

I hate politics.

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A.P.

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To Jesus of Nazareth

Preface.

Don't read this.

This was written years ago, originally as a random post on a message board. My objective was to be random, to just write and write and write about whatever was popping into my mind. Hence, in this monograph, you will find a variety of topics, ranging from movies to music, from a dream I had while sleeping to a dream I have of a better future.

If there is one unifying theme to this work, it is the concept of **love**, about which I had been giving much thought at the time. One will readily notice that it is written in red at each of its appearance in the monograph. I did this with the opinion that I was creating art in writing this piece, and that the selectively red text was a central characteristic of this work of art.

This view shouldn't be surprising, at least to those that have read this previously. After all, I maintain in the monograph that all things are art.

My views have changed over time. For one thing, I now believe that a thing is a work of art only in the eye of the beholder. Since I have an eye, and can behold things, I can still interpret corporate logos and whatever else I want as art, but I recognise that a person could just as easily exist that does not interpret anything in fact as art. My views have changed in other ways as well.

So then, why make this piece available?

Well, I think it's interesting to see how the views of a person progress over time, and I suspect those reading this will have the same interest. So, enjoy! But, don't read this.

— A.P.

I hate politics.

I wish I could destroy it.

I do what's probably an unhealthy level of thinking.

I'm a hopeless romantic.

I **love** music.

Hmm.

Love. Isn't it an odd thing? Hate, too. Personally, I think it's all a matter of classical conditioning. **Love**, hate, fear, I think it's all learned, just like Pavlov's dogs. **Love**, in my opinion, isn't some magical thing. There is no "one." There're just deep connections.

I'm listening to The Libertines right now. I was listening to The Cure earlier, thinking about **love**. Thinking about this girl I used to work with named Sarah. For some reason, I dreamt about her last night.

In the dream, there was this evil genie...maybe she wasn't evil. But, you know genies, every time you make a wish, it comes out all wrong. Maybe she *was* evil. Doesn't matter.

Anyway, I haven't seen Sarah in years, but she was in this dream. She and I were on Henry Avenue, up near Bel Air Road. There were other people there, too. The clouds in there air were dark grey. It was very ominous. And here comes the evil genie moving north on Bel Air road and turning on to Henry Avenue. I know this is bad, so I lead Sarah away from the genie. But she's moving sluggishly, and I ask her what's wrong. The genie has a hold on her, like she (the genie) had on everybody else there. The only reason I had more free will is because I'd (supposedly) en-

-countered the genie previously. The thing is, I was thinking that this genie only gave out one wish or something. But later I test this, and there're more wishes. So, I lead Sarah back to the genie, demanding that she release Sarah from whatever magic she's under. Sarah ends up making a wish, though, asking to live forever or to never fear pain or something. Suddenly, Sarah turns into a book. (Think about it, it makes perfect sense. Since the characters of the book aren't real, they never truly feel any real pain. Sarah was a character in that book.)

I didn't want Sarah to be a book. I cared too much about her. So, I kind'a forget what happens next, or if I'd used my wish, or what. But I need this genie to undo the shit she's done. So there I am in this BJ's/Sam's Club/Best Buy kind of place, and my wish gets misinterpreted, and I go back in time to when I was five. But I still knew what I had to do. There was also this male genie there. He worked there. At some point I must have said something to the effect of "I just wish I could get back to my real age," because suddenly I was back to 19. But I still needed to find the female genie, and when I do, I make my final wish, one to undo my wishes and Sarah's wishes. This does the trick, and Sarah was free.

Sarah's second favorite band was The Cure. Now I want to talk to Sarah, partially because I want to tell her about the dream, partly because it's been so long since I've talked to her.

It's been a long time since I've talked to most of the people I worked with, or the people I went to high school with. I miss them.

It's probably a combination of things. My Spring semester doesn't start until tomorrow. The ground outside is mostly covered in a thick, white, cold substance. (I'm going to name it "snow"!) My internet went out last night, and I couldn't get back online until now. Most of the restaurants are closed. And then the dream.

Something I'd never told Sarah: I was going to ask her out one night at work. I'd made the decision that I would. But by the time our schedules lined up that she and I had work on the same night, Eric had already asked her out. And they were a cute couple, and I had no intention to break that up.

Some of my favorite movies are **love** stories. *Fight Club* was a **love** story. As was *American Beauty*. *Grosse Pointe Blank*, too. *Disturbing Behavior*. *Etc., etc.* And why do I **love** these? Perhaps because I'm such a fucking hopeless romantic.

Romanticism was always my favorite genre of literature. Did

you know that Edgar Allan Poe's works are considered romanticist? Yup. I once wrote a short story in the style of Poe. To be honest, I never did finish the story, but I know how it ends. And I still plan on finishing it some day. I **love** what I've written so far.

And most of those Cure songs dealt with **love**, too.

But I hate politics. How could anybody **love** politics?

My idea of a utopia is one in which everyone is free to follow their own beliefs, so long as they don't hurt anybody else. I dream of a world in which communists and capitalists can get along peacefully.

The other day I was listening to "Imagine" on the radio. You all know the song. It's by John Lennon. This was the A Perfect Circle version, though. Both renditions are very beautiful. I **love** that song. Even though I'm a capitalist and that song's lyrics are extremely communistic in nature, I still think it's fucking beautiful.

I'd like to live in a world in which everybody is free to choose his/her own paths. Those who believe in communism would be free to share all their possessions. Those who believe in capitalism would be free to compete with one another for their possessions. But this hypothetical world would have to meet certain standards to be something I could consider a utopia.

Slavery would have to be destroyed once and for all. The quarrel between capitalists and communists come in the fact that each sees the other system as one that enforces slavery.

According to communists, workers in a capitalist system are wage-slaves. They're forced to compete for property, which causes inequalities known as classes. And, in this way, they're slaves to the system.

According to capitalists, workers in a communist system are slaves to egalitarianism. They're forced to share property, which causes laziness. Hard workers are then duped, because they get just as little as those who don't try at all. And, in this way, they're slaves to the system.

Both sides are right and wrong. They both have a valid point. But they're both too presumptuous.

As long as the communists *want* to be part of the communist system, and are there voluntarily, we capitalists shouldn't care. They're not slaves if they're there voluntarily. To each his own. Live and let live.

As long as we capitalists *want* to be part of the capitalist sys-

tem, and are there voluntarily, the communists shouldn't care. We're not slaves if we're there voluntarily. To each his own. Live and let live.

This is why border-control is the first enemy of Liberty—because as long as there's border control, keeping people in or keeping people out, humans are trapped in systems in which they may not want to be, and thus *are* slaves.

But here's why I hate politics: my vision of a utopia is almost impossible. And it's all the fault of politics. We all disagree on all the small shit. And I just don't get it! To me, I can see no reason whatsoever to keep homosexuals from marrying one another. How pathetic must you be to think to yourself, "Oh no! Homosexuals want the freedom to marry one another! We can't let that happen!" People used to feel the same way about interracial marriages. It's so petty to think that *you* can have the freedom to choose, but that other people can't. Then there're the people who want to make guns illegal. "Oh no! People will buy guns! We can't let that happen! Oooh!" Guns, like swords and nunchucks and bats, are just a form of protection. What's wrong with letting someone arm themselves? How petty must you be to want to deny them this? And there're people who want drugs to be illegal. "Oh no! People are going to use drugs and throw away their lives! We can't let them have the freedom to do that!" What all these people don't realize is how petty they *themselves* are being. Why can't we, as a society, just get past all the pettiness?

For a utopia to be a utopia, there can't be war. What causes war? A number of factors. But when it all comes down to it, it's about power. I'm in the middle of reading Machiavelli's *The Prince*. It was a book that Hitler, Lenin, Stalin, and Mussolini have all read. What do they all have in common? They were all statists who killed people to maintain power. Power-hungry. If we are to have a utopia, we can't have power-hungry leaders.

Anarchism is society without any government.*

Minarchism is society with extremely limited government.

What do anarcho-communism, anarcho-socialism, anarcho-syndicalism, and anarcho-capitalism all have in common? They're all based on voluntary practices.

* More accurately, it's a society without a state. One could, like Auberon Herbert, argue that "government" continues to exist even in a system of anarchy.

Those in an anarcho-communist society aren't participating in communism because they're forced to be. There's no government there to force them to participate. They're there because they want to be, because they believe in communism, and because that's the system in which they want to participate. Sharing possessions voluntarily.

Those in an anarcho-capitalist society aren't participating in capitalism because they're forced to be. There's no government there to force them to participate. They're there because they want to be, because they believe in capitalism, and because that's the system in which they want to participate. Competing for possessions voluntarily.

With anarchism and minarchism, there're no border controls. So, if someone in the capitalist system gets fed up with it, they're totally free to try out the communist system. And visa versa.

But are we ever going to get to this when we're still arguing about the small things? Nope. As long as there are people out there trying to keep homosexuals from marrying, or trying to keep others from owning weapons, or trying to keep strangers from lighting a joint, we'll never be able to progress any further. And that, my friends, is politics. I despise politics. But I **love** music.

Politics is something I learned to hate. Conditioned to hate. When I was younger, and more idealistic, I didn't hate it. Not that I'm less idealistic. But, much like I'm a hopeless romantic, I'm a hopeless idealist.*

I'd **love** to fall in **love** with someone, then run away with her, run away from the world. Leaving politics far behind, never to be seen again. But there's no foreseeable escape from politics.

I'd **love** to see a peaceful political revolution, converting this world into a utopia. Leaving politics far in the past, never to be heard of again. But there's no foreseeable escape from politics.

My taste in music has expanded over the years. I also chuck this up to conditioning. Up until the 6th grade, I took Ritalin. Before that, I had no appreciation for music. The only music I knew was Christmas carols. I don't know how much Ritalin fucked up

* I do not actually view my objectives as idealistic in the sense that they are eternally unattainable, although I do frankly doubt they will be obtained in my lifetime. But I do have what one could term "ideals," and these lead me to strive to live the most virtuous life I can—something I can do regardless of the rest of society.

my brain, but I had very poor socializing skills, and no great **love** for music. I found dancing to be the most pointless thing in the world. I fucking hated those piano lessons. When I heard music, I could detect the changes in the pitch of music, but it didn't have the effect it has on me now. It, too, was meaningless.

But then, in the middle of the 6th grade, I stopped taking the Ritalin. (Got a new doctor, who was concerned with the oh-so-high dosage I was on, and decided I should stop. He wasn't convinced I needed it.) It was either late in the 6th or early in the 7th grade that I started watching MTV. I was actually embarrassed by doing it. 1997. That's when I started listening to music. It didn't take me too long to realize that I couldn't stand that Boys II Men video they kept playing. I thought that "Karma Police" by Radiohead was a cool video. I had to ask my mother if it was a band called Radiohead, or if the singer called himself Radiohead. I remember thinking that "Everlong" by the Foo Fighters was too loud. Looking back, I can see how laughable my thoughts were. I didn't learn who Nirvana were until late 1999. How fucking sheltered I must've been to not have heard any Nirvana music before that.

I got my first CD player and first CD on December 24th, 1999. It was titled *NEVERMIND*. The music grew on me. And over those past five years, my tastes have expanded greatly. And, again, I chuck it up to conditioning. Because much of this music I wouldn't have liked five, seven, nine years ago. One minute, I might be listening to Sabbath or Slayer, the next I'll be listening to Miles Davis.

Music is an escape. It's very liberating. It's art. I have a theory that I've held for about three years now: that everything is art. I've only ever made one surrealist painting. I **love** surrealism. It's my favorite style. I was very proud of my accomplishment. But it's lost now. My 10th grade art teacher lost it on me.

The 10th grade is when I met Bruce. Bruce C. leBrun. Remember that name. He'll be a famous director some day. (Unless he gives up and decides to become a cop again. Ha, that was hilarious. Long story—maybe I'll tell you later.) Anyway, Bruce was very much into film-making. I, too, would like to be a famous director. We both took Video Production in the 12th grade. It was our reason for choosing that school. We both agreed that film should be art.

Something I have a problem with with films is that, when they

take a historical event that takes place in another language, instead of doing it in that language and giving us subtitles, they just do it in English. That has always pissed me off.

But I recently saw a movie that I felt was very well directed. It was called *The Passion of the Christ*. Okay, I didn't see it all, because I had to return it. But I did get up to the second fall of Christ. (If his name was pronounced Yeshuah in his native language of Aramaic, then why the fuck do we call him Jesus? Why don't we just call him Yeshuah?) I very much like the fact that they made the film with the original language, and then gave us subtitles. That's the way it **should** be done. I **loved** that.

I don't get, though, why people said that that movie was anti-Semitic. I didn't see anything anti-Semitic about it.

I was raised a Catholic, but I felt more non-denominational. Philosophically, I admit that I could be completely wrong about everything. I admit that my belief that I exist could be wrong. I admit that my belief that the world exists could be wrong. And, I admit that my belief that God exists could be wrong. I believe that, even though people can know things, they can't know that they know them. Let's use God as an example here. I believe that He/She/It exists. But do I know He/She/It exists? If He/She/It does exist, then yes, I do know that He/She/It exists. However, if God doesn't exist, then I believe the wrong thing. I can't know which of these is the case. I can't know that I know He/She/It exists, even if He/She/It does exist and I do know; and likewise, I can't know that what I believe is wrong, because if I did, I wouldn't be believing it. So all I'm left with is belief. I *believe* that God exists, and I *believe* that I know it. But I can't prove it. I can't prove that I exist, I can't prove that the internet exist, I can't prove that computers exist, I can't prove shit. Proof, in my opinion, doesn't exist. Only art.

So, anyway, I've felt non-denominational for a long time. But a few months ago, Sean made a post [on the Axis of Justice message board] about a church called the United Church Of Christ, which is a much more 'liberal' church. I'm thinking about converting.

My idea of God is very different from the classical idea of God. I think of God as being everything. Or rather, everythingness. But that's neither here nor there.

Back to my surrealist painting. I don't know if someone has it,

or if it's since been destroyed, or what. But, if there's a Heaven, and I most certainly hope there is, then one belief that I have of Heaven is that I'll be able to see my painting again there.

But, yeah, I think of everything as art. Look at the human body, for example. Both external and internal. External beauty is easy to comprehend. But the beauty of the internal body is its intricacy. Look at the circulatory system. Look at the muscle design.

Then look at atoms. The electron, the proton, the neutron. I know, I'm a complete dork. But it's very beautiful, if you ask me. How atoms combine to form compounds.

And math, too. How values line up, how they can be grafted, everything! It's beautiful when you step back and look at it.

The design of a clock, or the design of a label on the side of a can. Somebody worked on that. Put his/her soul into it. In the same way that a chef puts his/her heart into the food he/she is making. To them, that's art!

And even simplistic art that doesn't take much thought has its own beauty. Throw some paint on a canvas. I'm sure you can get something out of it, in the same way we get something out of looking at clouds.

And, lastly, I must comment on the artistic beauty of the cosmos. I don't know about you, but I fucking **love** astronomy. The artistic beauty can be seen in the way the stars spread across the sky (and don't tell me that you haven't stared up there and thought it was beautiful). But it can also be seen in the science of it.

For example, using the Doppler effect, they've come to the conclusion that, not only is the universe expanding, that it's expanding at an ever increasing rate. I have another theory, one which would explain the Doppler effect. But I'm sure you don't want to hear about my crazy theories right now.

But astronomy is really fucking cool. Casini has been orbiting Saturn for some time now, and we have *finally* seen pictures of Titan's surface!!

Science: it gives meaning to human existence. Does it not? Now if only we could get to that warless utopia.

I have absolutely no doubt now that the Iraq war was a mistake. A huge mistake. I remained objective about it for a long time, not taking any conclusive opinion, until about a half a year ago. I am now, without a doubt, convinced that this war was a mistake. Early on, I dismissed statements saying that this was going to be

another Vietnam, but now I think it is.

This isn't to say that I have any respect for Hussein. He was most certainly depraved. And I'm glad he's out of power. But the war, as I'm now convinced, was not necessary.

Because I view **love** scientifically, not as something magical, but something that is learned through classical conditioning, it is my opinion that a person can **love** multiple people without diminishing the **love** he/she has for the other. It's like fire. If you have one torch lit, and you use it to light another torch, is the first torch left only half as bright? Nope.

I **love** multiple people. I don't plan on marrying multiple people, though. Actually, I don't plan on marrying at all. I'd rather run away with someone, like Dustin Hoffman's character did in *The Graduate*. Hey, another good movie of a **love** story. Howz about that. Anyway, I don't have any plans to marry, but you never know what the future holds.

There's a polygamy discussion going on in one of the other threads [on Axis of Justice]. Basically, in my opinion, when you have a bunch of old white men making decisions about who women are and are not allowed to marry, that's inherently patriarchal. If a woman wants to marry a man who is already married to another woman, then what right does some man in a suit have to stop her? From where does he derive that right? Nowhere. Likewise, he has no authority to tell a homosexual couple that they can't wed.

Personally, I don't see a need for marriage. But I'm not going to stand in the way of others that want to marry. I'm not going to stand in the way of others who want to use drugs, unless they're my family. And I'm not going to stand in the way of a person who wants to purchase a gun.

I don't read enough. When I was younger, I used to read a lot. But, pretty much the only stuff I read were Goosebumps books. You all remember those, don't you?

Recently, I've been getting really interested in political philosophy. Tomorrow, I begin an Intro To Philosophy class. I'm actually quite excited. I've got a lot of books here that, given an infinite amount of time, I'd like to read. But, sadly, I'm not a fast reader. Got some books for Christmas, though. *Leviathan* by Thomas Hobbes, *Two Treatise of Government* by John Locke, *An Essay Concerning Human Understanding* by John Locke, and *Brave New*

World by Aldous Huxley. At the rate I read, this'll take me approximately...12 centuries. In the mean-time, there'll always be music. It's a great escape.

If you ever have writer's block, go pick up a guitar and just jam. Hey, trust me, it works. Trust me, it doesn't matter if it sounds like shit or not. You can even set a goal, to make it sound as shitty as possible. Whatever. It'll give you some time to think, or not to think. Free up your thoughts. I **love** the escape that playing gives me.

I don't *really* know how to play guitar. All I know is how to do a power cord. When I played some songs that I'd written for Julie, she was shocked. She said that she'd thought that I'd said I couldn't play (which I had), and added that she thought I was really good. I'll say this much, that I do like the songs I've written. But, that doesn't make me a good guitar-player. And, I can't play and sing at the same time. So none of these songs have any lyrics. The few songs I've written with lyrics have no instrumentation written to go with them.

But, no matter how bad it sounds, remember this, it's still art. You can put a lot of thought into art, or you can just let it happen. It doesn't detract from it being art. It's a good way to free up your thoughts, so when you go back to what you were writing, you can go at it with fresh enthusiasm.

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Yeah, I do what's probably an unhealthy level of thinking.
DESTROY POLITICS!!