

BACKGROUND and DISCLAIMERS, Etc.

Hopefully you the reader will have found value in this literary journey down Earth's actual and factual Yellow Brick Road.

Partial Cast of Characters

Along the way, we have encountered some luminaries from Science, Nature and History, such as the Strontium Ratio, The Borgia Bunch (Bradys of the Renaissance), amorous bed bugs equipped with penile scimitars, cowering and sexually sneaky spiders, the great short faced bear, Hitleresque Tyrannosaurs who can't pick their noses, the dread Chilikov, sperm so inexpensive it would still be a bargain even in Zimbabwe, perverted and repellent miniature catfish, bloody but instructive Aztecs, Shaka (an impalement competitor with Vlad), The Dread Beast Below Yellowstone, exceptionally tasty roasted chestnuts and other unusual in-demand dietary supplements, actuarially adjusted genocide, Trampoline-Artist wasps, helpful humanitarians from Greek Mythology who aptly abbreviate pesky over-long ankles, Pol Pot, brutish female spotted hyenas and other committed feminists, the planetary Ice Ball, inconsiderate SUV trout which always urinate, Olympic squirrels, monogamous klipspringers, college wrestlers, hedge fund managers, non-returnable vibrators, Mathematically Inevitable but dangerously politically incorrect Darwinian Footprints, oil company executives and a veritable phalanx of noteworthy others.

Emergency First Aid

And if this hyper-carbonated elixir has sadly afflicted the reader with green migraine, we have **Al Gore's Cure-All Carbon Credits™**, the best moral aspirin on the market.

Background

A snarling and hyperbolic version of Dennis Miller, Damocles is closer to the Platonic Ideal of Pure Political Incorrectness than even the Borgia Pope was to his beloved daughter, the fair Lucrezia. Indeed, in Chapter 1 he avers that we rarely burn heretics at The Stake anymore (to Al Gore's and the feminists' distress), but his unnatural love for Unholy Intellectual Experimentation, which doubtless will seem Satanic to the intellectually squeamish, may sadly test this postulate.

Like the Unabomber (melded with Monk) Damocles is an intellectual iconoclast with little love for technology, and when he works with a computer it's like an epileptic at numchuck practice. He will always wait in line at the airport instead of grappling with those god-awful kiosks, which could only have been conceived by the crafty mind of Torquemada (father of the Spanish Inquisition for non-historians). And he will never, ever consider using self-service check-out at Wal-Mart.

Technical Correction

On the subject of The Inquisition, one is reminded of Harry Reid, Nancy Piloni's favorite undertaker. By way of needful technical correction, it must be pointed out that water-boarding is but a pale and weak derivative of Torquemada's Original. Torquemada's vastly superior technique, in contrast to our limp efforts, used a long cloth stuffed down

the gullet and into the Inquisitee's lungs, which usually caused bloody rupture, entirely unlike Reid's far more benign version, with which the good Inquisitors would have quickly lost patience. In the Torture Olympics our best efforts sadly do not even approach the requirements of the qualifying rounds, a topic on which the author can expound to disturbing degree (great gist for the mill with any future Heretical Experiments).

Our efforts, thankfully, will qualify as Comic Relief at Intermission in the upcoming Torture Olympics. All spectators will be appropriately amused (even perhaps the good Chinese leadership too) but the oddly undemanding Democrats would prefer it if somehow they can puff up our limp efforts so they seem akin to the far more spectacular accomplishments of the serious competitors.

Unfortunately for the Democrats, our foes are seriously serious Olympic Competitors in the Beheading event and, **heads up!**, the little known, technically challenging but so richly rewarding Skinning Alive marathon, in which dryness is a problem. Fortunately for the Democrats their close and loud focus on the Comic Relief prevents the audience from enjoying this awesome spectacle.

UN Sunglass Prescriptive Lenses and Congressional Myopia

Compared with the world's numberless incandescent Olympic Torture luminaries like those discussed copiously herein, our own limp efforts in Guantanamo are scarcely visible, since there's simply too much continuous blinding light generated world-wide, all the time (redundancy intentional for emphasis, not poor writing). One especially needs strong sunglasses in various regions of Africa, such as Darfur or eastern Congo, or further east in North Korea. Fortunately the UN has the appropriate prescriptive moral lenses, though sadly these solve the problem via utter blindness.

And also sadly, the House and Senate Democrats have an unusual myopia in these connections, and like the forger in *The Great Escape* have lost most of their vision due to overlong close focus on Guantanamo and Iraq.

Disclaimers

Like Wally from Dilbert, Damocles wisely knows when to insert a vital "if", "perhaps" or "possibly." These are powerful Technically Qualifying pharmacological cousins of carbon offsets, matchless aspirins for the critical intellect. Due to the severe risk of dependency which rivals that of green opium, in this work these are sadly in short supply. Al Gore is an example of the risks of long term addiction.

These essays sadly contain no footnotes and few supportive references, due to a lack of organizational skills on the Damocles' part so brobdignagian in magnitude as to actually rival Al Gore's carbon footprint. And that's saying something, since this comparative equation is formulated before the footprint is progressively modified through reductive application of Carbon Offsets.

Although Damocles exactly recalls every fact and context, he sadly lacks the relocation skills of the brainy and warm-blooded bumblebees in Chapter 3. As a result, his alfalfa footnotes go unfertilized and hence do not appear.

However, notwithstanding the above I believe that each and every single historical, geological, sociological, paleontological, archeological, zoological, biological, climatological and other scientific and historic fact contained herein is precisely accurate. The author challenges one and all to identify any actual factual errors, if indeed there are any, in the interest of The Search for Truth. Anti-Carbon Catamounts are beseeched to note well the “Disclaimer” paragraph somewhat toward the middle of Chapter 1, before their cacophony of Wild Green Shrieks, like the Hyenas’ ululations, drowns out all thought and perspective.

Having said this, by way of final disclaimer Damocles does not wish to emulate Constantine Chernenko, who while in charge of the Soviet Union in its sad latter days, demonstrated expertise only in emphysema and especially rigorous critiquing of Kremlin correspondence for punctuation and margin-size improprieties. Thus there is little patience here for pesky punctuation gnats and their close cousins (separate phyla notwithstanding), non-phonetic spelling intestinal worms. Unlike Consty the author has more urgent concerns, such as Stake avoidance.

Final Exam

The Final Exam is for the reader to prove mathematically the proposition that (a) if men are from Mars and women are from Venus, then (b) Damocles must hail from Alpha Centuri. Diligent readers will have absorbed more than sufficient information to pass with ease.

Extra Credit Question for Aggressive Feminists: write an essay addressing the connections between (a) the popularity of porn, strip joints and the 50% divorce rate in the U.S. and (b) hyena characteristics.

Future Experiments

As to future experiments in Unholy Intellectual Heresy, despite severe sleep deprivation (a side experiment apropos of this larger series), the author’s mind is festering with possible new permutations. Though he cannot decipher today’s Common Computer Alchemy, Damocles effortlessly and frenetically is conceiving new wild experiments to edify and entertain. A leading candidate for example is the conflicting “skitzoid” religious experience one encounters from simultaneous juxtaposition of the Big Bang with Auschwitz, a challenging take-home exam for this disturbingly learned scrivener.

Final Comments

Damocles is **not** like the parasitoid wasps in Chapter 3 since he would not wish to turn the reader’s brain into one of the empty and lumpy worn-out caterpillar-socks so personally favored by Darwin himself.

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