

Timeline:

1999: A punk kid stood on a balcony smoking a cigarette on his coffee break while chatting to a

friend about some party they attended.

'So I heard Frank was there,'

'Yep, he was spinning the decks,'

'I hear he's back in town for good,'

'Here to stay.'

Master Hex: He walked clear of the darkness all men fear most. Wise, ancient and sombre stands a man separate from his own shadow. Spirit dedicated to the universe. His journey began staring at a poster. A surfer depicted in the pouring rain staring back at the camera with the slogan 'do you think I care what the weatherman says?'

2000: The millennium, Frank partied like it was 1999. Frank Niemand: 08/12/1980

All records indicated this date to be the birth date of Frank Niemand and he has stated his biological mother was born on the same date which remained a point for debate. Ongoing research supports the theory of a time paradox, Frank traversed his time line forward then backward several times to preset his point of origin to the same moment of his mother's birth. Historical facts do not support this theory because the paradox created is offset by four decades, meaning either Frank's mother cannot be biological or the time line has been reset more than once. We favour the latter reasoning and conclude Frank's lineage is biologically accurate but a manipulation of the time/space continuum has occurred. His paternal lineage is unknown though the favorite theory is genetic assembly from genetically superior sources through gene splicing. The second dispute is where Frank was born, it wasn't in the Bible. Surviving records indicate he came from the Vaal; south, south eastern Johannesburg. No further information is available. Various accounts of Frank's interactions in the mentioned area are a matter of public record.

Frank's current location is the East Rand.

2001: Master Hex, Steve and that other guy. Having no clear direction the root of HU is nailed down one night after binge drinking. HaasVoel Underground:

1: People are free to believe whatever they want, we're not here to judge however correction is required for science fact versus bat crap crazy theory - theory means we haven't conclusively proven it.

Namely; the Earth is not flat, fact. UFO exist, fact. People abducted by extra terrestrial beings are communicating with sentient life beyond our planet, still a theory. Vaccines are not an evil conspiracy. Anyone who believes modern medicine is unhealthy should continue licking dry stones as a means to cure cancer.

2: Religion is fiction. While we neither condone nor condemn Religion we don't believe in it. Beliefs serve a purpose in a personal capacity exercised by individuals privately. We oppose the commercial weaponisation of Religion as a cult, all cults are evil. We do not believe in any higher being of divine status or intelligent design expecting absolute obedience without evidence for their existence. We believe in scientific principle, physical interaction with the known universe.

3: Common sense prevails. The core value of the HU

2002: The gnomes arrive, and the little Fuckers haven't left...

2003: YouTube debut, it was weird.

2004: Rentacrowd debuts. HU tested brand expansion into international markets, Britannia all the way.

2005: Social media, it was a phase that passed.

2006: Shit got serious, HU forged out the mainstream in the western cape.

2007: HU online launched, we even ran a newsletter.

2008: Blogs, or irresponsible Hate anthems.

2009: The 10th reunion, little Frank Niemand grew up, he filled out.

2010: HUW closes, we kept the title belt.

2011: Side project announcement, Frank loses his head, Master Hex betrothed and HU very nearly called it a day.

2012: Everyone went on hiatus.

Posted on the wall it reads:

It's been one hell of a ride, we've had the time of our life but all bad things come to end and we're not ready to die, this isn't farewell, it's goodbye. We've done a lot for our country, hahaha no we haven't but change is inevitable and South Africansociety is declining, that's not for us. The party goes on elsewhere, it's been solid but we're done with Afrique de Suid. Our long awaited journey awaits from beyond the horizon, but we're not going to New Zealand. Master Hex laments to return to his clan in Camden Town, Frank has taken a shine to the land down under but anywhere away from Africa will work. HU reaching a quarter is more than we expected; each time we called it done the next thing arose and we persevered. We discussed retirement, went on hiatus and nearly quit but the universe kept calling us on. So we're not done yet, there's more hell to raise, everything else to break and minds to challenge. As Susan said: No explanations, no apologies, no excuses, not now, not ever.

2013: Spatchcock, it's a thing. Were HU to start a band, sounds most interesting right?

We're entertaining Master Hex' ambitions of becoming musician by going balls to the floor and all out without the limitations of reality and start a fantasy metal band. HU is open to any and all suggestions on everything from a band name, how many members in the band, albums and track listings - throw in lyrics if you like, our tour schedule and just which other bands we should tour with - living or dead HU will dig them up and even our music style. Easy enough. Throw your ideas around on our pages and we'll mutate it into something music-worthy. Go friggen mental with this one. The Rules Are:

1. No EMO

2. The music is metal only, prog metal is not favoured but we're willing to try everything once

3. Band members need to have some Guitar Hero playing experience to join

Thus far our band consists of Frank Niemand on drums and Master Hex on guitar but this can change as it goes. Horns UP \m/

2014: 404 record not found

2015: The day the Earth stuttered.

2016: Declassified archives, check the web site.

2017: Party on Frank, party on Steve

2018: Steve retired.

2019: The 20th reunion was interrupted by covid, fuck you China.

2020: Going offline, leaving social media because it's environmentally friendly.

2021: What the fuck is tiktok?

2022: File corrupt or missing.

2023: Legacy of the freaks.

2024: Film release: 01/11/2024 marks the 25th anniversary of the HaasVoel Underground.

Let's make a film:

Random background noise

Fade in

Opens: Frank holding a sign reading: keep it to the Underground.

Camera pans into a walk.

Narrator voiceover:

What ever happened to Susan whatever her name was?

Nobody remembers her, nobody has ever seen her but her brief fictional relationship with Frank in 1999 started it all.

Steve figures we owe her compensation for something, at least after twenty five years.

Social media is useless, no point scouring that wasteland.

Someone must remember her, something more than a single name.

Momentary pause

Camera stops

Narrator:

Come to think of it nobody knows the Dragon Tamer's name, her and Frank are life partners.

Her name isn't Susan.

Steve won't let this go, we need to find Susan.

Camera continues

Fade out.

Notes:

The HUW belt

Alumni interviews

Archive footage

Spatchcock sound track

Graveyard scene

Location Vaal

Interviews:

Steve: I'm not at liberty to say.

What do you remember about Susan?

Have you asked a question today?

What did you do with it?

Did it take you somewhere new?

Did it bring you here?

Post credit scene:

Frank and the Dragon Tamer holding a sign reading:

Thanks Susan 🙌

The sign catches fire

Black out.

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Blog:

Shakespeare's Ghost.

Why do we believe we have mastered the English language?

Our arrogance and huberous to want dominion over all perhaps?

Type that sentence into any app and witness A.I. fail to understand language is not phonetics in the written form. Having defeated a few top apps I know there where the weakness resides.

Language changes, evolving with society but the millennial generation canceled evolution. The modern brain is absent, vacant, desolate. As fleeting as social media with a collective inability to think, to reason, to comprehend. The minds of he masses constantly distracted by unnecessary technological advancement they fail to see constantly throwing shit at the wall to see what sticks ultimately leaves you with a wall coated in fecal matter. In opposition to the millennial muppets the HU repairs much of the damage inflicted in hopes cancel culture comes a knocking, someone needs to upset them. The current generation lacks a villain, some evil sworn nemesis to battle. Instead they mope around throwing guerilla tactic tantrums that by the namesake gets business, celebrity and common sense canceled to the point where the world lives in political correct suspension in case a stray opinion blips on the # radar. HU left social media platforms because of this behavior, cancel culture be damned. The world needs brutal honesty to bitch slap it back to focus. I'm not nitpicking the failings of a fucked generation, I'm swinging a broadstroke backhand across the collective snow nose faces. The woke folk need a wake-up call because they're steering the human race to extinction. They piss on the legacy of their predecessors no more; sit down, shut up and listen to the wisdom of those who fought, survived and established the freedom of identity the iPhone generation cannot comprehend.

Informed Consent is to Blame:

As the Satannic Panic returns to the fold has anyone confirmed Informed consent from Satan?

Blame it on the devil, what if the devil doesn't want the implications of accountability forced on them?

Who does Satan name as their abuser?

How dare we assume any of the evil currently influencing pop culture is the work of the devil. The woke culture wielding the power of cancel culture over the non binary me too movement broke their own rules when declaring the return of the Satannic Panic. The opinionated arrogance to assume Satan wants the negative attention on top of allegations they caused covid, BLM, mass shootings, Putin's war and global warming. Has anyone contacted the devil for comment?

Can these allegations be proven?

This is due process. People commit acts of social disagreement, outrage leads to accusations and social media explodes in a mud slinging frenzy. I asked a millennial generation Muppet about this and they were infuriated, what about exactly I don't know but common sense be damned they were determined to right this wrong, give the devil their due. The momentum halted trying to comprehend the irony of #evillivesmatter  
If you weren't laughing at the 2023 Grammy awards and those steller performances then the rock you live under collapsed on the hole you live in.

Second Hand Country For Sale:

Once upon a time someone posted their home country for sale on Craigslist and while popular culture saw it as a mere publicity stunt to boost online activity on the user's profile some people raised a cautiously curious eyebrow to it. There is merit to placing an entire country on sale on display of the online store front; neither promotion nor immaculate condition nor a non starter needing some attention and the deal of a lifetime, it's an absolute shit bomb and not the fixer up dream many wish it to be: South Africa with a failing economy nearing bankruptcy, no working utilities, high levels of civil unrest and collapsing infrastructure and magnificent views of the countryside. Going for the price of corruption, it's a steal, a rampant fire sale, everything must go. Every square inch of value is slowly being strip mined and left to corrode away in the great wasted opportunity that is Africa. Early bird discount offered should civil war break out prior purchase. The insane amount of debt aside you will take ownership of failed power supply, failed water sanitation utilities, failing education system benchmarked at 30% achievement, medical practices pioneered in medieval times, a bankrupt economy plundered by corrupt government entities you may well have to bribe and payoff to get rid of, incompetent armed forces, crooked police, an overburdened unemployment fund desperate for the institution of workhouses, malnourished agricultural sector and car guards.

Additional issues include illegal immigration, Nigerian syndicates operating drug and human trafficking, rampant crime, collapsing transportation, social inadequacy want everything for free. Ultimately you're buying racism and segregation because in all honesty South Africa hasn't put apartheid behind them. South Africa today benefits from civil freedoms and nothing more. Enough said about change, there is no foreseeable improvement for the country as we watch the slow advancement of the cancer destroying the last remaining positive values of a once proud and prosperous nation with a controversial history. It took Nelson Mandela 27 years in prison to bring about change in South Africa and it took the anc government 27 years to ruin everything. But the people are great with a full service history of ignorance and arrogance in sufficient quantities to poach off the last rhino in Africa. Don't despair, the people are accountable for letting it fall into ruin, ag shame ne, let's have a braai and a few bottles of brandy in communal criticism of the world around them. Anything goes, as per the ANC government. This in line with the international standard of I'll do what I want, fuck you you're ignoring and I don't care. 99.9% distrust rating on social media platforms, good job everyone. We're steering clear of cancel culture territory, wait a minute no we are definitely not because someone needs to kick the world in it's va-jayjay to wake it up. Fuck you, our purpose here is to hurt your "feewings" on every level of personal association. This is not Hate speech, this is brutal honesty lessos minds assume is hateful because it sounds super angry. Suck it the fuck up princess because your grandpa crawled through the blood soaked streets of Apartheid South Africa fighting for your civil freedom, your grandma endured daily abuses of inequality for everyone to be seen as equals in a democracy. You have smeared millennial fecal matter all over that legacy with your disrespect for the common laws, tantrum rants for free stuff the rest of us earned through perseverance and determination instead opting to complain about the failed state and growing racial intolerance you claim to be so liberal toward. Less talking, more doing. The established dictatorship can still be challenged and defeated if everyone gets their shit together and stands against the anc government. The gunpowder treason shall not suffice, understanding the mechanics of tyranny requires the status quo doesn't shift too much - the goal being to put someone in charge that favours everyone better than their predecessor. Do yourself a service by reading Dictators Handbook by Alastair Smith & Bruce Bueno de Mesquita, available everywhere these things called books are stored.

Always in a rush, never in a hurry:

A mantra, a motto, a meme, a shared life hack or another bad tattoo that our sentence sums up society. We rush through every day to accomplish nearly nothing. A never-ending stream of data flow between environments polluted with smart technology that isn't smart at all. Machines fail, A.I. fails and people fail in contrast to nature that only really fails when modern living intrudes and the video goes viral on social media platforms. Let me not speak of unproductive business trends of leaving the workload to the machines and the A.I. while people meet in Teams for virtual high-five sessions of praising their accomplishments and productivity, burn me at the stake for such heresy. People want more from technology and less from each other, and they're so damn pushy about it. Instant is too slow for them so they immediately complain. Well you just can't have it all. Machines break, software crashes, networks go offline and you nagging the technical support trained to fix your technological failures won't encourage them and it won't get things working any faster. Assume you know absolute nothing about the device you're using to read this post then accept it will eventually fail. Technology will fail, I believe in the inevitable failure of technology as reflected in my cynical criticism and it bears repeating from daily experience of fixing the mechanical junk that keeps the world turning today so a race of thankless muppets can complain about it tomorrow. Presently we have the killswitch, best leave it in the capable hands of your friendly neighborhood service technician for the day will come when your apps won't open, Siri won't respond, you're off the Teams. It's a dismal day to comprehend lest we are prepared or life might end instantly.

From the desk of the South African Ministry of Information:

Deep within the hidden departments of the government judiciary is an office existing between the realms of space/time reality of the known multiverse. Herein a dedicated team of Wikileaks enthusiasts collect, evaluate, deliberate and publish information. We have procured the voluntary services of these enthusiasts to share alleged leaks, allegedly. The government announced today its plan to further fuck up the failing power utility by introducing a load shedding tax. This taxation on the duration of load shedding will be charged per stage and will fluctuate with the inconsistent schedule Eskom does not follow. In addition the government is encouraging motorists to adopt electric powered automobiles on which carbon tax reliefs are available but ultimately canceled out by the load shedding tax. This announcement comes after the petrol price increase set at whatever the fuck the government feels like setting it at, economic analysts suspect this part will be set extremely fucking high. In other news the government plans to introduce their revised improvements to the, until recently unknown mandatory rigged voting system applied to general governance elections. As stated by some random minister all votes whether cast or not automatically count in favour of the ruling majority party thereby canceling any accidental voting for any of the minority opposition. The automated process will be in effect for the next General election so nobody need attend or register or even be in opposition. Simply being in the country at the time of election automatically enters your vote. Said random minister further stated why bother voting if you don't vote for us, this new system is better. In other news the government is considering removing the low standard of education to better facilitate the proposed participation curriculum stating a 30% minimum passing requirement is a stumbling block many learners struggle to overcome. Participation ribbons will be replacing the certification as education of this standard is absolutely free, and irrelevant.

Excerpt from unreleased documentation, first quarter, 2023.  
Allegedly...

From the desk of the South African Ministry of Information:

Patient 42, Department X, Room 13. Standing in line, waiting on time, results might be worth it. This is the system anywhere in the world, rate the quality of service on the comfort of the chairs provided. A hard wooden bench creaking and groaning under the full weight of your butt suggests extended wait time. You can't rate the service, not as non existing as due process takes as long as it takes. Such institutions practice functional before efficient. Having spent many hours bench warming the afore mentioned practice needs a space on the wall between all the infographic charts filled with invaluable information so exclusive you cannot get it elsewhere, expect from the office of your local branch of the Ministry of Information. I sincerely hope such services are essential in the future as no experience captures the raw essence of being human among other humans without prejudice of titles, labels or definitions. Sitting on that furniture you meet other people, you discuss the present moment without the social media firewalls safeguarding your acronyms. At the time of writing this pop culture solicitation was professional therapy with online therapists pushing catch phrases. That isn't therapeutic, spend several hours waiting for assistance from a civil servant is a more productive session. The digital age fear reality, as it's not on your virtual profile. Reality is the even level where there's no exception, no special treatment and no one day rush. Immediately is not plausible, instantly is a word printed in the dictionary. Take a seat, wait to be seen to, file paperwork then return to waiting on those instruments of practical sitting. I'm grateful for the experience, I'm saddened it won't last, I'm glad the idiot millennial generation won't appreciate the value of the experience. The fake world versus real world stand-off of social consciousness consumes everything. Future dystopia without real interaction is bleak. A statement allegedly leaked from the department of internal affairs by an outgoing unnamed member. The department has submitted proposals for digital migration of all services stating, " people no longer need our help as they can help themselves using the Google."

In unrelated news select participants at a recent local municipal meeting were denied entry from the invitation only event cited by the organizers the event was at capacity. Factual evidence of this intentional deception was posted online illustrating capacity is a relative term as many more participants were observed entering the event after the capacity was reached. No members of the government have been available for comment as it's believed they're stuck in the venue at capacity. The presidency is considering a period of silent as recent statements during public address were paradoxically paradoxical oxymoron hyperbole. Silence is golden Mr President, get richer.

The forthcoming Apocalypse of South Africa:

Walking within my dream my father's father before him encountered me on my path. He spoke in revelation of the future.

"The rivers will flood the lands, engulf the earth, submerge the plants and drown the animals though you may never see these waters rise. Foolish leaders carelessly trade this land among foreign nations forcing the people to fight without uprising. Then comes the drought. Money will dry up and wither as resources decline to exhaustion. Many go hunger as they cannot afford to buy food, many more perish in the bitter winters without electricity to light

their homes or fuel to power the vehicles, appliances and generators. Famine turns to cannibalism, the people's hunger turns them on their foreign masters. The hunger will consume everyone. The people will not be prepared despite their preparation, the lies will blind their judgment and distract them."

He paused, looked at my sternly, "you are not to tell anyone of this future."

It's a very, very, mad world:

We may not have commercial time travel or vacation destinations on planets beyond the stars but we have escapism because our reality is often terrible. When pushed for an answer to what is the most important invention gifted to humanity I say it's books. Each with immeasurable value and timeless importance. Literature style and language change may change over time and that passage of time remains documented between the pages of books. Our identity recorded for prosperity though lately it feels ignored, remember books save lives, so why are we not reading them?

Middle Earth may have the answer. I remain critical of film adaptations from literature because a great story will be stripped down to the key plot points and airbrushed with commercial sorcery to sell it to ignorant consumer markets. Filmmakers needn't buckle under the corporate pressure to push profits, I want to take an unexpected journey without corporate sponsorship or intentional product placement and despite the general limitations of the analog Era of film making current digital practices null the need for content redaction, quality storytelling in a cinema over DIY tiktok videos in my opinion. Let's shut it down, pack it in, go home to binge Netflix and gorge Uber eats where we can post temper tantrum rants online. Society boarded the express train to disaster and jammed the throttle full open, because like this is so like a video game tutorial I totally watched on tiktok with other users and we connected on a deep virtual level but not in the real world because that is so hard. Living in reality is hard?

Absolutely. It is downright brutal when you need responsibility to survive every damn day. Rising inflation, economic depreciation, long-term preparation all require your constant attention while the world around you runs squirrel mad in every direction. Shit breaks, gets sick, disappears and the unexpected all before you wipe the breakfast vommit deposit from your shoes courtesy of some random Muppet stumbling into you on the street. Reality is depressing but we continue chasing the madness of comfortable lifestyle in top billing consuming the planet resources like fat grubs waiting to pupate. I am grateful to have the 20/20 perspective of living in the third world and observing the first world. Everyone should spend time in third world shit hole countries trying to make them a better place. Impossible is democracy for dictatorship. I reside in an African country and can pity while passing judgment on those claiming global equality - you are idiots. Exploitation placed the device you're reading this from in the palm of your hand. People suffered the violation of their human rights so you can # things. Your like, share and subscribe means nothing to people suffering poverty, famine, warfare, oppression. I oppose needless technological progression, we simply don't need it. Science fiction illustrates we shall forever exploit, oppress, violate and fight against each other despite modern advancements. Peace is achieved when we come to our senses but peace remains fleeting. It remains in our nature to kill. So allow me to advocate: nothing matters. There is no rise for change, nobody wants to make the world better. Lie, cheat, steal, rape, murder, plunder and pillage our black weasely guts out. Accept the inalienable truth millennial society is utterly stupid and not worth saving. Continuing to fight the inevitable failure a small portion of the human race will keep shit together for as long as possible to steady the course of mankind without the techno crap dependence. Hopefully

these posts remain for future historians to study and learn. Perhaps the third age of man has ended, perhaps we're destined for a dystopia future of Morloc and Eloy balance of life. Come what may we shall leave record telling of the events of a very, very mad world.

So what really happened on the day we shut it all down?

A national shutdown; it's like a day of lock down under covid restrictions but voluntary and you're protesting against the government demanding the presidency resignation. We didn't understand it either at the time. All we remember is #wakabanana as South Africa finally embrace the banana Republic state it became.

Somewhere in the Multiverse:

1. The MCU doesn't exist.
2. Elon Musk owns all social media, and it's awesome.
3. The WWE owns Disney, WrestleMania at Disneyland.
4. Cancel culture got canceled, common sense prevails.

Entrepreneurial Protest:

Protests remain an untapped market for aspiring entrepreneurs with an eye for violence and a sense for solid business returns. I've identified several areas within the protest model that offer profit potential and repeat sales in the current political atmosphere. Rocks and tyres at wholesale prices because every rioting mob needs a sufficient supply stones to pelt and tyres to ignite and barricade with. Let's go one level up; commemerative merch, autographed posters and t shirt prints celebrating your rebellious event. Having discussed this matter it's good business to flog respective shirts of political motivation and an autographed poster of the event. Global franchise opportunities, conflict makes easy money, at the time of writing this post I witnessed a local protest outside the district magistrate courts, people protesting gender based violence demanding bail denied to the accused. They had posters, and t-shirts but no rocks or tyres. And while condoning or encouraging mob action is illegal I'd be comfortable providing at a profit the tools of a reasonable demonstration. Social unrest is not desirable and would be an unfortunate circumstance of malicious intent, my entrepreneurial enterprise disclaims to sell materials not intended for acts of violence or unrest; gardening rocks and refurbished tyres are legitimate if not coincidentally linked to scenes of unrest. I'm not supplying the fuel to burn the tyre barricades, that would be immoral and very illegal.

Try not to panic, please remain calm:

I wrote lyrics to a protest song to tune of Billy Joel's We didn't start the fire. Sadly the idiot technology on the "smartphone" I was using erased the content and failed to save.

Fuck-fuckity-fuck-fuck-fuck.

I could have rewritten it but these failures of technology remind me to never settle. Millennial minds don't comprehend the nuts and bolts of the mechanics they hold in their hands. They know how to code it, know how to load it, know what app to run and which to download. The limited physical attributes of the device. Welcome to the dress rehearsal for the Apocalypse. I, at constant impasse with millennial everything am frequently drawn into the "back in my day" comparative narrative. It's true I was a brain dead teenager awkwardly navigating my way into the millennium but I top trump generation smartphone with a near perfect score. There is a slow burn horror film to behold when the power goes out, the wifi goes down and neither laptop nor mobile can retain battery charge. Millennials cannot survive. I recall such

scenarios where all I needed to survive the pre social media age was a Nokia 5110. The unkillable phone with a battery that outlasted eternity, a screen practically bulletproof and no camera because we didn't need selfies. We were resilient, independent snot nose punks with attitude with no need for online activity, we prefer the real world. By the time I finished high school I held part time employment to pay for my spelunking. I bought my first shitty car, went binge drinking, began chain smoking, dabbled in recreational narcotics and mastered proper condom use. Unbelievable to many, I emerged shining like chrome forged from fire. I come from the age of trials and tribulations, learning through the hardship of experience. Nothing was easy but it was fun. Where is the virtual rebuttal?

Gollum.

Their meta ceases when the tech goes dark. Withdrawal is ugly when you offline; eventually wifi access will become a recognized human right. But I cannot change perception, I cannot influence free will, I definitely cannot change anyone's mind any more than those previous generations swore I had it easy and back in their day of hardship a degeneration punk like me couldn't cut it. Perhaps. Perhaps we were the past generation where the world made sense, perhaps the elders were correct about our inability to cut it. Perhaps we're the root cause of this millennial mess nobody wants to clean up. The world as we know it will inevitably end and what we need from it will cease. I don't think technology is the key to our survival. I think therefore I am. A.I. does not think and we trust it implicitly. I do not champion my work by campaigning for its popularity, let it stand the test of time is all I wish of it. While some comparisons may be drawn between me and the millennial muppets I take solace in the definitive differences between. Remember this when next to change out a light bulb or repair a tyre puncture or simply clean out the lint filter in your washing machine; somewhere out there a millennial is watching a video on tiktok on how to do those exact same things. Try to remain calm, anxiety from digital withdrawal is streamline to a human rights charter amendment, maybe even a new age commandment no matter the adrenaline fueled frustration surging through every fibre of your being as those slumped forward shoulder precariously perch hands in pockets drive your frustration skyward to meet vacant glazed over eyes staring into nothing. Take a deep breath, recite the lyrics to be prepared from the Lion King and channel every bit of the force to refrain from smacking them upside the head their 4kUHD will resync to 8bit pixels black and white. I stand in opposition to the current millennial menacr, loyal to my opinions I'll continue to share, feelings need hurting - toughen the fuck up because nobody is going to slow walk you through your virtual existence.

What in the world happened?

I had a normal day once, it was a Tuesday and it was horrible. Sometimes I stumble into the empty space between what came before and what is still to come. These tiny gaps nestle between the three universe of my being. My academic universe, my creative universe and my virtual universe. Each parallel and independent of the other, sometimes overlapping. My academic universe is the daily struggle of reality we all fight to get by, being an adult sucks. This is where I spend most of my time.

My virtual universe is this conscript. The limited digital connection of my life to the digital world around me, a tool and nothing more. My means of connecting things and sharing them.

My creative universe. Beyond the limitations of the Multiverse. What you have seen of it I choose to reveal. The three are not in balance with each other, at odds for dominance and the reason for depression. We all want to play nice and get along but that's not how reality works. I would rather build magic blanket forts with my son and go on epic quests to eat

pizza than waste what remains on my life working to pay bills and buy stuff because my knowledge base and skillset keeps the virtual world operating for thankless millennial muppets to watch tiktok videos and download apps. A modern age duality, it sucks. So, after some brief soul searching on YouTube I've discovered the pre millennium appreciation society. An informal community with a deep love of the analog era and a deep hate for the digital age in equals. To be fair my personal cut-off for when the millennial muppets took control is 2010, prior decades are fondly reminisced and while I cannot accurately point out patient zero ( as yet) the first decade of the millennium was a swan song to transition from analog to digital starting with selfies, hashtags, eating Tide pods and hating. The modern age is rotten with arrogance and stupidity that many are trying to abandon the lifestyle and return to analog years. My feelings are a simple hybrid. Technology is a tool not a basic human right. Google and the wheel rank on the same level of usefulness. We don't need any social media, therein lies addiction and the fuel to rush everyone to impatiently accomplish nothing. Go out and experience life in the real world. Maybe there is potential to expand into hybrid living where communities can live a reduced technology lifestyle without the digital rubbish overwhelming us. Places where life is less balanced. I have imagined a hybrid living that is part modern in the use of current technology and part the 1980s of my young; shared concept with others with whom I've discussed this concept, a technology current with a variety of decade mod preferences sounds ideal. Cosplay in each time where the community travels back in time for the most part but remains active in the modern age, it's still a fuzzy picture but you get the just of it. In my multiverse such things are possible, practical and preferable.

Ain't Karma just a motherfucker 04 06 2014

There is only one universal concept I believe to be true - universal balance. Call it what you will, the concept remains this: the ideals of good and evil are kept in constant balance. We as people constantly shift this balance with action. Lets debunk a few things real quick: you cannot manipulate the universal balance for your own personal preference, there is no secret technique to do this so forget that shit. The balance does not conspire against you or anyone else, that's just dumb. If religion is your thing then our personal beliefs are awkwardly structured around the universal law - let's for all intents and purposes call it Karma. You, the cosmic being within the universe, can only do one thing and that is try keep the balance. Your life may be filled joy-joy feelings because you generally are a nice person but that does not make you exempt from bad shit happening to you so expect some somewhere. The severity of good and bad are in balance so try not to be super nice or super shitty because Karma is a bitch and levels us all from time to time. Now here's how Karma does its thing: think Newton's law of attraction where everything is equal and opposite. You are generally a nice person spreading nice with random acts of kindness, positive energy towards and thinking the world is bed of roses BUT you are being selective and as such trying to manipulate the system. Karma only gives you a certain amount of distance before the proverbial rug gets yanked. Bad things, as you see them, find their way into your happy little world and pleasantly pisses on your sunny day. Do you ever stop to think about it? Clearly the expression 'bad things happen to good people' is desperate words spoken because someone tried and failed at favourably shifting the balance.

Blog:

Shakespeare's Ghost:

Why do we believe we have mastered the English language?

Our arrogance and huberous to want dominion over all perhaps?

Type that sentence into any app and witness A.I. fail to understand language is not phonetics in the written form. Having defeated a few top apps I know there where the weakness resides.

Language changes, evolving with society but the millennial generation canceled evolution. The modern brain is absent, vacant, desolate. As fleeting as social media with a collective inability to think, to reason, to comprehend. The minds of he masses constantly distracted by unnecessary technological advancement they fail to see constantly throwing shit at the wall to see what sticks ultimately leaves you with a wall coated in fecal matter. In opposition to the millennial muppets the HU repairs much of the damage inflicted in hopes cancel culture comes a knocking, someone needs to upset them. The current generation lacks a villain, some evil sworn nemesis to battle. Instead they mope around throwing guerilla tactic tantrums that by the namesake gets business, celebrity and common sense canceled to the point where the world lives in political correct suspension in case a stray opinion blips on the # radar. HU left social media platforms because of this behavior, cancel culture be damned. The world needs brutal honesty to bitch slap it back to focus. I'm not nitpicking the failings of a fucked generation, I'm swinging a broadstroke backhand across the collective snow nose faces. The woke folk need a wake-up call because they're steering the human race to extinction. They piss on the legacy of their predecessors no more; sit down, shut up and listen to the wisdom of those who fought, survived and established the freedom of identity the iPhone generation cannot comprehend.

Informed Consent is to Blame:

As the Satannic Panic returns to the fold has anyone confirmed Informed consent from Satan?

Blame it on the devil, what if the devil doesn't want the implications of accountability forced on them?

Who does Satan name as their abuser?

How dare we assume any of the evil currently influencing pop culture is the work of the devil. The woke culture wielding the power of cancel culture over the non binary me too movement broke their own rules when declaring the return of the Satannic Panic. The opinionated arrogance to assume Satan wants the negative attention on top of allegations they caused covid, BLM, mass shootings, Putin's war and global warming. Has anyone contacted the devil for comment?

Can these allegations be proven?

This is due process. People commit acts of social disagreement, outrage leads to accusations and social media explodes in a mud slinging frenzy. I asked a millennial generation Muppet about this and they were infuriated, what about exactly I don't know but common sense be damned they were determined to right this wrong, give the devil their due. The momentum halted trying to comprehend the irony of #evillivesmatter  
If you weren't laughing at the 2023 Grammy awards and those steller performances then the rock you live under collapsed on the hole you live in.

Second Hand Country For Sale:

Once upon a time someone posted their home country for sale on Craigslist and while popular culture saw it as a mere publicity stunt to boost online activity on the user's profile

some people raised a cautiously curious eyebrow to it. There is merit to placing an entire country on sale on display of the online store front; neither promotion nor immaculate condition nor a non starter needing some attention and the deal of a lifetime, it's an absolute shit bomb and not the fixer up dream many wish it to be: South Africa with a failing economy nearing bankruptcy, no working utilities, high levels of civil unrest and collapsing infrastructure and magnificent views of the countryside. Going for the price of corruption, it's a steal, a rampant fire sale, everything must go. Every square inch of value is slowly being strip mined and left to corrode away in the great wasted opportunity that is Africa. Early bird discount offered should civil war break out prior purchase. The insane amount of debt aside you will take ownership of failed power supply, failed water sanitation utilities, failing education system benchmarked at 30% achievement, medical practices pioneered in medieval times, a bankrupt economy plundered by corrupt government entities you may well have to bribe and payoff to get rid of, incompetent armed forces, crooked police, an overburdened unemployment fund desperate for the institution of workhouses, malnourished agricultural sector and car guards.

Additional issues include illegal immigration, Nigerian syndicates operating drug and human trafficking, rampant crime, collapsing transportation, social inadequacy want everything for free. Ultimately you're buying racism and segregation because in all honesty South Africa hasn't put apartheid behind them. South Africa today benefits from civil freedoms and nothing more. Enough said about change, there is no foreseeable improvement for the country as we watch the slow advancement of the cancer destroying the last remaining positive values of a once proud and prosperous nation with a controversial history. It took Nelson Mandela 27 years in prison to bring about change in South Africa and it took the anc government 27 years to ruin everything. But the people are great with a full service history of ignorance and arrogance in sufficient quantities to poach off the last rhino in Africa. Don't despair, the people are accountable for letting it fall into ruin, ag shame ne, let's have a braai and a few bottles of brandy in communal criticism of the world around them. Anything goes, as per the ANC government. This in line with the international standard of I'll do what I want, fuck you you're ignoring and I don't care. 99.9% distrust rating on social media platforms, good job everyone. We're steering clear of cancel culture territory, wait a minute no we are definitely not because someone needs to kick the world in it's va-jayjay to wake it up. Fuck you, our purpose here is to hurt your "feewings" on every level of personal association. This is not Hate speech, this is brutal honesty lessos minds assume is hateful because it sounds super angry. Suck it the fuck up princess because your grandpa crawled through the blood soaked streets of Apartheid South Africa fighting for your civil freedom, your grandma endured daily abuses of inequality for everyone to be seen as equals in a democracy. You have smeared millennial fecal matter all over that legacy with your disrespect for the common laws, tantrum rants for free stuff the rest of us earned through perseverance and determination instead opting to complain about the failed state and growing racial intolerance you claim to be so liberal toward. Less talking, more doing. The established dictatorship can still be challenged and defeated if everyone gets their shit together and stands against the anc government. The gunpowder treason shall not suffice, understanding the mechanics of tyranny requires the status quo doesn't shift too much - the goal being to put someone in charge that favours everyone better than their predecessor. Do yourself a service by reading Dictators Handbook by Alastair Smith & Bruce Bueno de Mesquita, available everywhere these things called books are stored.

Always in a rush, never in a hurry:

A mantra, a motto, a meme, a shared life hack or another bad tattoo that our sentence sums up society. We rush through every day to accomplish nearly nothing. A never-ending stream of data flow between environments polluted with smart technology that isn't smart at all. Machines fail, A.I. fails and people fail in contrast to nature that only really fails when modern living intrudes and the video goes viral on social media platforms. Let me not speak of unproductive business trends of leaving the workload to the machines and the A.I. while people meet in Teams for virtual high-five sessions of praising their accomplishments and productivity, burn me at the stake for such heresy. People want more from technology and less from each other, and they're so damn pushy about it. Instant is too slow for them so they immediately complain. Well you just can't have it all. Machines break, software crashes, networks go offline and you nagging the technical support trained to fix your technological failures won't encourage them and it won't get things working any faster. Assume you know absolute nothing about the device you're using to read this post then accept it will eventually fail. Technology will fail, I believe in the inevitable failure of technology as reflected in my cynical criticism and it bares repeating from daily experience of fixing the mechanical junk that keeps the world turning today so a race of thankless muppets can complain about it tomorrow. Presently we have the killswitch, best leave it in the capable hands of your friendly neighborhood service technician for the day will come when your apps won't open, Siri won't respond, you're off the Teams. It's a dismal day to comprehend lest we are prepared or life might end instantly.

From the desk of the South African Ministry of Information:

Deep within the hidden departments of the government judiciary is an office existing between the realms of space/time reality of the known multiverse. Herein a dedicated team of Wikileaks enthusiasts collect, evaluate, deliberate and publish information. We have procured the voluntary services of these enthusiasts to share alleged leaks, allegedly. The government announced today its plan to further fuck up the failing power utility by introducing a load shedding tax. This taxation on the duration of load shedding will be charged per stage and will fluctuate with the inconsistent schedule Eskom does not follow. In addition the government is encouraging motorists to adopt electric powered automobiles on which carbon tax reliefs are available but ultimately canceled out by the load shedding tax. This announcement comes after the petrol price increase set at whatever the fuck the government feels like setting it at, economic analysts suspect this part will be set extremely fucking high. In other news the government plans to introduce their revised improvements to the, until recently unknown mandatory rigged voting system applied to general governance elections. As stated by some random minister all votes whether cast or not automatically count in favour of the ruling majority party thereby canceling any accidental voting for any of the minority opposition. The automated process will be in effect for the next General election so nobody need attend or register or even be in opposition. Simply being in the country at the time of election automatically enters your vote. Said random minister further stated why bother voting if you don't vote for us, this new system is better. In other news the government is considering removing the low standard of education to better facilitate the proposed participation curriculum stating a 30% minimum passing requirement is a stumbling block many learners struggle to overcome. Participation ribbons will be replacing the certification as education of this standard is absolutely free, and irrelevant.

Excerpt from unreleased documentation, first quarter, 2023.

Allegedly...

From the desk of the South African Ministry of Information:

Patient 42, Department X, Room 13. Standing in line, waiting on time, results might be worth it. This is the system anywhere in the world, rate the quality of service on the comfort of the chairs provided. A hard wooden bench creaking and groaning under the full weight of your butt suggests extended wait time. You can't rate the service, not as non existing as due process takes as long as it takes. Such institutions practice functional before efficient. Having spent many hours bench warming the afore mentioned practice needs a space on the wall between all the infographic charts filled with invaluable information so exclusive you cannot get it elsewhere, expect from the office of your local branch of the Ministry of Information. I sincerely hope such services are essential in the future as no experience captures the raw essence of being human among other humans without prejudice of titles, labels or definitions. Sitting on that furniture you meet other people, you discuss the present moment without the social media firewalls safeguarding your acronyms. At the time of writing this pop culture solicitation was professional therapy with online therapists pushing catch phrases. That isn't therapeutic, spend several hours waiting for assistance from a civil servant is a more productive session. The digital age fear reality, as it's not on your virtual profile. Reality is the even level where there's no exception, no special treatment and no one day rush. Immediately is not plausible, instantly is a word printed in the dictionary. Take a seat, wait to be seen to, file paperwork then return to waiting on those instruments of practical sitting. I'm grateful for the experience, I'm saddened it won't last, I'm glad the idiot millennial generation won't appreciate the value of the experience. The fake world versus real world stand-off of social consciousness consumes everything. Future dystopia without real interaction is bleak. A statement allegedly leaked from the department of internal affairs by an outgoing unnamed member. The department has submitted proposals for digital migration of all services stating, " people no longer need our help as they can help themselves using the Google."

In unrelated news select participants at a recent local municipal meeting were denied entry from the invitation only event cited by the organizers the event was at capacity. Factual evidence of this intentional deception was posted online illustrating capacity is a relative term as many more participants were observed entering the event after the capacity was reached. No members of the government have been available for comment as it's believed they're stuck in the venue at capacity. The presidency is considering a period of silent as recent statements during public address were paradoxically paradoxical oxymoron hyperbole. Silence is golden Mr President, get richer.

The forthcoming Apocalypse of South Africa:

Walking within my dream my father's father before him encountered me on my path. He spoke in revelation of the future.

"The rivers will flood the lands, engulf the earth, submerge the plants and drown the animals though you may never see these waters rise. Foolish leaders carelessly trade this land among foreign nations forcing the people to fight without uprising. Then comes the drought. Money will dry up and wither as resources decline to exhaustion. Many go hunger as they cannot afford to buy food, many more perish in the bitter winters without electricity to light their homes or fuel to power the vehicles, appliances and generators. Famine turns to cannibalism, the people's hunger turns them on their foreign masters. The hunger will

consume everyone. The people will not be prepared despite their preparation, the lies will blind their judgment and distract them."

He paused, looked at me sternly, "you are not to tell anyone of this future."

It's a very, very, mad world:

We may not have commercial time travel or vacation destinations on planets beyond the stars but we have escapism because our reality is often terrible. When pushed for an answer to what is the most important invention gifted to humanity I say it's books. Each with immeasurable value and timeless importance. Literature style and language change may change over time and that passage of time remains documented between the pages of books. Our identity recorded for prosperity though lately it feels ignored, remember books save lives, so why are we not reading them?

Middle Earth may have the answer. I remain critical of film adaptations from literature because a great story will be stripped down to the key plot points and airbrushed with commercial sorcery to sell it to ignorant consumer markets. Filmmakers needn't buckle under the corporate pressure to push profits, I want to take an unexpected journey without corporate sponsorship or intentional product placement and despite the general limitations of the analog Era of film making current digital practices null the need for content redaction, quality storytelling in a cinema over DIY tiktok videos in my opinion. Let's shut it down, pack it in, go home to binge Netflix and gorge Uber eats where we can post temper tantrum rants online. Society boarded the express train to disaster and jammed the throttle full open, because like this is so like a video game tutorial I totally watched on tiktok with other users and we connected on a deep virtual level but not in the real world because that is so hard. Living in reality is hard?

Absolutely. It is downright brutal when you need responsibility to survive every damn day. Rising inflation, economic depreciation, long-term preparation all require your constant attention while the world around you runs squirrel mad in every direction. Shit breaks, gets sick, disappears and the unexpected all before you wipe the breakfast vomit deposit from your shoes courtesy of some random Muppet stumbling into you on the street. Reality is depressing but we continue chasing the madness of comfortable lifestyle in top billing consuming the planet resources like fat grubs waiting to pupate. I am grateful to have the 20/20 perspective of living in the third world and observing the first world. Everyone should spend time in third world shit hole countries trying to make them a better place. Impossible is democracy for dictatorship. I reside in an African country and can pity while passing judgment on those claiming global equality - you are idiots. Exploitation placed the device you're reading this from in the palm of your hand. People suffered the violation of their human rights so you can # things. Your like, share and subscribe means nothing to people suffering poverty, famine, warfare, oppression. I oppose needless technological progression, we simply don't need it. Science fiction illustrates we shall forever exploit, oppress, violate and fight against each other despite modern advancements. Peace is achieved when we come to our senses but peace remains fleeting. It remains in our nature to kill. So allow me to advocate: nothing matters. There is no rise for change, nobody wants to make the world better. Lie, cheat, steal, rape, murder, plunder and pillage our black weasely guts out. Accept the inalienable truth millennial society is utterly stupid and not worth saving. Continuing to fight the inevitable failure a small portion of the human race will keep shit together for as long as possible to steady the course of mankind without the techno crap dependence. Hopefully these posts remain for future historians to study and learn. Perhaps the third age of man has

ended, perhaps we're destined for a dystopia future of Morloc and Eloy balance of life. Come what may we shall leave record telling of the events of a very, very mad world.

So what really happened on the day we shut it all down?

A national shutdown; it's like a day of lock down under covid restrictions but voluntary and you're protesting against the government demanding the presidency resignation. We didn't understand it either at the time. All we remember is #wakabanana as South Africa finally embrace the banana Republic state it became.

Somewhere in the Multiverse:

1. The MCU doesn't exist.
2. Elon Musk owns all social media, and it's awesome.
3. The WWE owns Disney, WrestleMania at Disneyland.
4. Cancel culture got canceled, common sense prevails.

Entrepreneurial Protest:

Protests remain an untapped market for aspiring entrepreneurs with an eye for violence and a sense for solid business returns. I've identified several areas within the protest model that offer profit potential and repeat sales in the current political atmosphere. Rocks and tyres at wholesale prices because every rioting mob needs a sufficient supply stones to pelt and tyres to ignite and barricade with. Let's go one level up; commemorative merch, autographed posters and t shirt prints celebrating your rebellious event. Having discussed this matter it's good business to flog respective shirts of political motivation and an autographed poster of the event. Global franchise opportunities, conflict makes easy money, at the time of writing this post I witnessed a local protest outside the district magistrate courts, people protesting gender based violence demanding bail denied to the accused. They had posters, and t-shirts but no rocks or tyres. And while condoning or encouraging mob action is illegal I'd be comfortable providing at a profit the tools of a reasonable demonstration. Social unrest is not desirable and would be an unfortunate circumstance of malicious intent, my entrepreneurial enterprise disclaims to sell materials not intended for acts of violence or unrest; gardening rocks and refurbished tyres are legitimate if not coincidentally linked to scenes of unrest. I'm not supplying the fuel to burn the tyre barricades, that would be immoral and very illegal.

Try not to panic, please remain calm:

I wrote lyrics to a protest song to tune of Billy Joel's We didn't start the fire. Sadly the idiot technology on the "smartphone" I was using erased the content and failed to save.

Fuck-fuckity-fuck-fuck-fuck.

I could have rewritten it but these failures of technology remind me to never settle. Millennial minds don't comprehend the nuts and bolts of the mechanics they hold in their hands. They know how to code it, know how to load it, know what app to run and which to download. The limited physical attributes of the device. Welcome to the dress rehearsal for the Apocalypse. I, at constant impasse with millennial everything am frequently drawn into the "back in my day" comparative narrative. It's true I was a brain dead teenager awkwardly navigating my way into the millennium but I top trump generation smartphone with a near perfect score. There is a slow burn horror film to behold when the power goes out, the wifi goes down and neither laptop nor mobile can retain battery charge. Millennials cannot survive. I recall such scenarios where all I needed to survive the pre social media age was a Nokia 5110. The

unkillable phone with a battery that outlasted eternity, a screen practically bulletproof and no camera because we didn't need selfies. We were resilient, independent snort nose punks with attitude with no need for online activity, we prefer the real world. By the time I finished high school I held part time employment to pay for my spelunking. I bought my first shitty car, went binge drinking, began chain smoking, dabbled in recreational narcotics and mastered proper condom use. Unbelievable to many, I emerged shining like chrome forged from fire. I come from the age of trials and tribulations, learning through the hardship of experience. Nothing was easy but it was fun. Where is the virtual rebuttal?

Gollum.

Their meta ceases when the tech goes dark. Withdrawal is ugly when you offline; eventually wifi access will become a recognized human right. But I cannot change perception, I cannot influence free will, I definitely cannot change anyone's mind any more than those previous generations swore I had it easy and back in their day of hardship a degeneration punk like me couldn't cut it. Perhaps. Perhaps we were the past generation where the world made sense, perhaps the elders were correct about our inability to cut it. Perhaps we're the root cause of this millennial mess nobody wants to clean up. The world as we know it will inevitably end and what we need from it will cease. I don't think technology is the key to our survival. I think therefore I am. A.I. does not think and we trust it implicitly. I do not champion my work by campaigning for its popularity, let it stand the test of time is all I wish of it. While some comparisons may be drawn between me and the millennial muppets I take solace in the definitive differences between. Remember this when next to change out a light bulb or repair a tyre puncture or simply clean out the lint filter in your washing machine; somewhere out there a millennial is watching a video on tiktok on how to do those exact same things. Try to remain calm, anxiety from digital withdrawal is streamline to a human rights charter amendment, maybe even a new age commandment no matter the adrenaline fueled frustration surging through every fibre of your being as those slumped forward shoulder precariously perch hands in pockets drive your frustration skyward to meet vacant glazed over eyes staring into nothing. Take a deep breath, recite the lyrics to be prepared from the Lion King and channel every bit of the force to refrain from smacking them upside the head their 4kUHD will resync to 8bit pixels black and white. I stand in opposition to the current millennial menacer, loyal to my opinions I'll continue to share, feelings need hurting - toughen the fuck up because nobody is going to slow walk you through your virtual existence.

What in the world happened?

I had a normal day once, it was a Tuesday and it was horrible. Sometimes I stumble into the empty space between what came before and what is still to come. These tiny gaps nestle between the three universe of my being. My academic universe, my creative universe and my virtual universe. Each parallel and independent of the other, sometimes overlapping. My academic universe is the daily struggle of reality we all fight to get by, being an adult sucks. This is where I spend most of my time.

My virtual universe is this conscript. The limited digital connection of my life to the digital world around me, a tool and nothing more. My means of connecting things and sharing them.

My creative universe. Beyond the limitations of the Multiverse. What you have seen of it I choose to reveal. The three are not in balance with each other, at odds for dominance and the reason for depression. We all want to play nice and get along but that's not how reality works. I would rather build magic blanket forts with my son and go on epic quests to eat pizza than waste what remains on my life working to pay bills and buy stuff because my

knowledge base and skillset keeps the virtual world operating for thankless millennial muppets to watch tiktok videos and download apps. A modern age duality, it sucks. So, after some brief soul searching on YouTube I've discovered the pre millennium appreciation society. An informal community with a deep love of the analog era and a deep hate for the digital age in equals. To be fair my personal cut-off for when the millennial muppets took control is 2010, prior decades are fondly reminisced and while I cannot accurately point out patient zero ( as yet) the first decade of the millennium was a swan song to transition from analog to digital starting with selfies, hashtags, eating Tide pods and hating. The modern age is rotten with arrogance and stupidity that many are trying to abandon the lifestyle and return to analog years. My feelings are a simple hybrid. Technology is a tool not a basic human right. Google and the wheel rank on the same level of usefulness. We don't need any social media, therein lies addiction and the fuel to rush everyone to impatiently accomplish nothing. Go out and experience life in the real world. Maybe there is potential to expand into hybrid living where communities can live a reduced technology lifestyle without the digital rubbish overwhelming us. Places where life is less balanced. I have imagined a hybrid living that is part modern in the use of current technology and part the 1980s of my young; shared concept with others with whom I've discussed this concept, a technology current with a variety of decade mod preferences sounds ideal. Cosplay in each time where the community travels back in time for the most part but remains active in the modern age, it's still a fuzzy picture but you get the just of it. In my multiverse such things are possible, practical and preferable.

Silence:

An absence, removal, suspension or opposite. What remains when the noise passes, the sounds stop. Golden, awkward, uncomfortable and peaceful. We have canonized the quiet and exhausted our appreciation for it. We consider silence a universal force...

Silence can be exercised without the need for sound, unless you're reading aloud which changes any blog to podcast but that's another rabbit hole to stumble down another day.

Silence of sleep

Silence of the grave

Silence of offline machines

Silence of silence

Silence within silence

Enjoy the sounds of silence. We don't appreciate silence enough. Here I sit, quietly, in another period of power outages courtesy of load shedding. The calm lets me listen to the surrounding environment while I wait for the computer to reload. I hear the background noises we ignore, they are interesting. My calming interrupted by the fuck awful text alert on a smart phone. The intrusions of junk technology.

Do you know what it sounds like when technology dies?

Absolute silence.

Finite Hours:

I like numbers, they are a foreign language to me but I like their representation rather than interpretation. Sometimes numbers get weird, we make them that way.

A New York minute, a million bucks, gone in sixty seconds. You have 80,000 hours in your career: 40 hours per week, 50 weeks per year, for 40 years. You can master any skill in

10000 hours: 10000 Hours is 416 Days and 16 Hours. Human lives generally last for 2 billion to 3 billion seconds; the universe is nearly 14 billion years old. But don't feel sad. Life is too short, vacations aren't as long as you remember and 1999 seemed like only yesterday. But you should feel sad. We spend six hours and 57 minutes per day online; On average that's nearly one third of each day. We spend one third of our lives sleeping, 6 - 8 hours each day, motorists in the city spend 136 hours (5.6 days) in rush hour per year. Office hours run 9 - 14 hours per day. Do some math and that's, on average 6 hours asleep, 6 hours online, 9 hours working, 2 hours sitting in traffic; adjusting for overlap 17 of 24 hours each day is wasted, two thirds of your life is dedicated to essential sleep and completing menial tasks with little to zero enjoyment. That being said here is my generic universal go for a walkabout pack filled with survivable stuff: A back pack, I have a CampMaster camper pack designed for day trips that serves my needs complete with high visibility rain cover, loads of straps and zippers and pockets and ultra comfy padding. A knife, rule #9 states don't go anywhere without a knife. The type of travel suggests the type of knife, sometimes I carry more than one of varying size. A good hack would be to carry a wetting stone should you need to sharpen the blade edge. A notebook of some kind, paper variety, with a pen. A length of rope, name one thing you're going to need you're stupid fucking rope for?

Your wallet, it's not the Apocalypse so keep your piss warm Bear Grylls stans you still need money. A cigarette lighter, it makes you look cool. A flashlight, I use a rechargeable model. This will get you around, and it doesn't matter where you go as long as you go. Explore the world around you without the need for gadgetry or technology to facilitate a virtual experience. I of the old guard fight the millennial age of cancel culture because I believe them, at least in attitude, to be wrong. The minds of the foolish are logged in, DM or chat botting right now. Advancement is a gradual embrace and eventual acceptance. We cannot rush through the immediate, that cancels enjoyment. The reality is nobody can cancel human nature, ever. Intolerance, racism, oppression and regular differences of opinion cannot be canceled. I disagree with religion but none of the gods have been canceled, I disagree with various opinions and practices of the people at Netflix, Facebook and Disney but I haven't started a crusade to cancel any on them. I learned tolerance, a lifelong skill. I voice my opinions that do offend people at times but I defend my opinions too. I have neither a Facebook profile, I did initially but changed my opinion on social media and closed my account. Nor do I have a Netflix or Disney+ account, for the same reason and I exercise no religion. The world still turns and everyone gets to enjoy their own piece of it. Go touch some grass.

May the Force be with you:

Recently I traveled around my hometown for a few days, my surreal grand tour through my youth. Things have changed over time, with indifferent feeling I meandered the town observing modern development and encroaching decay as I paid my respects to the OG buildings, businesses and hangouts no longer standing tall. It's a divide in time, that which I fondly remember and what there is now. I may return to the schools I attended, for loyalty and curiosity. I shall miss those restaurants, corner café, Irish pub and peculiar stores I frequented that are no more, they certainly will be missed. Many familiar faces are the ghostly reflections in passing. The familiar feeling remains, same sights, sounds and smells buried in accompany to my fondest memories. I often think my close circle of friends could podcast about our hometown reminisce, we'd laugh a lot and our listening audience would cancel us. With the themes of Middle Earth freshly resurfaced in mind I wonder why the comparison of art and life are indistinguishable. It comes with age, perhaps we only live four

ages, perhaps I am hovering near the end my third age approaching the beginning of my fourth age. Who knows, there might podcast material when old friends meet over a pint to remember Tubthumping.

Once upon a time in a galaxy far, far away...

You're Fucked, Have a Nice Day:

I've rewritten this post a fuck load of times, I'm tired and aggravated and uncensored.

Technology is going to kills everyone, why?

Social media has made us intolerant. E-commerce has turned us into poor consumers enslaved to a corrupt global economy. AI is making us stupid, bots, chats, algorithms, fuck off all of it. Smart devices have stripped us of humanity, do you think anything matters anymore?

I'll post my opinion on TWITTER, banned because some fuckwit was offended. I'll share a post on Facebook and get canceled by the idiot police for not being politically correct. Streaming services are saturating the market with evil consumerism, algorithms tell us what to watch, where to shop, when to binge and how cool this bullshit is. This constant flood of digital garbage lives in your pocket, all the time feeding an addiction like a silent predator feeding off human life. We protest, oppose and fight a common enemy shamelessly and fearlessly. I'm calling it all out, I'm easy to find motherfucker so come get a righteous beating. These are my opinions, tough shit if they hurt your feelings. Big corporates are evil, they want to control everything. Disney promotes fascism, Netflix are sore losers because DVD will always be better than streaming, Meta is controlled by the biggest douche in existence and there isn't a single thing on Amazon worth buying that I couldn't find anywhere else. Wake up people.

Let it be clear this is a letter of intent. I declare to the government and the people of South Africa I can do a better job than they can. Post Apartheid South Africa has fallen on a gradual decline pioneered and executed by greedy and corrupt people who just don't give a shit. Anyone believing their vote can change things is incorrect, get up and do things yourself. Take back South Africa from corrupt ANC assholes selling us out to China and Russia from a handful of magic beans. The ANC protested aggressively against the Apartheid National Party because the people mattered more than the status did. Step aside ANC, you have fucked up enough, we're taking charge to fix it. Governance going forward should be open to anyone, for everyone and without encumbrance. You are South Africa, you matter, do something about it.

Time Travel Permits:

I received a new company identification card today, it expired several months ago. It got me thinking about expiry dates and what they could represent if we recycled them. An expiration date is a point in time where anytime before that date is good. So when time travel becomes a thing, if it isn't already then please future people the key is a Flux capacitor, all those expired documents and permits and photo ID cards will have use again. Take passports as an example, they're only good for X amount of years and not everyone gets to use them but what if through a overly complicated explanation for traversing the space / time continuum future you travels back to 2005 and realizing you don't have your passport at hand but you can locate the one issued in 2005, ba-da-bing ba-da-boom you are good to go without the hassles of stuff lost in time. My genius knows no bounds, and I keep all my passports past and current. Recycle time, hardly plausible just like recycling. Time travel, lightsabers and

hover boards remain in virtual reality for our entertainment but let's prep for potential all the same, some wise person once quoted; rather have something and not need it than not have it when you need it.

Camera rolling, Action:

I decided to turn my Friday afternoon into a movie pitch.

Working title - I'm having a three beer day. Deep breath, calm place, let's unfuck the human race.

Opening Narrative: 'Some People are Fucking Rude, for fuck sake. Here's what grinds my gears, assholes. The world is overpopulated with arrogant fucking assholes that I believe belong in global death camps as being an asshole cancels all protection offered by the human rights charter. The root of all evil in the world is the attitude of an asshole.'

Synopsis, as read by the epic voiceover guy: A service technician has three hours to close four service requests avoiding escalation and saving the SLA to keep all the clients satisfied.

Opening shot: me, sprinting across the screen like Tom Cruise in Mission Impossible, I reach the dispatch counter at the warehouse and in my frantic Arnold Schwarzenegger voice, 'come on, I need my parts, I have to get out of here.'

I grab the boxes, sign the paperwork, check my mobile device for updates then back to the Tom Cruise sprinting. I reach my car, time to drive it like every Fast and Furious film doing my best Vin Diesel pose. Burning rubber at high revs I race from one parking lot to another. Dodging homeless people at the traffic lights and the annoying car guards I make it to the first site. Shit, the customer is unavailable, I scramble to call my escalation team, I'm not going to miss this SLA damnit, we're good to move on to the next call. More Tom Cruise sprints, Vin Diesel poses and annoying car guards dodged. I make it to the second site when bam, loadshedding strikes and the power goes out. Quick queue the A-Team music as I complete the call successfully despite Eskom. Half way there, my phone beeps and I check my messages, the dispatcher is near panic. "You're not going make it," but I'm on my game and I sprint into the next site, another one in the bag as the clock counts down but I'm not Jack Bauer and that last service call is waiting. Roll the countdown clock. Time slows, there's a montage wanting to play but I don't have time for it because the third act twist is coming. I get to site, I get the job done, I get the signature from the customer and I get gone but wait; the montage reel rolls and I'm thrown back into a highlight reel. I missed something, a crucial plot point but the mov