

NOTES ON AN INCONVENIENT UNIVERSE - PART II

— THE GOOD
REVEREND
ROGER

So, let's just say the dominant ideologues out there aren't flipping your wig. You say it's because you think the parties are the same, equally corrupt, etc, and that you'd like to see a 3rd party. In reality, of course, most of what you're really saying is "look at meeeeeee, sheeple!"

A couple of points of order:

1. Everyone thinks they are the sole conscious human in world full of "sheeple". This is the same sort of egomania that makes people think they are the Main Character. In both cases, everyone is **WRONG**.
2. Everyone assumes that a 3rd party would be the one that represents their interests. Again, not going to happen, both because the people hollering about it are crazier than a shit house rat, and because any party with a high enough profile to get elected has already been bought and sold by the same people that own the existing parties. Given that, why would "THEY" pay for three parties when you get the illusion of choice with two? You will notice that the Green Party and the Reform Party mysteriously flew to pieces when they become large enough to show up on the ballot.

Not that either of these points will stop or even slow down your average libertarian. This is because the average libertarian has no motives in actually being successful in raising a party. No, the average libertarian is out to score with chicks, and can't figure out why it isn't working, no matter how much he talks about *Going Galt*.

(Hint: It's because being a radical only works on women if you're a radical leftist, and only then for a very narrow window. Radical rightists are boring.)

For the rest of us, of course, this state of affairs is hilarious. Is there anything funnier than a man making a great big show of reading Atlas Shrugged at Starbucks, quite obviously wondering why none of the women in the shop have chatted him up?

But the funniest thing about 3rd party people is that they invariably turn into conspiracy freaks. **CHEMTRAILS, HAARP, 911 Truthers, FEMA CAMPS**, etc. I think this has to do with the fact that when you make yourself believe one great whacking lie (the existence of a "free market", etc), it's suddenly easier to believe just about anything. So you go to parties and tell everyone about the danger they're in, until it gradually dawns on you one day that none of your friends seem to throw parties anymore. Silly sheeple. From there, it's usually an alcohol-fueled ride to **CRAZYTOWN**, population **YOU**.

I gotta say, it must be rough, living in a universe in which your flawless ideology, whether that be communism or unrestrained capitalism, doesn't work even though it makes perfect sense to you, and **OUGHT TO WORK** and **WOULD WORK**, if only people weren't such sheeple.

But it doesn't work, does it? And yet here you are, trying to explain to it people for the umpteenth time.

Rinse, repeat.

**YOU KNOW, I HAD ALWAYS THOUGHT THAT
BEING A REPINE PERSON WOULD EXEMPT
ME FROM MISERABLE SHIT LIKE THIS**