed about God and religion, I would get to say this right to the very face (or whatever I was seeing or thinking I was seeing), “Okay, so from the time I was a little kid, I kept hearing that God is everywhere. I repeatedly asked if God is everywhere why do we need to go to this building or place every Sunday to see or be or talk with God? But, I constantly got ‘slapped down’ for talking that way. But, I just kept asking that question and more. I still do somewhat. And, really, why just Sundays? I have always told people, and I really mean this, I talk to God all the time, wherever I am, any time I want to, because God is everywhere and, in all things, everything. And, I also strongly put forth the proposition that I believe God listens, too.”

It’s at this point I truly started to feel I was still dreaming, because the response wasn’t what I could ever have expected …

“You’re exactly right! And, that’s precisely why I decided to have this very discussion of intellectualism with you.”

And, then this came out of my mouth, with no pre-thought process at all (which I’m quite prone to doing), “Huh! Well, why me? Out of all the people currently on this planet as well as all of those who have come before me or us, what’s so special about me that you wanted to talk to me?”

I was sure I could make out a pair of the most amazing and beautiful eyes gazing upon me in a loving, caring way, as I heard this,

“Remember, YOU sought me out! Here is the reality in all of this. Everyone is special, each in their own unique ways and very special movements. You just happened to stumble upon the right combination of tumblers falling into place to unlock what should always have been so obvious for everyone else to see. It is only in the simplicity of complexities that you truly find what you are looking for.”

I held up my hand like a traffic cop, interrupting, before any further words were uttered, because I demanded an answer or answers by saying, “Hey! Wait a minute! I’m not religious in the slightest bit, though I do lean towards the whole ZEN thing and Karma. Definitely Karma, but then, that’s the basic golden rule of living a balanced life and being kind to others and yourself, which you’ll find in most religious doctrines. But. But. I mean. No. Wait. You’re saying I somehow did the right something-something to get in touch with you? And, that no one else in all of humanity and history had ever figured that out?”
Then came this,

“I’ll admit I’ve been intrigued many times and have come close to doing what we are doing right now. I’ve considered actually doing this, but it just never felt right. That is, until now, with you. So, while you don’t give yourself enough credit for being so very amazingly special, which you most definitely are, and that who you are has made so many positive differences in the lives of others, and all of the very many good things you have done, this was something where EVERYTHING just clicked in a complexity of all the right ways for it to happen. Well, that and the presence and importance of the Internet.”

Okay, as uplifting as all of that was, just as all of that about me was sinking in, I was mentally “stopped in my tracks” at the mention of the Internet. I had all these other questions and things I wanted to know (things I know YOU would want to know, too), but the Internet was somehow a factor here? Frowning, I heard myself quietly, in a mumbling sort of way, ask, “The Internet? Some way or another, the Internet comes into play here? I only have three letters to say in response to that, because, out of respect for you, I don’t want to say the actual words. W. T. F?”

Again, a long pause, a very, very long pause. So, I waited, tapping my foot ever so slightly so as to not be annoying. And, then I waited some more, with no foot tapping. I didn’t move or make a sound as I kept looking at whatever it was that I was looking at. I wasn’t going to budge or speak until I got a response.

And, then …

“Why do you think I provided the inspiration and various aspects and technology for the Internet to be created?”

I just shrugged my shoulders up and down, still not saying a word, because I somehow knew that was just an opening statement of sorts. And, really, I didn’t need to even think about “chiming in” at that point, because before I barely had time to process the question, think what I was thinking, and/or even attempt to figure out how to answer such a question, then there was this …

“The Internet was no accident, like so many other things where I enhanced certain individual’s brain power to “come up with things.” I initially envisioned the Internet, originally known as Arpanet, the Advanced Research Projects Administration, as a way to keep track of and manage the United States Department of Defense, to keep them from doing stupid things, which they still managed to do anyway. So, I morphed that ‘communications and connecting tool’ into a way of cataloguing the entire world and antiquities in and of everything else. Thus, it became the Internet, which is, for all intents
and purposes … a virtual extension of ME! That’s really how, and the way, you connected with me at this point in time.”

I sat there dumbfounded. Not in disbelief. It seemed to me that my reaction was the complete opposite in that true belief flooded my senses for some reason. But, then, shaking my head back and forth a few times, I said, “Now wait a minute. Yea, the Internet is great in a lot of ways, but so much of it, from porn to truly evil aspects of it, is, well, at the very least or more, questionable. But … Say what? I. I. You. Wait. What? The Internet is an extension of you?”

“Yes, it is. And, you’re right. There are bad, very bad, aspects to the Internet, but, then, isn’t that so much like everything else in life?”

Okay, so now I was, quite literally, pissed off, though I did my best not to show it! Yea, this thing called the Internet was and is a whole lot of things, but now the word ‘bad’ had entered the conversation thread and that’s where I had to ask one of the key questions everyone (and I’m sure that includes YOU) has always wanted to know. So, I simply and very calmly said, “Let’s set aside whatever the Internet is, or does, or allows you to do, or has become … or even could or will be. Why … do … you … let … bad … things … happen? Especially all of the horrible things and killings done in the name of religion or creeds?”

I would swear I heard mumbling and grumbling and then came these words …

“I don’t let bad things happen. All of YOU do!”

It isn’t that I wasn’t quite ready for that answer, but I responded without hesitation and probably did let my anger seep into the words, “That’s bullshit, man! You’re the one in charge. You could stop or start anything you want. So why does so much evil exist and come about. Hitler? Genocide? Wars? People killing people? Women always getting the short end of the stick? Cruelty to animals? Especially now in so many places all around the world this is all happening and keeps happening! I don’t get it! I don’t think anyone does. Why? Why? Why? Why do you let bad things happen and, so often, to innocent people?”

“As I said, I don’t let bad things happen. YOU DO! The entirety of humanity, including good intentioned, well-meaning, various, assorted, twisted, and demented ‘moving parts’ are what allow bad things to happen while diplomacy and even any aspects of religion and spirituality aren’t a shield to protect people. It all is a charade, pretense, and farce that allows people to look the other way, instead of actually doing something to stop bad things from happening.”

I shook my head left, then right to signify how much I disagreed with that. I was getting madder and madder, too. No, make that incensed and exasperated!
Then, in some way that I didn’t feel I had any control over it (or me), I instantly became calm, which I’m sure was being imposed and infused into my very being by you know who. Then came this...

“I don’t know if you ever saw the movie, ‘Oh, God’ that came out in 1977. But, I was behind all of that, making sure all of the ‘moving parts’ came together for it to happen. I provided the inspiration, necessary interest and enthusiasm for that movie to be scripted, financed, made, and distributed, so it would be available to everyone. The key point in that movie is that I, being whatever people believe me to be, did, in fact, give life to each of you, along with all that you have around you and for you. It’s up to all of you to take care of each other, to love and help each other, to care for the planet and all of the creatures. And, of course, there is…”

I couldn’t help but interrupt with, “Wait! Just wait a minute here! Stop right there! You’re telling me it’s all our fault? We’re talking about evilness here. Plain and simple. Pure evil. Wickedness. Malevolence. Malice. Nastiness. Things that should never have been allowed to happen. So why did you and do you let any of that happen?”

Without hesitation came this...

“There is evil deep in the hearts of everyone. But, that takes us right back to the Internet.”

I let out a big puff of air, in frustration. Then I said, “The Internet? And, what the hell could the Internet possibly have to do with evil and bad things, other than being an easily accessible platform for them? The Internet is often the source and ‘breeding ground’ for so much that is wrong and bad in our lives!”

Instantly, came these words, LOUDLY...

“One of the purposes that I foresaw for the Internet, even though so much of it has been misappropriated, was that it could and did turn out to be a distraction when it comes to evilness and bad things. Without so much gaming and all the ‘look at me’ craziness of social media ‘keeping people busy’ and distracted doing basically nothing with their lives, there would be so much more in the way of bad things happening. You cannot expect me to be the traffic cop for all that each of you, collectively or otherwise, lets happen.”

“NO! NO! NO!” was all I could come up with.

Then these words, in a much softer tone...

“Stop trying to make me out to be something you’ve been conditioned into believing. What I am and what I do in all of the entirety of the Universe
that I created isn’t anything you could possibly ever understand or even come close to grasping. But, I chose this moment, this place in time and your mind, to tell you one thing that you can choose to trust and believe in. And, again, we come back to it always being the simplest of unpretentious fundamentals and essentials that you need to look for in the foundation of your life and that of others, so you can help each other, instead of so often ‘tearing things and people apart’ on a regular basis.”

Now that was a lot to process, while still thinking about getting a fundamental answer relating to whatever it was that was supposed to be so simple. So, though I struggled to find the right words, I wanted to focus on what was so simple by asking, “And, what would that be that I am, or we are supposed to do?”

“First, you need to know that everything is going to be okay. And, the reason things so often tend to work out, is because YOU and others, do what needs to be done to make good things happen. Not always exactly what you wanted or thought they should be, but the world is a dynamic place where you need to be smart, flexible, adaptive, and, most importantly, stop making things so complicated. I see that you want to interrupt me again, but just let me say that …”

What happened next truly made me believe I had to be dreaming, but I’ve never been aware of the fact that I was dreaming while I was dreaming. I have read people can do that, but this was all too real. So, buckle your mental seatbelt a little tighter because this “wild ride” is about to get a whole lot crazier … but still believable because all of this really did happen.

SO, THIS IS WHAT HONESTLY AND TRULY HAPPENED!

The shapes and colorful shadows I had been looking at and into all this time, now suddenly transformed into a Baskin-Robbins 31 Flavors ice cream clerk, who said,

“Okay, I’ve altered what you’re seeing so I can show you something. And, since I know you’re a Jamoca Almond Fudge person, I felt this was the best way to reveal the most important piece of information you need to know.”

Then I was handed a double scoop of, you guessed it, Jamoca Almost Fudge in a waffle cone, which is exactly what I have been ordering since I was in high school every single time I have ever popped in to 31 Flavors.

And, of course, I immediately started enjoying that cone, which, by the way, seemed to taste better than any ice cream cone I had ever had. It was already starting to drip a little, so I had to lick the sides of the waffle cone as I bit icy, delightful chunks out of the scoops. I do have to admit at this point that I became positive that the entire
purpose of this “exercise,” with the ice cream and all, was so I would definitely be sure this was all actually happening. Although I’m not sure why I thought that or was being made to think that. But, that Jamoca Almond Fudge tasted soooooo good!

I know all of this sounds totally bonkers, bizarre, and unreal, but, hey, now I was just “going along for the ride,” folks! And, enjoying my favorite ice cream!

As I’m devouring the ice cream, including munching on the waffle cone as I “worked my way down,” tearing the tightly wrapped, that never seems to want to come off, as it tapers to the bottom of the cone (so this had to be real, right) ... the ice cream clerk held up an iPhone, saying ...

“I want to show you something.”

My mouth dropped open as a bit of Jamoca Almond Fudge, complete with a little piece of almond, slipped down my chin. I think I managed to get most of it before any of it dripped down to my shirt or pants. All this as I heard myself exclaim, “An iPhone? Really?”

Then the clerk said,

“Oh, right. You’re a Samsung Galaxy Note guy. And, a PC person as opposed to a Mac person.”

Again, my mouth dropped open, but then, of course, everything there was to know about me was, most certainly, known. More Jamoca Almost Fudge to scrape off my chin. And, it obviously figured that everything to know about me would be known by this entity who was now a pubescent ice cream clerk holding an over-priced iPhone X that was lime green in color.

As I licked ice cream and some fragments of almond off my fingers while still “working” the cone, the iPhone morphed into a Samsung Galaxy Note ... a futuristic, mostly made of see-through glass, model that I’m sure hasn’t even been developed yet. And, that just seemed logical and “normal” considering who was “in charge” of all that I was seeing and experiencing. Then came these words ...

“This is what I wanted to show you.”

The ice cream clerk tapped on the smartphone a couple of times, swiped an index finger back and forth, and then turned it so I could see the screen. It was a picture of the Dalai Lama smiling, as he always does. With all of that came these words, as the clerk and the smartphone dissolved back into the colorful shapes and shadows I previously had been looking at and into ...

“The Dalai Lama is absolutely, one hundred percent correct in that the very purpose of existence, for everyone and every creature, here on earth
and in other worlds and places, is simply to seek happiness. You do that and everything else takes care of itself.”

Before I could say anything at all, especially about “other worlds and places,” came this ...

“The only two books you really need to read are the Dalai Lama’s ‘The Art of Happiness’ and Sogyal Rinpoche’s ‘The Tibetan Book of Living and Dying.’ So, you see, you leaning towards the whole ZEN thing, well, that was really me simply nudging you in the direction you thought you wanted to go. That way, you could see for yourself if it reinforced what you believed it to be, or perhaps cause you to see that you needed to go a different way. But, it always was and would be your decision to make, based on what you really felt and sensed.”

With not the slightest hesitation, I blurted out, “So, all this time, over all those years, my entire lifetime, when I was talking to you, you were there, listening, as well as somehow pointing me in the right direction when I needed it?”

“I can’t possibly explain how it all really works in a way that you would understand because we’re talking in the realm of concepts, perceptions, and insights that your mind just isn’t capable of understanding. But, yes, in a manner of speaking, I not only heard everything from you, but I saw every single millisecond of your lifetimes. It’s the same for everyone else, too.”

I was about to stammer, but steadied my presence and asked, “How could that be possible? And, what do you mean by lifetimes?”

“As I said, there is no way to explain it, so you would be able to understand it. But, know this, just by talking to me, prayers, if you will, in those statements, requests, and questions, endless questions, all of the answers and what you seek is in the very words you are using to talk to me. I know that doesn’t make sense, but, again, it all has to do with how the brain works, the way I wired it, so to speak, so you can do what you need to do wherever you are to be happy. Everyone is so busy complicating their lives, piling on so much superfluous, materialistic stuff, they’re missing the whole point of it all. And, if you really want to know, that’s how evilness finds a way of weaving itself into the fabric of so many people’s lives. That and greediness, of course. As for lifetimes, you live several lives all within a single lifetime that can either be in one lifetime or several.”

“Whoa!” That was all I could come up with. And, that whole thing about me not being able to comprehend or understand it all? Yea. I get that now. What I was really sure about, though, was the “lifetimes” thing. I believe what was said in that you live
several lifetimes during one life and that you definitely do live lifetime after lifetime. There is no other way to explain how each of us can intuitively know so much of what we just somehow seem to know and feel, as well as understand (and even, at varying times, remember, and/or just have a knack for doing so many amazing things).

But, then, it hit me like being blindsided by a 2x4 across the bridge of my nose. The one question I just had to ask before anything else. “What about the Devil? Or, Fallen Angel? Beelzebub? Lucifer? Satan? Dybbuk? And, on and on and on? What’s the deal there?”

“Good question! It all comes back to good versus evil, doesn’t it?

I shook my head left, then right, over and over again, saying in a surprisingly soft voice, “Wait a minute. You’re not worming your way out of answering this one. This is one of the questions of all questions? The Devil? Real? Made up? What? And, don’t give me that ‘you won’t understand it’ crap either!” As soon as the words came out of my mouth, I wondered if I should really be talking in such demanding, bordering on disrespectful, terms.

I could swear I first heard a deep sigh of frustration and then ...

“Whatever you think the devil and any other context thereof is, know this. Evil resides in the heart of every person. Even I have been portrayed as vengeful. Why do you think that is?

“Uh.” That was all I had.

“Okay, then. Let’s look at it this way. It always has been and will be good versus evil. You do agree with that, don’t you?”

I nodded my head up and down as I finished off the last of the waffle cone, wiping my hands on my pants because the ice cream clerk didn’t give me a complimentary 31 Flavors napkin.

“Then it would logically figure, convoluted though it may be at points, that you need to have a BAD label for something ‘bad,’ right?”

“Hmmmm,” I said, continuing with, “So that’s where religion, theology, philosophy, and even mysticism come into all of this, right?”

“Exactly! Because how else could you control people unless you had a bad guy and a bad place you’ll go to if you ‘don’t follow along’ or managed to get tempted to do bad things by the bad guy. My perspective, and you would have to say that it is an important aspect of the golden rule of ‘do un to others as you would have them do un to you,” is simply that the number of lifetimes you get to have, however you want to look at what lifetimes are and
how many you get, all depends on how much goodness, which ties very closely to happiness, you generate. Again, we come back to simplicity in whatever amount of complexity you create or manage to avoid.”

Before I could respond, there was this ...

“There is nothing you can do at this point about what has been ‘built up’ in relation to me. You cannot and should not deracinate all of the many and varied wide-rooted dogmas, doctrines, cannons, creeds, and beliefs upon which cultures, entire civilizations, and a myriad of peoples have strived to sustain. All of it is much like cable TV in that you think you need it, but you really don’t. That said, there are so many followers who believe in and, thus, need such structures. As for you, stick with you taking care of you. Seek happiness in whatever it is you really and truly want. Do what you can to bring about happiness for others, though not to the extent that you think it is your job to make people happy. By you being happy, you are doing what you can in the way of ‘happiness rubbing off’ to help people find what makes them happy. But each person needs to fulfill that quest individually in whatever way works best for them. Be kind to yourself and others, especially animals who are all so much wiser and more ‘in touch’ with all of what categorically matters, more so than anyone ever could possibly imagine. Though I have seen that with animals, you already get it.”

“Whew!” That was all I could muster at that point.

Nothing was said for the longest time.

Pure silence. And, it seemed to be exactly what was supposed to be happening.

Then I was impelled to ask, “What happens when you die?”

“Oh, well. That’s the question, isn’t it?”

I nodded yes and repeated the question, word for word, enunciating each word, to which this was said ...

“What happens when you live?”

“Say what?” I said, followed by, “Wait! What do you mean by answering my question with an odd question that is diametrically the exact opposite of what I’m asking.”

“Is it the opposite? Really? Perhaps, contradictory? NO! NO! NO! They are both precisely the same thing. Life and death. One in the same. Whatever you believed your life to be and, thus, have made it so, that is what death will be upon the point you enter that door. It’s just like any other doorway
when you’re sure you know what is on the other side. We already discussed the topic of lifetimes. Life and death really come down to what you believe each one will be. If you are certain death is the end, then that is what you will get. If you trust that there are lifetimes in lifetimes with more lifetimes to come, then there are many doorways and possibilities awaiting you.”

I raised my chin with my eyes slightly closed as I then looked upward, saying, “So, life and death are not the opposite. It all comes down to what I actually believe, not what I want to try to make it be or what anyone else tries to shove down my throat?”

“In a manner of speaking, yes.”

I sat there thinking about that, letting it all sink in, when this was said …

“Now, if you want to talk about one thing being the opposite of something else, that is a really, really, REALLY important concept to grasp hold of and understand. Especially if you, indeed, want to seek and maintain happiness, without the beliefs of others being imposed upon you in one way or the other. I’ve no doubt you would like to know about the ‘reverse of opposite theory,’ which, in all reality, IS a rock solid, matter of fact.”

What else could my response be to that? I said, “Sure. Fire way!”

“Well, then. The ‘reverse of opposite theory’ brings us right back to the simplicity of things, all of which can be right there in front of you, but you just don’t see it or them. Actually, most of the time it is something having to do with the nature of hearing it.”

There was a pause, at which point, I said, “Please. Continue.”

“Listen and read carefully what is presented to you, because there is so much that all too often is contrary to what it appears to be or what you are led to believe whatever it is … is. When it isn’t.”

My perplexity was obvious, because these words were quickly added.

“Take what is happening right now. You and me talking. Anyone you tell about it, if they say they believe you, look closely at their body language, listen to their tone of voice, and look deep into their eyes. You’ll know immediately if opposite applies.”

“Hmmm.” That was all I had … but I was nodding my head up and down in deep reflection … and agreement.

“Here is one of the best contrary and conflicting examples. Someone says to you, ‘I’m not trying to tell you what do.’ But, you know the intent of
that question is precisely the opposite. The person IS definitely telling you what to do, but in a backward, reverse, opposite kind of way. Something everyone has come to accept and, well, actually do a lot of the time.”

I smiled sheepishly, and said, “Yea. I know what you mean. Most of the time you can spot it, but there are those times when you’re vulnerable, seeking help, or need advice and the person or persons you’re talking to say one thing while the intent is just the opposite, to manipulate you in a sneaky kind of way. And, yea, I have done that, too.”

“I know! But, there is one other thing you must watch out for. In addition to the ‘reverse of opposite theory,’ there is also the ‘guilting you into doing something’ trick.”

I stretched my shoulders a bit, saying, “Yep, I hear ya on that one which I have also been guilty of doing, too.”

Then the subject went back to animals and how significant and vital they are to life and “serving a purpose” that is many times more important than that of mere mortals.

We talked endlessly about so many other things, concepts, perceptions, and even more importantly, misconceptions and convoluted, seemingly well intended (but not really), illogical misinterpretations related to misguided symbols, deception, made up interpretations, and denotations, most of which were revealed to me somehow without so much, or as little, as any words or interconnected phrases ... in that I can’t explain how I came to know so much more than I have ever (or never) known or attempted to imagine, including many questions, interrogatories, and psychological “explorations” I didn’t even know that I should have asked about or been informed of.

After all this time in the presence of the greatest of greatness, I realized that I wanted to yet ask the one final question that YOU also still have on your mind at this point in all of this ... that which I, one way or another, hadn’t gotten around to, but I know that you dearly want to know exactly what it was/is that I was now going to ask about ... the one key “thing” that would put everything into perspective for life and living with an intended purpose. So, without words, I just cerebrally pushed the thoughts, concepts, and notions, all in one clear, concise interrogatory probe that YOU, dear reader, have always wanted to know the acknowledgment of and riposte to.

In that very moment, as the answers and seemingly impossible, but now understandable explanations YOU and I both wanted to know about came flowing at the speed of light into my mind, the shadowy shapes and what seemed to be illusions of brightness and brilliance I had been, all the while, staring into and at, it all came into crystal clear perspective in an eerily, knowingly kind of way ... and what then I plainly
saw in the blinding light I had been “looking into” for what had now been hours was, in fact, the first crimson rays of the morning sunrise ... on Easter Sunday and April Fool’s Day ... all of which will happen again in 2029, 2040, 2108, 2170, 2181, 2192, and 2238.

Now you can “chalk up” all of this in any whichever what way you so choose to do, but I choose believe to believe that I believe all of this occurred ... I know I believed all of this happened, but I must admit there was still doubt clouding my mind. That is until I looked down at my pant leg in the warm glowingness of dawn ... and there it was.

A Jamoca Almond Fudge stain, complete with a chunk of almond.

So, I plucked the almond off my pants and munched on it as I said, “Hmmm. Mmmmm! Damn. That’s so good!”

You know what I mean?

<END OF TRANSMISSION>

Copyright NOTICE/RULES/PERMISSION: Batsh*t Crazy! Digital Dementia Dystopia is a series of copyrighted Communiqués that are broadcast in bursts, “hot off the press” as I write them (using my trusty word anvil). The key word in that last sentence is “copyrighted” which means I own ‘em outright (everything you read here), every single word. Right now, here, this moment in time, you can read the Communiqués, following along in the “play of words.” You can freely share any or all of these Communiqués with anyone and everyone else in whatever manner you choose (so long as you quote me as the source AND are NOT profiting from using my words). Everything you read will be real and true with me striving, among the collected combinations of words, to produce as many as possible of “that one true sentence” Hemmingway so eloquently and passionately talked about.

Options:

• Table of Contents (if you’re looking for a particular Communiqué)
• Indexicon (if you’re looking for a specific word or phrase)
• Who is Bil.? (if you want to know more about me, the writer)
It’s the one thing we all do, without really thinking much about it, if at all. It’s also, frustrating at random (though sometimes predictable) points, when we can’t seem to possibly do it because we think too much about it or try exasperatingly too hard to do it.

It’s what we all seek ... and seriously need. It’s an important, basic human function.

Each of us, quite literally, can lose our sense of purpose (and sanity) without it.

You. Me. All of us, we want to go and be there ... it happens daily throughout our entire lives! And, if it isn’t a “sound part” of each 24-hour period, we quickly find ourselves in “disheveled situations” as well as working against ourselves and others.

Here are the fundamentals of how it all works “day to day” . . .

The sun rises ... the day begins.

We each make our way, whatever we have to do (along with so much we try to avoid), to “get through yet another day.”

No matter what “fills the day,” even if we’re not paying any attention to “those kinds of things,” shadows creep up on us (as well as behind us and all around, in plain sight), sooner or later, stretching, bending, and lengthening into darkness swallowing up whatever the day was (or could have been).

As nightfall descends upon the earth, we seek shelter until the next day begins.

And, that which we need the most, probably more than anything else, lies somewhere “in between,” depending on our condition and extenuating circumstances.

The simplicity of the brilliance of day giving way to the murkiness of night then “turning right around” and taking each of us exactly and precisely back to “doing it all” over and over and over again ... day after day, week after week, month after month, as it all melts into “years gone by,” constituted and “thereby to be reflected upon” in so very many memories (though many sketchy and vague), photos, videos, and a variety of communiqués (some still uniquely “scrawled out” in something known as “hand writing,” while most are fleetingly digital, like disappearing ink blots) ... but otherwise it all gets lost somewhere in time.

Each of us, within the constraints of the carefully calculated 24-hour increments given to us with each new day (with the prospect of new beginnings), chooses to
compound or free up whatever gets “filled in between,” including the one oh, so important thing that MUST, without exception or exemption, consume a good size “chuck” of our allotted hours.

Any day (or night) can be trouble-free, complex, perplexing, or joyful … oft times most likely a “mixed combo” of them all. Sadly, one aspect, more than any other, (usually what also happens to be the most unwanted) finds a way to engulf one or more of us “players on the stage.”

So much of what turns out to be annoying usually consumes us as a direct result of each of us synthesizing our days (and nights) with so much superfluous fluff and self-inflicted nothingness (including bits and pieces of too much self-indulgence and self-righteousness). But, despite all of that, each of us has a serious need for something that is just as important and vital as breathing.

And, it is the encumbrance of all of it that rests so heavily right on top of the key question relating to (and plaguing many of us) when it all boils down to who each of us thinks is (or should be) “me?”

So, just what is the main point to consider each day we face in terms of, more or less, making it on through to the next day?

I know you’re probably thinking right now that I’m talking about, as well as focusing upon, the single most powerful force in the Universe ... that “passage” or “canal” that has resulted in the “creation of all human life” besides bringing down so many powerful individuals (and even entire countries) as well as causing large and small wars, conflicts, confrontations, religious quandaries, and so much more in the way of heartache mixed in with a wide variety of “passionate efforts.” But, no, I’m not talking about any of that, or for that matter even “the sheath formed by the basal part of certain leaves where they embrace the stem” ... also commonly referred to, in dictionary terms, as the:

- **Vagina** (pl) -nas, -nae (-ni)
  [vuh-jahy-nuh]

  Nope. That’s not even close to what I’m talking about ... though roughly half of those involved in all of this do, most certainly, have “one of those.”

  I’m talking about ... SLEEP!

  Good, old fashioned “sawing logs,” slumberland, Sunset Boulevard, or, plain and simple, a **thoroughfare** you want to get to and then “go on from there” ... whatever it is that sleep, well, is ... ... and wherever it (or, really, YOU) takes you.
But, just what is sleep? It’s really kind of odd that we do whatever sleep is, don’t you think?

How do we actually do it? This natural, organic “thing” or process of putting your head on a pillow, resting your head on your folded arms on your desk top, collapsing in a heap on the couch, trying to get some “shut eye” while traveling wherever life takes you, or any of the dozens and dozens of other sets of circumstances for how we somehow “tune out” everything else and “zonk off” into howsoever it is that we are “released from everything else” into slumber. Yea, it’s definitely a thoroughfare we sometimes make a hard right (or left) turn into … and then “travel on” from there in endless dreams or nightmares or nothing at all … while our bodies somehow magically and miraculously recharge. I’ve always looked at sleep as “recharging my solar batteries,” even if it has nothing to do with the sun. But that also takes me off to far too many thoughts about just how robotic we all can be at so many different points (especially when relatives are populating our immediate landscape).

And, sleep just happens as a part of life (though you could look more at sleep as somewhat of a death trance) … all without any of us hardly ever giving sleep much thought except for those insane, insomniac episodes that pounce upon us in the dead of night out of nowhere and, often, for seemingly no reason(s) we can pinpoint!

We don’t really even think about sleep, other than something on the order of “I’m going to bed now” or “I’m turning in for the night” … there are so many non-considered ways we really don’t even consider what sleep is or does or means. It gets late, we go to bed and close our eyes. Then morning comes … many times after waking up a lot or having a hard time achieving “non-throttle” status for our brains (even though there is still MUCH going on in those neurons and synaptic “interchanges” the whole time are “out”).

And, where do you even start when you want to examine just what sleep is and what really happens while we’re all just snoozing away (no matter how much or how little of it we get)?

Well, let’s look closely at the thoroughfare that is sleep. It’s pretty danged interesting …

We spend close to one-third of our lives sleeping. Going without sleep or getting very little sleep causes all kinds of problems. And, we all know how bad we feel when we don’t get much sleep or miss a night’s sleep.

You, quite literally, will die without sleep. Studies done where rats were deprived of sleep resulted in all of the rats dying in less than three weeks. Of course, no one is going to conduct a study like that on humans. But, a 2014 study published in The Journal of Neuroscience found that sleep deprivation over a 24-hour period caused
normal, healthy people to have hallucinations and other schizophrenia-like symptoms. Without exception, those in the study found their judgement was impaired, and their physical abilities were noticeably diminished and weakened.

In all of the studies and research about sleep, there is one aspect that rises above all others. Our brains never really “shut off.” Neuroscientists, along with the rest of us, still don’t really understand how our brains switch from wakefulness and transition to the unconsciousness of sleeping. Research shows there is a gradual transition from being awake to the deepest state of sleep ... and, it is in that deepest state of sleep where the brain “does a lot of work” – all behind the scenes so to speak.

Before we go any further (or farther) here, if you want more detailed information from the experts in all of this, then you should visit the National Institute of Neurological Disorders and Stroke web site. They have pretty much everything you’d ever want to know about sleep ...

https://www.ninds.nih.gov/Disorders/Patient-Caregiver-Education/Understanding-Sleep

This is what goes on in your brain (how different areas of your brain work in amazingly coordinated efforts) so you can sleep. This isn’t really “exciting reading” and is more on the order of “mental machine-driven aspects” ... so feel free to jump ahead to the next part here, because that’s where we get right down the nitty-gritty of just how sleep works ... that said, the following bullet points are definitely worth noting (if you’re interested in what all your brain does so you can sleep) ...

- The **hypothalamus** (and the **suprachiasmatic nucleus** within it) is one of the “parts” of your brain regulating sleep.
- The **brain stem** (at the base of the brain) works with the hypothalamus to control the transitions to and from wakefulness and sleeping.
- The **thalamus** is a relay from the senses to the **cerebral cortex** that allows you to “tune things out.”
- The **pineal gland** (in both hemispheres of the brain) produces melatonin and that is what helps you sleep.
- The **basal forebrain** is involved in being awake as well as sleeping. And, it is in the **midbrain** where the arousal system (waking up) comes into play.

Okay, so that’s the basics of your brain’s concurrence of synchronicity while you sleep. You can get all the details at the Neurological Disorders and Stroke web. The National Institutes of Health have more details about your brain and sleep:

But, we’re all here to see what sleep really means and just what sleep is ... how it works. That’s really the “heart of the matter” at hand ... or, well, in the mind.

Here is an overview of what you really want (and need) to know about sleep.

There are two basic stages (or states) of sleep. Rapid eye movement (REM) and non-REM sleep, which, in and of itself, has three different stages. You actually “cycle through” non-REM and REM sleep several times on any given night.

So, how then, does it all happen for you (and me and everyone else) to get needed sleep ... and how does it all actually and perfectly work?

These are the stages.

**Stage 1 – Non-REM sleep** is when you go from being awake to “falling asleep.” At this point your heartbeat, breathing, and eye movements all gradually slow down, complete with your muscles relaxing (with occasional intermittent twitches). Even your brain wave activity slows down.

**Stage 2 – Non-REM sleep** is when everything keeps slowing down as you go deeper into sleep. Your body temperature drops, and eye movements stop. You go in and out of this stage throughout the duration of sleeping.

**Stage 3 – Non-REM sleep** is the deep period of sleep that you need to feel revitalized in the morning (or whatever point you’re “back on earth”). It is this stage where your heartbeat and breathing are the lowest/slowest. All of your muscles are relaxed as your brainwaves become even slower.

**Stage 4 – REM sleep** comes about somewhere between an hour or two after you “drift off.” This is where there is eye movement under your closed eyelids. Brain waves approach that of being awake, but you are not awake. Your heart rate and blood pressure come close to levels of being awake. Your breathing can become faster and, at times, uneven (but that’s perfectly normal). This is when most of your dreams “put on a show” ... many times, in color! Your arm and leg muscles are temporarily “paralyzed” so there are no major movements tied to dreaming. Sleep walking is a whole other topic.

Here are important points you need to know (especially #5) about your brain ...

**Cerebrospinal fluid** is in your brain and spinal cord, all interconnected like a maze of human, bio-tissue “circuit boards.” It is a clear fluid that moves through the brain along a series of channels that surround blood vessels, all managed by the brain’s glial cells. There are extremely complex aspects to what this fluid does and how it works, but it all comes down to these five points, particularly in relation to what that fluid does in your brain while you sleep (with #5 probably being the most important part of it all):
1. Your brain is surrounded by and floats in this Cerebrospinal fluid. That keeps your brain in what is known as a “neutral buoyancy.” Otherwise, the brain could be “weighed down” by its own weight. That could limit blood supply and even kill hundreds of thousands of functioning neurons at the bottom or edges of your brain. In other words, this fluid keeps your brain free from being pressed on or pinched in any of the outer areas.

2. This fluid provides a buffer around your brain which is especially helpful when you are hit in the head (why would anyone ever want to be a boxer!?). The fluid is a “shock absorber” that does all it can to protect your brain ... as much as it possibly can.

3. The blood flow to and in your brain is all part of what this fluid does, all to keep your brain functioning properly, making sure blood gets to every single place it is supposed to go without any obstructions or impediments.

4. Maintaining stability, without any neuro-processing interruptions, is a very key aspect of the fluid in your brain. Making sure nothing disrupts brain functions is all part of something called Homeostasis (more on this in a little bit).

5. One of the most important “tasks” for Cerebrospinal fluid is that, while you sleep (the deepest state of sleep), it flushes out waste and toxins that build up in the brain while you are awake. Beta-amyloid is just one of the toxic waste products removed from your brain. It is important to note that beta-amyloid accumulation buildup just happens to be what is found in people with Alzheimer’s disease.

But, that’s not all you need to know about sleep and how your brain goes back and forth between not sleeping and sleeping. Circadian rhythm and homeostasis are the two main facets (internal biological mechanisms) that help you be awake as well as go to sleep ... taking care of it all right under (well, actually, behind) your nose!

The rhythm of our bodies ties to Circadian rhythm that directs our metabolism, body temperature, the release of hormones, and much more. All of this ties to affecting the timing of your sleep. And, that leads to you eventually feeling “sleepy” at night. This rhythm in your body is also responsible for you waking up many times without an alarm or someone needing to nudge you (though that can often be the case when you don’t get enough sleep). Look at all of this as your body’s biological clock that is based on a 24-hour day of light (daytime) and darkness (night). Light is a big factor in all of this, too, but the rhythm is always there “working behind the scenes” no matter how much (or little) light there is.

Homeostasis is an automatic function that in many different ways “reminds” you when you need to sleep after a certain amount of time. And, it also controls the intensity (or lack thereof) of awareness which means when you “push things” to stay up
too long (like extended periods beyond 24 hours). No matter what you have done to stay awake an inordinate amount of time, Homeostasis will keep “working away at it” until you finally succumb to sleep … there’s just no avoiding the need for sleep. And, your brain makes sure you know that!

Then there is the matter of just how much sleep you need ...

While babies sleep up to 18 hours a day (with many wakeful periods coming in the middle of the night as so many parents definitely know), most of the rest of us need between six to ten hours of sleep a night (or day, if you work a night shift which brings in a whole other set of “things” related to trying to sleep). Recommendations on this subject vary widely, but each person pretty much knows how much sleep she or he needs. It’s all based on how you feel and how much sleep you need, including those days you “sleep in” and feel so much better for having done that.

As you start to feel sleepy at night, that’s when neurotransmitters in your brain get more active. Those neurotransmitters then lessen the “hustle and bustle” of your brain cells so you can begin the process of sleeping.

What about dreaming?

With sleep, of course, comes dreaming … but not all the time.

You dream up to two hours a night or have short, “compressed” dreams that seem like you have had really long, complex dreams. Dreaming varies widely based on each person’s brain functions. People solve problems while sleeping. Paul McCartney, of the Beatles, said that he actually dreamt the entire song, the music and lyrics, that became “Yesterday.” I know, for myself, I “do a lot of writing” while dreaming. It’s the same with problem solving. Many people “figure things out” while dreaming. For the most part, though, dreams are dreams and always will be just that, dreams, some crazier than others.

There is a whole industry for dream analysis. Who knows what dreams really mean? But, a very thought provoking, ancient Chinese text known as the Zhuangzi is where the butterfly enters the “dream picture.” It all has to do with a man who dreamed he was a butterfly but couldn’t tell if he was actually a butterfly dreaming he was a man … or the other way around. The Zhuangzi conundrum also brings up the question of trying to tell the difference between dreaming and being awake.

And, that is where we come to something that verges on “enlightenment” about dreaming …

Lucid Dreams …

Being aware that you are dreaming while you are dreaming, without waking up, is what lucid dreaming is all about. That means if you realize you are dreaming, without
waking up, then you can basically make anything happen or do anything you want to imagine. There are references to lucid dreaming in ancient Greek writing. Aristotle even wrote about it.

There are a lot of theories and plenty of “educated guesses” about lucid dreaming. But, just think about it. You’re right in the middle of dreaming and then you realize it, without waking up, that you are dreaming. The only limit that would apply at that point is your imagination and inventiveness. You could do anything, including defying the laws of physics (and anything else).

So just imagine, once you “get in gear,” cruising along on sleep’s thoroughfare in your usual “well-traveled,” knowing-how-to-do-it Slumberland Boulevard style, all of what you could do (and be) if you somehow could be aware that you are, indeed, in a state of sleep. You could literally do anything, because the possibilities are never ending. Now that would really be something, don’t you think?

Don’t stop there, though.

If you do, indeed, achieve awareness for Lucid Dreaming and the endless possibilities all of that could possibly mean, then why not take it one step further with Lucid Wakefulness?

<END OF TRANSMISSION>

... Inscribed for Diana ... celebrating life! Penned by America’s Premier Unknown Writer!

Copyright NOTICE/RULES/PERMISSION: Batsh*t Crazy! Digital Dementia Dystopia is a series of copyrighted Communiqués that are broadcast in bursts, “hot off the press” as I write them (using my trusty word anvil). The key word in that last sentence is “copyrighted” which means I own ’em outright (everything you read here), every single word. Right now, here, this moment in time, you can read the Communiqués, following along in the “play of words.” You can freely share any or all of these Communiqués with anyone and everyone else in whatever manner you choose (so long as you quote me as the source AND are NOT profiting from using my words). Everything you read will be real and true with me striving, among the collected combinations of words, to produce as many as possible of “that one true sentence” Hemmingway so eloquently and passionately talked about.

Options:

- **Table of Contents** (if you’re looking for a particular Communiqué)
- **Indexicon** (if you’re looking for a specific word or phrase)
- **Who is Bil.?** (if you want to know more about me, the writer)
Communiqué #37 – The President’s Report Card!

Dateline: How is he doing? Here’s your chance to grade his performance!

Okay, so there are people with opinions (some bordering on fanatical, so many of them just plain stupid), all the national polls and, of course, the “talking heads” yacking away (often getting too sidetracked to make sense) about the President … this all on the various and assorted “news” channels (which is just one of the many, many reasons I’m so happy I no longer subscribe to cable TV) … but, really, what do YOU think about how the President is doing?

Here’s your chance to grade the President …

Just “check the boxes” (mentally or by actually printing out this virtual ballot). Oh, and feel free to put a plus or a minus next to any choice.

**Overall “performance” as the leader of our country.**

// A // B // C // D // F // WORSE THAN F!

**Leadership abilities.**

// A // B // C // D // F // WORSE THAN F!

**Working well with others.**

// A // B // C // D // F // WORSE THAN F!

**International relations.**

// A // B // C // D // F // WORSE THAN F!

**Domestic relations.**

// A // B // C // D // F // WORSE THAN F!

**Getting the job done.**

// A // B // C // D // F // WORSE THAN F!

**Appointing the right people for the “jobs to be done.”**

// A // B // C // D // F // WORSE THAN F!

**Bringing the country together as one nation.**

// A // B // C // D // F // WORSE THAN F!

**Knowing how to work well with the news media.**

// A // B // C // D // F // WORSE THAN F!
Civility, kindness, and respect for others.

As a person in general.

Honest, Truthful, and Ethical.

Honorable.

Someone you believe has your/our best interests at heart.

A person you would want to meet.

Well, that about sums it up AND “says it all,” don’t you think?

Except, wait a minute ... based on how you graded the President, is extra credit in order here or are we talking detention?!

<END OF TRANSMISSION>
Communiqué #38 – Did you get off at the wrong planet, too?

Dateline: Things just don’t look right, do they?

Getting from “there” to “here” was a bumpety-bump-bumpy ride in a very cramped “compartment.” To be quite honest, there were several points where I just didn’t think I would make it, not to mention that I was constantly plagued by claustrophobia, panicky feelings, and the fear someone (or something) was trying to strangle me at so many different points.

That said, I really liked the warmth and security throughout the entire process of me being transported to what turned out to be this planet … where I “popped out” from the initial ride. I quickly looked back to where the “opening,” from whence I originated, quickly closed as someone slapped me on the butt several times to make me start screaming “bloody murder.” That’s how it all started, as I’m sure it was for you, too. It’s like we had no choice in the matter.

But, then, as time went by, I learned the “ways of this alien world,” really without much help and mostly by trial and error. But, all the while, this nagging feeling just kept gnawing away at me … to this very day, in fact.

And, I soon came to know the reason(s) for all of those recurring and annoying empty feelings in the pit of my stomach (and the depths of my soul) … it was so simple. I just didn’t make it to the planet for which I was intended! Don’t ask me how I know that. I just know it, plain and simple … or so it would seem to be (or not). Of that, I am certain (most of every waking moment).

I know for a fact I got off at the wrong planet, although I’m not sure I had any choice in the matter considering the odd and peculiar means for how I got transported here.

But, on any given day, as you look around and see all of totally stupid, asinine things going on, along with all of the bulging, bloated masses that seem to be “free-floating all around” you, doesn’t it just seem logical and make you wonder if something went horribly wrong and we missed the previously intended, precise, pinpointed target by several hundred light years for where we are really supposed to be?

I mean, maybe something in the cosmos shifted, twisted, or loosened a bit that then somehow, through anomalous, unexplainable cog malfunctions, quirks, and/or flukes, led to us “landing here” … when, really, we most likely should have been transported to another place, space, and time, somewhere “on a rock” in another galaxy where things actually make sense!
And, as each day goes by, it seems like things just keep getting more and more nuts? Or, to put it another way … **Batsh*t Crazy in this Digital Dementia Dystopia** where we all reside, etching out an existence on the fragile slate of life.

So, I must ask you again, **did you get off at the wrong planet, too?**

I know for sure that I did!

Now the only question is how do we actually get from “here” to “there” (where we should have been all along)? Or, is that even possible?

Until then … the only sure-fire way I have found to be able to deal and cope with all that is (or isn’t) going on here on this planet is that I hold up a mirror to “bounce back” all of the crazy, evil shit volleyed, thrown, slung, and subliminally tossed at me by so many different people and sources (advertising being the biggest culprit). That way none of it “sticks in my brain” and, to be quite frank, the bounce back effect, from the mirror protecting me, then causes all of what had been “coming at me” to implode right back at the source. So, it’s really kind of a self-correcting situation that allows me to more pleasantly inhabit this, our world on a planet so many of us should otherwise not have landed upon (or “gotten off” … not that we were even given such a choice, mind you).

And, that reminds me about the tale of a man who spent most of the entirety of his existence searching for the answer to life. Finally, after climbing up one of the highest mountains in the world, he reached the cave of a Wise Man who supposedly had all the answers. So, this man, completely drained of all his energy as well as most of his life force from the arduous climb, looked at the Wise Man and asked, “What is the meaning of life?”

The Wise Man paused for a longest moment, stroking his white beard. Then he smiled and, without looking at the man, said, **“Life is like a river.”**

The man let out a long sigh as he sat there, slumped up against the cave wall where this Wise Man sat for most of each day and night. The man thought for a brief moment and then said to the Wise man, with great exasperation, “That’s it! Life is like a river?”

The Wise Man kept gazing straight forward out the entrance to the cave and replied, “Well, maybe not.”
Copyright NOTICE/RULES/PERMISSION: Batsh*t Crazy! Digital Dementia Dystopia is a series of copyrighted Communiqués that are broadcast in bursts, “hot off the press” as I write them (using my trusty word anvil). The key word in that last sentence is “copyrighted” which means I own ’em outright (everything you read here), every single word. Right now, here, this moment in time, you can read the Communiqués, following along in the “play of words.” You can freely share any or all of these Communiqués with anyone and everyone else in whatever manner you choose (so long as you quote me as the source AND are NOT profiting from using my words). Everything you read will be real and true with me striving, among the collected combinations of words, to produce as many as possible of “that one true sentence” Hemmingway so eloquently and passionately talked about.
Communiqué #39 – BUDGE >>> it!

Dateline: Ah, the weight of it all …

Budge
[buhj]

verb (used without object), budged, budging.

1. to move slightly; begin to move:
2. to change one’s opinion or stated position; yield;

verb (used with object), budged, budging.

3. to cause to move; begin to move:
4. to cause (someone) to reconsider or change an opinion, decision, or stated position.

Word origin, 1580-90, is Anglo-French, Middle French bouger to stir, vulgar Latin bullicare to bubble, frequentative of Latin Bullire.

Okay, so you’re, no doubt, wondering right about now … WTF here?!?!? Now, first, I hafta admit you’ve been hornswoggled somewhat in that the title of this Communiqué (which I know for a fact pulled you in … don’t deny it!) could be viewed as pure, no doubt about it, deception. But, ah, well, you need to know all of what is contained herein for your brain to “percolate” … even if you don’t think you do!

Here’s the deal. You can quit reading right now or continue on to find out how simple it is to jettison excess poundage AND keep it from ever returning to your body’s cellular structure. Yes, it’s simple … extremely simple to eliminate your bulging waistline (and other “accumulations” of resident fat cells)!

And, it won’t cost you anything either. Actually, you’ll be saving a lot of money because you will no longer be buying all of that crap you’ve been shoving down your gullet!

Stick with me here because I’m being the voice of your conscience, so we can talk about the single most important thing in your life … YES, YOUR LIFE!

And, before we proceed here I just want to explain “BUDGE >>> it!” It has a three-fold meaning for our purposes here. First, “to budge” as in get your arse moving. It’s the moving (and, yes, that includes exercising) that burns off calories. Second, you need to “budge” your mental perspective in terms of how you look at food. Food is NOT your friend. You have to eat smart and that, of course, brings us right back to calories.
Exercising burns off the calories you eat. Any extra calories (and there are plenty of them) get stored as fat! Third, if you say “budge >>> it” fast enough, you are actually saying, “budget.” And, that the whole key in all of this.

You need to, from this moment forward, work with a budget that relates to calories. It might sound like a lot of work to keep track of the calories you eat and the calories you burn off, but it really isn’t that hard to do. And, the budget does three things. It allows you initially to see just how many calories (so many of which are empty) you are “downing” in a day. The budget also becomes your conscience in that since you know you’re keeping track of the numbers, you’ll make smarter choices on both what you eat and how much you exercise. And, finally, the most important thing a calorie budget does is it allows you to make sure that you consume fewer calories than you burn off due to two factors - your metabolic rate and just how much you exercise. Because, any extra calories you don’t burn off, those turn themselves right into those bulges (FAT) popping out on your body.

I’ve said it before and I’ll say it again (and again and again, over and over until it “sinks in”):

**It’s all about calories!**

You eat calories and you burn off calories. And, oh, yea, as we all know, our bodies STORE CALORIES. Your body is really good at storing calories, too, which is why so many calories “accumulate themselves” in various and assorted (and noticeable) places on our bodies.

The bottom line here?

**Your health.**

**Being healthy and fit.**

**That’s what it is all about!**

You know, taking good care of yourself, which means a healthy weight in the Body Mass Index (BMI) range of 18 to 25. You can “dig up” all the details about BMI on your own. We’re not going into that here, but I can tell you, once you focus on BMI, you’ll really be on top of getting your body weight (along with your mind being “on board”) to a healthy range.

It all comes back to the simple (but so often overlooked) fact that you must take care of you. You “overseeing you” is one of the few things you have complete control of in your life. Your health needs to be #1, above all else. That’s why the budget (spreadsheet) of keeping track of calories going in and calories burned off is critical, because that budget then becomes your conscience for YOU to say “NO!” to YOU when
you get those urges, cravings, and desires ... which all are usually for “goodies” filled with mostly empty calories that, you guessed it, your body will store as fat!

And, you need to be the one to say “NO!” to you in relation to stopping the “flow” of all the excess calories “sliding right on in” to your body.

I’m talking about that “excess baggage” of flab you’re carting around for all the world to see. Those bulging areas” on your body aren’t going to go away on their own and, well, you’ll continue “hauling it all around” with you wherever you go ... a) until you do something about it; or b) and this is a very bad choice, you’ll just keep adding to “weighing yourself down,” as you a) keep ignoring it, and/or b) wishin’ ‘n a hopin’ it will go away, or 3) that by some image distorting abilities you somehow magically have to enchant people, no one will ever notice your fat ass or bulging waistline (most likely BOTH).

Back to the simplicity of it all, you just need to make sure that each day you burn off more calories than you consume. And, to lose weight you’ll need to burn off (we’re talking exercise here, folks) A LOT more calories than you consume.

So, let me say it again ...

It’s all about calories!

And, let me repeat this, too ...

You eat calories.

Your body burns off, as well as stores, calories.

To lose weight you need to burn off those calories stored as fat in your body.

And, you need to look more at food as “fuel” ... not whatever you can stuff in your face because you have an urge or craving or just think you “gotta have it.”

Remember this:

You eat it. You wear it! It’s unfair, but that’s how it is!

That’s the main reason you need to “step on a scale” AT THE VERY LEAST once a day. Also, whether you do this mentally or actually do it, picture yourself naked, looking at your body from the front, both sides, and the “rear view.” Then you’ll be focused, thinking more about “what goes in” as opposed to just “snarfling down” whatever happens to come across your path on any given day!

Oh, and the important number to keep in mind is 3,500.
3,500 calories equal one pound of fat. That’s why you need to religiously read nutrition labels as well as keeping track of calories on a spreadsheet (there are plenty of apps for this, too). To show you how hard it is to get rid of one pound (3,500 calories of fat), if you work out for an hour a day for six days, you’ll be averaging burning off 600 +/- calories each hour. That will give you a total of 3,600 calories burned off. But, that also means you have to make sure you didn’t consume additional calories that would be stored as fat during that six days, which is why keeping track of calories going in and calories burned off is so important.

And, know this. The math is, most often, NOT going to work in your favor. You’ll be doing everything by the book and the scale won’t budge downward. That’s because since your body is designed to store fat, your body works against you to keep the weight you have. Your body does that in many ways, including storing excess fluid or even slowing down your metabolic rate (which is why you need to exercise to boost your caloric burn for the day). The most important thing is to stick with it, because eventually the scale will start inching its way downward. And, remember, you didn’t put on all those pounds overnight, so it is going to take time. You don’t want to lose more than a pound or so per week. That’s the safe way to do things.

Also, you’ll need to ease your way back into exercising, too, because you just can’t start with a vigorous workout routine. That can lead to hurting yourself. So go slow and ease your way into exercising.

Once you get rid of that extra weight, you need to make sure that every single day you consume LESS calories than you burn off.

Otherwise, you’re just return to the “good ‘ole daze” to keep “adding on” more and more pounds as each week, month, and year goes by. That’s why dieting just doesn’t work. We’re talking permanent lifestyle changes (and choices).

Yes, this whole calorie/weight thing is unfair, but your body is designed to store fat. Just look around at people wherever you are, and you’ll see how good the body is at storing fat … and, how “bad” people are at “doing something about it!”

It all comes down to one question:

**Who is in control, you or the food?**

If food is in control, then you’re just going to keep recklessly eating and eating and eating, adding more and more pounds. And, we all know those pounds ain’t going anywhere on their own either.

You simply CANNOT allow more and more pounds to keep “adding up” for you to a) not feel well (or fit); and/or 2) face one or more health issues (many that can be life threatening or ENDING)!
So, I’m here to “smack you around” (speaking intellectually, of course) for your own good with words “thumping your noggin” because of those extra pounds you’re constantly “dragging around” and “living with!”

Excess “poundage” is not good for you in that it all has a cumulative impact negatively affecting your health. Thus, sooner or later (usually when you least expect it) “the weight of it all” can lead to a wide variety of health issues ... many of which could quite easily be life threatening ... as in, to be quite blunt, YOU WILL DIE.

Okay! Okay! I know that sounds harsh and that I’m being somewhat redundant, but I’m doing that on purpose, because you need to start doing something right away!

And, really, there isn’t much to know ... or learn about getting rid of extra weight. Nor are there any devices, contraptions, or anything else you need to buy. You’re all set right now, in this very moment, to start getting rid of all the junk going into your mouth. You control that little piece of real estate on your face known as your mouth. Oh, there are two qualifying statements here where you’ll be keeping track of calories (this is the “budget” aspect of what we’re here to talk about):

1. You must “get moving” more, as in exercising (and, yes, sweating!).
2. You must keep track of what goes in your mouth.

That’s the whole point of the word “budge” as in move. Start moving a lot more. Just start with walking, if nothing else. So “budge >>> it” means to move your you know what much more than you have been doing (or not doing). But, there is more to the “play of words” here. Because the word “budget” is a key factor, as well as a simple “trick,” for you to gain complete control over your weight ... losing it and keeping it off.

So, here is what you need to do to take complete control of your weight (and yourself, along with a rock-solid positive mental attitude ... failure is NOT an option), so you stick with it permanently as in for the rest of your life from this day forward:

- You need to determine your BMI (Body Mass Index) 
  https://www.webmd.com/diet/body-bmi-calculator
- You need to determine your Basil Metabolic Rate which lets you know how many calories your body burns off on its own with no exercise.
  http://www.freebmrcalculator.com/bmr-formula/
- Those two measurements will let you know where you are now, as well as on a regular basis, so you can stay on top of DROPPING POUNDS (and that IS what you are going to do).
- EXERCISE, EXERCISE, EXERCISE ... that’s the “secret ingredient” here. Sweating your arse off is how those excess pounds get burned off. Once you do get back to (or boost your efforts at) exercising, once you have “gotten going” exercising, feeling the endorphins, go an extra five or ten
(or more) minutes to burn even more calories (mainly because you’re already “warmed up” and “hitting it”). Anything you can ever do to burn off even more calories ... GO FER IT! That includes parking as far away from wherever it is you are going, so you can “walk a little bit more” for the day.

- EATING SMART ... you want to be keenly aware of everything going into your mouth. You control that, so be smart and read those nutrition labels.
- You want to go to bed every night having burned off more calories than you consumed. It’s that simple (mainly because of the next bullet point here).
- Keep track of the calories you consume (including drinks – and that includes alcoholic beverages) and the calories you burn off (which is your metabolic rate and the calories you burn off exercising). You can do this with a spreadsheet or an app (there are plenty of them).
- The most important “part” in all of this is YOU, because you have to be in control (NOT the food). Yes, willpower and ignoring cravings, urges, and impulses to “shove things in your mouth.”
- Weigh yourself every morning, first thing. Keep track of that on your spreadsheet or app, too. By always being on top of your weight, it makes you think hard about any empty calories or that extra drink, or that calorie-loaded dessert. Knowing exactly what your weight is and how anything “extra” you eat will affect your weight ... well, that’s all part of the game to get rid of (and keep off) extra pounds.
- Water, water, water! Drink 60+ ounces of water per day. Yea, you’ll be peeing a lot more, but so what? The water keeps you hydrated (many people don’t even know they are dehydrated) as well as flushes out your body (including toxins, just like when you sweat). Your body is about 70 percent water! One really important thing about staying hydrated is that dehydration has a negative effect on blood flow and that relates to getting oxygen throughout your body (especially for your brain).

One other thing about drinking water, it is a good way to quell those urges and cravings you get to “eat something.” Just drink water, instead. At the very least, if you must cave in to cravings and urges, then eat some fruit (i.e., something good for you ... no empty calories allowed).

- The Cudgel of Salt! This is really, really, REALLY important for your heart, your blood pressure, ill effects to your liver/kidneys, and so much more (including retaining fluid in your body).

**Cut back as much as you can on salt.** This is another reason for
reading nutrition labels. Don’t worry. Cutting back on salt won’t hurt you because there is plenty of salt “loaded in” right under your nose in everything. Just read the label on any can of soup and you’ll see GOBS of salt/sodium. And, here is where the deception part of nutrition labels comes into play. The reason for that is if it looks like that can of soup (and so many other food items) has only 600 or 700 calories, check the NUMBER OF SERVINGs! Yea, that’s the “gotcha part” of how companies skirt around things on nutrition labels. Okay, so now, because there are two or more servings in that can of soup and you do the math, you’re talking roughly 1,500 or more milligrams of sodium. And, that is just for “one portion” of your entire day!

The American Heart Association, along with so many other health related organizations, recommends 2,000 to 2,400 OR LESS milligrams of sodium per day. A Big Mac has 1,043 mg of sodium. An Egg McMuffin has 730 mg of sodium. It isn’t just McDonalds either. Red Robin’s Red’s Bold Boneless Wings have a whopping 4,270 mg of sodium, while their Smoke & Pepper Burger “tilts the Richter Scale” at 3,300 mg of sodium! It just goes on and on ... Jack in the Box’s Bacon Ultimate Cheeseburger has 2,260 mg of sodium. Oh, and hey, even those canned (and other sodas/drinks) have around 50 or more mg of sodium each! Even diet drinks!!!!

If you want more information on this, I wrote in detail about this topic at my “other place,” Towne Square America, at:


- If you have a day where you “blow it” and go “hog wild” eating way too much, always remember that tomorrow “you get right back up on the horse” and continue on eating smart, exercising, and keeping track of it all. The keeping track of it all becomes your conscience to keep you from doing stupid things, like eating empty calories you just think you gotta have (but don’t really need them). And, just because there is food all over the place, within easy reach, that doesn’t mean you should be eating any of it!

See how “simple” that is!

Ah, but the “proof in the pudding” will be YOU ... your willpower and you summoning the strength for ignoring never-ceasing cravings, urges, and impulses. Always keep your eye on the end game – i.e., being thinner. And, that brings us to a quote that fits so well here ...
Nothing tastes as good as being thinner feels!

Of course, it all comes down (or up) to this ...

*About your weight ... it’s all on you!*

FOOTNOTE: Keeping track of your calorie consumption just got a whole lot easier beginning this month, May 2018.

It is now mandatory (i.e., the law of the land) that chain restaurants, supermarkets, convenience stores, and even movie theaters must display the calorie counts on menus or menu boards. So, no more playing dumb to say, “Hey! I didn’t know there were that many calories in what I just ordered!”

More than a decade ago, the Center of Science in the Public Interest worked with the state of Maine to implement menu labeling policies. The Affordable Care Act, passed in 2010, requires such national menu labeling. It has been shown in study after study that people make smarter menu choices when they can see just how many calories are in that deep-dish pizza and so many other “calorie-heavy” food items. And, hey, New York City has required such labeling since 2006!

So, that means it will be much easier to keep track of just how many calories you are consuming each day ... that is, if you really want to (and you DO really want to, right?).

<END OF TRANSMISSION>
Communiqué #40 – The Magic of Netflix

Dateline: Netflix revolutionizes what you watch and how you watch it!!

Netflix changed “going to the movies” just as the Beatles changed music (and the world)!

We all know the routine … it is a time-honored tradition in our lives, dating back a century ago (yea, really!) to when it all started with the era of silent films.

To go see a movie, you have to check for movie listings and times in the newspaper or the now oh, so familiar way of ”checking online” (the Internet makes “finding things” so much more convenient, including buying tickets in advance). Once you know where the movie is and when you want to see it, you then have to arrange and coordinate schedules. You know, planning things for “going to the movies.” You then drive to the theater or cinema complex, get your tickets, and hope you find a good seat.

And, we’re not just talking about avoiding the neck-craning-straining seats down front. You also don’t want to end up near people talking, fumbling with candy wrappers, and/or the beeping and buzzing of the idiots addicted to texting and using their phones throughout the entire movie. Oh, yea, we won’t even get into the wide variety of creepy germs and microbes lurking everywhere all around you on the seats, arm rests, and even in the restrooms (ewwwwwwww).

For just two people, who most likely will hit the concession stand (where the prices are beyond obscene), you’re talking around $30 (most likely MORE) to go see one movie. Oh, and, if it is an Imax theater, the cost, of course, is going to be more, for the tickets, as well as the even MORE over-priced snacks and drinks. Let’s not forget the previews and commercials, too, BEFORE the show actually starts. You’re ”held hostage” by the annoying and bothersome marketing-weasel designed “intros” so you have no choice but to endure various and assorted “brainwashing” until finally the movie starts.

Oh, sure, there is the whole “being there” thing and experiencing a movie with others. Or, seeing the movie the first day it comes out where you pretty much get jammed and crammed into claustrophobic confined spaces, squeezed in between (as well as being surrounded by) an assortment of individuals you would otherwise choose not to be doing anything at all with them … mainly because so many of them, besides being rude and crude, don’t know how to behave in social situations.

With the big-budget, highly anticipated blockbuster movies everyone wants to see (and even at certain other points), you’re most often talking about waiting in line and not just one time. Once to buy the ticket. Many times, once you get in the door,
you have to “queue up” to wait, yet again, to fight your way into the actual cinema. It doesn’t stop there, either. There is the never-ending battle of waiting at the concession stand. There’s often even lines, along with more “pushing and shoving,” to get into the restrooms.

Wait a minute! Before we go any further here, I have my own blatant and obvious (you know, just like what you’re subjected to in movie theaters) “inserted advertisement message” for you.

We need to talk about the readily available abundance of JUNK at movie theater concession stands. None of it, including the sugary drinks, is good for you ... or worth the lofty prices either. We’re talking an incredible bounty of empty calories, too, in all of what is priced at double, triple, or more than what you would pay anywhere else. This is especially true of the gobs of whatever that buttery stuff is and the tons of salt on the okay-tasting popcorn ... all to make you even more thirsty so you’ll need to get another drink by the time you make it half way through the bucket of popcorn and the opening of the movie.

And, it’s no secret about women’s purses in relation to movie theaters. When Diana and I used to go to the movies, her purse was our covert means for sneaking “contraband” into the movies (not that there is any law against it, despite the warning signs to the contrary). That way we had our own, tasty popcorn and drinks, along with whatever else we wanted to munch on (for a whole lot less money ... actually, the amount we saved by doing that paid for seeing any movie). We never were busted for doing so, but we had a friend who was actually kicked out of the movie theater from “bringing things” in via his trench coat pockets. They gave him his money back, told him never to come back, and invited him to leave. So, he just did the exact same thing at all of the other movie theaters and never had any problems.

That concludes, as the British say, this “advert” presented as a public service for you, your health … and all potential cavities that might besiege your teeth.

While the movie theater experience way of “seeing a movie” still is an often-used option, just think about the magic of Netflix ... and, how it has changed things so very, very, VERY much in our lives. When you see that innocent looking red envelope in the day’s mail, you just smile, as that envelope loud proclaims, “time for the movies!”

Could anyone ever have imagined that movies would come right to you ... either through the mail or with online viewing? There are two separate options with Netflix, both very affordable and true bargains. One is for the actual DVDs “coming and going” via mail and one is for Netflix online to view on any digital device with Internet service.
And, before we go any further (or farther), we need to look at one extremely important aspect of how Netflix has radically, for the better, changed things (as well as saved you A LOT of money). This is just one of the many advantages of Netflix. Okay, so you pay the $30, $40, $50 (or more) for an outing to go see a movie. If the movie is bad, you’re OUT for the cost (not to mention how many odd and antagonistic movie theater “episodes” you truly want to forget about, though some do manage to haunt you now and then).

The cost of having seen that one bad movie more than covers an entire month’s subscription to Netflix for both the online and DVD subscriptions. So, if any Netflix DVD or online movie is horrid or not what you expected (or wanted), no big deal. You just “kill it” and move on to the next one ... all at no extra charge! And, all without ever having had to endure the trappings of a movie theater experience as well as “being out” for the cost (time and trouble, along with wear and tear, even dings to the car doors) to see just one bad movie!

Though it tends to get overlooked and not discussed much, Netflix has great beneficial and informational values that far surpass movie theaters (or even HBO, Showtime, and other cable offerings). It all has to do with what is being offered. For Movie Theaters, you’re pretty much talking new, re-issued movies, or special showings. On cable and regular TV, you’re still faced with what they have decided to make available, as well as waiting “week to week” for episodes of your favorite TV shows. With Netflix, you’re talking an almost endless supply of movies, documentaries, concerts, TV shows, plays, interviews, and just about anything you’d ever want to watch. Oh, and, that includes the classic “old” movies and TV shows, too. Even foreign and silent films! They’re all “right there” for you to choose from and watch whenever you want.

Another truly most amazing (and magical) part about “all that stuff” on Netflix from the past and present, including so much that you might not otherwise have seen (or even thought about looking for), it’s all listed right there with Netflix for you to easily and intuitively browse through. There are categories to make it simpler for you find exactly what you want. They even have the Netflix Top 100 where you can discover even more options you might otherwise have missed out on. The Netflix rating system is a great way to zero in on what interests you the most. The reviews are helpful, too. And, hey, you can “jump right in” and write up your own reviews.

It doesn’t get talked or written about very much. Actually, it is rather taken for granted, but we need to talk about and emphasize Netflix’s incredible customer service. You’re going to have questions, or you’ll wonder about something you haven’t quite figured out. Anything at all on your mind about Netflix, all you need to do is call 800-585-8018 (it’s listed at the bottom of every page on their web site). That’s where you’ll get “tech support” that sets the standard for the way things ought to be done for
assisting customers. The wait time is never longer than a minute or two. Netflix’s customer service team is friendly, helpful, courteous, very smart, savvy, and always, always, ALWAYS takes care of whatever needs to be done. With the "other guys," it’s a whole different, sad story and, in many cases, quite limited or non-existent.

Netflix really did start with Reed Hastings, the founder of Netflix, returning Apollo 13 late to a video store in 1998. Reed’s frustration of having had to pay a $40 late fee then provided a direct route for him that led to what then became Netflix. And, it wasn’t "smooth sailing" to launch Netflix and keep it going. In fact, early on, Reed wanted to partner with Blockbuster Video (this being when there were Blockbuster Video stores everywhere). Blockbuster passed on the offer with the irony of that being that once Netflix really caught on (in spite of and without Blockbuster as their number of video stores dwindled), Blockbuster ultimately filed for Bankruptcy in 2010. This all as Netflix was (and continues to be) a global phenomenon.

The brilliance of Netflix’s business model incorporating the US Postal Service’s infrastructure for DVDs “to and from your mailbox” (a model Amazon.com and others have also capitalized on) is yet one more feature of how convenient it is to “go to the movies” with Netflix. You don’t even need to leave your house. It’s all right there for you - effortlessly. You can watch Netflix online on your TV, any computing device, and even your smartphone (why people do that, I’ll never know). Roku and so many other alternatives to cable TV have Netflix options built in. In many cases, the remotes have a Netflix button! Some cable companies have even incorporated Netflix into their viewing options.

Netflix makes it so easy to view anything that all you have to do is decide what you want to see ... and then watch it. You can pause what you’re watching or even come back later and pick up right where you left off ...

... all from your most favorite, comfy spot.

Right here is where I need to make an editorial comment about the case for jettisoning cable TV. Diana and I killed cable TV long ago. All we (you) need is the hi-speed Internet service for about fifty bucks a month. Since we got rid of cable TV, we’ve saved over $150 a month. We set aside that amount each month now for what we call our “Mad Money Fund.” Saving all that money over several years of no cable TV (which we have never ever felt we even “miss it”) paid for our 80-inch, monster TV and home theater system, among so many other things.

We have saved $20,000 (and counting) since jettisoning cable TV.

We just don’t (and you might not either) see the need for cable TV with Netflix, YouTube (for concerts, interviews, keeping up with late night TV, news, and so much
more), **Roku** (if you don’t have one, GET ONE), and switching to our antenna for “regular” TV (which we hardly ever do, because who wants to watch commercials?!?!).

You can easily do what we did to find out just how much (or how little) you need cable TV. We kept a log of what we watched and rated just how much (or little) we liked what we were watching. We also looked other ways of watching things. Like with most TV shows and even specials, you can watch them on the company’s web site. In some cases, you might have to wait a week or so to see it, but just about anything is available on the Internet (especially with YouTube). Oh, and by doing this, you don’t need to pay, from 99 cents and on up, for watching TV episodes and other things from “handy places” like iTunes.

So, we kept our TV viewing log for a couple of weeks and it became obvious we could do without cable TV. Most importantly, we both realized that often we just “clicked and clicked” the remote, sitting there with monosyllabic stares, looking for something to watch ... a complete waste of time. And, then, from Day #1 of no more cable TV, we realized (and still do) that we absolutely, 100 percent DID NOT need cable TV. And, oh, yea, the monthly cable TV fees we saved added up fast and continue to do so!

An immensely crucial factor about getting rid of cable TV is probably the single biggest benefit of no longer being tied (i.e., drawn into) what cable TV offers in terms of perceived value (that really isn’t). You get all these channels “bundled up” into package deals (where they also try to “get cha” with over-priced phone service, too). And, the thing is with all of those channels (so many of which are totally worthless), it quickly becomes a habit to sit in front of the TV “killing time” looking for something to watch. Then, many times, you’re just sitting watching whatever you stumbled upon, but only mildly, if at all, interested in.

An abundance of cable TV channels is really a BAD, but now so common, robotic phenomenon where so often you just sit there clicking the remote over and over again to see what’s on. It’s truly sad that while so often there really isn’t anything to be found worth watching, you/me/we all usually settle for mediocrity because we got tired of searching back and forth and that’s all that we could find. Instead of turning off the TV, getting up, and doing something worthwhile.

The significant fundamental change of expunging cable TV from your life and getting **Netflix**, along with other non-cable options like YouTube, is that now there is a sense of purpose when you “watch TV.” You know what you want to watch, and you watch it, not bothering with anything else (especially endlessly clicking on the remote to see what’s on). What’s especially important about that is you will no longer be frittering away a lot of time in the vast wasteland of whatever you can find on TV. Instead of wasting time like that, you can read a book, do a jigsaw puzzle, play games, even talk
with the people populating your life, or just do many other things (that usually don’t get done, are overlooked, or just ignored because you were “watching TV”).

Bruce Springsteen “hit the nail on the head” in his 1992 song, with his Human Touch album’s song “57 Channels (And Nothin’ On).” And, that was just the beginning days/daze leading to the explosion of so many more dozens and hundreds of channels popping up all over the place, including the “breeding ground” known as the Internet.

**With Netflix you’ll never look at TV the same again!**

What I really and truly don’t miss about cable TV is the seemingly important, but nonsensical 24-hour news channels. They’re all back-loaded with regular commercials and ads placed right in the middle all the “news” and what’s going on. Those channels with eye-catching graphics each have their own agendas and slants, of course, so you can pick what you want to hear, all amongst self-important, know-it-alls bickering and squabbling with each other as they all try to make points (most of the time which don’t make any sense or are convoluted).

The “breaking news” segments are really more on the order of just trying to get your attention or help snap you out of all to frequent momentary lapses of reason smack-dab in the middle of the monotony of it all.

It’s all just noise that I’m so very happy I don’t ever have to listen to again!

And, speaking of noise, to us, the real issues and reasons for serious concerns about the role (or, to put it more bluntly, the dominance and subtle, though quite subliminal, multi-faceted “indoctrination” angles and influences) TV plays in the daily lives of hundreds of millions of people around the globe boils down to two fundamental points:

A) **Does the TV really need to be on first in the morning?**

2) **Does a TV constantly need to be “blaring away” all day long,** even when no one is in the room? Diana and I honestly never ever will come close to grasping this, what it means, or even why people live with it. Especially when you visit someone, and they leave the TV on “playing to no one” in another room, loud and incredibly rude enough to be an annoyance that everyone but us seems to be oblivious to!

It’s even worse (and beyond obnoxious and insulting) when the TV is on in the same room where you’re trying to have a conversation with someone whose eyes constantly dart back and forth between you and the TV. Of course, this could easily take me off on a side tangent about stupid people, but that’s a topic for another day (and is even covered right in [Communiqué11](#)).
For Diana and me, our TV and anything we watch relates to TV being our form of entertainment associated with evenings. Many nights the TV never comes on because we’re reading books, playing card or board games, indulging our passion for jig-saw puzzles, doing things together (and, dare I say it, even just talking to each other), or a wide assortment of doing things other than just “watching TV” for the sake of doing something (often referred to as “killing time”).

Our TV is rarely on during the day ... like for watching a baseball game or an afternoon movie matinee when we’re Netflixing. Mostly, TV is an evening pastime for us because, you know, there is YOUR LIFE to live beyond those who are sadly suffering from the “glued to it” addiction of TV (same goes for waaaay too much time spent “out there” on Internet).

For us, TV will always be a later in the day (if at all), evening sort of thing. One other thing about TVs is that there has never been a TV in our bedroom or anywhere else in the house. We look at the bedroom as the place for sleeping or reading a book before nodding off or, well, you can connect the dots for “something else” related to bedrooms.

It was Newton N. Minow, chairman of the Federal Trade Commission from 1961 to 1963, who, in a speech delivered on May 9th, 1961, made the statement about TV that quite literally “coined a phrase” still absolutely, if not more so, is 100 percent relevant. He said this at a National Association of Broadcasters Washington, DC, meeting in talking about what was being presented to the public on television, after encouraging individuals to watch, non-stop, an entire day of the different channels on TV:

“I can assure you that what you will observe is a vast wasteland.”

Here is a link to the full text of what Mr. Minow said:

http://www.americanrhetoric.com/speeches/newtonminow.htm

Add to that the quote from Marshall McLuhan, in talking about how the form of a medium embeds itself into any message, creating a symbiotic relationship by which the medium influences how the message is perceived. And, this is long before all the lavish, eye-catching graphics now splashing across TVs, the Internet, and even in movie theaters.

“The medium is the message.”

That concludes my editorial comment that I simply felt compelled to include with this dissertation about the Magic of Netflix.

So back to Netflix, yet more of the real genius and brilliance of Netflix is that it is like reading a book. You can read a chapter or part of a chapter or, hey, “plow
through” the entire book. Only here the “book” is a movie, TV series, or anything else you’re watching on Netflix. Watch all of the episodes you want, with no waiting around for next week’s episode. Watching episode after episode has come to be known as binge watching.

Binge watching really started catching on with Netflix’s first original series, “House of Cards.” Netflix released all of the series’ episodes at once, so they were readily available and, thus, binge watching further evolved from just watching all of the episodes Netflix had of previously-aired TV shows. Diana and I went from one “House of Cards” episode to the other from its debut Friday on through Sunday. It was so cool and added yet one more “dimension of entertainment” to Netflix!

Here’s an example of how cool it is to watch TV shows that come to Netflix. Diana and I never had watched the TV show “LOST” when first aired from 2004 to 2010. So, a few years after the series ended, we watched all 121 episodes over the course of three or four months. With no commercials, each episode is a little over 40 minutes long (thanks to no commercials).

Over some weekends, we would watch several episodes non-stop. And, it was great to zip right to the next episode to see what happens next. No waiting for next week or the following season. We just zoomed right through it all at our own pace. We've even gone back and watched our favorite episodes, too. I can't emphasize enough just how great it is to not be bombarded with obnoxious, intellectually insulting commercials (which most of them are)!

NOTE: “LOST” is no longer available on Netflix, as “things come and go” in terms of what Netflix has to offer. But, hey, “LOST” was available on Netflix for many years.

Oh, yea, talking about things to watch, that brings us to the Netflix original content. Each year Netflix spends billions (yes, with a “B”) on original content. It all started with “House of Cards” … the highly anticipate sixth and final season is set to air in the fall of 2018.

Netflix’s original content has continued on with multiple seasons of other great shows like “Santa Clarita Diet,” “Marco Polo,” “Narcos,” “The Crown,” “Ozark,” “Mindhunter,” “Daredevil,” “Jessica Jones” (along with other Marvel series), “Orange is the New Black,” and “ Stranger Things.” There is much more “in the works,” too, including the “just-inked” multi-faceted deal between Netflix and former President Barack Obama and his wife.

Though it wasn’t a Netflix original, my personal Netflix favorite, out of everything else, is the British television drama, “Peaky Blinders” (all four seasons). And, that’s the thing, there is so much in the way of “great viewing” that makes its way to
Netflix. I don’t want to be pushy here, but with “Peaky Blinders,” just watch the first ten minutes and see if you can turn it off.

There is so much “there” there with Netflix.

The “other guys,” including Amazon Prime and Hulu, are frantically trying to catch up to Netflix. However, while they seem to be much like Netflix, they throw in plenty of “gotchas,” like lots of things you might decide to watch, but, oh, wait, those have fees attached … many have commercials, too. There is NONE of that with Netflix. You pay your monthly subscription and you can do this …

Watch whatever you want whenever and wherever you want.

And, never ever any COMMERCIALS.

Netflix, besides being ingenious, is effortless and oh, so, convenient.

It’s as simple as this:

Netflix sets the standard …

The “other guys” don’t even come close! And, in terms of market cap, company value, Netflix (NASDAQ: NFLX) is now bigger than AT&T and Comcast … after having passed Time Warner and Twentieth Century Fox in market value last year.

Here are links to find out more about Netflix, the 20th anniversary celebration, and how to sign up:

- https://dvd.netflix.com
- https://20years.dvd.com/
- https://www.netflix.com/Signup

And, here are links to the videos I have appeared in as part of the celebration for Netflix’s 20th anniversary.

- https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mWiWSiB0xsY
- https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uc6wFnKRxD
- https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LTLX2L6GCIs&feature

You need to know (as required by the FTC) I am part of the DVD Nation Team that is promoting the 20th anniversary of Netflix and there are rewards from DVD.Netflix.com for those of us helping promote what Netflix does in providing thousands of viewing options to choose from, that you can get with a DVD subscription mail service as well as via Netflix streaming services (which has “tons” of original content you can’t find anywhere else).
It is important to note that I jumped at the chance to help the DVD Nation Team promote Netflix for the 20th anniversary celebration, because, simply put, right from the very beginning, Diana and I have been huge fans of Netflix. We have been “selling” Netflix since we first subscribed to Netflix in 2004. That was when we stopped going through the horrid experiences (and costs, and time, and annoyances) of enduring movie theaters. We killed cable TV shortly thereafter. We were part of the Netflix team testing and pioneering online viewing/streaming in 2006.

Since we first discovered Netflix’s magic (and it is magic, if you really think about it), we have told countless people this: "Try Netflix for a month and if you don’t like it, we’ll personally give you your money back.” In all that time, no one has ever asked for their money back. In fact, most people we have nudged into trying Netflix not only thanked us for it, they, too, have become “soldiers in the field” telling others about how amazing, convenient, and effortless Netflix makes “going to the movies.” There are now over a hundred million Netflix subscribers worldwide! And, that number continues to grow!

Once Diana and I cut the cable TV cord, we have never looked back. With Netflix we didn’t (nor will we) ever go to a movie theater again! Netflix has added so much magic to the depth of our life and times.

That said, hey, we’re done here ...

... and now we’re off to “Netflixing” for a while!

<END OF TRANSMISSION ... for now anyway ...>
We ain’t quite done yet … just like emails and texts … … there’s more of these Communiqués to come … (a lot more) …

See you soon …

REN (Return … Ensue … Notabilia)

In other words … check back in, to follow in order, matters, and events, as well as items worth noting.

This is an interactive experience, however much (or little) you choose to be engaged … beyond “taking it all in” … we’re in this together, so, as you tiptoe your way along in these units of language, whatever comes to mind, anything you want to say, just let me know.

While there are futurists and people studying everything from Quantum Mechanics to the origins of the Universe (and even the God Particle), I look at myself from what I truly feel is a pragmatic enlightenment perspective, best summed up in my PhD Life Thesis term as a "Nowist" … in that all you have is now and everything plays off of that … to do with what you have right now (all based on everything that has carried you to this moment in time), maximizing it (and you) to the fullest possible potential. You can reach me at - - bil@alvernaz.com.

<END OF TRANSMISSION

... Inscribed for Diana … celebrating life! Penned by America’s Premier Unknown Writer!

Copyright NOTICE/RULES/PERMISSION: Batsh*t Crazy! Digital Dementia Dystopia is a series of copyrighted Communiqués that are broadcast in bursts, “hot off the press” as I write them (using my trusty word anvil). The key word in that last sentence is “copyrighted” which means I own ’em outright (everything you read here), every single word. Right now, here, this moment in time, you can read the Communiqués, following along in the “play of words.” You can freely share any or all of these Communiqués with anyone and everyone else in whatever manner you choose (so long as you quote me as the source AND are NOT profiting from using my words). Everything you read will be real and true with me striving, among the collected combinations of words, to produce as many as possible of “that one true sentence” Hemmingway so eloquently and passionately talked about.

Options:

- Table of Contents (if you’re looking for a particular Communiqué)
- Indexicon (if you’re looking for a specific word or phrase)
- Who is Bil.? (if you want to know more about me, the writer)
# Table of Contents

**Exordium ... What are we all doing here (or there)?** ......................................................... 2  
Communiqué #1 – **O I C** .......................................................... 6  
Communiqué #2 – **Impossibly plausible is possible!** ....................................................... 8  
Communiqué #3 – **R U Happy?** .......................................................................................... 10  
Communiqué #4 – **What is why it isn’t??** ................................................................. 12  
Communiqué #5 – **How is this not happening why it is?** .................................................. 15  
Communiqué #6 – **Getting to not where we think we are!** .............................................. 19  
Communiqué #7 – **Post hoc ergo propter hoc** ............................................................... 24  
Communiqué #8 – **Intellectual Stimulation ... and then some!** ........................................ 28  
Communiqué #9 – **Yes! You! Can!** .................................................................................. 39  
Communiqué #10 – **Why you?** ....................................................................................... 41  
Communiqué #11 – **Stupid People!** .................................................................................. 45  
Communiqué #12 – **You can’t go back** ............................................................................ 49  
Communiqué #13 – **You are the iceberg!** ......................................................................... 51  
Communiqué #14 – **Death in the depths of your shadow** ................................................ 53  
Communiqué #15 – **Irrelevant** .......................................................................................... 56  
Communiqué #16 – **Stop being afraid!** ............................................................................. 60  
Communiqué #17 – **The President what?!?!** ............................................................... 65  
Communiqué #18 – **It’s a lot like juggling!** ....................................................................... 68  
Communiqué #19 – **What do you mean what do you mean?** ........................................... 74  
Communiqué #20 – **Text me later ...** .............................................................................. 78  
Communiqué #21 – **About that bag of dog food you carry around! ...** ...................... 83  
Communiqué #22 – **What now concomitance** .................................................................. 90  
Communiqué #23 – **Open Letter to Terrorists!** .............................................................. 110  
Communiqué #24 – **Oil gives me gas** ............................................................................. 112  
Communiqué #25 – **Nobel Prize for Stupidity** ......................................................... 117  
Communiqué #26 – **How did words and languages begin?** ......................................... 121  
Communiqué #27 – **Never give up!** ............................................................................... 131  
Communiqué #28 – **Worse than grave robbing!!!** ..................................................... 141
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Communique #</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td>Painting with words</td>
<td>145</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>I know who killed JFK!</td>
<td>153</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>31</td>
<td>There’s no there “there!”</td>
<td>184</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>32</td>
<td>Doorways and the Labyrinth</td>
<td>199</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>33</td>
<td>How it all Started</td>
<td>210</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>34</td>
<td>So, what’s your story?</td>
<td>214</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>35</td>
<td>EXCLUSIVE! Interview with GOD</td>
<td>216</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36</td>
<td>The Thoroughfare</td>
<td>234</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>37</td>
<td>The President’s Report Card!</td>
<td>242</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>38</td>
<td>Did you get off at the wrong planet, too?</td>
<td>244</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>39</td>
<td>BUDGE &gt;&gt;&gt;&gt; it!</td>
<td>247</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>40</td>
<td>The Magic of Netflix</td>
<td>255</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Table of Contents</td>
<td>267</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Indexicon – What’s where?</td>
<td>269</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Int-Stim Formula</td>
<td>278</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Title/Copyright Page</td>
<td>279</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Indexicon – *What’s where?* ...

#A68, 51, 54
$40 late fee, 258
“9 Code” messages, 90
“Butcher” cover, 169
“connect the dots” for Intellectual Stimulation, 35
“good karma” points, 71
“how to do it” aspect of Intellectual Stimulation, 35
“I’m just not going to do this” routine, 42
“juggling all the balls”, 68
“killing time”, 72
“label” people, pets, objects, 95
“magic-bullet” theory, 171
“perceiving Neptune”, 65
“play nice”, 70
“recorded history”, 96
*The only thing we have to fear is fear, itself!*, 61
“What bag of dog food?”, 83
“writing myself” to this very point, 146
“You’re fire!”, 65
10 1/2 games out of first place, 132
20 to 30 cents a gallon, 114
2011 World Series, 131
*2CELLOS*, 197
3,500 calories equal one pound of fat, 250
3,500 calories equals one pound of *FAT*, 86
35mm photos, 154
4-way-stop intersection, 96
*911 is always our starting point*, 111
A lot can happen in 9 innings and 27 outs!, 131
*A New World Dawns*, 21

absurdity and babble, 2
account for things, 8
actors on this stage of life, 42
Adam, 210
Adam nor Eve, 213
*Addilyn*, 98
*Advertisements*, 71
advertising, 24
after the newness wears off, 184
*Age of Personal Computers*, 20
Aldo, a friend, 157
*All in!*, 32
Alzheimers.net, 12
amazing story to tell, 214
American Heart Association, 253
ancient civilizations, 96
ancient Egypt and Greece, 95
answer to life, 245
Antarctic, 51
Anything weighing you down, 59
*aphasia*, 13
Apple, 21, 22, 24, 25
Apple Records, 210
April Fool’s Day, 216
*ARE YOU THERE, GOD?*, 217
Ask questions, 4
assassination of a President, 153
*Assertion*, 62
Australian Shepherd, 211
autopsy of JFK, 174
bad things, 224
*bag of dog food you carry around*, 83
Barry White, 125
*baseball is life*, 131
bastardization of our languages, 128
Batsh*t Crazy impedimenta, 29
Batsh*t Crazy! Crazy stuff people constantly do, 69
be more mindful, 5
Beatles, 190
Beats changed music (and the world)!, 255
Behavior, 31
best year of your life!, 208
Beta-amyloid, 239
big oil wants to “sock us”, 112
bil@alvernaz.com, 1, 3, 279
Bill Mazeroski, 136
BMI, 251
Body Mass Index, 251
boost Intellectual Stimulation, 31
BOOTS!, 200
brain aneurysm, 15
breakdown of cognitive abilities, 12
BUDGE >>>> it!, 247
Bull Durham, 138
bullet hole in the front windshield of SS-100-X, 175
can of soup, 253
cancer concerns, 12
Card games, 32
Carlton Fisk, 136
Central Boulevard, 199
Chaos Theory, 8
Chaucer, 121
Cippi of Leqart, 128
Circadian rhythm, 239
Citizen Kane, 26
cloud, 19
Communiqués, 1, 2, 3, 14, 17, 20, 22
comparison chart, 26
compass, 204
concession stands, 256
Conclusion, 62
connecting the dots, 5, 27, 32
controlling your mind, 2
copyrighted Communiqués, 3
crash test dummy, 66
crippling our intellect, 13
Crossword and jigsaw puzzles, 31
cryptographic, coded message, 207
Cudgel of Salt!, 252
cultural evolution of mankind, 122
Cumings Avenue, 96
cut the cable TV cord, 264
dance like monkeys, 26
David Freese, 134
Death, 53
Death in the depths of your shadow, 53
Death is coming, 54
Deception, 143
decide what is relevant, 58
define what it is you want, 26
detaching our thinking processes, 17
deterioration of the English language, 6
Devil, 229
DIAGRAM - How to get to "there", 196
diamond that is your life, 90
Diana’s Blue Moon Café, 147
Did you get off at the wrong planet, too?, 244
Digital Dementia, 1, 3, 4, 12, 13, 14, 17, 18, 279
Digital Dementia Dystopia, 1, 3, 4, 13, 14, 279
disoriented, 10
DNA of Neanderthals, 125
DO NOT give up!, 139
DO NOT SMOKE!, 87
DO positive, 39
do whatever you please, 51
don’t count on them to “be there”, 70
don’t let people bring you down, 39
Don’t send me flowers, 54
Donald Trump, 16
Doorways, 199
Doorways and the Labyrinth, 199
Dopamine, 13
Dorothy Kilgallen, 177
dumb luck, 68
Dynamics of Equational Flow, 35
dystopian state, 10
each day of life, 53
Earth, Moon, and Sun, 201
Easter Sunday, 216
easy targets, 110
eat smart, 85
ectoplasm, 2
Effie, 97
Elinor Rigby, 190
emoji, 6
emojis, 128
emoticons, 6, 128
endorphins, 33
engage or not engage, 71
Engaging conversations, 32
essay for a creative writing class, 153
essence of Batsh*t Crazy, 8
Eve, 210
Everyone has stories, 214
Everything and everyone is connected, 19
Executive Action, 178
Exercise being misguided, 16
Exercise!, 36
Exercise! Exercise! Exercise!, 86
Exercising, fitness, and eating smart, 149
existential, mental exercise, 108
Expect the unexpected!, 193
exploding in our brains, 17
extra, unsightly FAT, 83
facing your fears, 62
far beyond the stratosphere of any limitations, 29
Fear!, 60
finding out about “all the parts involved”, 69
first three years of a child’s life, 123
fits of stupidity, 15
five dissimilar people, 91
flashes of brilliance, 15
flushes out waste and toxins, 239
Focus on what matters, 35
focused on the text, 79
Forget playing it safe, 63
four elements to giving a great speech, 62
four key points, 35
freely share, 3
Future Shock, 189
Game 6, 133
Games, 32
gas up your ass, 114
Get a notepad, 36
get back to YOU, 35
getting rid of cable TV, 259
Getting to not where we think we are!, 19
gibberish, 6
glowing oracle, 16
Glycemic Index, 87
Go for a walk!, 36
go see a movie, 255
going to the dentist, 62
Goins Lane, 96
golden colored mold, 65
good versus evil, 71
grade the President, 242
Grammy Awards the Beatles received, 191
grassy knoll, 171
Gwen, 99
Halloween, 141
happiness, 10, 14
haunting questions, 193
HCI, 22
head injury, 12
Hemmingway, 3
herded along like sheep, 16
hieroglyphics or cuneiforms, 128
high-wire act, 2
Hill, 96
Hobbies, 31
Holler-Day season, 186
Homeland Security web site, 111
home-made bombs, 16
homeostasis, 239
Homo Heidelbergensis, 125
Homo sapiens, 125, 126
How did words and languages begin?, 121
How is this not happening why it is?, 15
How it all Started, 210, 214
how much it costs for a gallon of gasoline, 112
human element, 81
Human-Computer Interaction, 22, 147
Hurricane Katrina, 115
Hurricane Rita, 115
I "paint" with words ..., 145
I can’t do that!, 39
I know I’m on to something, 3
I know who killed JFK!, 153
I really couldn’t say., 42
I spent this much on what?, 190
I was on to something, 15
IBM PC, 21
ideally connected, 23
Idle time, 32
If you don’t want to do something, then don’t do it., 41
illogical elements, 2
I'm Not Feeling It Anymore, 196
imaginary numbers, 8
Imaginary Time, 8
Imaginor the possibilities, 132
impaired and numbed, 10
implies messaging, 24
Impossibly plausible is possible!, 8
in the name of Allah, 110
incorporating the US Postal Service’s infrastructure, 258
influenced by outside sources, 26
intellects intertwined, 3
intellectual finger, 30
intellectual fingers, 2
Intellectual Stimulation, 28, 278
Intellectual Stimulation Formula, 35
Intellectual Stimulation is what resonates, 29
interactive experience, 265
Interview with GOD, 216
Irrelevant, 56
Is a gift really a gift?, 192
It ain’t over ’til it’s over!, 131
it didn’t matter, 65
it doesn’t make any sense to kill people, 110
it is legal to sell dead bodies and parts, 141
It isn’t was, maybe would be!, 74
It ISN’T what it is!, 9
It starts with Halloween, 185
It won’t make any difference, 39
It’s a lot like juggling!, 68
It’s all in your mind, 61
It’s ALL noise, distracting you, 73
It’s not your job to make everyone happy, 56
It’s that “something” that has been lacking, 29
It’s what we all seek, 234
Jack Ruby, 173
Joe Carter, 136
juggle with your eyes closed, 68
juggling on a massive scale, 72
JUST STOP BEING AFRAID!, 60
Keep a log, 86
keep at it, 139
keep moving, 68
KEEP MOVING, 69
Kennedy was going to end the Vietnam War, 178
Kenney’s assassination, 157
Kevin Costner, 136
key factors to lose weight, 84
kids with cell phones, 15
killed cable TV, 264
Kirby Puckett, 136
Know-it-alls, 71
Kurt Gibson, 136
Labyrinth, 199
language has decayed, 6
languages - words, hand signs, 121
languages have evolved, 121
larynx, 121, 125, 126
Larynx and how it evolved, 125
Learning, 32
learning as we go, 123
Lee Harvey Oswald, 172
less than 90 cents for a gallon of gas, 114
LeToon Trilingual Slate, 128
Letter to Terrorists!, 110
Life is all theatrics, 70
life is baseball, 131
Life is you, 107
life sheathed, 4
lightened text, 90
Lisbon, 122, 126, 127
listen to what is being said, 75
loneliness, 191
long lines to buy gas, 115
Look at me!, 15
Love and close friends, 32
Lucid Dreams, 240
Lucid Wakefulness, 241
Machine of the Year, 21
Magic of Netflix, 255
magic spell, 41
magnum opus, 70
Make people smile!, 36
make sure to take care of YOU, 30
Make the most of now, 49
making the effort, 69
mammoth problem, 4
man behind the curtain, 182
manifest Intellectual Stimulation, 31
marionettes, 5
marketeer weasels, 16
Mazes and grids, 205
meaning of it all, 2
medical condition, 12
medical schools, 141
mental shelf space, 17
mentally alert and alive, 30
Metabolic Rate, 251
metal strongbox, 127
metamorphosed into the President, 65
Microsoft’s global Windows95 Team, 147
Middle English vernacular, 121
milligrams of sodium per day, 253
mind trick, 42
Modern English, 122
monosyllabic trances, 13
more great things that will happen, 69
Moss, 97
move forward, NOT backwards, 61
movie JFK, 179
multiple choice answers, 108
my ebooks for the Amazon Kindle, 145
my mom’s boxes, 180
my own self-portrait, 145
my senior year at Camden, 155
Neanderthals, 125, 126
need of being "included", 17
negativity that all of us let get in the way, 39
Netflix, 255
Netflix changed “going to the movies”, 255
Netflixing, 264
Never give up!, 131
new millennium, 22
New Republic article, 175
news, biased as it is, 16
Nikkormat camera, 155
nine dot puzzle, 75
Nine shots were fired, 171
ninety percent half mental, 60, 131
No limitations whatsoever, 51
no longer write letters, 6
NO! You do it!, 41
Nobel Prize for Stupidity, 117
nobody cares, 46
non-ionizing radiation, 12
non-REM, 238
non-stop barrage of Batsh*t Crazy stuff, 12
Norman Rockwell, 145
November 22nd, 1963, 154
NOW, 49
selling bodies (and parts of bodies), 142

**Send cards**, 37

series of texts, 80

Serotonin, 33

set aside some basic questions, 123

**Sex**, 32

sextant, 204

Shakespeare, 122

siblings, 43

**single most powerful force in the Universe**, 235

**SLEEP**, 235

Smells Like Teen Spirit, 197

So you drop some balls, 72

**So, screw it! Do it!**, 39

**So, what's your story?**, 214

social media, 3, 13, 15, 17

Some people are just shitty, 70

sometimes it rains, 138

Sony’s $49 music player, 25

sordid individuals, 143

sounds, lines, and images, 123

**soup cans tied together**, 19

**Spend time with people you like**, 32

spiral downwards significantly in the ratings, 70

squiggle our fingers and thumbs, 6

St. Louis Cardinals, 131

standing on one leg, 68

Stanford University, 147

Starbucks, 24

**start paying more attention**, 2

states are always trying to get more, 113

**states get for their share**, 113

statistical mechanics, 8

**Stop being afraid!**, 60

stop eating like a pig, 88

**Stupid People!**, 45

Stupid people. They are everywhere., 46

stupid people. They’re everywhere., 47

subscription to **Netflix**, 257

t’s all in your technique for juggling, 72

take care of YOU, 30

take complete control of your weight, 251

taking a leap, 39

**Talk to people**, 36

talk you into doing things, 11

Technology gives you tools, 34

techno-weenie things, 12

**Terrorists**, 110

**Text me later**, 78

text or “take a call, 79

**that one true sentence**, 3

that only happens in the movies, 68

that person isn’t paying any attention to you, 79

that that’s that, 11

The “relative factor”, 185

The Beatles, 190

the circus, 69

**the gift of a body will benefit medical science**, 142

**The love of a dog**, 150

**The Matrix**, 20

The more you juggle, the better, 69

the movie “Tin Cup,”, 136

the number nine, 94

the one “telling the story”, 139

the perfect Thanksgiving, 185

the President had completely vanished, 66

**The President what?!?!**, 65

**The Thoroughfare**, 234

**the time in between**, 53

**The Truth and the Universe are one**, 148

**Theater Plays**, 31

**There is no box!**, 40

**There’s no there “there!”**, 184

Things are askew, 4

things have not been quite right, 2

things we just gotta have, 113

**think about what you think**, 8

this all just somehow happened, 13

**This is but just a story**, 153

Thomas Hale Boggs Sr., 177
three dollars a gallon for gas, 115
three guys, all dressed in white, 65
three key factors to lose weight, 84
Thunderstruck, 197
time ... and your life, 54
time for the movies!, 256
Time Magazine, 21
to be happy, 10
to engage or not engage in anything, 43
tomb raiding, 141
Tony LaRussa, 132
Try Netflix for a month, 264
trying to kill or harm you, 16
TurboTax, 22
Turn over rocks, 4
twisted religious, political, or ideological “aims”, 110
Two Zero One Eight, 199
Two Zero One Eight Central Boulevard, 200
Umbrella Man, 170
unanswerable questions, 184
under the veil or mask, 43
units of language, 2
Vagina, 235
Van Morrison's, 196
Viper, 211
Virtual Reality, 188
voice sounds would have been lower, 125
waiting, 71
wanting more money!, 10
War Games, 21
Warren Commission Report, 153
Water, water, water!, 252
We are being manipulated, 13
We killed cable TV, 264
We make sounds, 123
what are you waiting for, 139
What did you really want or expect?, 192
What difference does it make?, 184
What do you want to do?, 35
What do you want?, 35
what I have done and accomplished, 145
What is why it isn’t???, 12
what now, 91
What now concomitance, 90
What will you do with today?, 36
What you have is NOW, 49
what you knew all along, 29
what you need, 25
what you perceive, 10
what you should already know, 14
what YOU want to do, 43
What you’ve been looking for, 29
What’s missing?, 35
Whatever Works!, 149
Where R U?, 82
whispers inside your head, 28
who gives a crap about celebrities, 186
Who is in control, you or the food?, 250
Who is in control? You? Or, the food?, 85
who juggles the best, 68
who killed JFK, 153
Whole Lot of Love, 197
why do it?, 41
Why do we do Thanksgiving anyway?, 186
why do you keep making it all so complicated?, 56
Why you?, 41
wielding knives (and guns), 110
wild ride!, 90
Windows95 Team, 22
wish list page at Amazon.com, 192
worded excursion, 90
worded performance, 3
words are open to interpretation, 74
work your body, 85
Worse than grave robbing!!!, 141
Write letters, 37
Yes! You! Can!, 39
Yogi Bera, 131
YOU = relevant, 56
YOU always have a choice, 43
you are going to tick off a lot of people, 70
You are no different than anyone else, 68
you are not stupid, 47
YOU are not stupid, 47
You are the iceberg, 51
you being totally free, 51
you can just “sit around”, 70
you can’t ever explain anything to anyone!, 74
You can’t go back, 49
you center stage, 70
You control everything, 69
YOU decide, 105
You eat it. You wear it!, 249
You have to do something ... anything!, 69
You throw the ball, you catch the ball, you hit the ball., 138
you’re addicted, 35
Your Life Theater, 78
your own TV show, 69
Zanrevla, 122, 125, 126, 127, 129
Zapruder film, 172
zero aspect, 95
Dynamics of Equational Flow

- It all starts with an open mind ...
- That lets your brain transmitters function ...
- Mindfulness leads to communication (with others and most especially yourself) ...
- It all equals putting together pieces ...
- Then YOU just “connect the dots!”

Copyright © 2017 by Bil. Alvernaz - bil@alvernaz.com - http://alvernaz.com/bil.htm