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The Principle of Non-contradiction As Public Event

Living a contradictory life is required. You must hold these truths to be mostly for the rule of others, the street signs and police stakeouts. The kicking in of doors and health codes. When you're in love, you carry it with you. This little thing is nothing, I'm under control. Hell, as Sartre says from an existentially fraught position in Vichy France, is other people. It's not me, it's you, how one accuses others of one's own faults. The sickness you can see because it's the sickness you share. Stamp it out by stamping it out in others. That sort of thing. Maybe the fox is the best one to guard the chickens, then? As long as the fox is well fed and has the ability to compartmentalize. A hungry fox or a loose-cannon fox is no good for anyone. A little chaos keeps things interesting, keeps the chickens on their toes, but a lot of chaos is feathers everywhere, and what were we talking about? We've normalized the fox. The fox is now called Department Head or President or whatever and has this cloak and thick hedge of advisors and functionaries who share the experience of being a nuisance, of getting lost, and of being powerless. When you're in thrall the thrall will rescue you. The thrall will pay it forward. The thrall will fix the math on your spreadsheet. The sin eater, nearing death, can also have his or her sins eaten, as down the road goes farther down the road. The inauguration doesn't need a fact check. What's there to fact check in balloons? In the adhesive backing of bumper stickers? And what was it again we were talking about? Other people, right. You pass them sometimes and wonder about them by waving your arms in the air and shouting. Their signs read Down With Your Kind, so I'm lying down. It's been a long day.