



We're all talkingheads. It's unstoppable. In this great and glorious era when we all have ideological opinions about every piece of estorica, I am standing up and saying "I'm an idiot! And I want my share!"

And you will be, too. The dialectics of the thing are too strong to ignore!

The lash:

The private life is dead! We all are conscripted into ideological battle whether we want to or not. Secret thoughts, such as wondering what we're having for dinner tonight or if plants know that they're plants, are foolish and more importantly, suspect. Elitist even. We must have our reactions sorted out and correct ahead of time to whatever contingency bubbles up de profundis. Our minds have been given to us in order to agree with bloggers and think up clever t-shirts to insult each mother with.

In fact, are there really such things as contingencies? They are, after all, the laser-targeted result of conniving by our satanically clever ideological opposites, whether it's the pansy-fresh hippy relativistic secularists – with their nihilistic nipple rings and sassy fashion sense, or the pig bristle fringed ass baboons that hate poor people, worship a dead god, and violently sublimate their latent homosexuality by beating people of other ethnicities.

The **carrot**:

Blathering emotional exploitive diarrhea is sound business! And if you get sub-junior high enough with your blather, you are speaking truth to power! Nuanced thinking is for eggheads and technocratic baby killers! And there is some good, good money in talking shit.

So it's obvious what a playa needs to do: DEFINE THE DEBATE. So that is what I am intend to do right here.

Here are my hugely controversial opinions on the issues of our time.

The Iraq War: Me, I've never served in the military. I wish I had, but that fucking weed wasn't going to smoke itself, and I was needed elsewhere, namely manning the check out counter at Olympic Video.

I have, however, read many issues of SGT. ROCK and I caught a Hogan's Heroes marathon recently, so military matters are fresh on my mind. The THIRD LEG of my STOOL OF

MILITARY COMPETENCE is my ace in the hole: RISK.

And in playing RISK, I had developed a technique that consistently overwhelmed my opponent, whoever that poor bastard may have been: THE ARMIES HIDDEN IN THE CORE OF THE EARTH STRATEGY.

When I was down to a single territory, I would make the announcement that I had been in extensive negotiation with The King of the Mole People and he had committed hundreds of units, units that were ready to come in from off the board and WIPE MY OPPONENT OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH. The earth would then enter a PAX GREG/MOLEMAN REX, with me and the King of the Mole People ruling in a consort over a glorious epoch of peace. It was pretty much an unbeatable strategy.

What I propose is, sending me to talk to Ali Baba and the Iron Sheik, or whoever the enemy is (note to self: read up on our NATION'S ENEMIES) and drop a few less than subtle hints that, yes, we have established an accord with the King of the Mole People, and yes, they are assembling their Molish Dragoons and will burrowing upwards, post-haste, with their mole guns a-blasting – unless these treacherous Hindoos drop their filthy heathen habits and start acting nice.

I can't spot any flaws in this plan and am predicting Peace by May Day.

Abortion: If a sluttish-type woman gets knocked up, she will be able to access termination only if she first washes the feet of the saintly locals in her town on hands and knees, while being ridden by a saintly, and portly middle-man who will loudly quote scripture to her. This will allow for abortion while meeting the spiritual cleanliness quotient that is so desirable these days.

Everyone is happy.

Agricultural Subsidies: Justice rarely looks better than it does when it comes in the form of a check made out to one of our nation's sainted hard-scrabble apple cheeked farmers in payment for not actually growing crops. Well, selected crops anyway. Neer-do-well hucksters that grow things other than AMERICA'S VEGTABLES™ (such as tobacco) should be allowed to die horribly, hopefully on television.

The subsidy system is so fucking unbelievably JUST that I would like to expand it into other domains, namely paying me to let my lawn die yearly. I've tasted justice, and I want more.

Racial Slurs: If you're like me, you've had it up to here with reasonable speech. Expanding my subsidy program, I would like to provide check to commentators that have the GUTS to raise victimhood by attacking entire races for claiming victimhood. I would like to provide lucrative contracts to these people, so they can sit in studios and wear pancake makeup, occasionally posing in patriotic windbreakers and casual slacks when they want to reach the young and with-it. Down with political correctness! Support our commentators! The crimes perpetrated against them by the Elites deserve our pity and our funding!

My inexorable slide into punditry

Written by Greg Mills

So, that's it for now. I'm sure you'll be seeing me on your TV real soon.