

JOTTINGS -2

SETTLING DOWN IN THE USA



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TOPIC LISTING

SETTLING DOWN IN THE USA

Changing Hemispheres,
Continents, Countries and Social
Systems in one's late 60s is
simply No Fun.

This has been one of the ways I
have attempted to let off steam.

Find a topic and argue with me - I
need to think more.

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FRECKLES



Another 39 and I'd be brown all over... but no, it never happened.

I had plans of being like a bronze statue, but I ended being polka dots.

Most of my life I felt like a Lucky Charms leprechaun. Every time one of those ads came on, I felt devalued, diminished and devastated.

The psychological damage of being a spotted Casper has taken its toll (obviously).

Picked on for all my 70+ years, forced to be clothed in times of raunchy nudity, and having strangers scream in fear when I have dared to enter a public swimming pool, has been heartbreaking.

Now that I'm old and have learned to accept that I'll never be 'That Surfer Dude', my hair is thinning and so is my skin.

From 'camouflaged skin', I'm heading straight to transparent.

A soft, crepe, pudgy effect across all my skin has created a new interest in the wrinkles.

Every clogged artery shows clearly for the no-see-ums and mosquitoes, every freckle a landing pad.

Bites adorn any exposed skin. Not pin pricks that you might expect, but cratered welts that never heal.

I even tried washing once, but the skin falls off, leaving more objectionable rashes. So, "Freckles are cute" is a patronizing way of saying, "Suffer".

My lifelong prayer has been for an extra 39.

THOUGHTS ON COVID

APRIL 2020

I feel like I'm in a little red rented rowboat (not much better than no boat) on an isolated lake where I occasionally see other row boats in the distance. A few are already oar-less and rudder-less.

All storms leave their mark. This one will change the landscape in many ways. There will be a new normal, but the terrain will be so different, we haven't invented the vehicles to navigate it.

As fear has changed the way we distance our greetings, Western society might accept a Namaste now, forever. We might

insulate our homes with Toilet Paper, shop online, educate more at home or retire into isolation more readily.

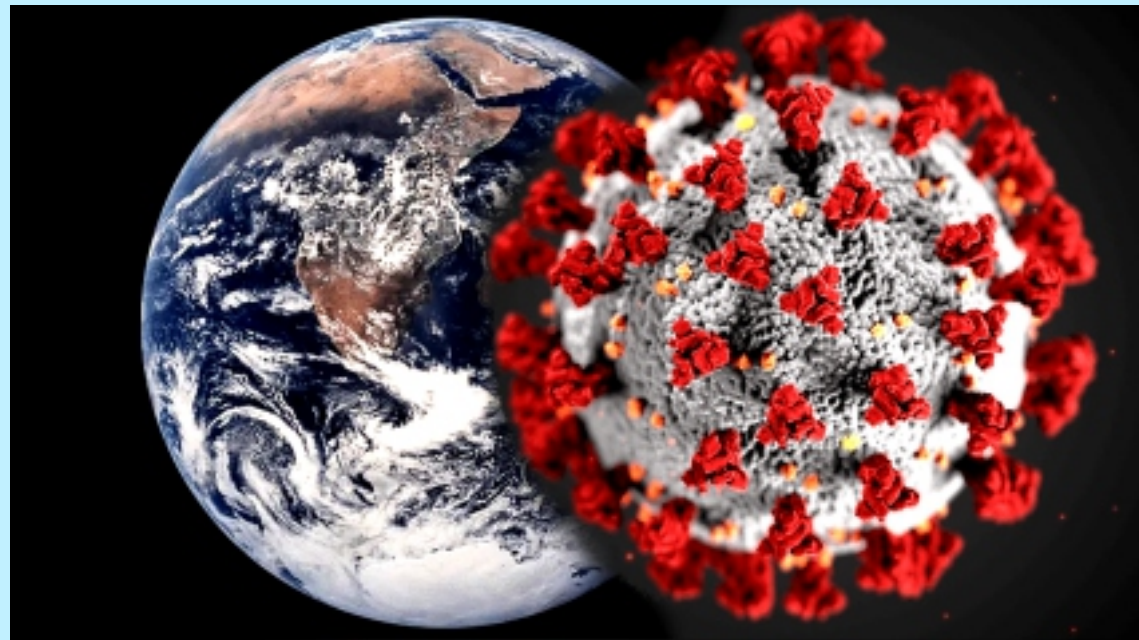
More will happen differently, than has happened for generations.

Certainly new social structures will evolve, and this time will be known as a tipping point.

Pre-Corona style living will be for the very few.

Corona style living will pass.

But Post-Corona lifestyles will be very different if we are to survive.





GLENN D. HIGHGATE

EULOGY

The Most Unforgettable Character I've Met.

RAW - The single word that springs to mind as I think of him.

Everything was a measure of emotions. Plagued with an unceasing guilt that welcomed both physical and emotional pain, driven by obsessive need that was only satisfied with more guilt & pain, taking irresponsible risks, that brought people to shun his self destructive nature or ride the roller coaster with him for as long as they could.

Larrikin, scoundrel, rascal... describe the boy that fought manhood for as long as Peter Pan. When he asked you to hover at the cliff and fly with him, it was always unclear whether he was speaking in metaphors, or would be happy to test his abilities in reality. Whenever we were actually near a precipice of any sort, he would shy away from it, ever fearful that it would be just too inviting. Everything in his world was a life and death decision, and they were always weighed up without prejudice. The fact that he has squeaked through to this stage of his life is quite an accomplishment for the forces of chance.

He hurt some people. He touched parts of their souls that they denied existed. He wanted them to experience even painful emotions, not as a punishment, but as a reward for having opened their minds to the darker reaches within.

He loved people. Deeply. But I feel he never felt worthy to stay around them in case he held them back. He needed to share the hidden depths that lay within each of them, before moving on.

Never a coward, rarely a hero but always larger than life. No-one who met him, ever forgot him.

He saved my life by lifting a burning log off my back while we were fighting bushfires and again by standing back to back when we were attacked by a gang of knife wielding thugs. For him, everyday events, for me earth shattering, monumental and unforgettable. I know he has saved other lives too.

He will live on. He has made countless people think for the first time in their lives. His magnetic personality polarized many people, they were drawn to him, or repelled quickly. He will not be forgotten.

From boyhood to manhood he has been an amazing part of my life - I wish I had been with you in the last weeks, old friend.

INSPIRATION

If you understand the whole concept of Inventiveness, you would understand the moment of joy that inventors feel when a new concept pops up out of nowhere.

I should apologize for inventing some of the most basic items in our society, but they are needed urgently.

- 1/ The Flashing Invisible Light is quite amazing.
But unfortunately, you can't see it - it's invisible -
that just proves how well it works!
No NDA required!
- 2/ The Silent Beeper has received a lot of interest. It looks like an
ordinary hammer, but creates silence in moments.
Not really patent-able, but useful.
- 3/ The Wake Free Speed Boat. Often discovered in a storage shed
or fancy marina. Keep away from water!

Products like these keep me busy between big sleeps - but keeps me out of the kitchen inventing Nuclear Bomb Alaska.

Feel free to call with your personal design requests.

NEIGHBORS

I have few neighbors.

This is a simple fact, due to the lay of the land, the nearby Marina, high fences, big dogs and a reduction in mobility that makes everywhere further than it should be..

One of the few neighbors is Steve and his family. Steve must have heard about me, ' cos he's leaving. He's taking his partner and kid with him... so it's me, not him.

Over the years, Steve has left his mark. He's also left Zucchini's and Eggplants and a host of other veggies. And .. everything...

Sod that he had in oversupply, mulch that was too good for him and found a home for it at our place, dozens of plants, trees and even extra pavers to maintain my addiction.

But he's leaving.

Quietly returning his home to the state his landlord expects.

This has repercussions.

Steve had built a fire pit..

Surrounded by oversized concrete blocks, lined with brick pavers, dug deep into the backyard, the fire pit also had to go.

After taking our Gorilla Cart to visit Steve, it became clear that the trademark flat tires were never going to allow this heartless old man to drag the weight of the first 60 pavers 300 yards back home.

NEIGHBORS

Without a moment's hesitation, Steve saddled up his Golf Cart and motioned me to jump on the back, handle/hitch in hand. Sitting on the back step of the Golf Cart, resulted in a forward thinking golf cart, a stationery Gorilla Cart, and my stretched arm proving another of the inertial laws of physics.

Rearranging my seating to thwart the laws of physics made the trip possible, but proved the Gorilla Cart was not the right tool for the job.

Cathy, another heart patient neighbor of ours is about to celebrate her birthday, but on hearing of my paver addiction, has volunteered to help with the next load.

There are many loads, Cathy deserves a celebratory lunch, not an extended arm socket.

Due to my mammoth intelligence, I worked out that loading pavers into the back of the car, would lower my risk assessment and speed the masonry recovery process.

There are more loads to go.

My addiction is greater than my strength.

The new pathway is underway. It's not quite the National Mall, there are more stacks than paths, but... I'm back paving!!!

I'm going to miss Steve.



OCCAM'S RAZOR

REVISITED

William of Occam was just plain lazy.

Finding the simplest answer to a problem was convenient, not virtuous.

Sure, it's a great way to define the possible reasoning to achieve a solution, but not the answer. I'm more likely to find all the simple explanations and discredit or discount them early on, seeking the most convoluted and unlikely path to a solution.

Why be so contrary? Consider our DNA - not the simplest method to achieve evolution and differentiation... perhaps the most complex. Our neural network, our brain, our synapses do not show a simplistic or 'most likely' path to evaluate or store knowledge.

A study led by Brown University researchers observed a new class of quantum particles called fractional excitons. These particles behave in unexpected ways and could lead to new ways of exploring quantum phenomena. Not exactly the simple belief that the Sun revolves around the Earth.

This is of course only arguable, if you accept that we have always looked for an Answer, a Cheat, a Result, rather than the Truth. We may start off as noble philosophers, but a quick and dirty answer comes about and we 'Go with it'. Not "The Answer, but An Answer that is good enough for now.

Of course you can say these quickies are just building blocks, but I suggest that they are the Legos of the barefoot brigade... stumbling blocks that get in the way of the hidden realities that we thought we were searching for.

Perhaps another 'civilization' resolved issues differently - why invent a wheel, when there is an Answer that doesn't involve all that wasted push-pull rolling energy, when the real answer is in discovering the key to Tele Kinesis or Wormholes.

The key to 'thinking outside the box', is to remove the box and think.

Someone built a pyramid - before the wheel - they thought differently. When is it our turn?

OGMOGRA DREAMING

Ogmogra is the name of the star system that lends it's name to the Ogmogran civilization, that was fabled to have inhabited earth along with other early groups that finally made their way to a young Earth, via asteroids, meteors and finally meteorites that landed in what is now known as Gondwana.

Little is known of that early civilization, but we still see remnants of them through their writings. Translating their epic tales of cataclysmic change has proved difficult for the greatest scholars of our time, but we understand that mystical writings from some of their descendants can still be found in the Australian Bush.

Fable has it that these winged creatures found residence in the forests and became the fairies of folklore.

They were seen to hover around the campfires of the emerging human civilizations and land in the trees out of reach. Through the millennia, they were able to pass on much of their ancient wisdom in what we now know as the Dreamtime.

In the quiet of the evenings, they would hum their tunes to the resting nomads and write their stories for all to read. We see their writings today, but translation has still eluded us.

Attempting to tie all the historical evidence of their lives on their home planet continue to evade all but the Aboriginal Elders who have retold the stories of the Dreamtime for generations, adding new information as they interpret it from the writings of the Ogmograns.



WHAT (OR WHO) GAVE BIRTH TO THE DREAMING?

Famed Australian poet, Judith Wright,
wrote of these mysterious words in her poem

Scribbly Gums



The cold spring falls from the stone.

I passed and heard
the mountain, palm and fern
spoken in one strange word.

The gum-tree stands by the spring.

I peeled its splitting bark
and found the written track
of a life I could not read.

REFLECTIONS

Lately, in the charcoal grey of the night, while all around me are sleeping as they should, strange thoughts enter my head.

Tonight's little escapade into irrelevance led me down a path of the manner in which an artist grows. Not that their height means a lot to me – but I mean their artistic abilities.

I have discovered that my own art needs feeding.

I need to become passionate about a concept, an idea a colour even and then I am fed by the input of others.

I work best when I am working with a co-photographer/artist/model etc... I tend to parasitically feed from them.

Not that I need their ideas; I seem to need them, to express mine. I call it collaboration – but I know that I am moved by shards of light, by the texture and shadowing of skin, by the tiny gob of last night's mascara that clings desperately to an eyelid, the shades caused by the pressure of fingertips on skin, the striking difference in the highlight of a collar bone, the colour changes of the fall of hair, the mysteries that are hidden behind flashing eyes... and the list goes on, ad infinitum.

I say I am fed by others, and the contrary exists also. If people get in the way of my self-expression, my art, my passions... I walk away... no; I run away before they do me damage.

Of late, my inspiration has been waning. I am disappointed in many of the subjects that see my work, approach me, and want me to be someone else. I have refused shoots on many occasions because our eccentricities are unmatched.

Oh well... this happens. Back to re-editing the work of other days.

"I love your nudes, will you shoot my graduation shots?" (so does she get an accountant to fix her stove?)

"Can you make me look like her, she looks so free – but of course I wouldn't dare go nude." (D'uh!! Guess why she feels free!!!)

So I am not always inspired to work with every model/subject that comes my way.

I also ask myself about how others that rely on the creative process, ready themselves for a project. I know writers have blocks, and spurts, and manic days and doldrums. What are the triggers for them? Is it a fight with the boss, a win at the track, or that contented moo that follows a great meal?

REFLECTIONS

I have friends who are great photographers.

How do I tell them that they are heading along a dead-end alley way and need to revive themselves.

That they need to be free enough to express without working on creative ideas while someone/something else is restraining their passion and empowering mediocrity?

How do I spell out to a 19 year old model, that screaming is the best way to start letting passion slip into their portfolio, that they are being sexy, not sensual because they are enabled by so many, so often, when they play sexy?

How do I explain to a redneck boyfriend that his girlfriend wants to explore the sides of herself, that he thinks are just for him, when in reality, they are just for her?

That he will only restrain the inevitable for so long, before reality bites and he will be the first casualty? So all this rambling started with a direction and then entered a Twilight Zone... that's OK... suffer.

Just fill in the poll with any old thing, I am not conducting a survey for a thesis!

My art is triggered by external influences.

My art is stifled by external influences.

My art is from within, nothing gets in my way.

My art is coming soon, everything gets in my way!

What is this Art thing anyway?

Who am I going to impress with 'That'?

My task was never to Impress anyone,
My task was solely to Express myself.

SUPER HEROES

A deep and mysterious thought has flickered in my mind (stop laughing!) But it appears to me that 99% of all Super Heroes have originated in the US.

Australia certainly has none, perhaps Astro Boy counts from Japan, but he is a take off from the US genre... What is it that requires the US to create a bunch of iconic demi-gods? There is a deep cultural need for heroes - especially ones with Super Powers within the culture, that totally mystifies me.

England and Europe had a bout with fairies, elves and goblins - but they were all woodsy folklore guys, not Green Lanterns, Aquaman, Flash, Superman, Batman, and all the other Powerful Marvels...

Is it about imagination, or a deep seated need to be saved by an entity beyond their understanding? Psychologists, Sociologists and Super Heroes... have your say!

Perhaps Von Daniken and Tolkien were closer to reality than even they believed.

There is growing evidence (or at least studied speculation) that angels and demons as well as fairies, elves and goblins, nymphs and all the European and Scandinavian woodsy folklore guys have been around all along.

The explanations of "Aliens", now more correctly called "Non Human Intelligence" (NHI) may well have been based on the level of sophistication and language of the times.

Our ancestors didn't have the scientific terminology to adequately define creatures that weren't prey or predators, so they used descriptive terms that fitted within their own realms.

My conjecture is that all these creatures that were obviously other worldly, and must have been sent by the gods, as there was no other method to describe them. They have so many characteristics in common around the world with vastly different cultures and epochs, showing "magical" abilities - because they were beyond our poor understanding of the physics that could be applied.

So, here is another conjecture.

Heaven is a primitive word for interdimensional. Angels and fairies live with us (As NHIs), but in another dimension, that has portals, (Stargates, wormholes, white holes or whatever... that they have mastered while we were battling with the wheel, internal combustion and transistors.

SUPER HEROES

Their evolutionary timeline appears to have started earlier or certainly accelerated long before we fell out of the trees.

I have only ever seen an NHI depicted with a wheel, when our ancestors painted a fiery chariot across the sky, but how else would our ancestors been able to describe a flying saucer? The wheel was not required for our heavenly brethren as their progression allowed them to move without machinery at all. Whether by a Quantum trick, mind power or technical advance, it would seem that Flying Saucers, Orbs, Tic-Tacs and even “Aerial Lobsters” may only be necessary when they travel on our plane.

Our physical world may rob the NHIs of much of their power, so their “Craft” is required as a shield against our toxic environment. It's natural that we should see their craft as being transport, because we have only used craft for transport – but perhaps crossing to our dimension robs them of their direct ability to move by 'thought'. So perhaps our perceived dimension of Earth, Sky and Sea are just the tip of the iceberg.

Bringing the concept of Stargate out of fantasy and into reality, there may well be many different NHIs that cross our path, each providing the similarities of heavenly messengers, simply because they defy our understanding, yet provide a vast difference in their evolutionary

capabilities.

Is it possible that we are living in a simulation? It continues to look more likely than not. Are we the guinea pigs of an NHI experiment or “video game”? Quite possibly. Have we been abandoned by the Game Players for long periods at a time... also, possibly.

Currently there are Orbs or Craft of some sort being spotted every day, and although that may be more to do with SmartPhone technology than simply increased traffic, it is obvious that craft that can instantly disappear could be even more furtive than they are – so why aren't they?

The UFO / UAP community is shrouded in Government secrecy, Off the books funding and outright denial of fact. Disclosure is underway, but apparently governments still have a '50 year plan', while the UFO / NHI community wants a one year plan.



MY HOME TOO

Written as an immigrant, celebrating his eventual Green Card arrival.

While the card states that is a Permanent Residency Card, it must be renewed every ten years!

It is difficult for immigrants to build a life in a new country, without having the fear that they may be unceremoniously deprived of any rights, with seven days notice.

I personally sold up real estate overseas to make a new life, then waited for 6 years to be accepted, eating my assets, waiting to be able to legally purchase a property. If I was forced to leave because of some arbitrary ruling, I would never have the equity or possibility of purchasing another property.

UPDATE:

After re-applying before my "10 year permanency" expired, I was granted an extension of 36 months, because they were behind on their paperwork.

So I sit in limbo for another 36 months.

By that time I will be 79 years of age and wondering if I will be required to leave, to start a new life elsewhere.

Sometimes, immigration can be its own cruel and unusual punishment.

My story is not unusual.

I married my US citizen wife in 2008.

I have been asked to leave twice and had to mount an appeal both times.

They suspected our marriage was fraudulent, so that I could stay in the country. That was 18 years ago, still together, across 40+ countries, while we waited for permission to re-apply for my residency, so that my wife could spend time with her children.

Immigrants all have to fight to be here in one way or another.

Some become frustrated at all the red tape and become angry.

I understand.

MY HOME TOO

Now is the time to count our friends,
Now is the time to make amends,
Now is the time to build new bridges,
Now is the time to sing... Just sing.
It's my home too.

A long hard road to a foreign shore,
A long cold wait for an open door.
Traveling far to an unknown future,
Friends are missed and memories make tears,
We start a new life, confused and unsure.
It's my home too.

But now is the time to count our friends,
Now is the time to make amends,
Now is the time to build new bridges,
Now is the time to sing... Just sing.
It's my home too.

Traveling the nation from end to end
Crisscrossing states to see our best friends,
Meeting with family to share and spend,
Thanksgiving to all, Good will to mankind.
A time for acceptance and breaking of bread.
It's my home too.

But now is the time to count our friends,
Now is the time to make amends,
Now is the time to build new bridges,
Now is the time to sing... Just sing.
It's my home too.

Looking back from where I came
Hoping my old friends will feel the same,
Thinking of school friends who'll remember my name.
Toasting the old world, embracing the change.
It's my home too.

Now is the time to count our friends,
Now is the time to make amends,
Now is the time to build new bridges,
Now is the time to sing... Just sing.
It's my home too.

Now is the time to count our friends,
Now is the time to make amends,
Now is the time to build new bridges,
Now is the time to sing... Just sing.
It's my home too.

Now a song, available on YouTube

MORE STILL... AT HALF PRICE

I used to explain to my kids, that when goods were offered Free, they were usually too expensive and when goods were on Sale, we could rarely afford them. Let me explain...

When we see goods at ridiculously low prices, 80 - 90% Discount, Buy One Get One (Free or 1/2 price), it shows that the seller has had an inflated retail price all along.

When we are offered a Freebie, we usually find there are strings attached. Often this is just your email address, then your age bracket, gender, zipcode etc... just enough information to be able to sell your data to thousand of Mailing Lists and make some money, because as you will see, goods don't necessarily have a real value.

In the late 1940s, as the US came out of the Second World War, manufacturing techniques grew rapidly, workers were plentiful after returning to civilian life and the great expansion took place. Competitive Capitalism became the order of the day and Production increased with multiple competitors holding prices at a reasonable level.

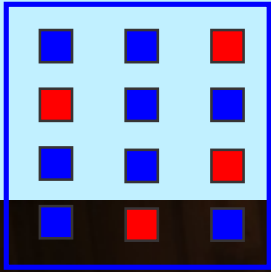
But we wanted More, Cheaper, Faster!

In a bid to undercut their competitors, many larger stores began outsourcing their supply lines to Asia, the copies from US drawings and specifications were underwhelming, but the appearance was similar to the top branded products, so they sold well to the consumer (You and Me) at prices that continued to spiral down.

When our locally produced bird feeder would cost the retailer \$ 10, (who stocked it and sold it to us for \$ 20), the Imported version might only cost \$ 2 and be sold for \$ 15. The Importers and retailers made a fortune as buying cheap imports made them greater profits. The imports would often last a very short time before breaking, but ever mindful of a bargain we would dutifully go back and purchase another, because it had now dropped to \$ 12.50, so was an even better deal - or was it?

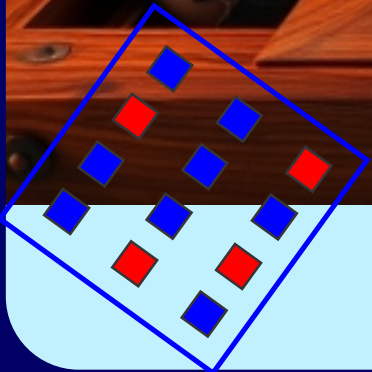
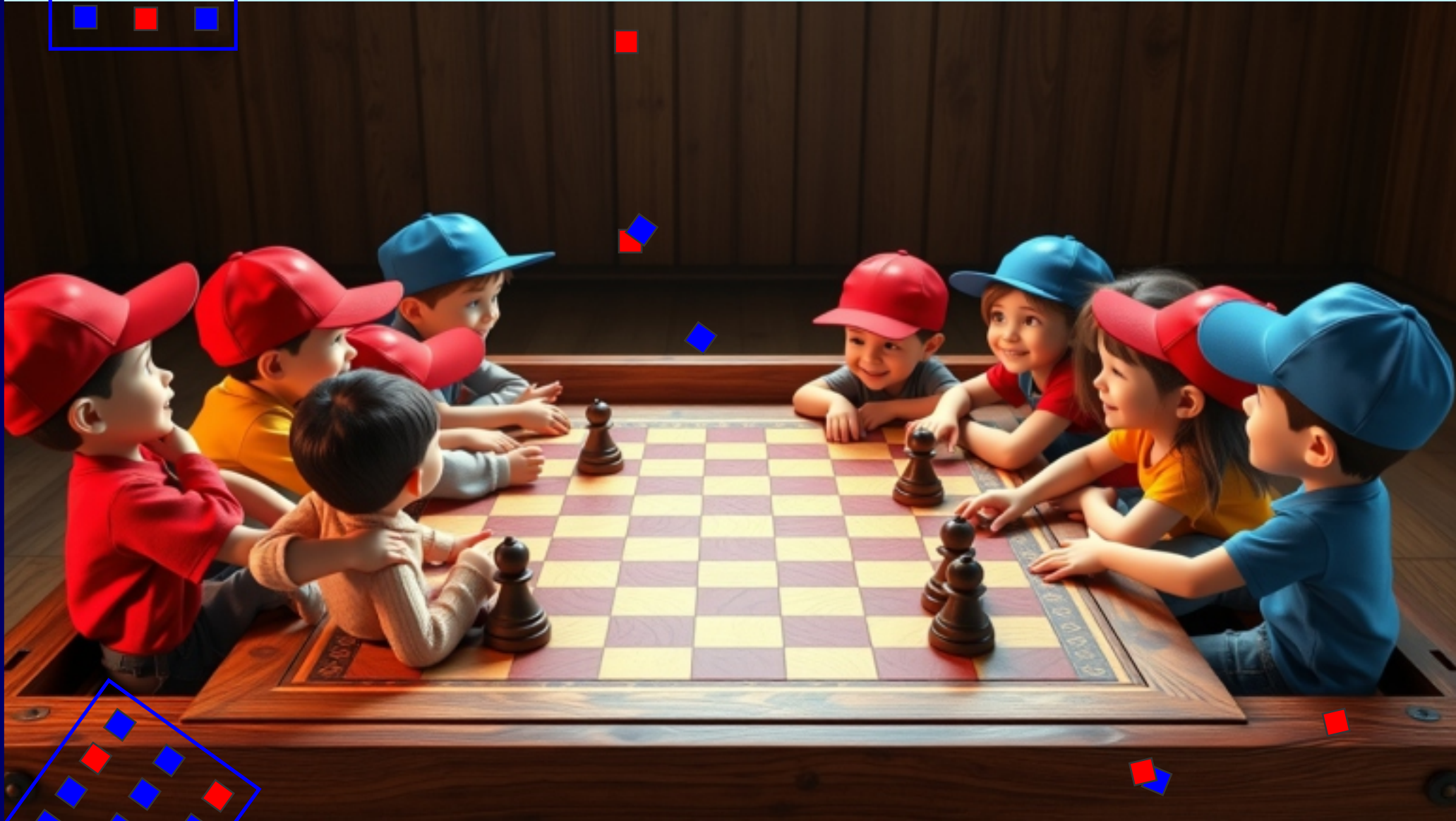
The next generation comes forward with an expectation of a \$ 5 bird feeder that will probably last a season, and that seems like a good deal. In the meantime, Overseas Bird Feeder Factories have got Bigger, Faster and more Productive. They can now churn out Super Light Bird Feeders by the million at \$ 0.50 and they are still selling for \$ 5 at your local Store. Of course Pet Stores have Deluxe packaging and sell theirs at \$ 19.95 still, all from the same overseas supplier. We know we can Google them and find them on Ebay for less, or on Amazon for more, or somewhere else for a different price. But our new expectation is to have a Bird Feeder, produced somewhere else, for cheaper every year, while our standard of living is supposed to be growing.

I'm not a noteworthy Economist (obviously) but we have swallowed an equation that should be sticking in our gut. Or should we just buy extra Bird Feeders because they are on a Buy One, Get One Half Price deal?



WHERE DO THEY FIT?

INSIGHT

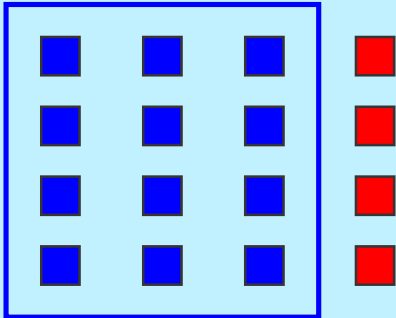


WHERE DO WE FIT?

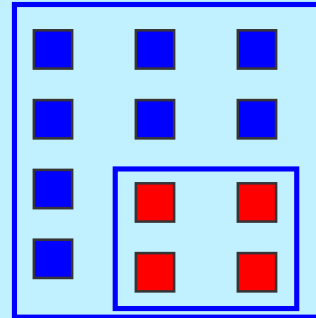
WHERE DO THEY FIT?

INSIGHT

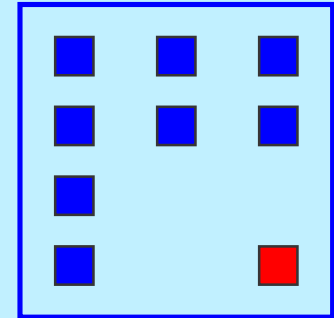
EXCLUSION



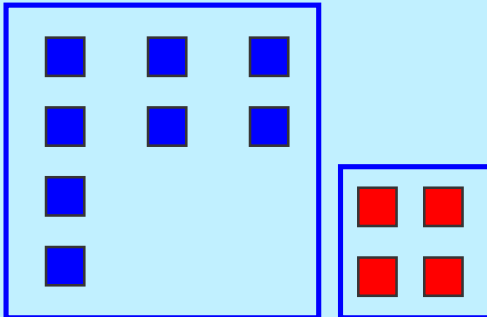
INTEGRATION



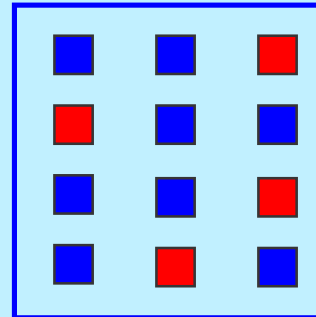
ISOLATION



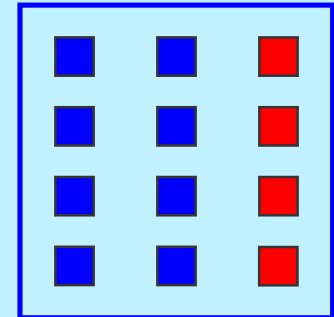
SEPARATION



INCLUSION



DIVISION



Where do they fit into our lives...? our society? our community? & our workplace?
Our children, our partners, our co-workers, our students, our countrymen, our neighbors?

WHERE DO WE FIT?

VISION

OPINION



VISION



OPINION

As people grow older, they appear to become more set in their ways.

*What is happening that forces them to stop accepting new concepts, and to reject new technology?
The eyes have it!*

Presbyopia is an age-related process. (It is a gradual thickening and loss of flexibility of the natural lens inside your eye, particularly affecting our closeup vision.)

Our habits change to accommodate the changes in our sight. Certainly many of us are able to regain close focus with the use of reading glasses, but there is a transition period at around age 40 - 45 when our eyes begin this process and initially we are unaware of the onset of Presbyopia. This is where I believe the changes in our thinking occur.

We read headlines, not articles. Our eyes simply get too tired to make it to the end of the full story in the newspaper.

We may have a business report to evaluate, but we tend to go to the bottom line, and not read everything, we seek the pie charts because they can give us an overview without having to labor through the fine print.

We rarely buy new products at the supermarket, we remember our favorites, but can't read the ingredients or calories on new products.

Similarly, the world of electronics is known for poorly translated, tiny instruction books - without a clear diagrammatic 1,2,3 step procedure we may never adopt the new technology at all.

We haven't read the full manifesto of the latest political candidate, its simply too hard, so we settle back to vote as we've always done.

Our brain hasn't really aged measurably, simply the path to receiving new information is being blocked by our eyes, and in the early stages of Presbyopia (at least), we lay down a new learning habit; "Skip to the bottom line."

In time, we accept that we need to invest in readers to be able to read anything, but by this time we have learned to miss the meat and potatoes and head straight for dessert. Our new skill set has allowed us to get away with reading the headline and the bottom line and skip the fine print.

I recently had to find and copy the Serial Number and Model Number of an electronic component that my readers plus a magnifying glass were unable to decipher. I was able to photograph the label and enlarge it, but many don't have that option.

Manufacturers, packaging designers and advertising agencies are obviously, blissfully unaware of this change in the human condition, as they continue to have the fine print so fine, that we cannot read it and often resort to a tried and tested product and certainly are reticent to adopt new products without clear Contents, Descriptions, Ingredients, Instructions etc...

The irony of all this is that I know this topic is of no interest to our youth, and the print is too small for the seniors, so only one percent of people who see this will actually get to read it!