

POLITICS AS USUAL INSIDE THE LYRICS

In spite of its name Politics As Usual is not really about Politics. It's about human nature.

Webster's Dictionary has ten line items for the definition of Politics. The first is that Politics is the art, or, science of government. The fifth entry says that Politics is the "competition between competing interest groups or individuals for power." It's not until entry eight that we find how most of us think of Politics: "the political opinions or sympathies of a person" and especially when taken together with the competition for power.

Human nature, on the other hand, is simply defined as the general characteristics, feelings, and behavioral traits of humankind regarded as shared by all humans.

This record consists of my observations and musings about humanity and the human nature that we all share, both the good and the bad. So if this record has lyrics that are interpreted as political it's because we recognize that governments are run by *people* and it's always easier for people to see the faults in the opposing view than any commonality that is shared. If I've done this right, and I think I have, everyone will think I've written it about their political opposition. I hope that is the case because at the end of the day we are all human. All capable of its greatest triumphs and its darkest failures.

What follows is an in depth look into the lyric poetry of Politics As Usual. Find and open the lyric sheets on this USB drive and take a look at what's behind the writing on this record.

Third Time Down

Third Time Down takes its inspiration from the Biblical story of Noah and the flood.

The song begins by declaring we are "drowning in an ocean of apocalyptic notions." We are surrounded by apocalyptic notions whether sacred or secular and there are indeed "sidewalk

preachers” proclaiming the end is near all around us. But, like Nero playing the fiddle while Rome burned, we prefer to remain blissfully unaware or look the other way.

We have become so far removed from the idea that Politics is “the art and science of government” and so entrenched in opinions that those on the opposing side can only be seen as “filled with hate.” The only logical end of this, of course, is that both sides of the divide view the other as the hater.

The metaphor of drowning continues in the second verse but the drowning comes in the form of addiction to our electronic devices, most especially our phones. The fabric of society is being shredded before our eyes while we deny it, ignore it and show little to no remorse for it, desperately searching instead for a new distraction from the reality.

The bridge tells us that there is “no united in the nations” meaning not only the nations of the world, but also no unity within individual nations. We are not bound by a shared desire for peace, security and opportunity but torn apart by them. As long as information, knowledge and wisdom are considered to be equal and interchangeable terms and truth is considered to be subjective we will continue to find ourselves in over our heads, so to speak, and drowning, in desperate need of being thrown a life preserver.

Yet even in this dark, watery potential tomb we can find hope: *It's not too late to be saved!*

Homogenized

“We’re corporate by-products of the products we buy.”

Fashion and retail seem to rule the world as much as governments. Retailers, magazines and advertisers use us as unwary stooges in an unwinnable shell game of profit and loss. Red carpet events and concern for how we look triumphs over who we are on the inside, and “they” don’t care. *Their* primary concern is to keep us one step behind, always playing catch

The Spin

In political communication, "spin" refers to the biased and often manipulative presentation of information, designed to influence public perception of an event or situation. It involves shaping the narrative in a way that is favorable to one's own position.

The media is the focus of The Spin. Although print media is taking a beating by digital media, the fact remains that as of now there is still a human on the other side of the article we're reading, watching or listening to. Those humans who used to strive for "unbiased journalistic integrity" are mostly a thing of the past and there is no getting around their viewpoints being integrated into the information they are presenting. In other words, "everybody's got an angle."

According to the Associated Press when I wrote this song, Finland was "the happiest country in the world" (speaking of a homogenized population). The United States is now 24th as it experiences "...decreasing or growing unhappiness, falling to its lowest-ever position. It's also the only country in the top 25 not predominantly populated by one race. Finland is 86.5% Finnish by race compared to the melting pot of America. Without dragging anything else into the discussion the comparison is already apples to oranges for the purpose of a melting-pot-stirring anti-American article.

Finland came in 38th out of 183 countries for suicides per capita - 13.4 per 100,000 (as compared to the "growing more unhappy" USA, number 31 on the list at 14.5 per 100,000 a difference of basically 1). What does it say that the "happiest country in the world" has nearly the same rate of suicide as the United States?

So if it's comparing apples to oranges, what is the reason for the comparison in the first place? I'll let you decide, but the best bet at finding the truth in any story is reading the most oppositely biased accounts you can find and guess for somewhere in the middle.

"A man could make a killing if he's only willing to breach the public trust."

Johnny Come Lately

The openings stanzas state what I don't want to be: another angry voice, a finger pointer, an empty suit full of rhetoric, a has-been who never really got in the game but thinks their opinion is equally valid, someone who lends voice to a cause but nothing more, someone who is simply waiting on the world to change in order to benefit from it.

I won't list how I have contributed to the benefit of others other than to say that as a percentage of income I give away more than the celebrities you hear about giving a million dollars to some cause or another. Don't get me wrong, it's great that they give. But when comparing apples to apples from percentage of income that million dollars isn't much. From the best I can tell I am topping Taylor Swift's giving (in percentage of income) somewhere between 6 and 10%. This song's namesake tour took in over \$65 million in 2019, the same year he "used \$3,000,000 of his own money to launch his non-profit foundation." It's not clear how much of the \$65 million went to the artist personally but it's probably safe to say that he won't miss the three million. *But...* Cars. Guitars. Homes. Rolex watches. Women. The 'self' is king!

The point is I'm not waiting on the world to change, I'm doing what I can with what I have.

I often wonder if the efforts of some is not just another way to garner attention. I'll leave it at that. The lyrics (full of double meanings and "easter eggs") demonstrate the point I'm trying to make:

(Background vocals are in parentheses)

"While you're waiting, anticipating

(While you are waiting) - *Why are you waiting?*

Other people are participating

(Step up)

You cower/coward in your castles with your walls and your gates

(Words are thin veneer)

Stop waiting

(Johnny come lately)

Hoping that the world will change

(Hoping that the world will change)

Don't it seem strange that you sing a different song

(May or may not)

When you're the one getting paid"

So what do I want? I state it in the bridge:

"I want to live a life that makes a difference

That leaves a legacy of significance

Don't give me the beat if it takes my soul

Don't want to get lost in the rock and roll

There's only so much life between death and birth

What we do with our time is what gives it its worth"

I want to do more.

No Place Like Home

The lyrics in the verses, for the most part, need no explanation. Discord is being created and pushed out behind a "web of anonymity" on social media and by the media (ALL of the media). The song cautions us that while there is "no place like home" as uttered by Dorothy in the Wizard of Oz we are headed toward a time when there will be "no place" like home.

What does require a deeper look at are the "red" lyrics in the bridge and what they mean.

Add to these definitions a communist/Marxist underpinning against democracy.

Red letter (in the song Mother Goose: "so we vote our Scarlet letter..") - that would be either a 'D' or an 'R.'

Red carpet - a ceremonial courtesy *and the focus given to celebrities and their political biases.*

Red hot - hot button issues.

Red wine - blood and sacrifice. *But I ask: Whose blood?*

Red dress - the red dress has many meanings. I was leaning toward the distraction to Neo in the film The Matrix (which itself implies a sexual connotation *but instead I was thinking of it as the appeal and distraction of communism - at least on paper*) with doses of wearing a red dress to a wedding and the idea of a jilted, murdered lover.

Red shoes - vanity. Society is engaged in a dance like the girl in the Hans Christian Andersen fairy tale.

Red glasses - through which we look. *Some to color the world we see, some to color a new government.*

Red skies - "...in the morning, sailors take warning." *The morning skies are indeed red.*

Red flag - as is everywhere, the red flag is a warning.

Red ink - financial deficit. *Think rations and bread lines?*

Red alert - the final stage of alert in which enemy attack appears imminent.

Red line - the maximum rated rpm of automobile engines, in this case societal change.

Red handed - in the act of committing a crime or doing something wrong or shameful.

Red tape - official rules and processes that seem unnecessary and delay results.

Red face - from embarrassment, ANGER, or shame.

Red eyes - from crying or from outside irritation...*or both.*

Redd up - to tidy up, to get a room (*or country?*) ready.

Red shift - the change in the frequency of a light wave - or here, the political viewpoints of a generation.

Red brigade - Marxist-Leninist armed organization, which was operating as a far-left guerrilla and terrorist group based in Italy. *Could it happen again?*

Red giant - not a star, but a country.

Red tooth, red claw - behaving competitively and ruthlessly. *Usually in the animal world, but it works politically just as well.*

Red mist - a feeling of great anger that makes it difficult to think clearly.

Red tide - a common term used for a harmful algal bloom. *Emphasis on harmful, but not algae.*

Red blooded - dynamic, energetic, robust, vigorous... *you get it.*

Red headed step-child - a person (or group) who is neglected, mistreated or unwanted.

Red light - think less traffic signal and more prostitution.

Red herrings - something that misleads or distracts from a relevant or important question.

Paint the town red - to go on a to go on a reckless (especially in a rowdy or debauched, wildly extravagant) spree, and generally to act the fool.

With red lies - A red lie is about spite and revenge. It is driven by the motive to harm others even at the expense of harming oneself, out of an angry desire for retribution.

Illusions

Part of the theme in Illusions will be revisited in the song Monsters, Monkeys and Demons. It is the idea in modernity that has made the self the end-all and be-all of everything.

"Can't believe all I see today, there's got to be a better way. I look around and all I find is evidence we've lost our minds." Is it true? Ask anyone on either side of the American political aisle and you'll find out that indeed the other side has lost its mind.

The second stanza states that we have "outlived the age of reason," the period in history "that was the beginning of an open society where individuals were free to pursue individual happiness and liberty" according to All About History. "Man began to embrace an exaggerated belief in the perfection of humanity based on reason and clear thinking." A thought to which I can only say "look at what that got us" or perhaps more aptly said "and look at where we are now!"

"Comedic evolution, the evolved devolve in revolution. Resolve dissolves without solutions. We all revolve around illusions."

Mother Goose

The song Mother Goose uses children's nursery rhyme characters to personalize its story.

The opening stanza finds Old Mother Hubbard in the same distress she has been in for as long as anyone can remember. It casts light once again on people in need of basics such as food and shelter at the same time it points a finger at those who have great financial ability to provide (who often are shouting the loudest about the issue) but who give less than 2 or 3 per cent of their income (if that much), let alone their net worth.

The appetite for 'stuff' is more cannibalistic than Hannibal Lecter, thus the fact of "socialist" politicians to have 4 or more houses while decrying the affordable housing crisis and claiming the need to take more from Little Jack Horner. "So sing a song of no pence, bottle full of rye, Four score and twenty - ain't it time to die?"

Yes, a reference to the Gettysburg address: "Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal." And "that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Mix that with a reference to the FOUR score clinical grading system of levels of consciousness and "20" being slang for a person's current location. So, the national government's level of consciousness. Where are we? "A tisket a tasket will put them in a casket while we just sit idly by. You're all talk! Put your money where your mouth is! What are you going to do about it?" (Not to mention 4:20 - So I snuck in an anti-legalization of marijuana jab. Sue me.)

"Most of us have been spared the fall." Though a true statement it should in no way be thought of as overlooking the poorest and most vulnerable among us. The setup in the phrase is to point out those who truly don't care but use the poor for their own gain. "And all

the king's horses and all the king's men only give lip service to the plight. 'Til there's a photo opportunity but when it comes to unity Jack and Jill are nowhere in sight."

The next stanza finds ordinary people, the three men in the (sinking) tub as it were, cast onto a raging sea by the policies of those in the 'swamp,' now a clearly solidified metaphor for congress if not all of the national government. Yet Americans tend to "vote their scarlet letter" - a 'D' or and 'R' - and either think or hope that their responsibility ends there. We want to have as little involvement as possible. We want to dance and pay the fiddler, even if it is Nero. We're "all talk! Put your money where your mouth is! What are you going to do about it?"

The final verse is stated plainly: "We can't be sitting on the sidelines cut off by the yard lines thinking we can't get on the field. We've got to make hard choices, unify our voices. The game's rigged but we'll never yield We claim to see the urgency while clinging to our currency, let anti-social media lead the way. We can't be Miss Muffets, better get off of our tuffets, they're still blowing the Kurds away." (*The problem is global.*)

Tomorrow's Coming

Tomorrow's Coming is for everyone who understands and wrestles with the journey of life, recognizing where they've been, where they are, and the limitless possibilities that still lie ahead. Every day can be a crossroads or made to be a crossroads. The past is not necessarily a predetermination of the future. What is most important is stated at the end of every other line of the verses: doing the best that I can.

It is very often the case that each of us is handed a script when we're born. It includes going to school, working hard, getting good grades so we can get into a good college where we'll work hard, get good grades so we can go to post gradate school or into the workforce where we get a good job, work hard, make money, buy stuff, and then have kids that we send to school to work hard, get good grades...

To be honest, my parents never pushed me in one direction or another but supported my decisions for my life. I was convinced by school counsellors and others and the allure of “he who has the most toys when he dies wins” to go to college to major in business and accounting. But I never stopped being a musician taking saxophone lessons, music theory and playing in the school ensembles.

After my third semester and my first real accounting class I knew I could not do that for the rest of my life. I changed my major and literally lived out this part of the song: “So I’ll take my chances - I slipped the script that’s encrypted when I ripped down the veil. Live to the fullest - Grip it, rip it - won’t get tripped up cause I’m not scared to fail. Staying in the moments - They slip passed, they go fast so we have to make each one last.

Don’t know the future - but I won’t relive the past! Tomorrow’s coming - It’s a brand new day.

Tomorrow’s coming - I won’t stand in it’s way. Tomorrow’s coming - And I’m ready to see.

Tomorrow’s coming - If it’s ready for me?”

I’m blessed to be able to say that it worked out for me. I toured the world as a musician. I have lived the dream. I’m still living it. But I can also attest to the truth of the lyrics in the bridge: “I don’t know what lies ahead for me, the final act’s unwritten to my play. But I’m not scared of the uncertainties, and I wouldn’t want it any other way.”

Trained Monkeys

By comparing humanity to primates at a zoo, Trained Monkeys is a commentary on the modern lack-luster work ethic that is permeating and festering in today’s world and a look at the obvious culmination of it. The verses and refrain speak for themselves:

“Primates of the zoo don’t need to work ‘cause everything is free. Easy living, all our needs traded for captivity. Independence lost but find most of us don’t seem to mind. Hang on branches, swing on vines anything to pass the time.

There’s not much difference, from what I’ve seen, between trained monkeys and humanity.

Which is caged and which is free? Trained monkeys or humanity?

Primate swap meet truth for lies, lost looks behind our sunken eyes. Hide in plain sight in disguise with identities compromised. Never late, always behind. Pay the man and stand in line. Climb up branches slide down vines, Kilroy kill more wasted time."

Things get dicey at the bridge however. Scathing even.

We're instructed to "plug in, turn off. Who needs wisdom?" As talked about previously in the bridge of Third Time Down, wisdom appears again. Not information or knowledge. Wisdom. It seems as tough the wardens of the zoo know the difference and they'd rather the primates not have wisdom. If we have wisdom they won't be able to "tell us what to think" and "we'll listen."

"The shiny hill top city glistens while we don't have a pot to piss in" is a reality they would rather not have us notice. So the message "Program error" which causes the system to falter is accompanied by "Hard drive update - no installers." Access to wisdom seems to be actively shut down resulting in "smart phones smarter than their callers" but not to worry, "they" will fight our sickness with our dollars.

And if we're not careful, in the end things will return to "normal:"

"Primates of the zoo content to be wards of the government. Everywhere they're on display the mass of classless hairy apes. Cling to branches in the breeze, broken, hoping no one sees. Climb the walls but swear they're fine - swing from branches hanged by vines."

Hotel California

Hotel California is not only a nod to the Eagles song of the same title but an expansion of it. American Songwriter magazine calls the Eagles Hotel California "perhaps the greatest song ever written about the duality of the American experience and the human condition."

Like the original, the main character finds himself in a hazy, nightmarish realm. Questions are easy: "Is this a dream or reality? It's getting harder to tell." "Have I lost touch with rationality?

We are caught up in a whirlwind, but in many ways it seems to be spinning downward and out of control. Within that spin is realizing the danger mentioned before, that we will relive the past, as in “what’s gone around’s come back around.” I don’t think I need to elaborate. What I will say is that technology is playing a huge part in the disconnect that we all feel in one way or another. We are truly closer than ever but possibly never as far apart.

“Everybody’s desperate to be free. Oh! Everybody’s looking for a Neo.” Another Matrix reference which in turn is a reference to the need for a savior. “But no-one’s ever going to find a hero...” (and now one of my favorite lines on the record) “Shut down cutting lines of ones and zeros.” Cutting lines, like cocaine, but lines of code; binary, ones and zeros. Technology.

The phrase “it is what it is” has become a staple of the modern vocabulary but what it really means is “it isn’t what it could or should be.” I like to think Eagles would approve.

Monsters, Monkeys and Demons

As discussed previously in the song Illusions, Monsters, Monkeys and Demons picks up on the idea of society having made the self the end-all and be-all. If we believe we have been liberated from an objective moral law and we are only confined by fear of being punished under a particular societal code then what else can be the result other than viewing ourselves as “royalty.”

“All hail - we’re all kings, bask in our royalty. It’s up to you, do what you choose. We get to make up our own rules. No one’s in charge but we’re all in control, just like we wanted, we’re on our own. New era - welcome to hell where everyone bows down to themselves.”

There are plenty of things to think about woven into the lyrics here too:

“New Prince” is a reference to Machiavelli’s novel the Prince in which the main idea for a ruler is that the ends justify the means. It seems to take for granted that immoral acts are justified if they can help achieve political glory.

“Mach/mock one...” not only the beginning of Machiavelli’s name, but mach one is the speed of sound, and I like to think in this context it is the speed of the sound of keys clicking and information spreading. Taken as “Mock” one it is to “tease or laugh at in a scornful or contemptuous manner.”

“...with your two cents/sense.” Your two cents, of course, is slang for your opinion, and sense being “sound mental capacity and understanding.” Either way, two is not much but we all put it out for everyone to see. Everyone enjoys their anonymity while at the same time having their “privacy set to public.”

“Tear down walls just to build new ones, not understanding all the nuance.” Are walls good or bad? The Berlin Wall comes immediately to mind. The Great Wall of China. In the United States the existing and proposed wall on the Mexican/US border comes to mind. Pope Francis said “Builders of walls, be they made of razor wire or bricks, will end up becoming prisoners of the walls they build” and that ‘builders of walls’ sow fear and divide. So what about that giant wall around your home Vatican City, Francis? A quick internet search will show you 50 countries that have border walls with even more proposed. Most people who have gotten their information at Mach/Mock one definitely don’t understand all the nuance. Especially when that nuance comes to the walls we build around our hearts,

“New republic” references Plato’s Republic in which he “attempted to design an ideal society and government that were free of injustice and conflict” which would bring with it happiness.

“Get your play-doh/Plato.” Plato, obvious. Play-doh is my bewilderment at college campuses introducing “Post-Election Play-Doh Events.” Look it up.

Get... “Your bastard children and let’s go.” Think back to nations and walls. The bastard children are the proxies of the world powers, the “Bones in our closets.”

And more: “the curse’s mark” - The mark Cain received after committing murder. “What’s done in the dark...” - Luke 12:2-3, Genesis 4:10. “Steel curtain” - I hate to reference the Pittsburg Steelers, but defense was the key to their dynasty. “Iron fist” - strict and harsh rule.

Is this what the age of reason has led us to? “Re-programmed living memes, hard wired well oiled machines. What’s next? Who knows? In a world where anything goes.”

Crash

Crash is told almost entirely in aviation terminology so you may want to read the lyrics with your web browser open to define terms and catch all of the underlying meanings.

American society is portrayed as an airplane, “flight 1776,” as it prepares for, takes flight, malfunctions and ultimately prepares for a crash landing. Although pre-flight protocol is followed, the aircraft leaves the gate without any payload (or carrying capacity).

In spite of thin air, which can dramatically diminish airplane performance, wind sheer, no clearance from the airport tower, no cargo, passengers who didn’t pay, and no way to return the plane takes the runway and takes off any way. It immediately gets off course, missing waypoints, and in a double meaning phrase goes from the airport “terminal” to “terminal” meaning “at the end.”

Block time refers to the length of a flight. In this case the flight has apparently ended in disaster as it is “time to find the black box (the flight recorder, which incidentally is usually orange). Yet perhaps the search for the flight data is something else entirely as we are told next that it was “Hangared for unsanctioned thoughts (Watch what you think, the thought police are trying to get in our heads)” giving new meaning to the “angle of attack.” Whatever the cause, the flight is dead-stick (lost all propulsion) and “gone tech,” unable to fly.

The refrain states that Flight 1776 is squawking 7-7-0-0, a code used for serious issue on board a flight. It then takes airline terms like “bleeding air, hitting the ceiling, and dead-heads” and gives them a new meaning.

With systems failing (another double meaning) in the second verse the flight radioes “Pan-pan,” a term that help is needed. The next lines, however, “No lift, no thrust, drag and gravity -

they pull us down. Lost power, lost trust, soul-less cavities are all around” is a veiled, or not so veiled, reference to governments. “Notify the first responders.” The plane is coming in without landing gear on uneven ground.

As the flight is number 1776, the flight plan deviation is a reference to attempts to alter the founding documents of the nation having the capability to “divert entire nations.” Air shudders (all shutters) are the vibration of the plane on takeoff. Words also move air and can cause ‘shudders.’ “All flap” - up and down are possible, “No rudder” - but there is nothing to steer by. No F.O. (first officer) or P.I.C. (person in charge). The “flight” has been hijacked and will presumably end in tragedy.

Dry Bones

The second to last song on the recording, before the inevitable end, is Dry Bones, the culmination of the entire Politics As Usual project. It is a song of self-reflection and the harshest accusations on the project that ultimately realizes and acknowledges my own part in the process.

Unlike the Arthurian self-monarchy of Monsters, Monkeys and Demons, Dry Bones knows that making the self the be-all and end-all only ends in self destruction and ultimately the destruction of society itself. The result of self worship is Machiavellian and not Plato’s Republic. The duality of Hotel California becomes more entrapping. More Homogenized. More waiting for the world to change, or waiting to be rescued from it. Home? Maybe. But a broken one. One where we “turn our eyes from the victimized” and hide behind the illusions we’ve created, passing the crossroads which may lead to something better in favor of the familiar. Trading provision of our needs for captivity. Disconnected by technology. The royal self is crashing and who can it turn to other than itself? We are, after all, in control.

THIS is what it means to have an existential crisis. NOT how it is thrown about in the media and social media.

Hotel California said “There’s a downward spiral we’ve been riding on, what’s gone around’s come back around.” Dry Bones repeats the sentiment: “Right where I began’s come back around.” How have we ended up here *again*? Is “darkness on the fringe casting shadows in the fading light?” The worship of self has left us looking like Picasso versions of our better selves. It’s us, all right, but with misplaced, fractured forms that take focus out of view.

It seems that we are content to continue navigating the mazes of life without a rudder, as in the song Crash. We are haunted by Monsters, Monkeys and Demons that we can no longer outrun because we are not in a maze, but a labyrinth that always leads back to the self: Until we come to the place where we decide to purposefully abandon our claim upon our own lives. When we do, the world begins to look like Monet rather than Picasso, “And stepping back the distance brings the focus into view.”

“The paint has dried out on my palette, all shades of blue, I’ve tried in vain to paint myself. The easel holds a finished canvas in muted hues. My self-portrait’s someone else.”

It’s time to flip Kohlberg’s moral reasoning upright. Others above self. “There won’t be life for these dry bones until I run the sword back in the stone.”

The Moon and The Sun

Hope.

Eternal. Resilient.

Hope is an optimistic state of mind that is based on an expectation of positive outcomes.

“To live without Hope is to cease to live.” - Fyodor Dostoyevsky

The self realization that has been brewing throughout the entire record and culminating in Dry Bones leads to the final track, The Moon and The Sun, and back around to one of

humanity's most enduring qualities: hope. "Maybe I'm foolish or just naive but I believe..." I do, indeed, believe!

I believe that what unites us is far greater than that which divides.

I believe that it's "not too late to be saved" (Third Time Down).

I believe that we can collectively come together to change the world for good.

I believe in a better tomorrow.

In spite of the nature and content of the lyrics on this record I hope that you walk away with the message that there is something we can do and that leads us to hope.

"Time keeps marching from one day to another

The moon and the sun are still dancing with each other

Moving through the heavens one day at a time

Lighting the world, they can't help but shine

Time keeps marching from one day to another

We're still here and still dancing around each other

When we could light the days to come

Like the moon and the sun"

I'll end where I started. This record consists of my observations and musings about humanity and the human nature that we all share, both good and bad. So if this record has lyrics that are interpreted as political it's because we recognize that governments are run by *people* and it's always easier for people to see the faults in the opposing view than any commonality that is shared. If I've done this right, and I think I have, everyone will think I've written it about their political opposition. I hope that is the case because at the end of the day we are all human. All capable of its greatest triumphs and its darkest failures.

In spite of its name Politics As Usual is not really about Politics.

It's about me. And... you?