

Part 4 of 5: Who would have made it so in the tipping point of Amerika's declining liberty and freedoms?

<i>Trespass on</i>	Hubris eats a man	Evil is as	Soft, weasel words	Goodness is as
<i>A nation's soul.</i>	Right through -	Evil does,	's what they say.	Goodness was -
<i>Goliath stands</i>	Crushing many,	Rewind the world	Feel cold steel,	Not blood kin to
<i>Above them all.</i>	Lifting few.	The way it was.	You're the prey.	Do-good buzz.
<i>Takes a rock,</i>	Hate so high, with	Time to play the	Recant, submit,	Repair the tear
<i>Trips, and falls.</i>	Rage they bray -	Good guy's game -	To the bone.	In Lady's dress,
<i>In full cry,</i>	Their halos' glow	A child's faith,	Live their way,	Repin the curl
<i>Hear clarion calls?</i>	Is light of day.	Endure's the name.	Die alone?	In Lady's tress.

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Who did whom?

The shorter odds, devoutly to have been wished, would have been on the governing doing the governed; then, the governed doing back.

"Didn't I tell you, Don Quixote, sir, to turn back, for they were not armies you were going to attack, but flocks of sheep?" Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra

The governing were bright enough not to have taken the sizzle *and* the steak, so there would have been platitudes, placations, posturing, pitchmen, poster people, perfidy, and prey coming right at you and at you. Whereas, the governed wouldn't have been aware enough anymore to head for a better place than where they were before the taking or thereabouts; therewith, retreat would have been the least resistant path to the lesser evil. A higher order of governance than from memory of experience could have been sought, but not without creedal certitude; follow the leader required a leader to follow.

It would have seemed that it was the governing's to lose, wouldn't it?

Pitchfork reckoned that a despot successful in the short term had legs to carry him into the long term and that a despot unsuccessful in the short term had no long term.
Pitchfork

The governing were more organized than The-Contemptuous' notion of the 'pitchforks'; the governing reeked of self-righteous and delusional superiority; the governing reckoned their days unnumbered once past the tipping point; the governing were prone to grin, gloat, smirk, snigger,

smug – not smile – they grinned, gloated, smirked, sniggered, smugged. Happy, happy.

“It [the Cheshire Cat] vanished quite slowly, beginning with the end of the tail, and ending with the grin, which remained some time after the rest of it had gone.” Lewis Carroll (pseudo. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson)

Yes, The-Corrupter and his law-and-order-crippling, capitalism-killing cronies knew that getting away with murder and more meant not getting caught. Ariba. Ariba.

“A nation can survive its fools, and even the ambitious. But it cannot survive treason from within. An enemy at the gates is less formidable, for he is known and carries his banner openly. But the traitor moves amongst those within the gate freely, his sly whispers rustling through all the alleys, heard in the very halls of government itself. For the traitor appears not a traitor; he speaks in accents familiar to his victims, and he wears their face and their arguments, he appeals to the baseness that lies deep in the hearts of all men. He rots the soul of a nation, he works secretly and unknown in the night to undermine the pillars of the city, he infects the body politic so that it can no longer resist. A murderer is less to fear. The traitor is the plague.” Marcus Tullius Cicero

Amerika = People divided by . . .

Divisions of Amerikan society and culture boded poorly for tipping descent, written large on the national psyche. Could you have heard them? ‘It’s Mexicans.’ ‘Those Freemasons, again.’ ‘Brokers, how vulgar.’ ‘The obese, yeesh.’ ‘Marxist-Leninists, you knew they were coming.’ ‘Unions, the Devil’s doing.’ ‘The left-handed – hate those guys.’ None of the above? Several of the above? The like?

Divided as Amerikans had been made out to have represented, those social and cultural factions, fissures, and fractious, fractured fractions separately could not have prevailed against coercive forces of immoral and virtuelless governance.

“Divide and rule, the politician cries; unite and lead, is watchword of the wise.” Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Divided Amerikans could sum or succumb. What would have summed them? Could it have been a monumental money mess? Having veered way off a fundamental moral course? Feared or felt assault on individual

survival, freedom, and well-being? Something else? Additive? A collected outrage?

Hold on there, remember: time was not on the side of the governing, by choice and by circumstance. Tick, tock, tick, tock.

There goes Santa Claus. There goes Santa Claus. Left down . . .

Neither need have been the commonweal, not anymore. You see, The-Deliverer was as a stupendous Santa on socialist steroids – a majority mob had Deliverer-dreams come true, fulfilled on or shortly before January 24, 2009. This fest had been mutual: The-Deliverer’s dreams would have been done-up bigtime, too, in having anticipated adoring and abundant political largesse and latitude, an open freeway to a better place for all with him at the wheel of that bus ride to intellectual glory.

It had to have been so if he had said it was so; it was expected to be so then – that it would have been, game-over: expectations over; it was the trusted way things really were to have become or close enough to it; wish fulfillment would have been fulfilled; the fans, The-Chosen’s flock, waited for the gifts, goodies and give-aways to have been bestowed upon them, each one of them. The illusion was collective; the delusion was distributive, one-by-one-by-one.

The-Redistributor’s Motto: From all according to their earned achievements; to all according to how much of the other guy’s that they hadn’t been given already. Pitchfork

Felt so good, right? Ho, ho, ho.

Would that it were ever not thus. A lump of coal to each stocking hung by the fireside.

No way was it to have been so, to have been thus – the dreams, the expectations baked in these countrymen’s cakes were *one-off*, like kids’ wishes at Christmas – personal, not principled except by national neuroses of guilt and bigotry, great gobs of ignorance gifted by the governing’s goons. Some would compromise and some would shut-up

about it; but not all and maybe not most. There had to have been doubts about delivering on all these deals. Those doubts would have grown; the deals not delivered. The-Distrusted would have dismissed the disaffection, while the distrustful fell away from the flock – it had to be about them and the others. Right? Money problems of all sorts in an ill economy could have been the unifying motive. Or maybe government in brutal mode? Cosmic chicanery? Who was to have known?

For whose despair of a slithery social contract would government have first overreached? Illegalized illegal aliens? Unpensioned unions? Sovereignty-asserting States? Insufferable money matters? Terror's torment? Colding comfort in less-worse? Warming discomfort in worse-worse? God-awful grasping? Madding mayhem?

Providential pretext would have been the second sheep through the fence.

The dastards' dynamics might have bubbled to a rope of pearls, the tipping point to raging torrent. Calumny and cowardice spread thick on its soon-seething surface.

Conservatives distrust government, rarely well-represented and then not for long.

Most Centrists clutched at and clung to their soft underbellies of ignorance, indifference, and derelict do-good; some slipped right, awakened under piled-on government – liberty wasted – the motive force.

The Left and Leftovers– a d'bag swill of Socialists, Statists, Progressives, Corporatists, Bigots, Elitists, The Hateful, The Wanton, The Wastrel, and The Stoopid – made for their unfair share of the other guys' with spotty successes and sprawling failures. Would that this last lot lost it however – garner from gaming gubmint's succor – in having had rightly reflected among themselves the featureless, futureless soaks and slaves they've been, down all the years; then, the tempest out of troubled waters would have risen and fallen on their backs.

Thus, trust thinned and tapered and trailed off. The Center would have been crushed, the defenseless and undefended crushed; war's dog packs loosed. Doves would have passed to paradise and perdition. Old game-on, again.

Oh, dear, would it not have been sweet to have resolved this at the opinion and voting polls and preserved the domestic tranquility – a soft landing?

But this tale would have been as worn and wended as a Greek tragedy and without repose. Old game-on, again.

Polls' tolls

Opinion polls could have nibbled at the present pack of the self-seeking, like attempted death by duck bite, which nibbling weakens but might not destroy. Opinions alone could have slowed down The-Big-Mo-And-Mojo, but not have stopped his trek down freedom's hills.

Even his own might have hobbled him some; but, they'd traveled mighty far alongside already. Destined? Indelible? Backstretch? No-return? Spineless? Shameless? Afraid? Until elections were close enough to smell and so did The-Lightness, he'd not likely have been eaten alive and gnawed on.

The three-headed eagle had morphed to a runaway choo-choo labeled THE CHIEF, The-Condescender at the throttle, and two tenders in tow – one stuffed with lawmakers, one stuffed with judges – labeled LITTLE INDIANS 1 and LITTLE INDIANS 2. Coaches and freight were not in sight. Pitchfork

As for the voting remedy, there were problems – three of `em.

One, the general voting polls were biennial. Suffering was realtime; voting was not realtime.

Two, there were so many socialists on both sides of the aisle who surely would have reupped and returned by gerrymandered districting, incumbent advantage, the dilemma of equal evils, gubmint-media manipulation, etc.: a pox on both Chambers and their coalitions of the weak, woebegone, and willful; mucking out those dens of iniquities and inequities would have taken a while.

And three, there could have been too few true patriots of the Constitution-and-conservative-capitalist kind who would have had to faithfully serve steadfastly, waiting their turn to internal power. Only rare, true patriots would have lusted to labor in Amerika's capitol sties. Still, they would have been easy to spot – the more capable, the more feared and hated, minimized and marginalized, bashed and *ad hominimed*; game-changers.

If a tipping by polls was prolonged, suggested as ineluctable, national damage of wide variety could have been done, not to have been undone without other opposition, you'd have thought.

A trough short of the other guys' lunches could have been a sorely missed trough, indeed. Pitchfork

Par-tee

Neither political party bore standards of honor, distinction, or respect.

Oh my, those were dark days. Felt trumped thought. Today trumped tomorrow.
Excess trumped restraint. Servitude trumped sovereignty.
Hubris, impiety trumped imperfectability, humility; and conceit ascended.
Hope trumped expectation. Choral change trumped history.
Government trumped God.
Pitchfork

A real third political party maybe on the order of Gerald Celente's Progressive/Libertarian Party or a gutted and rejiggered Republican Party that, say, might have grown a faction within it of Tea Party Republicans. And yet, such reconfiguration's painfully paced progression might not have been exceptionally salutary to have avoided warring of more than words.

Pitchfork recalled that third parties had not come easily to his countrymen.

While, to have worked inside then-existing party bounds would have tented a few core stalwarts, some welcome newcomers, and, at least for a time, a host of the wayward and wastrel in pink school color. Of the two courses, working from within would have been the preference: avoided change of the fourth kind and permitted hangers-on a new way to wannabee.

A weak reed blows easily in the wind. Pitchfork's Chinese spirit Lee-Woo

In either condition, definitively faithful, found at the conservative end of capitalism may have been ripe for the running – first, to have truly taught their way to office, then collaborated, then co-opted. Members would have to have been without reminding of the corrupted fogeys and fossils that they would have chased off the national stage – the socialist-stained losers, so-called moderates, really fallen capitalists and grasping socialists, really sycophantic socialists all, soaked to the bone in politics as usual. In their beginning, the newbies would have been without a net – a politician's perception worthy of perpetuating.

"In a confrontation with the politics of power, the soft center has always melted away."
Quintin McGarel Hogg, Baron Hailsham of St Marylebone

It could have been this indistinction alone that foundered clear-headed thinking within and without the Chambers by the generally meaningless appellations Republican and Democrat. Of itself, having been confused over time, the determined descriptives of capitalist and socialist (and possibly, therein, conservative and liberal) would have honestly served the commonweal, having told it like it was.

It's not just the stupid economy

These Patriots would had to have been folks who got that it was not just about the economy – else, it could have been same-old same-old; that it was about illegal, third-world invaders unassimilated, not deported,

parasitic bigtime, and still crossing borders; that it was about prolife and it was not about prodeath – millions of extensions to ‘no child left behind’ – the blessing, glory, and majesty of new human life, its renewal; that it was about monetary reserve and not the Federal Reserve; that it was about government pulling back, and it was not about partnering; that it was about stimulating the economy, and it was not about stimulating the governing; that it was about achievements earned and not abject excuses; that it was about hail fellows well-met, and it was not about publicly pissing on allies’ legs; and so forth.

“Let there not be two religions in Arabia.”

Abu al-Qasim Muhammad Ibn Abd Allah Ibn Abd al-Muttalib Ibn Hashim

That was, economic *and* social issues mattered, and a persistent pattern of The Founders’ principles were to have prevailed.

And you are . . . ?

Back then, Amerikans taken together lacked a national identity of principles, like the stark and shattered *Head in pieces* by Padamvir Singh or the colorful and more diffuse *In pieces* by Cris Orfescu, rather than a broadly recognizable American montage.

Too many Amerikan *castrati*, too few *cojoneses*; too much self-esteem, too little learning; too many fabulists, too few faithful; too much hyphenation, too little affinity.
Pitchfork

A fatal flaw of character in any organization of people would have been a problem started at, embraced by, and nurtured from the top. The sword of the demonstration effect cuts both ways. The Pitchfork

Education-by-agenda had devalued values, mugged morality, eschewed excellence, said diversity and meant division, for generations. The numbers bulged of snouts in the public trough, of folks on the other guys’ chit.

"Double, double toil and trouble." - William Shakespeare

Amerika may have been a metaphysical pot of peoples, but in that pot there was not a lot of melting going on; a single, Amerikan society was a

figment; whereas, Amerikan societies were a fact. There may have become a social storm or storm of societies in time, but not off the blocks unless the unexpected change was humongous or otherwise a stunningly unifying situation or context no matter its initial scope.

Amerikan societies may have pitted against each other, but not readily to have risen as one; there was no 'one' and the reprobates who made it that way would that it be kept that way. In a sense, this had been another perversion of the governing, with the old 'divide and conquer' in this: divide and *not* be conquered.

Did you reckon that Münchausen syndrome characterized careers of buck-sucking vote vultures? Pitchfork

In another sense, the strategy – divide and not be conquered – was a setup for socialism. The more divisions of society, its cultures, the greater likely to have confected class wars, the less likely that federal abuses would have made for majorities of discontent, the greater likely that federal control, print, tax, and squander could have been targeted for abuse and advantage. Albeit, The-Misogynist-Of-Lady-Liberty did not conjure this cunning corruption, only scurried up a step or two.

Practice, practice, practice

But, *Amerikans altogether then did not lack a national identity of practice – expectations of life as usual*. Everyone had an identity of practice. The-Undoer's undoing could have insulted practice, the old ways of doing; it would have redounded to counterparties to have taught and taught the principles – faith, Constitution, and capitalism from which national identity followed. Inshalla.

"There are a thousand hacking at the branches of evil to one who is striking at the root."
Henry David Thoreau (née David Henry Thoreau)

The more the affinities of practice persecuted, the meaner the march down the long and winding road. Gathered up, there could have been more than Hell to pay.

As The-Corrupter trashed this of the American Way and that of the American Way, there had to have come the moment when your own piece of the American Way got trashed, too, in rhetoric or reality, fearing loss or feeling it taken from you.

You hadn't said?

So, what was up when 'your doctor's not your doctor anymore', thus spaketh a no-name government bureaucrat? And out of the mouth of another no-namer, 'Dear old Dad would be cut-off his meds now and forever after, which shouldn't have been too long, you know?' They took your property just like that, for what? There would be no more guns for you, buddy? Would that there had been a czar of czars, an igor or igors? What's happened to your budget? Did The-Scold post office health care?

Show 'em your lump of coal.

Your ride's been forbidden; you have to buy a cubby-crampy crash-cruncher made somewhere by government and foreigners? How long did The-Blame blame, 'It's Bush'-bull, 'It's Bush'-bull? It wasn't that you were not making it like you used to, sweetie; it was that you were not making it at all. My carbon footprint is size 10EEE; what's yours? How many were unemployed, underemployed, or stopped trying to get employed? Could you have counted up the number of cultural and congressional Saudi Arab kingdom cuckolds?

Wasn't The War on Terror aimed at the wrong target? Why not Saudi Arabia? Pitchfork

Could you have named the world's largest, intolerant, fierce, expansionist, imperialist, dominating, subjugating, enslaving, irrational, incoherent, rights-smothering cult? How many affirmations would a new Affirmative Action have affirmed? You didn't say it did you, that The-Grinner didn't back Israel in its fight for essential existence? You had said that interest rates were high and higher and home foreclosures were over the top again? What had you meant, 'What's 200 Frenchies in dollars?' When exactly was it that 'unalienable' rights' went 'old school'?

You meant to have told me they were still into financial rape? The-Splurge spent how much on holidays? You learned that the illegal alien-citizenship journey was built to be gamed, and gamed it was? When weren't 'social security' other words for 'welfare'? Who rigged the census? Do you think there could be such behavior as political felony? Why were so many banks still failing? Could government have done anything it wanted? Later on, who was left to appease?

Many had known all along that The-Kenyan was . . . well, Kenyan? How about more dead folks in the U.S. from terror attacks in a year than Americans in Iraq in all its time? Our allies had become our enemies and our enemies had become our friends? What if lying sacks really did lay big bucks on your electricity bill? The-Defamer snatched Iraqi loss from the jaws of Iraqi victory? Countries burned crisp?

Having looked hard: did you see tripwires?

"Democracy is the road to socialism." Karl Heinrich Marx