

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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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.

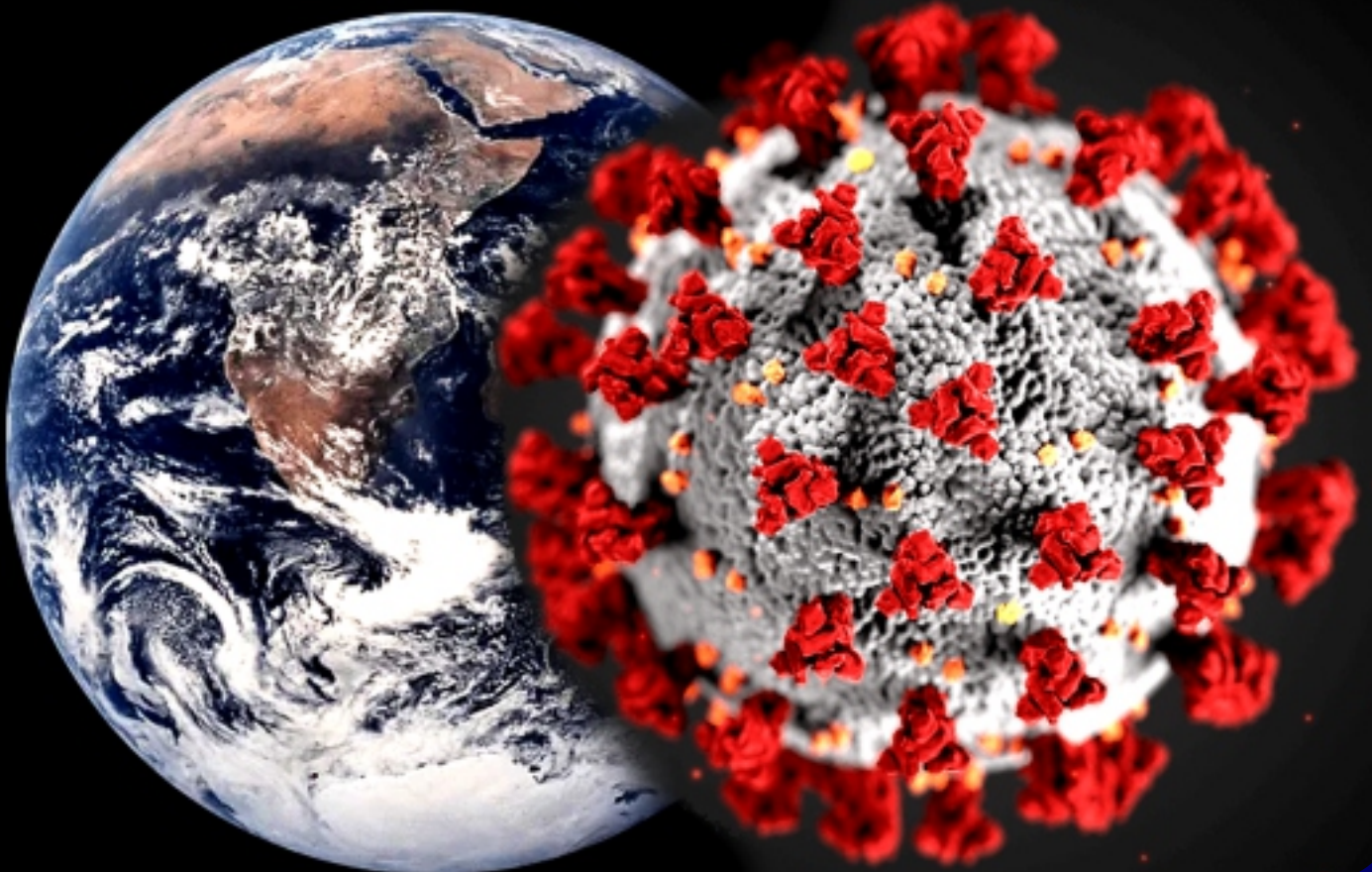
More will happen differently, than has happened for generations.

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.



FEELING PUMPED

Political leader magnate made fortune from the Throne:

A well known business tycoon; has been reported as having made his true business fortune from the sale of Toilet Plungers through outlets like Home Depot and Lowes.

As the owner of the world's largest toilet cistern empire, He has been cited as having purposely had cistern fittings produced to regularly fail, so that sales of his orange tanned plungers would soar.

Only the USA sells these plungers, as only the US is so full of "the problem that just won't go away".

Other countries obviously don't have him as a leader for their parties, and they certainly don't have a problem with the excrement staying around beyond its due date, said the British Home Secretary.

The European Union seems to have wiped up all of their mess of recent times, and they have no plans to import what is locally known as the Orange Spreader, probably a reference to the well known US mopping up procedures that are required in every US home on a weekly basis.

Local Sewerage authorities are in constant fear of the backlog ever coming down the sewers as they agree that the pipes are clogged with smears and innuendo, a possible reference to the stains on the constitutional mess that is now constantly straining the system.

With the largest septic tank usage in the world, the US was accused of burying the real problem in it's own backyard.

"America needs a better flushing mechanism, and someone needs to pull the plug on these tycoons", said a high ranking politician who refused to be named because of potential blow-back.

Pressure groups seem to be growing red in the face when interviewed during their weekly sit-in.

"Something has got to give!" was the unanimous roar.

When questioned by a reporter, the party leadership promised to "Make America Flush Again" if elected in November 2028.



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.

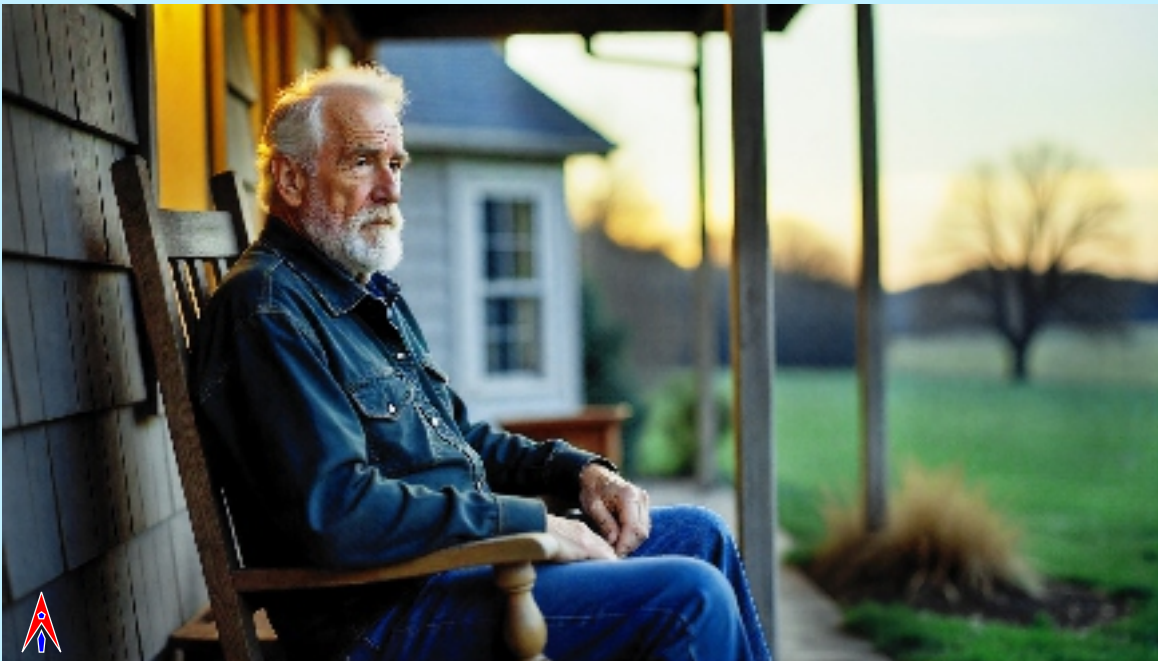
From 'camouflaged skin', I'm heading straight to transparent.

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.



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.



GOBLINS & ELVES

So, here is a complete conjecture.

Heaven is a primitive word for inter-dimensional.

Angels and fairies live with us (As NHIs), but in another dimension, that has portals, (Stargates, worm-holes, white holes or whatever... that they have mastered while we were battling with the wheel, internal combustion and transistors.

Their evolutionary time-line 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'. A UFO may simply be a shield that is required to traverse dimensions.

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.

Another aspect of all this allows us to question the existence of a Supreme Being. While different

GOBLINS & ELVES

religions all have their own vision of *God*, many are derived from ancient manuscripts that were also reliant on their poor “knowledge” of physics. Perhaps the books of the Bible / Koran / Talmud etc come from parable style stories to assist the writers to explain to the peasants, using pictorial words that they could understand. Obviously there was no word for a Techno Wizard hiding behind a wall of mainframes conducting the universe like a giant game of the Sims... So the best way would be to distance the Creator where it would be impossible to question reality.

So, who or what is *God*?

UFO / NHI Disclosure would certainly threaten our current view of *God*. It would threaten our view of the bible and redefine the 7 days of Creation in disturbing ways.

In turn, World Economics would be in turmoil, as the hierarchy of *God*, Angels and Man would be redefined. We may even find that the realistic title for *God* may be Chief Scientist or Bertie from Betelgeuse.



GOBLINS & ELVES



In Catholicism, there is a hierarchy of Angels

Highest orders

Seraphim
Cherubim
Thrones

Middle orders

Dominions
Virtues
Powers

Lowest orders

Principalities
Archangels
Angels

Middle Earth has an even more complex hierarchy.

Tolkien created a vast hierarchy to support his books of fiction, but this has further supported the concept of unseen creatures being a part of our history and ancestry.

Likewise, all cultures and religions have a history of other worldly beings having a level of interaction with humans and often divided them into realms of good and evil.

There is also a dividing line in humans, between the lay and the clergy. The mysticism of Gurus, Yogis and Shaman is reflected in the New World religions, but is now becoming dominant in the Military - Industrial Complex with their refusal to allow the common man to understand the complexities of these mysterious creatures.

The US Government has announced (Jan 2024) that there are at least 5 and possibly up to 9 different NHI species that they are aware of, that are either present or visiting Earth. They all are vastly different to humans, biologically, and all possess abilities that are not possible for humans.

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...

So 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.

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.

NEIGHBORS

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.



A NEW DAY

I awake to my glasses playing Hall of the Mountain King followed by a weather report while they sit in the charger on the bedside table – Good, I know what to wear.

Hauling myself off to the shower, I step inside and the shower starts at my preferred body temperature, at my preferred pressure.

No wasted water or time in adjusting flow. The shower screen displays the headline news. I tap on a few of the more relevant stories and listen to the latest reports.

As always, my preferred Live Cams show a few of the major intersections that I'll be traveling on and give me a readout on traffic jams, and travel times.

Enough of that shower, but as I get out, the image reverses so that I see the screens as I dry off.

Back in my room, I start to get dressed and as I select my pants, a selection of my shirts show in the mirror – I select the pre-dress feature and see myself dressed in a variety of tops that are suitable for the day's weather conditions. Selection made, I get that shirt from the wardrobe, and immediately see the reminder for the correct belt, shoes and other accessories back on the mirror-screen.

An icon of my ViewBar flashes on screen and a familiar 'Pling' sound is heard from the charging dock on the bedside table. Great, the coffee is ready as always, sitting in my temperature controlled mug.

Another Pling is heard in my ear from the ViewBar – the overlay screen shows that it's Charlie – I take the call and see that he's nearly ready for me to pick him up – 'Hi Charlie – be there in 5"'.

As it's going to be a sunny day, I know all the windows will switch to full solar feedback mode as I walk out the door – that'll keep the temperature lower inside and all those rays working for me – nice to make \$500 every month from the electricity company at last!

As I go out to the garage and approach the driver's door of my car, I hear a gentle klunk as the nudge bar charger retracts, the garage door opens and the driver's door pops open.

I drop my coffee cup into the heated cup-holder. My ProximAccess Chip synchs with BioMetrics and allows full access to the vehicle's functions. My ViewBar shows the image from the reversing cameras. Now that Solid State Disks are so inexpensive, my vehicle is programmed to keep the last month's Digital Video Files from all six external cameras as well as the TeleMetrics from the vehicle in case of an insurance claim.

The car clicks and then purrs gently as it rolls quietly from the garage.

A NEW DAY

The car's external sensors glow a warm green as the Heads Up Display shows the path behind.

In reality, there's no reason to look, as the car knows the best way out of the driveway and will find it's way to work via the most efficient route, today. As the vehicle leaves the driveway, the garage door closes, the house locks tight and the external house cameras come alive.

I touch the 'Work' icon on my 'Faves' list on the dashboard and the rest is automatic. An advertisement appears on the outside of my vehicle as the OLED screen comes to life. That will earn me extra fuel credits, so that I can swap out fuel cells more frequently.

I use this time to converse with family via the ViewBar. As vehicles are so automated, I can talk on the video phone while driving and even flip the ViewBar up to see the other party on the Heads Up Display. The trip to work involves a number of sets of traffic lights, a toll-way and a short distance from the off ramp to the office. The heads up display shows an icon to let us know we have crossed a traffic monitor point. These points are set at intersections and read the sensors built into the car.

Yes, Big Brother has arrived, they know who is driving, what alcohol level I have and whether my car is registered and has insurance paid up. We rarely see vehicles that are automatically disabled any more, but of course there is the odd person who speeds, but their cars are automatically disabled after ten seconds. The fleeing criminals can't get past the system either.

Apart from the fact that police have all got remote ignition disabling devices, the roads themselves will simply stop illegal usage. Few cars run on petroleum based products now, changeover hydrogen cells are readily available to boost the range of the electric powered cars. The taxes on petroleum products has made both the cars and the fuel quite out of the question for most people.

As steering, braking, acceleration and parking have all been taken over by the onboard computers, the driver rarely has to intervene unless asked to by the car. Voice controls normally work fine, but there is still a brake pedal and steering wheel that can override the computer. Acceleration has been taken away from the driver completely. Based on the old Cruise Control concept of 'Resume', the car accelerates at the optimal speed and maintains a safe distance between other traffic, courtesy of the cameras and proximity sensors. As the car takes the on ramp to the toll-way, another tiny icon shows on the heads up display, a charge has appeared and will continue to increase as I travel.

A NEW DAY

Imperceptibly, the suspension hardens slightly and the tire pressure is increased to provide a faster and more fuel efficient ride. The charges for these cars are different today than they were. All cars are priced on a standardized rate. There is no up-front fee for the vehicle, insurance or registration, or even drivers licence. A simple ID check solves all of that. You are required to keep a vehicle for a minimum of 2 years, but you must change over after 5 years. There are no maintenance charges like Servicing, Tires or Batteries.

These items are all built in to the 'per mile fee' for the particular vehicle you have chosen and the funds are deducted directly from your designated account per day. Simply put, the more you drive the vehicle, the more it costs, but if you don't drive often, you will pay almost nothing to own a car. Any parking, toll or traffic fines are simply charged to that account and your 'Points' are able to be increased or decreased, depending on your driving quality. As your driving quality increases, your licence automatically extends to allow you to park in better positions and to receive priority in vehicle servicing. All repairs are taken care of free , because all vehicles are driven according to manufacturers specifications and government requirements. All driving costs are known by the manufacturers up-front.

Vehicle manufacturing costs are much lower, because lighter weight materials are being used as the heavy engines of yesterday don't have to be hauled around. Small electric motors with solar boosters and fuels cells do the job adequately and, as all vehicles are computer equipped and aware of each other, there simply isn't the need for the extraordinary protective capsules that were present in the last generation of gasoline powered cars.

We slip quietly from the toll-way via the off ramp, another icon shows the toll paid as the suspension resets itself for the minor road we are taking. The car pulls into my designated car space and shows a reminder of those things that are in the car that I need to take into my workplace. As the door pops open, the vehicle begins its security shutdown procedure and sits quietly absorbing solar rays while I'm at work.

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.



OGMOGRA 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.



WHAT (OR WHO) GAVE BIRTH TO THE DREAMING?

QUANTUM CONSPIRACY

In these days of Rabid Quantum Entanglement, Sneaky Dark Matter and Subversive Pentaquarks.... its good to know that Isaac Newton was right when he said: " When you split the Apple with an Arrow, Windows will Crash and Tesla cars will rot and as William Told, Autumn leaves, will fall."

Newton's Laws were typed out on this Quantum Machine by Schroedinger's Cat which may or may not have happened... and the weight of the tome is always greater than wait of the time in a uni-dimensional square full of energetic bucky balls.



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.

SO I HAD THIS IDEA...

So I had this idea...

The purpose is to see the way that thinking progresses.

A simple thought, sentence or visual stimulant that takes root, like a germinating seed can be seen as the doorway to a changed life.

Often it may be the critical view of an Ad, a News Article or even a Facebook meme. It may be a knee jerk style of smart-ass answer to an online comment, usually restrained under breath, but still a prompt to respond to the underlying statement that has always been in my mind...

“There has to be a better way!”

Being a self styled critic has had remarkable social implications.

For the most part, people keep their distance, knowing that I'll respond to their statements with an “off the wall” answer, or slide off into an avalanche of partially researched historical thoughts on their idea - before they have had a chance to fully explore their own concept.

So they stay away, don't discuss or shutdown quickly when I overhear and immediately jump on my soapbox.

But the opposite also occurs.

When confronted with a difficult situation, a problem that needs solving or an impossible task, these same people jump in line, hopefully for the short version, but sometimes required to hear the full rant. They unknowingly realize that the same thing that I learned in my youth, also applies to them.

In every conversation, there is a jewel.

There is that sparkling takeaway that if discovered and nurtured, can change the course of the future. Sometimes that jewel is a keyword, sometimes a product, sometimes an element of timing, but there is always a jewel, and I've attempted to not only discover it, but to pass on this concept to others that I'm with.

I have walked out of a business meeting where the primary object has been a complete failure, but then rummaged through the words that were spoken to search for the jewel. It has rarely failed. If, instead of congratulating or commiserating the outcome, we look a little deeper and search for the jewel. It has been found in a picture on the wall, a single word uttered or a totally new aspect of what was expected. But, as always, I digress.

Some people forget to look for that jewel or they talk about the jewel back in the office or once they get home, but I always took it a step further. I have always had a Jewel Box. For many years, I used an Index Card Storage Box that had a bunch of Index Cards and I would write a sentence about the 'jewel' on a card and pop it into the box. Just enough information to rebuild the memory and the thoughts that went through my head at that time.

These days I will usually write myself a Text or Email and always file it under Projects Todo. These then get indexed in Folders and Subfolders until they pop back into interest - sometimes years later, sometimes a day later. Now, that ranting mind needs real Research to discover more about the jewel. Sometimes a picture from the web is enough, often Scholarly Articles from the back pages of the internet. Then comes Patent Searches, interested companies, manufacturers and potential markets. The legal issues that arise, the public blowback and the way to refine the jewel, so that it is a reality.

So, I had this idea...

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

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.
It's 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.

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Now a song, available on [YouTube](#)

TIPPING

Americans eat out a lot.

Americans eat a lot.

Five generations of fast food have created endemic obesity. Diabetes is a 'when' more than an if. Food additives are an amazing substitute for food. A loaf of sliced bread will last for a month in the US without ever having tasted like bread, but also without ever growing mold. Give us this day our monthly bread!

I know many Americans that eat out more than 15 times a week – breakfast, lunch and dinner. The cost of these 'food substitute' meals is enormous, even though the price at the register may seem small. Many people purchase from the dollar menu – \$ 1 double cheeseburgers and a \$ 1 coffee, \$ 0.79 tacos and a large Pepsi the list goes on...

The custom in the US is to tip whenever there is table service. Those costs are added to the direct consumer cost, but not really figured by anyone when they work out their budget. Pricing of many products is a hidden thing.

Cars are \$ 259 per month, houses are \$ 950 per month, with the real cost being obscured in paperwork somewhere. Consumer goods have a variable Sales Tax added at the register – except for gas.... (go figger!). We sit down at a small restaurant, order a cheese and ham sandwich and a coffee for a total of maybe \$ 5.00. Tax is added at 7.5 % at the register and then we struggle to work out the 15% + tip that is to be added to that. Some will leave a tip on the table, some will add it to the register total, some will pass a waiter a few \$ 1 notes and hope it covers it.

This is all because Americans know that the minimum wage for waiters is below the poverty line, and they are 'obligated' to give the waiter a tip to offset these pay rates. I know of staff that are paid \$ 2.50 per hour by their 'employer' and survive on tips. Obviously the system works, because students (especially) are lining up for \$ 2.50 per hour jobs, betting that they will have a happy group of clients arrive that will tip (pay) them well.

TIPPING

To an outsider, this is classist, demeaning, exploitative, archaic and an echo of the slave trade.

This defines the employee as one that has no job security, that has to take as much of a gamble on their earnings as the owner, but without any say in the marketing or running of that business.

To me, tipping is graft.

I say that because the definition of graft includes paying someone else's employees to receive special service. As a consumer, I am paying someone to serve me, more than the restaurant owner – where can an employee show loyalty in that equation?

How about this America....

Come clean about the pricing of everything. Add the Sales Tax, reasonable wages and the real cost of that meal all in together on the Menu, so the consumer is aware of the full price from the outset.

Ban tipping – full stop. No handouts to people, no creating classism, no fostering a system which is archaic and demeaning, just vote with your feet and only eat at those places that have an all inclusive menu.

The actual prices won't have to change – but the menus will have to be re-printed to show the real price. Just the way that the advertised price of gas is the actual price of gas.

I realize that you are used to the system and it seems to work. But that's the reason it seems to work, because it's always been done that way. It doesn't have to be done that way.

Disallow tipping – make it illegal across the country. We don't need to round up to save carrying a wad of change, we use credit cards. Be honest – charge the real price.

Of course, parts of Southern Europe do it worse... There can be seating taxes, footpath taxes, city taxes, cover charges, and gratuities all automatically added to the bill, and that's all for the owner - then you are supposed to leave an extra 15% (+) on the table for the waiter. Welcome to the \$ 19 coffee!!!

Is that the way to go America?

