



How to win \$1,000,000!

The real title of this commentary is, "Why This Site?" But I doubted that would grab you like the fevered hope of getting rich quick - the great American obsession.

I apologize. I've lied to you from the outset. If you are one of those who will now depart my site, never to return, go with whatever version of God [or lack of] you ascribe to - and accept my best wishes. For the rest of us left with the question of, "Why This Site?" permit me to proceed.

Until gigantic, sometimes foreign-owned, media corporations bought 95% of all United States radio, TV, newspapers, magazines, and book publishers over the past five to ten years, thousands of free-lance writers like myself researched and wrote much of America's commentaries and articles, plus a fair share of the fiction and nonfiction books.

As the corporate giants appropriated our once locally owned American media, they unceremoniously banned most of us free-thinking writers for in-house writers. Now, these in-house writers know grammar, and some are even fairly free thinkers. But, the fact is: when they're being paid by a giant corporation, they get fairly specific direction as to the editorial policy of the owners. And if they don't toe the line, they find themselves quickly dumped into the midst of the rest of us writers. The process is subtle, of course.

Corporate media's corralling of writers has produced in America writers of restricted vision. You may believe you're getting diversity in your news, your books and magazines, your radio and TV, but I guarantee you, it's not the depth of diversity you used to get. The nuance has been weakened, the dissention emasculated, the editorially curious "what if" that used to fill our papers and our radio and our TV, compromised. We've been "dumbed down," if I may be so bold as to express an opinion in our caution-dominated world of modern day journalism and writing.

I'm only one writer. I can't speak for all. But, this Site is about my view. It is paid for by me, earned by my labor. I am its publisher. It's what I think. It's based on 67 years of living on this planet, and traveling it to an extent. It's been acquired with some hard knocks as a free-lance writer, and as a private entrepreneur who has seldom worked longer than a few months for any large corporation. [The times I did, they always fired me for thinking too much and making too many suggestions!]

I admit it. I am a malcontent. I think the American people are asleep at the switch. Actually they are asleep on the couch, passively watching the corporate TV drivel five hours a night. America's mental locomotive is careening down the wrong track. Where I think it's careening to is the stuff of which I write. I write commentaries [they run usually on a local NPR radio station - one of the remaining remnants of the once public-serving media], I write screenplays, plays, short stories, novels, essays, verse, songs, anything that leaps, or creeps, into my mind.

I invite you on board my little mental train. Relax, I suggest. Have a drink. Munch a snack. My locomotive travels a different track. It's an alternative to the mind-numbing domination of media today by the dimly lit vision of the corporate executives who own the world - and your job, income, future, and death - profiting every step of the way, whether you like it or not.

I am not unbiased. On the contrary.

But my biases are grounded in my own experiences as a man having created and earned my own living my entire life. As a man who is appalled at the timidity of the American public, at its inability to stand up to the avaricious corporate giants for whom they work. Sit down to them would be better. Have you ever considered what would happen if the entire corporate working force sat down and refused to work for a week? We would bring down the rich like Humpty Dumpty, and shatter them into the teensiest inconsequential fragments of their self-absorbed selves.

Without our willing labor, the rich would cease to exist. We have built our own corral, our own prison. We are pliable work slaves because we refuse to organize and oppose their almost universally legal thievery. Why do we refuse? I propose it is fear and cowardice.

But enough! There are other pieces to write; and to read.

Often when I meet someone and ask, "How are you?" I receive the answer: "I'm good. How are you?"

I've developed this benign mantra-like answer: "I never pretended to be good. But I'm fun to be around."

I hope you find this true.

Hey, here comes the conductor. How about a beer and a fresh pretzel?



You may reach me with your comments via the Contact button. I'll get back to you whether you're Left, Right, In-Between, or Beyond.

