

Too Hot To Sleep

I know, it's just weather, not climate. Right?

Too hot, too cold- Goldilock's 'Just Right' seems elusive. Too salty, too sweet...too hard, too soft...the Three Bears- Sometimes viewed as a cautionary tale that imparts a lesson about the hazards of wandering off and exploring unknown territory. Like the Three Little Pigs story- it uses repetitive formulas to engage a child's attention and to reinforce the point about safety and shelter- what is "just right." For earlier generations, like the piggies wolf at the door, it was a story about an intruder who could not control herself when encountering the possessions of others.

Wandering into unknown territory is about right- As Turmoil is the common unraveling thread of our story thus far. From the Clown-Car-Congress, to the Mad West-Wing-Nuts. Nothing and worse, from inexplicable goofballs, is passing as the crucial and necessary work of state- As they Huff & Puff...

Elsewhere, always elsewhere- Relentless, senseless, devastation and disruption of horrific, bloody warfare Drones on - as cities of unsheltered and traumatized people struggle to merely exist.

Locally- **Fiestaville & Cannaculture™**, the party-as-lifestyle that intends to drive our economy to a fever pitch of profitability and "conscious" consumption is in self-congratulatory full swing.

As the daily grinders of domestic economy are by-passed by the brick-less, mortarless virtual life of the "Data Economy." These folks that make a place live and breathe as a place, quietly go about their business, perhaps occasionally wondering:

What's next?

Time passing, and money spent is the only constant. The "work" of government & industry continue with nary a peep, when peeps do peep-time blurs & erases the latest act of "resistance." As public dissent is neutered to soundbites of controversy, packaged by the media machine to remain "relevant"- **to their advertisers anyway.**

Peeps mostly just want to be left to their own devices- increasingly, literally- plain folks just want a modicum of satisfaction, safety & shelter, *just right*- With any quiet enjoyment of home, family, friends, & pets that can be found, between the demands of the hustle and flow of human need.

Well, the plain peeps that is- As for the greedy, selfish, irresponsible, prejudicial, and plain misinformed peeps- *Not so much.* These folks, for some reason, want to exploit & use, irrationally defining the reality of others- sure for much the same reasons, but with an added bonus- claiming that Holy Grail of avarice: **Wealth & Power.**



-THE MORE THE BETTER.

The stories we tell ourselves about human progress matter. Fairy tales about 'Socialism' and it's failures have ignored the fact that versions of the concept have enhanced the lives of people in most civilized democracies. The most radical forms of socialism, The form idealized by revolutions that overthrow oppressive economic conditions, and abusive regimes have "**never worked**"- Because those upheavals are systematically subverted, and intentionally corrupted. Now, why would that be?

Could it be that regressive oligarchs require an institutional underclass to maintain the exploitative wealth of elite capitalist who can't abide the accurate analysis of classical socialism?

How to progress? Moving from resistance of the ridiculous, to actually defining and advancing socially cohesive priorities as change requires.

Aye, there's the rub... thinking on the *how*, too easily becomes "**what if 'we'...**" fantasy- or "**I'll huff & puff & blow your house down**" opposition.

Progress needs a daily practice; creates concrete ideas that lead to focused action, affects and exercises the ethics and just morals of society, creating attractive options... repetitive formulas?

I'm sorry, I just got all sentimental, hopeful, & optimistic there for a moment. What am saying?

Simply put: We've messed up, big time. If we don't get our shit together as humans- and allow others to do the same, soon- you know- Do the right things- we're fucking doomed, OK?

Dispute that all you like, but clearly, if this fundamental fact is not at least recognized by pretty much everyone, progress won't ever, **well, progress**, to redirect institutional priorities- like, you know, the **Just and Right** stuff.

So, How's your day going?

~Joshua Golden

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Where Have All the Children Gone?

Increasingly, they are contained in structured, adult-led, often indoor activities where they are told what to do, what to think, and how to act. Those play-filled afternoons with the neighborhood kids we remember from childhood? Gone. Those long summer days outside with friends, roaming in woods or water? A quaint memory. Today, for many children, nearly every waking hour of their day is orchestrated by someone else.

Free, unstructured, unsupervised childhood play in our public spaces is an artifact of a by-gone era.

As Jay Griffiths writes in her eloquent book, **A Country Called Childhood:**

"How has childhood become so unnatural? Why does the dominant culture treat young humans in ways which would be illegal if applied to young dogs? Born to burrow and nest in nature, children are now exiled from it. They are enclosed indoors, caged and shut out of the green and vivid world, in ways unthinkable a generation ago."

Mounting evidence reveals a rise in childhood mental health issues as children's play declines.

Psychology professor, Dr. Peter Gray, argues for a causal link between the systematic decline in play and the corresponding rise in childhood anxiety, depression, feelings of helplessness, narcissism, and other mental illness indicators. Gray writes:

"Today, in many neighborhoods, it is hard to find groups of children outdoors at all, and, if you do find them, they are likely to be wearing uniforms and following the directions of coaches while their parents dutifully watch and cheer."



In her book, **Balanced and Barefoot**, pediatric occupational therapist, Angela Hanscom, describes the importance of free play and its healthy impact on emotional development. She writes about children growing up today:

"We are keeping them from attaining the very sensory input they need in order to grow into resilient and able-bodied people. They need to climb, jump, run through the woods, pick up sticks, jump in mud puddles, and fall and get hurt on occasion. These are all natural and necessary experiences that will help develop a healthy sensory system- foundational to learning and accomplishing many of life's goals."

Kerry McDonald
intellectualtakeout.org

Planting Vegetables

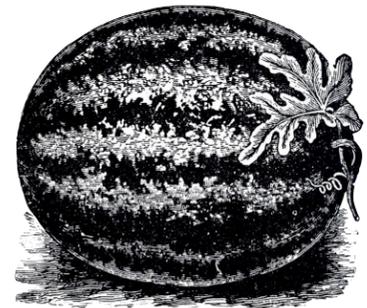


Today, the 14th, I set out herbs
planted beans & melons
pulled thistles. Last year despair
was fashion; this year trust;
I firm the ground
under the fruit trees
as if the future mattered
& I could fill the children's hands
with apples in ten years
Today my son runs in the garden
stabbing the air with his made up knife
playing death & drama; six year old certain:
what could hurt him?

The parsley is so green
every leaf perfect. My smallest
not old enough to breathe
hides her dead face under the rose:
"I can't stay. I can't stay."
Planting vegetables; we do not expect
to be forsaken. Blood is a surprise.
We expect the sweet melons
cool under the leaves; the white bean flowers
my son dancing, seeing angels, chasing the dog.
Ordinary blessings
in this shaken world. Today I read
the sun rings like a bell, swaying.
My son wonders why we don't
falls off the earth
How do we hold together?
Planting vegetables through the hard seasons.

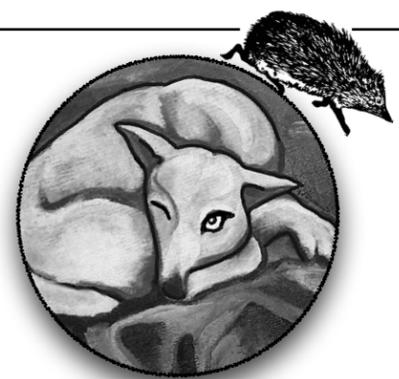
~Kathy Epling

from **Prairie Schooner**, Fall 1985



"The test of a first-rate intelligence is the ability to hold two opposed ideas in the mind at the same time, and still retain the ability to function. One should, for example, be able to see that things are hopeless and yet be determined to make them otherwise."

-F. Scott Fitzgerald



Greenfuse is produced by the Waking Dog Collective:

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