

COYOTE RAMBLINGS 5

Stuff That Wakes Me Up at 3:00 a.m. And Won't Leave Me Alone

Even Though I Tell It To While I Lie There Trying To Go To Sleep Again

also known as

There Are Other Parts Of Us Who Don't Care What We Want

I remember the first time I stepped into the world class library at the University of Colorado, Boulder. I will always remember it. It was the day I found myself in the country I had been born to inhabit. Surrounding me were a thousand unwalked trails, each heading off into a vast, undiscovered country. From its wild landscapes I felt something reach out to me, grab hold, and pull me close. I could hear the murmuring of the ancient voices of our elders, an almost silent susurrus filled with every story that I had been born to hear, stories that the young man I then was had hungered for all of my life.

I found companionship there. Not of tribe or nation or gender, not of color or degree of victimization, nor of schooling. It was instead a companionship of soul and heart and mind. A companionship who believed in the best of what we humans could be. A community of mentors who knew of the young that would follow them in the generations to come. They welcomed me to a community unbounded by geography or time or tribe . . . or species. And that community urged me, from the beginning, to become an honorable man, to take the journey that all honorable people must take if they are to know themselves, if they are to serve something outside the self, something larger and better than the little that so many of us settle for in this life. And the ones who lived in those books that fought against all I just said . . . they forced me to refine

my thinking, to become clear and strong in my opposition to their arguments, a process that, for many years, I found distasteful. I no longer do; they are my fiercest allies and supporters, though they would not think of it that way. But without them I could never have become what I have become nor done so well the work I have done.

I still remember that first day, the moment I first opened those doors and walked into those stacks that seemingly went on for miles. The moment when I first breathed that air into me. The moment I pulled the first book off the shelf and opened its pages and began to read.

I read a story recently, it was about a Jewish doctor who encountered antisemitism at work.

“Years ago, [he said], I had a guy slowly roll up his sleeve and put his arm down on the table in front of me and he had a big swastika tattoo. And he says my name and repeats it slowly three times. Clearly he is saying he knows I’m Jewish. And I looked at his arm and said, ‘Does it hurt to get a tattoo? I never learned much about that.’ He actually chuckled.”

The doctor kept seeing the patient, who gradually stopped doing drugs, got a job, and pieced his life together. “Twelve years later,” he said, “I was leaving that program and on our last visit, he had a terrible rash on his arm. I said we had to treat that rash, and this big, tough guy started crying. He said, ‘I knew I was going to see you. I was trying to rub it off.’ How about that? People are changeable, but it takes time and it can’t be done by scolding.”

How many people will the woke mob ever help to recover their humanity by shaming them? I think the answer is none. I have never seen continual shaming do anything other than teach people to hate. But love . . . that does something else. Doesn’t it?

Books saved my life – and the stories they told? They taught me more than I know how to say of what it means to be a human being, what is involved in the long road to becoming honorable – to my self, to the Earth, to the men and women that represent the best of us and whose stories helped me when times were darkest.

Real love is not afraid of the dark. Not afraid to breathe the same air as evil. Not unwilling to step into the Other's world and look around and then, with love, to respond. I *know* this is true, how else do you think I changed so many of my opinions?

The corporatists and the oligarchs came for the buffalo, the Indians, the blacks, and the land itself. The voices of those saying *no* were overridden. And because they were it was inevitable that eventually they would come for the rest of us.

I lobbied for many years in Colorado for health care rights, especially freedom from oversight for what are called alternative health care modalities. Over the years I became especially knowledgeable about the legislative process, including citizen ballot initiatives. In many respects, after Dick Lamm was governor of the state, both republicans and democrats had, in the real sense of the term, a bipartisan approach to governing. (It was Dick Lamm who made Colorado the prosperous liberal state that it is today; and the entire economy of the state has him to thank for it.) However, when it came to citizen ballot initiatives the Republicans were anything but bipartisan. As Carl Bledsoe, Speaker of the House once remarked in session, “We’ve got to do something about these Citizen Ballot Initiatives otherwise the people are going to end up making

all the laws.” And they did. Whenever any liberal Citizen Ballot Initiative came up, the Republican Secretary of State would immediately throw out enough signatures to make the initiative ineligible. The community groups would then have to obtain legal representation and file suit to have the signatures restored. Every time. However, if it was a republican initiative, they would always be approved. The Attorney General of the State, Gale Norton, continually supported this dynamic (and the national party rewarded her for it, making her Secretary of the Interior under Bush the second).

When it came to politics, I found, there to be four general types of law introduced into the legislative body for passage. Housekeeping law which almost never had any power politics involved. General governance law which may or may not have power politics involved but often did not. Look, I am taking a stand law, which was introduced to alleviate constituent concerns and which never passed. (Both sides of the aisle understood what these proposals were.) And power politics law which were only war by another name. This area of legislation was brutal. The Republicans took no prisoners; they played for keeps whether or not the position they were taking had any foundation in the Constitution or not. As the decades went by, I saw ever greater numbers of Republicans taking this position about *every* type of law. The Democrats on the other hand went on as if things were still oriented around the politics of 1980.

Regrettably, I also found that if I were having a meeting, the Republicans turned up on time, were clear in their position, and never wavered from it. In that sense they were trustworthy. The Democrats were usually late, equivocal about their position, and often ended up doing the opposite of what they told me they were going to do. I found the Republicans’s positions to be morally objectionable for many reasons, but I could not fault their dedication to their path, or that

they were honorable in keeping their word to me. I found the Democratic positions, quite often, to be morally objectionable (but not always, and for different reasons than the Republicans) and their behavior to always be so. I did not find one honorable member among them.

Neither the Republican or Democratic legislators read very many of the bills they were voting on; often they had no idea what was in them. Someone just told them how to vote, usually the member of their party who had introduced it. With power politics legislation, the party leadership told them how to vote. I very rarely saw any of them vote their conscience.

Within most psychotherapy modalities it is commonly understood that in childhood children make adaptations to the psychological environment in which they find themselves, however healthy or dysfunctional it may be. Adaptations to dysfunctional family structures have a habit, later in life, of being counterproductive even if they allowed the child to successfully survive their dysfunctional family. Yet, it is very common, because those adaptations are connected to foundational, primal survival drives, that they are very hard to change later in life.

The same can be said of civilizations or cultures. The United States is a perfect example. The cultural patterns which worked before no longer do, yet the country keeps on trying, with ever more insistence, to make them work. Doing the same thing again and again and thinking that it will produce a different outcome. The definition of crazy behaviorally expressed.

Christians, as a whole, think they have the right to intrude into every non-Christian's interior life, to invade personal privacy in the name of their religion. What we do in the privacy of our own homes, our own hearts, our own thoughts, they believe, has ramifications on their eternal war

against evil. They are, in fact, the original believers in “false consciousness.” It is from them that everyone else got the concept. The rationalists who think that anyone who does not accept their premises are suffering from the false consciousness of superstitious beliefs of one sort or another. The feminists who think that women who choose to be sex workers (and worse, like the work) are suffering from a patriarchal-instilled false consciousness. The woke mob who think that anyone who does not accept their world view is suffering from the false consciousness of thinking themselves non-racist (if white) or the false consciousness of old style liberalism (if liberal) or right wing conservatism (if not). The conservative right who thinks that liberals are suffering from false consciousness when they believe in, and talk about, the goodness of people and the need for a strong, socially supportive government. None of the members of these groups can accept that people of good heart and intent might actually spend years thinking things over and come to a different point of view. And every one of these groups have another thing in common with the christians . . . they think that the people who don’t believe what they believe are evil and must be destroyed. Only then will their particular heaven occur.

In my early twenties I spent quite a number of years doing very deep and intensive group therapy, specifically what is called regressive treatment based on a transactional analysis model. This is commonly known as reparenting. Reductive psychologists and psychotherapists are having a very good time these days bashing it but I saw it make astonishing differences in my own health as well as severe schizophrenia and borderline personality disorders. Those with such diagnoses tended to go very deep into the work and move toward individuation, becoming at the worst normal, relatively healthy neurotics.

The theory behind this approach is very simple. It comes from observing siblings in highly dysfunctional families. That is . . . one child may become schizophrenic but another is highly neurotic, and still another fairly healthy. The reductives like to insist that it is some sort of chemical imbalance in the schizophrenic child (here take this pill for the rest of your life, only \$10,000 a year). But Berne, Hillman, and others made the seminal point that while it is true that each child is exposed to the same crazy parents each makes a different choice in how to respond to it. And they do so at very young ages, far earlier than the development of language or conscious thinking. So, regressive treatment is based on the person activating that earlier ego state, in essence going back to before the decision was made, fully taking on that age and way of being, then being “reparented” *through* the period when they made the old decision. Because the parental structures are now different, they make a different choice than they did before. This immediately causes a psychological restructuring of the self.

Interestingly, in every person that I saw do this (with my therapists and later in my own practice), after they emerged from the process, from that moment of restructuring, they could no longer quite understand that they had formerly been dysfunctional. The memories were still there of course, but they were more dreamlike, as if they had happened to another person, or in another life. They were then sure that their diagnosis had been wrong all along.

My therapists were a married couple, Jewish, and the agreement was that they would become my adopted, therapeutic parents. In other words, my regressive work began with my life, shortly after birth, and progressed upward until the moment I left home at 16. And in reality, not in some fake pretending manner, they *became* my parents and I bonded with them in just that deep a way. In the process I absorbed their view of the world. Another way of saying this is that I

took on their internal assumptive world. As I took my old one apart and built a new one, in that interim period when I had no old one and no new one, theirs became the structure that held me in this world, that I could reach out and touch. At the moment of redecision, a new assumptive world clicked into place (composed partly of their world, their teachings, and a huge number of other things that I had incorporated as I grew) all at a level below conscious thought, it just was. Interestingly, while through this process I absorbed a huge amount of my therapists own, particular issues, I also absorbed their Jewish world view, including their particularly American form of Jewish humor (which I consider some of the funniest humor in the world).

It seems to me that the suffering of the Jews resulted in a sophisticated humor that came out of millennial long suffering. The American version came from additional centuries of being immigrants in an anti-Semitic culture which prohibited Jews from entering a great many businesses and professions. After all those years of work with my therapists I can't help but see the world through partly Jewish eyes.

The Jews turned suffering into humor. Blacks turned their suffering into the blues. My life and the lives of billions of people are better because of these things. I know that my own sufferings and wounds are an integral part of the work that I have done in my life, the gifts I have given the world. I wonder sometimes if that is true of all cultural groups as well.

I suppose it could be said, by Catholics, that the lack of transubstantiation among Protestants has interfered with the transmutation of their suffering into anything other than whining.

* How many people does it take to screw in a light bulb? Two but they have to be really, really tiny.

* How many of the awokened does it take to change a light bulb? Answer: Quantification is a white, oppressive trait. The number needed changes continually which you, because of your white patriarchal privilege cannot understand. Sometimes the answer is none. That you cannot understand this and that you are so afraid of the dark that you need to turn on a light only proves how racist you are. Furthermore, I refuse any longer to engage in this oppressive conversation.

* How many psychiatrists does it take to change a light bulb? One but it really has to want to change.

* How many radical feminists does it take to change a light bulb? HEY! That's not funny!

* How many Jewish mothers does it take to change a light bulb? That's okay, I'll just sit here in the dark.

* How many liberals does it take to change a light bulb? One, but it needs another six to form the consensus decision-making committee and then, several weeks and arguments later, to turn the ladder. Nevertheless, it still doesn't go in because they won't turn right.

* How many conservatives does it take to change a light bulb? None, for they fear change, even if it makes the world a brighter place.

* How many computer programmers does it take to change a light bulb? None, that's a hardware issue.

I don't like it that we in the west have so few descriptives for our sexuality nor that the ones we do lack a poetic sensibility that captures their essence. I have always thought that a woman's

pelvic region had a certain energy to it, a feeling to it, a beauty to it but for much of my life I had no word for what I was sensing. But *yoni* does capture what I sense. What a beautiful word that is. And for the male: *lingam*. How much more beautiful than dick, cunt, prick, pussy, penis, vulva. There is some intangible substance that both women and men possess that is held in their pelvic regions and those words capture some of its nature. If we don't have a word for what we sense, then we are become linguistically trapped in someone else's frame of reference. And from where I sit, that frame of reference is terribly ashamed of being in a body, of having to poop and pee, of having sexual organs and so uses rudimentary language of the worst sort. Christians have always thought that they were angels sitting on top of sewers. I resent being taught that, resent that it has pervaded our world, infiltrated the thoughts of children, generation after generation after generation until it seems nearly everyone believes some version of it.

Suddenly, in the midst of a sleeping life, I came alive, looked back upon the few short years that I had at that point been taking breath, saw in terrible clarity all the unkindnesses I had committed, and realized that even if I lived another hundred years it would not be enough to find redemption. Not redemption from the insane monotheistic god of the christians. Not redemption from an all too guilty society or hypocritical law. But redemption in my own eyes, eyes that saw with ever more clarity every succeeding year of my life the exquisite damage that my teenage unkindnesses had caused to others, some of whom, from a certain point of view, might have deserved it, and others who assuredly did not. I have worked most of my life to correct those harms. Self-forgiveness is the hardest forgiveness of all.

I always loved Seamus Heaney's assertion that an essential aspect of being a poet, an artist, a writer is a stubborn, eternal resistance to what he called "the tribal dirt that lies around the roots of all of us."

A person with white skin, born and raised in africa who moves to the united states and gains citizenship is an african american. Truth and the politics of a person's skin are not, as they often seem, related.

Word I really hate: problematic. I am pretty sure that the word problematic is problematic.

One of the few times I was censored was by a relatively famous environmental activist. He killed a piece I wrote for an environmental magazine (because, while it was positive, it was not positive enough). When the publisher contacted me he said, "We will pay you your kill fee, but we can't do anything to upset [insert name here], he gives us too large a percentage of our yearly operating budget." Just think of that and what it implies about him, what it implies about those of us who think he has anything to tell us about how the country should be run, what it implies about that well-respected environmental magazine. People's outsides and their insides rarely match. I am unsure why americans can't ever seem to understand that or why it is so hard for new generations to learn it. Judging people by their exterior only leads the dishonorable among us to dress better, to style their hair, and adopt the language characteristics that are deemed indicative of an honorable person or a christian or one of the woke. But inside? That is something else again. Oscar Wilde knew this as well as anyone. That is all that The Portrait of Dorian Grey is about.

There is no technology that is ideologically free. Ignoring the ideology embedded in technology allows the ideology free rein in any culture that uses it. The long term (over generations) impacts of failure to examine these kinds of embedded ideologies distorts culture in both shape and behavior. They have deep ecological impacts as well. None of these things are or have ever been examined with any clarity. It is only years down the road that with hindsight the impacts of the embedded ideologies are seen and decried. I think it is past time that we tried a different approach.

When people use the word progress try asking them what we are progressing toward. They won't have an answer. Progress is movement toward a goal, that is all it is. But . . . what is the goal? The implementation of a complete and total technological control over natural systems? Making the world look like a dystopian science fiction film? Eternal economic growth? As Ed Abbey once said, "growth for the sake of growth is the ideology of the cancer cell."

Joseph Pulitzer, in a competition with William Randolph Hearst, in order to sell more newspapers, inflamed public tempers so much that the United States government started the Spanish American war. How then does it make any sense for any reporter or newspaper to celebrate winning a Pulitzer prize for investigative integrity and excellence? And the Nobel Peace Prize? From the man who invented dynamite? Give me a break.

I look at the women and men with their dead faces, empty expressions, and cold eyes modeling clothing for the rich and wonder how did it come to this, that such faces are part of our lives now, that anyone thinks them beautiful. What reflection of themselves do people see in them?

The old systems, in place for centuries or millennia, are hierarchies of value. The pope has more value than a cardinal than a priest than a lay catechist. The Nobel prize winner has more value than a mere economist or professor. It doesn't matter whether these tip of the pyramid people really know anything of use to being a human being or how to live sustainably on our planetary home, they have epistemic value because of their position in established hierarchies. But the truth is that those systems in which they have excelled came from old paradigm, a paradigm that contains inaccurate beliefs about the nature of the world, human beings, and the kin with which we share this planet. Thus these people will orient everything they say around the maintenance of the system of which they are a part. The pope is unlikely to call for an end to christianity and tell people it's all been a big mistake forced on the world's population by violence and murder and so it is time for it to end. Scientists are unlikely to call for an end to the dissection of the world despite what ruins their work has made of Earth. Physicians, given the human and ecological harm of their practice, are hardly likely to call for an end to the current medical system and the creation of healing based on sounder foundations.

If christians and muslims had not practiced conversion by the sword there would not be 4 billion of them. Whenever their control over culture and government declines, people flee their religions by the millions. That tells us everything we need to know about them and their religion.

From something Frederick Douglas said: The journey to freedom always begins in the mind. It does not come because outside forces give it to you, it comes when you become free inside the self.

A majority of blacks, asians, hispanics, and whites hate critical race theory and identity politics (google it). Unless the Biden administration puts a stop to it, starts giving the working class the respect it deserves, and passes a massive infrastructure plan to put the working class back to work this is the last democratic president, house and senate we will have for a generation. Sometimes I wonder . . . could that be the point of all this wokeism?

Only the old know that *every* article written by the not-old is patronizing toward the old. The only redeeming thing about this deplorable state of affairs is that when the not-old become old they will hate it, too. Regrettably, the more a young writer tries to not be patronizing, the worse it gets. If you do not know that both the old and the very young are people who are equal in nature, intelligence, and stature to your own, you will demean them whether you know it or not. If you do not know that you yourself will be old, just like them one of these days . . . well . . . would you want to talk about your future self as you talk about the old (or the very young) now?

When the distance between my poverty and your wealth was not so great, I loved your songs. I loved your acting. I loved your books. They were wonderful to me. When the distance between my poverty and your wealth became large I heard the rustle of money in your music. And in your

face as you acted I could see the signs of avarice. While your books. . . underneath that surface I read a tale of insatiable greed.

My poverty is not what you think of when you hear that word: *poverty*. Other people's thoughts have taken up residence inside you. I am poor in greed and avarice and the drive to acquire things. My worth has never been measured in the amount of money I have or do not have. Something in the shape of flowers saved me when I was young.

It was only when the distance between my poverty and your wealth became extreme that I could see you for what you have become. And I grieve, for once, when we both were young, I loved your songs and the films in which you acted – long before you lived in a gated community, and those books . . . they kept me company on many a lonely night. And during those long ago years, the few times we met, I could tell that you did indeed love me, too.

I loved you but there came a time when you no longer loved me or those who have taken my particular vow of poverty. You fell in love with something else and turned away from what you once were. And so the distance between your poverty and my wealth grew and grew until there is nothing more to be said between us. Now I can only talk at you or remain silent – just go about my life as I have done since the beginning.

I listen to other songs now, watch other plays, read other books. And in them I listen more closely than I did when I was young for the sound of that poverty, the wealth of which I so deeply cherish. I smell for the good – which has a smell of its own. It is the smell of children and puppies and wine aged in wooden barrels for decades in the dark. And I pay attention to the subtle things that I overlooked before I knew better than to overlook them. The songs I hear now are so very sweet and moving. They are the songs of my people, people who come from Earth

and who know the value – and wealth – of poverty such as this.

To be clear when I die, I am not transitioning, I am not passing over, I am not going into spirit world, I am not going to heaven (or hell). I am being subsumed, immersed, once again, into this Earth from which I have come, which expressed me into being for the task that only I could do, the ecological function that was meant for me to fulfill. In the most simplistic terms (which the reductionists and mechanicalists so love) there is life after death. For my body will become food for thousands of beings of all sizes and shapes. I will go on in them, as all life is meant to do at death. None of that foolish embalming and mortuary crap for me. I will go into the soil as we are all meant to do.

But more importantly, who and what I am, and the journey I took in this life, will go into the great memory that Earth has of each and every life form that has ever been and ever will be.

We have the ability, should we take the trouble to develop it, to enter that great memory of Earth during our lives, the ocean of being from which we all have come and to which all of us return, in order to visit our loved ones who reside there should we so wish. In that great memory is everything that Earth has learned through our multipotentially expressed intelligences and forms. Among those memories, too, is the knowledge of what every plant that has been or is or will be and the kinds of healing I can offer for the other life forms of this planet, including human beings. Sometimes those plants reach outward, their roots firmly embedded in Earth and that great memory pool, and touch one of us. The plant awakens us from our sleep and opens our awareness of their true nature. And in that touch they tell us of their medicines. They do so, Earth does so, for a reason.

I weep for those who believe that somehow this gives them the right to control what happens with that knowledge and that medicine. What foolishness they are engaged in. We are Earth's children, each and every life form on this planet . . . and every life form in existence uses the medicines of the Green for their healing. That is the Green's function. Maintaining ecological homeodynamis. No one can own the Green or its medicine except the Green, except Earth itself. And because of the Green's fundamental ecological function, its medicine is given to all children of Earth without restriction. This is a foundational ecological truth.

Who among us can say that they and they alone speak for the Green? For the plants and their medicine? You? You are lost in human arrogance if you think that is even remotely possible. In time – as our ancestors in all times and places were told – those who misuse the gifts that were given them will have those gifts removed. So, those of you who think you can determine who the medicinal plants of this Earth belong to, be careful how you go. Your older self will not think kindly on what you do now. The price for what you do is far higher than you in your youth can imagine. All of us who have traveled this path before you know this. And we know it from bitterly gained wisdom. Just as you will, in time. I do not envy you your future self.

Some of these posts sound familiar as I post them. Am I repeating myself? Am I repeating myself?

A guy goes into the doctor for some tests. The doctor comes back, "Well, Mr. Sorenson I have some bad news, you have cancer and Alzheimer's. The man replies, "Thank god it's not cancer!"

A DSM category NOT in the book psychiatrists so deeply love. Imagination deficiency: someone who is unable to conceive of situations outside a narrow range of possibilities. The condition is marked by degrees of incapacity, from one to seven, seven being known as severe imagination deficiency. The professions most likely to suffer this are politicians, reductive scientists, physicians, techno-utopians, social justice utopians, my country right or wrongists, hedge fund operators, billionaires, anyone who believes in trickle-down economics, and well, the list is pretty long.

When we become unsure of who and what we are, always we cast back to a time when we *did* know who and what we were. We try then to find a linkage between these two people, the one I was, the one I am unsure of now. And in that trying, we so desperately hope that there is some thread we can discern between the two, a thread that will allow us to find our self once more.

The “woke” are the left’s Qanon.

Studies continue to show, as most of us already know, that traffic cops and tickets have no relation to highway accidents, safe driving, pedestrian injuries, or mortality. The police monitoring of driving and their subsequent ticketing exist for only one reason, to increase local revenue streams. That is why here in silver city, one of the tried and true interventions is to put stop signs up where none had before existed, then to heavily police the area in order to give out tickets. This only occurs here when the town or county budget is in trouble. The last time they did it, they made \$100,000 in three days.

I never have been willing to be told what to think, what to believe, what to say, no matter who was telling me to do it – I want to find out for myself. So it doesn't matter if it is the evangelical christians of my childhood, the reductive scientists who insist they have the right to define what all reality is and is not, the right wing republicans, the racists of my kentucky birth state, nor the radical wing of my liberal tribe now. Anyone who believes that they have the right to tell another person what to believe, think, and say are authoritarians no matter how holy their motives. And, well, I just have a knee-jerk response to that sort of thing. Why else do you think I have been fighting against it in medicine, religion, and science for the past 50 years? It is fundamentally dangerous to life on this planet, to what I love, to everything I love. It is a prison from which I have escaped several times; I will not intentionally put myself in it again.

It is always astonishing to me when people go camping someplace wild with the expectation it will be like a Disney film. Then they get there and are scared out of their wits when bears don't act like they do in cartoons. It is astonishing to me that they don't read up on bears or anything they might encounter in the wild. But they don't. And if something happens they immediately feel offended that their safety has been compromised. The belief that Earth is supposed to be a combination of a nature preserve, water adventure world, and a nice walk in the park is astonishing to me. It isn't any of those things. It is infused with danger, how otherwise can it teach us how to be careful where and how we walk?

Without a common myth for the majority of its citizens to believe in, however badly it has been manifested in practice, this country is doomed. Once the common myth is gone, all that is left is for us to turn on each other, trying to make one particular ideology or another dominant. This is exactly what caused the religious wars in Europe that lasted for so long and killed so many. The collapse of the Earth's ecosystems will only make these kinds of conflicts worse. Terrified people never behave very sanely. One way to see the current ideological conflict is terrified people attempting to make the world safe again. It is just that what each faction thinks will make them safe is fundamentally opposed to every other faction's belief. Without a leader like Washington, Lincoln, or FDR to rally us to the myth of what we can become together, one that speaks for the people as a whole and not just this faction or that one, things are going to become very bad, very soon. What is happening now is nothing to what will come. Scary? Eh?

Have you ever realized that zombie movies are about the fear the middle class and the rich have of the masses? Or that vampire movies are about the fear the common people have of their life blood being sucked out of them by the rich? Or that werewolf films are about the fear that people have of the wild? Metaphors do make some people a lot of money.

One of the factors that has significantly decreased respect for the overly schooled among the hoi polloi is their tendency to misrepresent facts in the service of their own particular ideology. A case in point is herbal medicines. Despite the easily verifiable fact that hundreds of thousands of studies have been conducted on herbal medicines, their safety and efficacy, this is never, I repeat never, spoken of in legacy media articles or by "experts" consulted by reporters for commentary

on herbal medicines. There are thousands of clinical trials as well that have found herbal medicines of significant use in the treatment of disease, especially for chronic conditions for which technological medicine has no viable treatments. Further, the overly schooled who have a knee jerk ideological allegiance to what they call “modern” medicine rarely, if ever, have studied the research, what there is of it, on the efficacy of technological medicine and its outcomes. Stents, for instance, in actual fact, at the best, do nothing for the conditions for which they are used. They do however cost a great deal of money and expose patients to the side effects of major surgery, which can be significant. The side effects of pharmaceuticals far outnumber the side effects of herbal medicines and are far more serious. If a scale of 1000 were used, the side effects of pharmaceuticals would be at 1000 while herbal medicines would be at 5. If the improper use of herbal substances for weight loss, energy, and muscle gain were eliminated from that figure, it would drop to 1. These figures are not hard to find, they are easily found in open access peer reviewed journals online. The truth is that the medical industry controls what is published in the media about both technological medicine and herbal medicine; physicians and the hospital industry have a vested interest in making sure that no other system of healing replaces them. What is in fact true is that there is a medical monopoly in this country that sucks as much money as it can out of the people who use it. It is not science but a trade monopoly that is in play here. To say it is based on science is to lie.

This kind of misrepresentation is common in the United States, this being only one example. There is a reason that the overly schooled are no longer looked to as voices to listen to in this country, they have betrayed both the people and their profession, whatever it might be. Those in such positions have a duty to serve something outside the self besides wealth and power

and public stature. That they no longer can conceive of doing so is a large part of every one of the problems we now face as a species. Direct message to them: If you want to make a difference, learn the meaning of a few words: integrity, honor, humility, service, public good, science (in its real meaning), love, compassion, empathy. That would be a good start to your education. That you have a degree in being overschooled is not a substitute.

Earth is not a theme park

Earth is not a ball of resources hurtling around the sun

Earth is not a mowed lawn

Earth is not a garden

Earth is not a terraponic food-producing ball of dirt

Earth is not a techno-utopianist's plaything

Earth is not a movie set

Earth is not an insentient background to the lives of human beings

Earth is not orderly

Earth is not controllable

Earth is not linear

Earth is not what you think it is

Earth is not female

Earth is not male

Earth is not gender neutral

Earth is not a socially constructed reality

Earth is not a social justice activist

Earth is not political

Earth is not dying or endangered

Earth is not afraid of pain or death

Earth is not kind or unkind

Earth is not an anthropocentric creation

Earth is not good or bad

Earth is not taking any of the things personally that you are

Earth is not getting even

Earth is not killing us for our sins

Earth is not experiencing us as a virus or a cancer

Earth is not our enemy

Earth is not our mother

Earth is not a breast which we suckle

Earth is a scenario from which we have been expressed, in which we are embedded, and into which we shall be subsumed when we die. It is as far beyond human intellectual comprehension as the distance between one end of the universe and the other. The belief that a group of human beings (such as scientists) with an average individual life span of 80 years can understand the scenario which Earth is and in which developmental stages can take a hundred million years to come to fruition is not merely naive or hubristic, it is insanely disconnected from reality.