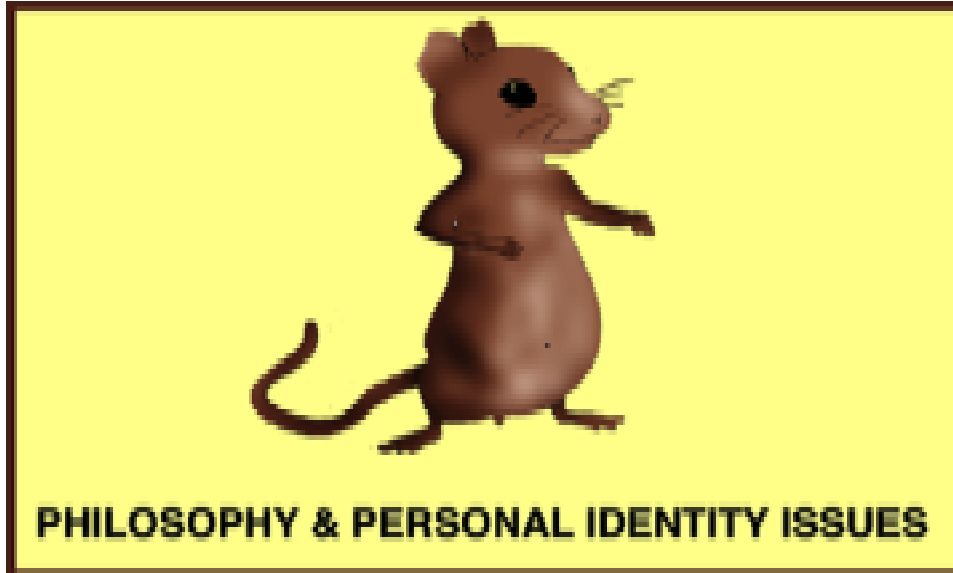


Round 14

APHORISMS



**I've got it. I've finally gotten it.
I really and truly have gotten it.
I AM THE MOUSE OF GAD!**

A paen for MacMouse: *“Our individuality is all, all that we have. There are those who barter it for security, those who repress it for what they believe is the betterment of the whole society, but blessed in the twinkle of the morning star is the one who nurtures it and rides it in grace and love and wit, from peculiar station to peculiar station along life’s bittersweet route.”*

Tom Robbins

Watch out girls – I just found out that men with the highest I.Q.s also have the healthiest sperm. *Uhh MacMouse, you’re not a man.* Yeah, well okay, but I bet it’s even more true for mice.

Oh MacMouse, you are sooo smart that sometimes I feel as though you can’t say what you’d really like to when speaking to me. Okay - so??? Good so let me ask you a question and have you answer to the best of your extraordinary ability. Yeah – sure – why not. What is your Universe like? Hmmm? My Universe is that portion of the intercommunicated aggregate of all conscious and operationally described experiences of all history’s beings, including my own, which is now totally recallable only in fragments as progressively and

spontaneously tunable within my own angular orientation and zonal discernment limits of the multidirectional and multimagnitude, sensorial-frequency-spectrum inventory of the frequently accumulating, integrating, and accommodately rearranging memory album of all discernibly unique patternings whatsoever. While in many ways similar, each mouse's Universe must always seem to differ in some total experience inventory aspects. *Oh oh oh Gad – I just orgasmed! Can you tell me what time is?* No problemo. Time is experience. Time can be *expressed* only in relative magnitude ratios of relevant experiences. Time can be *defined* only in terms of the relative frequency of reoccurrence of relative angular changes of the observer's environment, the relative frequency-of-occurrence rate being referenced to any constantly recycling behavior of any chosen subsystem of Universe. All experiential realizations are conceptually definable in degrees of angular change and in relative frequency-of-occurrence rates in respect to the observer's optionally chosen axis of conceptuality and to his specifically identified time-recycling rate. (Fancy notices that MacMouse is sitting very still with a dazed glassy look on his face) *MacMouse... **MacMouse!** MacMouse? Whose this MacMouse? Oh right, I'm MacMouse. Ummm – and who did you think you were?* I seem to have slipped through an interdimensional SpaceTime gateway, channeling the spirit of **Buckminster Fuller**. *Oh. So Fancy my dear, how as it for you? Awesome – but who's this Fuller guy?* Just one of my all-time intellectual heroes is all. Look him up on Wikipedia.

I was telling a friend about one of my deals, and he said that it was a nefarious scheme – and I'm so like: Yeah, and nefarious is supposed to be a bad thing? Do you know that 'paradise' and 'parody' have the same etymological root. *And 'pair of dice' too?* Uhh – probably not, but I'm glad you are thinking about things Fancy.

Some Eric Schmidt dude says that what kills a company is not competition but arrogance. Screw that – it ain't gonna kill my blog. I mean what makes him such a know it all anyway. I'll give you some butt kicking competition Oh Mister Big CEO of Giggle – what the hell kinda stupid company is that anyway, you..... *Uhh MacMouse - that's Google and... OHHH OHHHHHH!!!* Mister.. Mister Schmidt Sir I am so sorry, I misspoke, I didn't mean it, I had an irrational moment, and.. and... Please Please Please forgive me Sir.

On a personal note here: If we're talking sometime, and I mention the similarity between your intelligence and that of a turnip's, please know in advance that it is meant to be a merely metaphorical reference and not a simile.

"Put a man on the brink of the abyss and – in the unlikely event that he doesn't fall into it – he will become either a mystic or a madman... Which is probably

the same thing!” **Ludwig Wittgenstein**

I am an optimist – an optimist with a vengeance.

I shared one of my plans with a buddy who said “*That seems nefarious to me,*” and I’m like: So? Since when is nefarious a bad word?

I don’t know about you, but adversity makes me stranger.

I was looking at a list of diet preferences and figured out that I am a “social omnivore.” I’ll eat anyone.

There was so much fascinating new information at the latest **cereologist** convention. What an outstanding group of perceptive intelligent forward thinking people.

I was told that I perfectly embody the Jonah Complex. I don’t know what that means, but to do anything perfectly is good – Right?

I am so proud, a group of my friends have been telling me how **phobigenic** I am. Sounds good to me.

Tom Robbins – author of Jitterbug Perfume, from which this quote is taken, and other fun novels.

Buckminster (Bucky) Fuller – 20th century genius designer, philosopher, mathematician, and so much more. I miss him.

Ludwig Wittgenstein – an important early 20th century philosopher.

cereologist - someone who studies crop circles, generally believing them to be made by aliens.

phobigenic – prone to phobias.

QUANTUM JUMPING, **LINK** I COME TO YOU IN MY PHILO MOUSE
INCARNATION IN ANOTHER UNIVERSE, ONE THAT IS SIMULTANEOUSLY
SO FAR AWAY AND YET SO VERY VERY CLOSE.



I am a transcendent wavicle. I exist in the Platonic Realm of Ideals. I stand firm as matter, and move like a probabilistic wave. Try to understand my genius and it will ever morph ahead of you like a beckoning shimmering mirage that promises oh so much, and delivers so very little.



“The way you can tell the depth of a person’s enlightenment is by the breadth of their service to others.” *

The only topic in this section that really I know much about is the last one, and that makes me forget anything I've ever known about the others. Am I fortunate or what!!!

"Religion is like a cow. It kicks. But it gives milk too." **Ramakrishna**

"At bottom the only courage that is demanded of us: to have courage for the most strange, the most singular and the most inexplicable that we may encounter. That mankind has in this sense been cowardly has done life endless harm; the experiences that are called "visions," the so-called "spirit world," death, all those things that are so closely akin to us, have by daily parrying been so crowded out of life that the senses with which we could have grasped them are atrophied." **Rainer Maria Rilke**

There are countries with more intelligent social policies. Argentina just ended the imprisonment of possessors of marijuana for personal use, and is focusing its resources on prevention and treatment of the drugs that cause the most social harm, i.e. alcohol and cocaine.

* Kobo Daishi, 9th century Zen master.

Ramakrishna

Rainer Maria Rilke



To see if they are ready, you can apply the same test to women as you do to cooked chickens: Wiggle their legs, and if they're loose, then they're ready.

I told an ex that my love for her shown brighter than **Eta Corinae's**! and she said: *Perhaps that is why I don't like looking at you.* I wonder how I should have taken that??? If I ever see her again I'll ask.

One time me and this lil gal I'd been hanging with were having a few issues – ya know how it is sometimes with them females, hormones and what all. So I called her to come into the ol' boudoir and she didn't. I got up marched my handsome ass out there and got on her about gettin' uppity and said: *“So what's been gettin' into you lately girl.”* She said, *“Not much.”* *“Oh yeah – right.”*

One time this gal and I really tried to have a co-creative relationship, but it ended up more of a **co-ruination** one.

Dammit girl – you better appreciate me – someone of my caliber is as rare as **copernicium**!

So why does my heart feel like it's been **intaglioed** after talking to you?

An old girlfriend told me that I was the most **shambolic** lover she'd ever had.

Isn't that related to some high Buddhist thing? *No dear one, that would be the mystical Pure Land of **Shambhala**, and you definitely aren't that.*

*No MacMouse - I most certainly do not have **AHSDD**! Well, on second thought, there is definitely some of that when you act like an idiot.*

Okay – I guess.

I could never bring myself to do the self-flagellation I know that I deserve, so I found you.

The Good Book says that our souls are not fed by bread alone – mine needs sex as well.

Eta Corinae – the brightest known star in our galaxy, i.e. 4.2 million times brighter than our sun!

co-ruination – to collaborate in the damaging of each other's lives.

copernicium (Cn) – one of the heaviest known elements 277 times as heavy as hydrogen. Only 34 atoms have been detected. [Wired magazine]

intaglio - A figure or design carved into or beneath the surface of hard metal or stone.

shambolic – chaotic; in shambles.

Shambhala – a mythical kingdom in the Himalayas which came to be known as the Buddhist Pure Land the reality of which is spiritual as much as physical.

AHSDD – Acquired Hypoactive Sexual Desire Disorder



Fancy just explained to me that she's been resting really hard. That's something she's really good at it.

Oh MacMouse I wait on you hand and foot and other things. And other things too. Yes, I love to entertain you in bed when I can get you away from your computer. Ah well, sometimes a mouse has a higher calling.

Fancy on being propositioned: *I am not ready, but I am ready to be ready.*

Oh Fancy I am sooo desperate to do you. *Desperate?* Oh yes! *How can I refuse a desperate man.* You better watch what you say Fancy, those words could come back to haunt you.

And uh Fancy are you desperate to do me??? *Desperate?* *No.* Umm do you think that you could be desperate for a few minutes anyway? *I think I could enjoy it for a few minutes.* Ahhh

Fancy is so smart. She just told me that sleeping people don't speak.

I watched the other morning, when we had to leave our bed in an inappropriately hurried manner given our.. umm... state. I watched as Fancy's lovely horizontal lanquidity was forced by said circumstances to move into greater verticality before she was fully ready. I watched as molten bones struggled mold themselves from spaciousness back into harmony with the gravitational field of the planet. It was a lovely undulating dance as her unconquerable spirit rose to the occasion.

I encourage Fancy to make as many of our family decisions as possible, that way if it is a screw-up I'm not to blame. Smart eh? *Actually that is smart, but*

not because of your immature self-serving reasoning.
Oh MacMouse, do you really love me? Oh yeah Fancy – I love you an awful lot.
Huh???

Are you a lucky girl or what, to have a first-class **spackavellie** right here at home.

spackavellie - a male who satisfies the sexual needs of female who is dissatisfied with the sexual performance of her boyfriend or a husband.



The average video gamer, far from being a teen, is a 35-year-old man who is overweight, aggressive, introverted and often depressed, according to a report out this week from the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC). The study also showed that when children and teenagers become game players, a trend toward physical inactivity and corresponding health problems extends and exacerbates into adulthood. "Among researchers, there is growing concern and uncertainty about the health consequences of video game playing," the CDC reported. "Given the ubiquity of video games - industry estimates suggest that they are played in 65% of American households - these concerns may be justified." The CDC also pointed out that of online gamers aged 8 to 34, nearly 12% showed multiple signs of addiction. [Wired magazine - 08-23-09]

A STRANGE WORLD GETTING STRANGER: The Swedish government charged and convicted the operators of filesharing site Pirate Bay for running a music pirating operation. One result of the ensuing public outcry was that Pirate Bay won 7.1% of the national vote for the European Union parliament earning them one seat. Their platform: No non-commercial copying use should be illegal. [The Economist]

Some scientists listened to tamarin monkey's various calls, and then composed cello and voice music to see if it would affect their moods. It did! But it isn't music that we'd like due to their higher pitched hearing and faster tempos. Human music didn't have any effect on them, except that they found Metallica's music calming!

It turns out that human females even before the age of one react more negatively to images of snakes and spiders than do males. The researchers suspect a genetic survival basis for the difference.

"Being willing to do virtually anything for fame and money isn't a crime in America. It's a vocation." Dahlia Lithwick in a Newsweek (11-02-09) column

about the father of the balloon boy hoax and whether that act makes him an unfit parent.

It's Halloween around here again, and this year's winner of THE MOST INFAMOUS PERSON OF THE YEAR: (determined by whose face was the most popular mask this year) DRUMROLL PLEASE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! And the winner is: *Bernie Madoff* Congratulations Bernie. Our last mask to reach such fame was over a decade ago, and that was Monica Lewinsky (in blue dress of course).

"What is history, but a fable agreed upon." Napoleon Bonaparte



A girl I knew gave a guy who had sprained his ankle a nice foot rub, and a homeopathic remedy. Then when she said: *"If there is anything else I can help you with I'll be happy to do that,"* he said: *"Well... I'm impotent."*

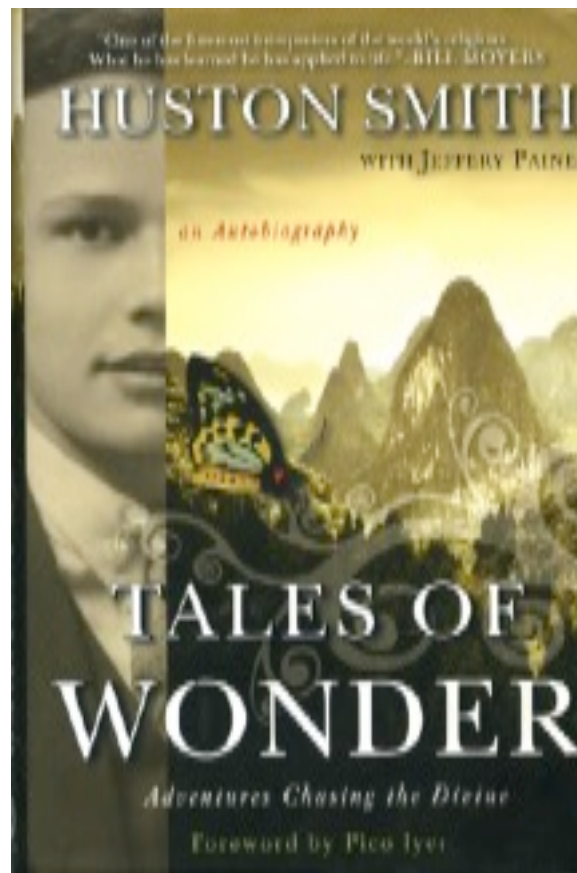
So what else could she do – she'd promised!

Isn't it interesting how pubic hairs are like velcro – when they touch they stick together.



"MacMouse – you're Jonathan Swift in the age of Twitter." y thnk u





This is one of the most charming, heartwarming, and fascinating autobiographies I can remember reading. Huston Smith is primarily known as the author of the bestselling, The World's Religions. This 1950s book was mainstream America's first exposure to Hinduism, Buddhism, Islam, etc. His work was the subject of not one but two multi-segment Bill Moyer's specials, one in the 50s and another in the 90s.

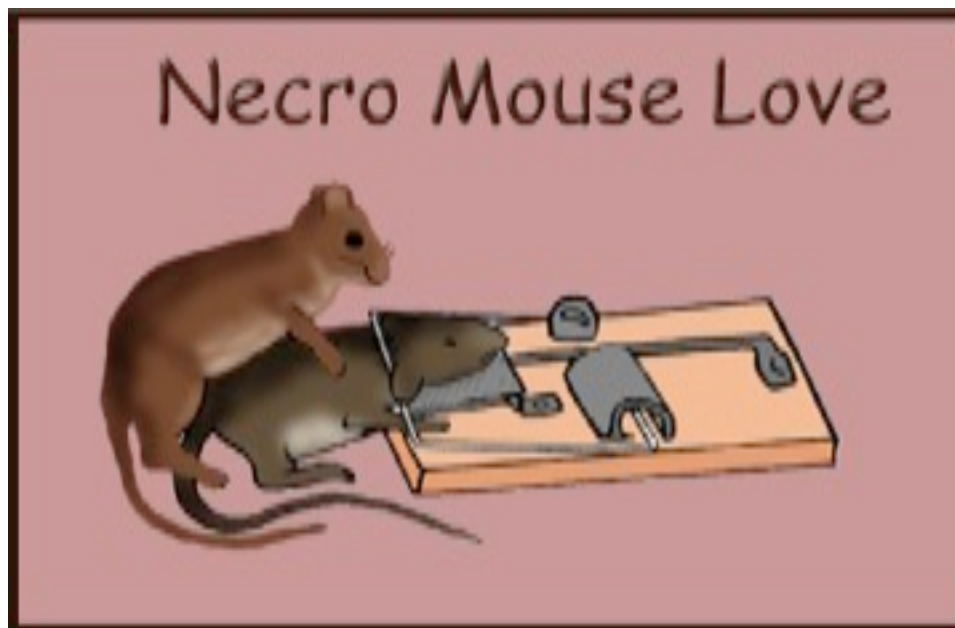
Huston Smith was far more than just a scholar. Born in rural China of missionary parents, he was also a world adventurer, social justice activist, dedicated husband and father, and eventually a genuine mystic. He was the rare intellectual who knew that if he was to really understand another religion he would have to immerse himself in it. He spent 10 years each in deep process with first Vedanta Hinduism, then Buddhism and then Islam. Each of which deepened his native Christianity.

He counted not just as acquaintances but as friends, Aldous Huxley, Tim Leary, D.T. Suzuki, the Dalai Lama, Pete Seeger, Noam Chomsky, Chief Oren Lyons, and many lesser known but highly accomplished swamis, shamans, and saints. He marched in Selma and brought MLK to Washington U. when it was still segregated. He advocated for the rights of American Indians to use peyote legally in their religious ceremonies. He was in Tiananmen Square when the

protests were squashed. And more, much more. Now in his 90s he has a joy and strength and grace of spirit rarely seen. A truly inspiring life. [LINK](#)

MISANTHROPODIES

Note: (*miss-an-THROP-oh-dees*) is a word I coined from the contraction of *misanthropic* (being distainful of humanity) and *parodies* (treating a serious subject in a nonsensical manner in an attempt at humor or ridicule). The goal is to make fun of some of the absurdities so commonly found in human behavior by taking them to extremes. *Reductio ad absurdum* and all that.



I admire how you've learned to live in the eternal present moment. I aspire to that as well.

When we agreed upon this **assignation** neither of us expected it to end up like this. Fortunately I've learned to go with the flow and make the best of whatever happens. And it appears that she has too.

Christmas is coming honey, and money's kinda tight, Ya know the recession and all, so you won't be mad at me if I don't buy you a present will you? I just read about how loneliness is contagious. Not with us!

Golly - there are so many "what ifs?" in life aren't there. Just think of all the decisions and circumstances it took to bring us together like this. And so many probable futures - well, more for me than you.

If the children call, I'll tell them that you're meditating.

I know that this relationship can only last so long, biological processes being what they are and all. "Live for the moment" I say!

assignation - an appointment for a meeting, generally of a romantic or sexual nature.



I didn't used to think so, but I've changed my mind. **Ayn Rand** was right.

Well if you hadn't acted like such an **amphisbaena** in our relationship all those years we probably wouldn't have ended up like this. And besides which, isn't there just some kind of lovely poetic justice in this.

This has been so much fun, that I'm thinking about finding a club where I can do this more often. You won't be mad at me for cheating on you, will you?

I never thought that we'd end up like this. I love how postmodern thought is transforming gender roles, don't you.

If Mom had this opportunity I don't know that she could have made the most of it, and Lord knows but Dad could have benefited from a little loosening up, so to speak.

Given how huge human dildos are, aren't you grateful for the accessories in Barbie's fetish collection.

I love role playing Master of the Universe. I hope you are enjoying your role too.

Let's see: You're the terrorist we're trying to get information from, and I'm the 'good cop.' Hmmm - what shall we have the 'bad cop' do?

If you were Hindu, you could have waited until your next lifetime to pay your karmic dues. I like this more immediate approach to moral approbation.

There is no one else around, so you don't have to restrain your ecstatic cries Of pleasure. It turns me on when you make a lot of noise.

There really is something about having a cock that makes one want to ram their pleasure home again and again, harder and harder, and it doesn't matter much where, isn't there. I never knew that before. So much that I couldn't comprehend about gender relations is coming clear. Thank you for helping me with that.

Ayn Rand – a popular thinker who advocated individuals pursuing their own self-interest as the way to produce the highest social good.

amphisbaena - a mythical serpent with a head at each end.



You should have left well enough alone, and I would have scampered away never to be seen in this miserable backwater corner of your mediocre galaxy again.

I'll have make sure that I wipe all of my paw prints off of his shoe so that the police forensic team can't ID me. It is great what you can learn from watching television.

Let's see - I emit a lot less CO² than you do, so this act will help reduce global warming. Hmmm - I can see the glimmerings of a larger strategy here - hmmm.

Yes, I do understand that repressing your feelings wouldn't have been good for you, but as you are about to find out, there are worse things for your health.

You had to try to be Mr. Tough Guy didn't you. You've been watching too many old John Wayne and Clint Eastwood movies.

You know - if I were a saint, and let you do it, I doubt that you would have learned any kind of useful lesson. We'll never know will we?

Given that your faithful doggie companion is locked in the house, we'll see if he prefers your warm body to that cheap-shit dog food you've been buying him.

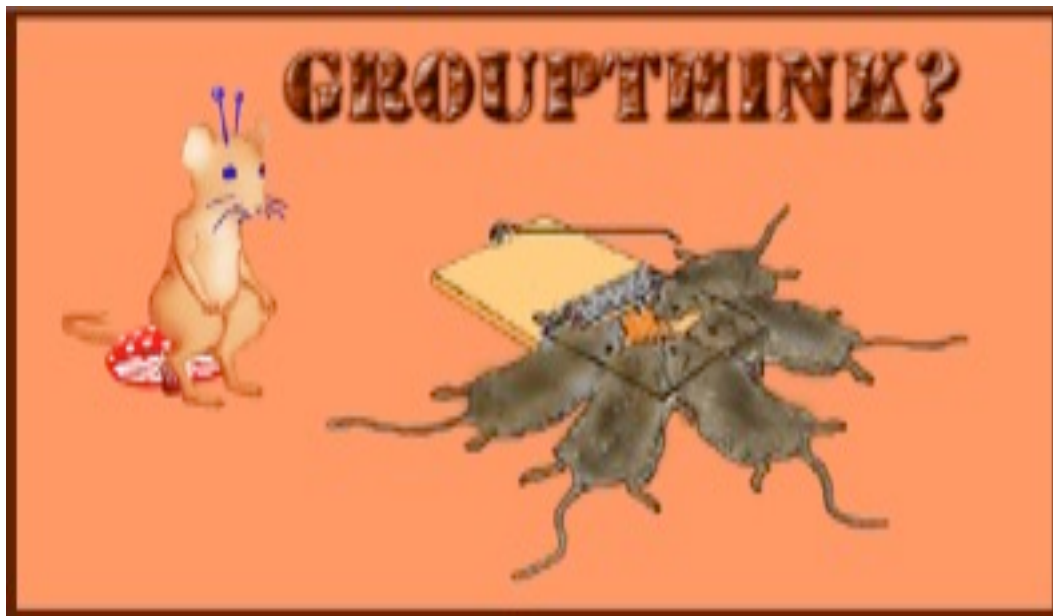
Nice shoes - new too. If you kept the receipt maybe your wife can return

them for a refund. I'm not sure how she'll explain the molecularly fused hole, but that isn't my problem.

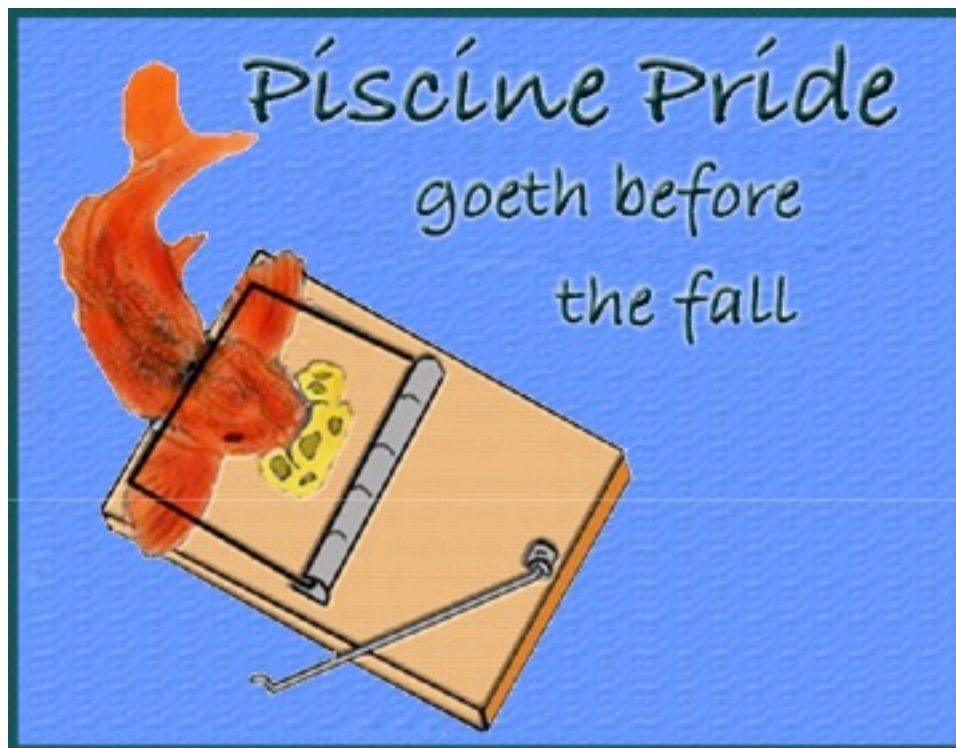


Oh MacMouse - you've been so good that it is making the rest of us look bad, so away you go. Damn damn damn – I was afraid this might happen!

Oh poor baby, you really do need a momma to hold and comfort you don't you.
Bubba will be happy to try.
I bet you'll be a pro at suduko by the time you get out.



Well, you can't blame me, I tried to warn the parents that their children were giving into peer pressure and running with a wild crowd.



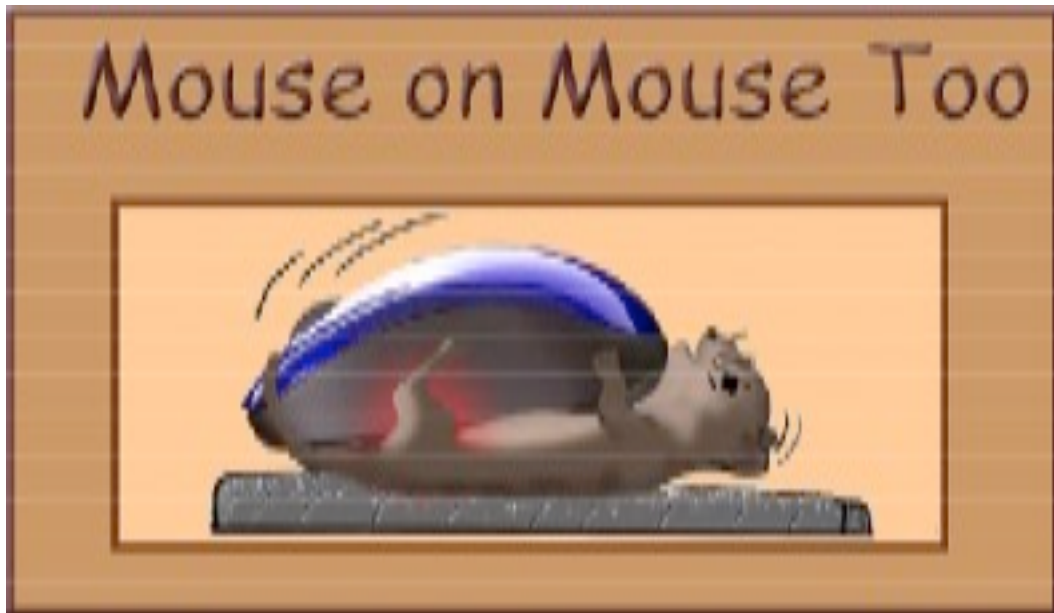
Do you ever feel like some things just aren't meant to be.

Next time let's weaken the spring's snapping strength and see if we can keep one alive. Then we can drag him or her back to the pond, and have'em give us a motorboat ride. The kids will be thrilled!



When it snows this winter I'm gonna turn her upside down and use her for a sled. WHEEEEEEE

Oh oh - I'm getting bored and that usually portends the end of a relationship. It's like she never wants to go out anywhere; like she's stuck on this desk, and nothing I've ever said has changed that. Not threats, not promises. Nothing. Oh well, long term relationships aren't exactly part of my genetic makeup anyway.



This is definitely a better way to keep my trim figure than running around and around on one of those stupid wheels.

I never really knew how wonderful an erotic massage could be before he came into my life. I've become an addict!

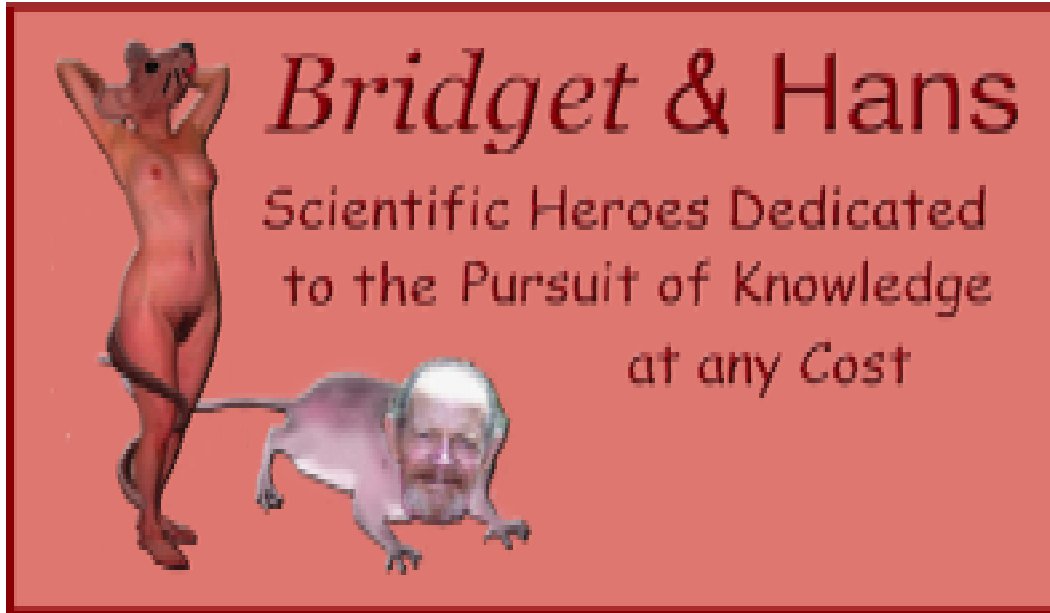
Oh my Gad - I'm getting rug burn on my back!

Yeah - the last guy here was bigger, but clunkier if you know what I mean.

This guy is one smooth operator.

I heard that Sally two desks over has one without a tail. I don't know if I could get used to that - sounds kinky.

I had a nightmare last night in which I kept hearing the booming phrase "voice activated, voice activated" over and over again. It felt ominous. I wonder if it portends anything.



You can't even begin to imagine what it is like for us to try and get a driver's license or passport.

Hey Hans, good news. Our agent has gotten me an audition for a photo shoot. Something to do with a special new gentech pet food for male owners of pet mice. Hey wait a minute, that is from our old company, since when did they get into the pet food business? Oh no. No No No! I don't care what it takes - I'm gonna go chew through the CEO's brake lines. Not until I give him head like he's never gotten before, and will be unable to ever get again. Gnaw Gnaw!

Bridget, I gotta a great idea. You know how they have websites to pair up people who have mismatched shoe sizes. Uhh... yes??? Well don't you see - we'll find other couples like us, only different

I just know that there is a novel with many sequels in all of this somewhere. An HBO mini-series is my bet.

*It certainly is hard to **disambiguate** this situation isn't it Bridget? Please don't get me started.*

Hans, did you hear that scientists think that we'll be able to double our average lifespan. Isn't that exciting! Oh great, you get to live to 170 and I get to live 4 years.

disambiguate – to remove ambiguity.



*I wonder if all Gods create their world
in one day and then rested for six.*

Okay - explain this to me: If we are Her Chosen People, and She is All-Powerful, why are there still so many cats in the world? *I don't know MacMouse, but I'm sure that there is a perfectly good explanation. She certainly doesn't look 13,700,000,000 years old, so maybe the Creationists are right. Hmmm – in that case I figure that the Universe is between 7 & 9 years old, possibly even 11 or 12. I am beginning to wonder if our Holy Book might just have some **apocryphal** material in it. Yeah, me too.*

I get suspicious sometimes that Her help in our ancient struggle for planetary dominance over earth's felines, might just be a little bit half-hearted. Hmmm – you may have a point there.

It is interesting how every feast day her personal guests get transcended to Heaven. Yes, that is Her explanation about why we they never come back. Lucky mice. If you say so. Oh MacMouse, quit being such a

cynic. Look at how happy She looks afterwards; so content and purring even louder than usual. What other explanation could there be than She's happy for their souls? I'm working on one.

I prayed to Her for food and a mouse appeared – YIKES – what, does She think, that we're cannibals???

I heard that those other guys' God banishes false idols. Our Felinia eats them!

Hey, if that's pot in that hookah, doesn't that give smokers the munchies, and... uh... maybe it's time to go home now.

* Alas, I am not becoming a better artist. Felinia is from the anonymous graffitist who also did the Fairy Queen. [apocryphal](#) – of dubious authenticity.





PYRAMID SCHEMES (NEWAGE VERSION)

(Or why there is no such thing as money for nothing – although some of your entertainment comes close to that).

As we're monitoring and analyzing in real time your planet's total email, phone, social networking, etcetera traffic (the NSA is taking baby steps compared to what we can do effortlessly in our heads – small as they be – ha ha ha), we have noticed a recent upsurge in the avarice tone in your newage centers. We tracked it to a new pyramid scheme, that begins with this:

Friends and Lightworkers, this is such a simple Humanitarian program. It only costs \$5.00 and one postage stamp.

Hard not to give it a try.

I usually avoid these things, but feeling the heart and love behind this, I have decided to

play along and give \$5.00 to this whether anything comes back or not, although it would be awesome to feel the Flow of the Universe circulating to all of us who choose to do this. At least I know I want to send my \$5 and bless it and him/her that it be multiplied infinite times over. We need to get that Abundance Wheel churning So many people are hurting right now

a good time to PAY IT FORWARD.

Money = ENERGY.

Only 4 names on the list. Send #1 the \$5.00. Then click FORWARD to be able to resend this Email to your list. But first DELETE the first name, and MOVE the other 3 names up to positions 1,2 and 3 and ADD your name #4. Then Email to your list of at least 20 people. That's it.

It's fast and within 2 WEEKS, envelopes with \$5 will be rolling in to you see below.

BE HONEST, AND IT WILL WORK FOR EVERYONE!

(Even if you don't need the money, you are paying it forward by sending \$5 to someone in need, and then the money you earn in return could be donated to a charity or foundation of your choice to help a worthy cause. A WIN / WIN situation!) (name withheld to protect the gullible)

LETS JUST TRY THIS ONCE & SEE IF IT REALLY WORKS!

Anyway so it goes on about how wonderful and spiritual this all is and how everyone wins ad nauseum and provides a list of 4 names to which you send \$5 to the first person and put your name on the bottom and send it to 20 people – blah blah blah. Typical illegal pyramid scheme dressed up in new age blather. We monitored the following emails that cover the issue pretty well

Subject A sent out the email in a lovely purple theme with lots of highlighted type, bullet points, etc.

Subject B responded with: RE free money -- Hey A - It doesn't work that way - it can't. Here is what happens, and it has happened with newagers in the past with the Circle of Gold, etc. Yes, the circle keeps expanding but after a while to keep

expanding you'd have to have more people than there are on earth. But before that, like with what happened to the above mentioned pyramid scheme, you started getting articles in the newspaper about it, etc. So it collapses - it has to - there is absolutely no other outcome. And then for every single dollar someone on the inside made, someone on the outside loses. This is not theory, not opinion - this is reality, this is fact. So ____ please go back to your list send out another email decrying this hustle and apologize for being so gullible. Any other action will just contribute to a lot of people losing money down the line so that a few can gain a bunch. Admittedly that doesn't sound so bad - but it makes a lie of the PR that you are sending out with the come on. This whole deal about the love and heart behind this is BS, and if you don't **obnubilate*** about it you'll see that.

Take care, B

PS **obnubilation** is the inability to perceive the obvious owing to conditioned reflexes which persistently cause someone to look in the wrong direction.

Subject A: *Sorry I do not agree because the money is given as a gift.. That's the difference, also it is a small amount of money so no one really loses.*

Subject B: You're rationalizing - it is absolutely true that for every dollar someone makes someone else loses. You can say that it is okay for a lot of people to lose a little for a few people to make a lot, but that puts a lie to the whole gifting-heart-love rap. This is just a newage way of justifying the kind of greed that wants money for nothing. When the first version of The Circle of Gold went around circa late 1970s Ram Dass joined it and then a lot of other people did too because of him. NewAge Journal did a feature article on pyramid schemes, Ram Dass published an apology, etc. It is so odd to me how supposedly spiritual people get so blind around money.

B: RE: One Practical thing for you to know -- In the past the IRS has sometimes gone after people near the center of pyramid schemes to be sure they are paying taxes on the income. They don't accept that it is a gift.

A:

B: RE: one last piece, I promise -- Re the whole love and gifting aspect of the scheme. So at the end as it is collapsing as it has to do, you'll have people contacting friends who will be saying things like: "Different people been hassling me about this, leave me alone," or "They were talking about it on NPR

yesterday, how it is illegal," etc. People will feel like fools. How can it be any other way when it collapses as it will. It seems to me that people like you who want the money for nothing (which in itself I have nothing against, if it were actually possible), so badly want it that they blithely ignore these other realities about it. Not good, not mature, not based in reality. Sorry to be harsh but.....
Peace,

A:

B: Sent the following letter to Subject A with a note saying that subject B thought it only fair to let him see what he was sending to the 3 names on the list above him, i.e. B.

I don't like having to point this out but your gifting deal is based on a HUGE LIE that no one loses. It is as certain as the sun will rise that for every dollar someone earns in the middle someone on the outside will lose. The only way it could work is if the population of the planet were infinite. It is a zero sum game! And if right now you are thinking some version of "*Oh no – he doesn't understand...*," you are engaging in mind numbing rationalization and avarice. Which is obnoxious enough when Republicans do it, but to me, even more obnoxious when dressed up in NewAge spirituality.

This has all happened before. A couple of decades back it was The Circle of Gold and even Ram Dass signed on. Then when it all crashed, as it has to do, NewAge Journal ran a feature on it, and Ram Dass published an apology, etc.

Don't you see that if people who see themselves as spiritually and morally developed engage in this kind of greed-based self-delusion what chance do we have of moving the overall society to a more mature stance?

A (still waiting)

PS You should know that the IRS goes after these, and judges don't buy the 'but it was a gift' line.



THE WORD OF GAD

Dear Ones the circle of this story, our story, all the stories of all beings in all dimensions and at all levels goes round and round. Doesn't it. So much color and sound in life; noise, drama, tragedy; incredible beauty and sublime love; the various weirdnesses and horrors – all of it – round and round and round. Spiraling in and out. Endlessly. Repetitive patterns in ceaseless novelty. And for me too, ***The Great Lord Gad***, Creator, sustainer, and destroyer of the Universe. In part anyway. Then there is the ever present stillness and silence of Perfect Presence. Ahhh. Always.

What is mostly fun for me, but also often anguish, is how this All is occurring inside of Me. This All is Me. Some of you, many of you by how you reckon numbers, have experienced this. As any parent might in watching toddlers, I can't help but laugh at those of you who get all pretentious about your spirituality.

Oh sitting so serious, yearning for higher purer states. That is all sweet, but in Truth it is largely besides the point, so do yourself a favor and don't take it too serious. Okay.

This is real simple: I, ***The Great Lord Gad***, am eternal and infinite (in this Universe anyway – but that is an story for another time). I am All That Is, and you my sweetlings are part of me, made up of me, a creation of and in my mind as is Everything. So basically: You are made out of Gadstuff, there is naught else that you can possibly be. So if I were you, which in a manner of speaking I am and am not (you may have noticed how cumbersome language is when it comes to even remotely trying to accurately describe any aspect of Reality – oh well – let's all do our best here given the inherent limitations).

Close your eyes for a few moments and take a couple of deep breaths. It'll help – that is one of the main reasons I gave it to you. Use it.

Remember those four English guys song something like “you are I and I am you and we're in it altogether.” Anyway I transgress. We Gads do that. (I suppose now I'll have to explain what I mean when I say “we.” Later – it can wait.) So how are you doing? How does it feel to know that you are One with Gad. That you are never alone. It isn't possible, no matter how it might appear from your perspective. I will make you a promise right here and now: Every aspiration you have ever had for joy and wonderment will not only come true, but in Truth your inevitable destiny is near infinitely grander than that. Technically speaking you have no control over the long term outcome, and near total control of the short term processes. Hopefully that clears everything up for you.

So please do us All a favor and relax and try to really enjoy your life. Do good works as you are called to them, and please avoid scolding yourself or others for what you perceive as failures. It rarely helps and often hurts.

If you wish to engage in spiritual pursuits that's fine. It is good to remember though that YOU, THIS IT, IS ALL SPIRITUAL ALL OF THE TIME. You are always and only made up of, and immersed in. Gadstuff. There is nothing else. Of course if you can think of something that isn't I'd really like to hear about it.

Party on gang – eat and screw merrily; work hard and play enthusiastically in equal measure; etcetera. We're in This Altogether. I am never leaving you, and you are never leaving me. It is just those frequent weird perturbations that create such confusion and consternation... Oh well – do your best. It is all any of Us can do.

Sayonara till next time we talk like this. I love you totally and infinitely and eternally. It is one matter I have no choice in. It is my nature, which - ha ha – makes it our nature. Your nature. Enjoy your happiness; grow through your pain.



Sayonara??? I went to a Japanese-English dictionary and found out that the literal etymological meaning of *sayonara* means: *temple yours send money*. Really!

