

America's absurdist phase has not peaked. **It is 'peaking...'** It's not there yet. It's still working towards greater delusions of grandeur. Here we are again... Late October, early November 2025, and the actors haven't left the stage. They've unionized. They've gotten merch deals. The orchestra plays the same three notes — outrage, denial, distraction — and for some reason everyone is supposed to care, conservative or others of different politics. Liberals are still at war with language and basic arithmetic, conservatives are still allergic to introspection, and the rest of us are ghosts pretending to vote in a play we no longer want to pay money to see, let alone review. I used to think this was politics. Now I realize it's performance art performed by the logically deprived. So, consider this not a sequel to [Raw is Politics](#), but a survival manual, or— **a Handbook for Navigating Performative Theater for the Absurd**. Meaning went out to grab a pack of smokes and never came back. These aren't essays so much as field notes. My opinions aren't meant to inspire or instruct; they're just observations from the cheap seats. Read them as comedy, tragedy, or obituary — it doesn't matter, because none of this stuff actually matters. The Universe cares not for your prayers or your cries. It feeds on either. Its food either way. Politics has become a theater of absurdity, where the only winners are the ones who stop watching the performances.

## The Mosquito Revolution

There's a special kind of comedy in people mistaking volume for significance or quality. Seven million protestors yelling **"No Kings!"** sounds impressive until you realize that's about two percent of the country — statistically less than the margin of error in most polling data. It is also the same amount of people that still believe the Earth is flat across the entire human population. When the majority of the country aren't listening, that's not a communication or an ideology problem, it's a numbers problem. It's not Democrats versus Republicans anymore — it's Democrats versus basic math. Turning up the Volume has never equaled persuasion or quality. Outside the big cities, DC and the screens, most people just live—work, drink, fight, screw, repeat. Politics barely exists outside of that bubble which is the majority of people in the United States; it's a cable-news, internet hallucination that never makes it to the corner bar. The math speaks for itself. And really — what does it feel like to be part of a movement that loud, yet statistically nonexistent? To shout into a crowd of hundreds of millions and realize the country as a whole doesn't care, didn't even notice you, beyond the fleeting irritation one feels after being bitten by a pesky mosquito. The most annoying thing about the **"No Kings"** protest was that I allowed an insignificant number of mosquitos to affect my weekend plans that specific weekend. That my personal drive to not allow this stuff access to my literal eyesight outweighed my desire to see people I haven't seen in a decade at a community event for the community, which seems to always draw a small crowd of mosquitos to attempt to ruin everyone's time with bullshit, nonsense, pseudo-logical takes on any one's given worldview.

## Media as a Hall of Mirrors

**I always loathed politics.** Even at a young age. After Reagan, I didn't get it. Turns out it's just a wrestling ring — full of scripted feuds, prearranged outcomes, and crowd chants fed through the teleprompter. The Left and Right have become rival promotions in the same entertainment franchise. Cashing checks from the same production company. The Democrats are fighting math, the Republicans are fighting mirrors, and the rest of us are in the cheap seats watching the pyrotechnics waiting for either side to throw in the kitchen sink.

I've tried stepping away from it. I will take long breaks from it. I won't even pay much attention. When I do, I take some notes and when I feel I have enough I will write about them. Fewer news cycles, fewer debates, fewer reasons to believe any of this matters. I still know just as much as when I was plugged in more than I am now — **nothing...** Small people, weak minds, little resolve, displayed as leadership. Not bad versus good, but bad versus less bad. That's the quiet horror of it all: to disconnect and discover you didn't lose any information, only noise. Maybe that's what liberation feels like — a kind of cognitive silence mistaken for apathy. The rehearsing outrage, mistaking emotional exhaustion for civic duty. The real revolution isn't

televised because it's internal — the moment you realize that you are not nearly as important to the world as you internally believe. The truth no longer matters. Just the truth that gets the most likes, hearts, clicks and everyone's attention. We keep begging machines to make life simple, to turn everything into black or white, when the truth is we've only ever survived in the gray.

The media doesn't report reality anymore. It manufactures it. The only honest act left is to stop clapping and stop smiling out of politeness. We're not watching journalism anymore. We're watching improv. The anchors, actors, the panels, chorus lines, and every segment ends on some cliffhanger designed to keep the focus machine funded. What used to be **"breaking news"** is now just **"breaking attention spans."** Somewhere between 9/11 and the age of influencers, the media realized that truth doesn't trend — emotion does. Rage gets clicks. Fear sells ads. Certainty keeps people tuned in. Objectivity, dead. The industry now operates like a casino of confirmation bias — everyone walks out poorer, but convinced they won something. We don't live in an information age. We live in an interpretation age, and no one's qualified to interpret. I will save the AI talk for another diving session... Oh, its coming...

## Righteousness is an Illusion

Both political tribes are addicted to the same drug: the illusion of righteousness. Liberals confuse compassion with competence, minorities with themselves, which they are not and believe by changing the definition of a word in a public speech or social media post actually changes the definition of the word, and what it actually stands for. This is called **"semantics"** and liberals will use rhetoric and call it semantics even though it actually isn't semantics. Semantics is the study of language, words and phrases and their objective meaning. Conservatives confuse victory with virtue and a little Jesus sprinkled in for good measure. One side screams about feelings, the other about freedom — neither seems capable of doing arithmetic. You could fit the last decade of political discourse into a spreadsheet labeled **"Emotion versus Logic,"** and watch both columns come up short. Politically it doesn't matter which side you choose. It's one snake, with a head at each end. The body is hidden from them. The heads face one another believing each head is its own separate enemy. The reality is it's the same snake... Easter egg from Conan the Barbarian (1982). However, us, the spectators, are the undigested meal sliding through the digestive tract of the American experiment. The system isn't broken; it's functioning exactly as designed — to keep us arguing about decimals while the world burns behind the curtain. That's the true bipartisan unity: **delusion**. If Spock and Data ever moderated a debate, half the country would stroke out from logic shock before the first question...

## Political Theater as a Cosmic Joke

Governance is now performed by closet sociopaths pretending to care. We call it democracy because **"collective delusion"** doesn't test well in polls. Both sides swear they're saving the soul of America, yet no one can define what that soul actually is or what a woman is in general terms. We're told to pick a side — as if choosing between two collapsing buildings changes gravity. Meanwhile, the audience applauds, booing in rhythm like trained seals desperate for fish. **"No Kings, No Kings. Government-run grocery stores, now and forever..."**

Here's the cruel punchline: the world doesn't care who wins. Entropy doesn't vote. The sun doesn't rise for Democrats or Republicans. It just rises regardless. That sun rising regardless is a fine example of what an **"Objective Fact"** is, a fact whether you want it to be a fact or don't and/or believe it to be a fact, but is a fact regardless. Like I keep saying. **"You and your feelings are not that important to the world."** The laws of thermodynamics remain blissfully unaffected by any of it. The new civics lesson: language no longer means anything. **"Progress"** means regression, **"truth"** means emotion, and **"freedom"** means doing whatever the almighty algorithm approves of. We renamed the bed of spikes **"water,"** then jumped in and acted surprised we bled. And yet, we keep pretending this matters — this bullshit of meaning. Maybe it's survival

instinct. Probably closer to it being ego. Maybe it's just boredom. The universe laughs quietly, not because it's cruel, but because it doesn't notice us. The only sane response to politics in 2025 is dark humor and maybe unapologetic sex. If infinity guarantees eventual extinction, what difference does it make which side you vote for?

## Entropy, Influence, and the Loop

Influence used to mean impact. Now it means attention. It is as *"Fight Club"* says it; *"Slaves with white collars. Advertisements have them chasing cars and clothes, working jobs we hate so we can buy shit they don't need."* We've replaced leadership with engagement metrics. The modern influencer and the modern politician share the same survival strategy: **say nothing of actual value. Say it loudly** so many cannot hear what it is that is actually being said, and **do that often**. Truth is no longer something we discover — it's something manufactured by the repetition of AI taking that person, message, product or service advertisement, political rant or religious ideology, copying it, manipulating it and spreading it all over the internet making it seem hit or miss if any of it is real or not. **Oversaturation is an understatement**. Modern-Day politics functions exactly like social media and/or like professional wrestling of the late 1990s: high-volume noise masquerading as dialogue. Each side believes it's the signal; both are just static. The algorithms of outrage have replaced the town square open forum debate. We've built a society that rewards hysteria and punishes nuance from logic, where emotion is the only Trump card that equals a valid form of reasoning and the loudest fool wins the mic. There's a reason everything feels repetitive — because it is. We're trapped in an influence loop, a social entropy cycle, where every idea decays into a meme or TikTok logic, every post into merchandise, and every outrage into yesterday's hashtag. Entropy isn't just the decay of systems — it's the erosion of significance itself. The feedback loop is our new religion, with *"influence"* as its lord and savior and *"engagement"* as its Communion. And like all gods, it demands sacrifice — time, sanity, perspective. We doom scroll willingly into oblivion, mistaking motion for progress and volume for quality. Nothing new under the algorithm. Just endless echoes of thoughtless bad ideas fueled by emotional tantrums built from unmet expectations of wanting. The universe doesn't even have to destroy us anymore. We're doing it ourselves — politely, passionately, and with perfect Wi-Fi signal. Politics, like social media, is an entropy machine — its purpose is decay — disguised as participation.

## The Socialist That Wasn't

What in the hell is even a socialist in 2025? Liberals keep trying to sell it and epically fail at the sales pitch; selling it like it's a moral upgrade — a compassion patch you download to your political operating system — but when most people hear *"socialist,"* they picture breadlines, gray concrete, and the USSR crumbling under its own delusion. In a binary system like ours, both can't be right, good, and just. One side has to be wrong, bad, or outright insane. Pick your poison — tyranny dressed as empathy or greed dressed as freedom.

A modern-day socialist in 2025 isn't a revolutionary; their idea of *"fairness"* isn't earned; it's distributed. It's about believing the world would be better if someone else just managed it "properly." Whereas those in power decide what *"properly"* actually means and who that affects. They talk about equality, but what they really mean is comfort — the promise that no one should ever lose too badly, even if they never win anything on their own. They don't want to end capitalism; they want to **inherit it** and rebrand it as moral. They still buy the same products, use the same platforms, and worship the same tech billionaires — they just add guilt to the receipt. Their version of progress is a government app for everything, a tax for everyone, and a refund for themselves. And here's the thing — on paper, it sounds great. Who doesn't want fairness, security, or a government that actually gives a damn? It's an easy sell: a safety net for everyone, nobody left behind, the rich pay their *"fair share."* It's the political equivalent of a diet that promises you can eat whatever you want and still lose weight. The problem is, it only works in theory — and in countries small enough to fit inside Texas. Scale it up to 350 million people with zero shared culture, fractured values, and a national attention span

shorter than a TikTok video, and it implodes. The math stops working the second human nature enters the equation. And after all that, when has the rich ever paid their fair share, collectively? Try never. You get one or two while the rest try to dismantle those that do contribute more than the lot. That's why most people outside the Twitter bubble hear "*socialism*" and instantly think USSR. Because when you strip away the branding, the outcome always rhymes with history: higher taxes, bloated bureaucracy, and an elite class pretending to be humble public servants while quietly living better than everyone else. In today's society they are not so quiet about it. Hence the additional outrage and negativity towards anything and everything linked to socialism. It's not that people hate fairness, some of them actually do and for fair reasons — they just know **forced fairness** always ends the same way: with someone else deciding what "**fair**" actually means. That's why so few buy the pitch, and why the rest roll their eyes and mutter "*we've seen this movie before.*"

Socialism has never worked, anywhere, big, ever. The evidence isn't debatable; it's historical record. The USSR imploded. Cuba starved. Venezuela folded. Every time it's scaled up, it collapses under the weight of its own bullshit and the myth that people share power. Well, they don't. They never have. The few places it "*works*" are tiny nations whose contribution to the world barely registers — oil-funded safety nets and cultural similarity masquerading as moral success. You can't scale utopia. Eventually, someone's got to pay for it, and it's always the people who believed in it the most.

So, explain to me how a self-proclaimed socialist who openly sides with a terrorist organization, has no real experience running an office, let alone the biggest and busiest city in the world, supposed to run New York City — the financial artery of global capitalism? How does that even compute? It doesn't. It's not policy; it's performance art. And AOC? She's the same act, just on a bigger stage — a moral influencer cosplaying as a legislator. No results, no deliverables, no good ideas, just a stream of mostly unhinged hashtag sermons about fairness written by interns who've never balanced a budget or met a paycheck that wasn't funded by the tax dollars we all pay into. I think she, AOC, is a walking group project—loud, largely clueless, and propped up by everyone else, labeled as the village idiot who can't get a simple drink order correct. She doesn't even show up to work out of her own office on a regular basis.

People like this do not and cannot govern — they audition. Their job isn't to fix the system; it's to keep it spinning. America's "socialists" are not revolutionaries. They're brand ambassadors for empathy they don't practice and probably cannot even define, while they spend our money on LGBT awareness campaigns in countries that contribute absolutely nothing to America. They think illegals should get a free ride and get services before the people that actually need them and are supposed to be the first line of people we help with government programs. They double down on bad ideas and twist words until nonsense sounds noble — the political equivalent of a basketball player standing at the free-throw line insisting it's a three-pointer. "*What are you talking about, lady? It's clearly the free-throw line.*" And that small portion of liberals who still believe this nonsense eat it up, because outrage feels easier than accountability; and/or every piece of data they get is from their tiny idiot box they call a smart phone fueled by influencers, social media displayed as breaking news and AI parading as real, and serious takes on a given issue.

That's why the cycle never breaks. It's not meant to. The show must go on — and the stage is getting smaller every season, and even as I write this now entering all commercial breaks as well.

## —END OF LINE—

At some point, you stop believing in reform and start believing in retreat. Not out of fear, but fatigue. The world's too loud, too sure, too convinced of its own relevance. I made my peace with irrelevance a long time ago. No kids, no legacy, no tribe — just the satisfaction of opting out. The freedom of significance by endorsing insignificance. Maybe that's the truest form of rebellion left: **nonparticipation**. Everyone wants to

**“change the system,”** but the system feeds on attention. The more you scream at it, the stronger it gets. So, I starve it. I mock it, but I don’t feed it. The two-headed snake can keep gnawing at itself. I’ll be over here, building something real, even if it’s small and meaningless in the cosmic scale — maybe because it’s meaningless and therein lies its meaning.

Cynicism isn’t despair. It’s clarity. Once you accept that everything collapses, you stop wasting energy trying to prevent it. You learn to enjoy the absurdity, to laugh at the collapse, to sip your coffee while the empire argues over hashtags. We keep calling it **“the end of the world,”** but the world’s been ending every second since the Big Bang. Your life gets shorter every time you go to bed, sleep, dream and wake back up. You only have so much time. Once used, you cannot get that time back. None of the people you love, hate, worship, rape or voted for all shares that same fate. Trump doesn’t have extra time on this Earth because he is Trump. AOC doesn’t get an extra day, month, year of life because she talks to air. You just wasted that much more time you might have had. Existence is a long goodbye disguised as progress. So yes — —END OF LINE—. Not as defeat, but as awareness. The system ends where I stop caring, and I stopped caring when I was laid up in a hospital bed wondering if I would be able to see my family again or anyone else I care for.

This left/right stuff doesn’t even exist in the form I am describing outside the big cities, Washington DC and screens, America isn’t red or blue; it’s just purple—the color you get when two delusions smear together. Our Government might be built on Black and White but outside of those three places people don’t live black and/or white, they live gray. We all work, play, live, fuck and kill together.

Many do not accept this, and this is okay too. I say if you want your freedom to be respected, then respect mine as well. If you want me to hear your outcry, then respect my right not to give a shit. If not, stop tuning in, stop liking, hearting and mean-mug-facing me. Stop commenting. Unfollow... If you are dedicated to ignoring me as a point, remove me as a friend. **I will not chase you.** What I do now and what you do now in relation to me has zero consequence. It isn’t that I don’t care. It’s the opposite. I care so much that it’s a waste of caring because it is not reciprocated in any way other than saying/showing disdain for me. I am not going to reward those that practice this. I will just ignore it, them, whoever. The results either way do zero for me. Caring too much can also look like not caring at all, and that is just it. One cannot tell the difference because they/them, whoever isn’t paying attention and the ones that are would rather parade and pretend to be smart than actually going out and being smart. Just stop pretending to care when it is clear through observation those do not care. ‘You,’ is not anyone or any one particularly. ‘You’ are not that important. The Universe didn’t even notice. Not even as a pesky mosquito.

Absence of evidence isn’t evidence of absence, but neither is it evidence of presence. Apparently, meaning didn’t come back with the cigarettes after all...