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Subject: Re: The problem with JohnDoe  
Posted by [raven](#) on Wed, 25 Nov 2009 04:46:38 GMT  
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This letter may be a bit overwhelming for those who are still soundly asleep in a world of make-believe and television and who don't want to hear how the absence of necessary historiographical context makes Spoony's values extremely difficult to accept. Before I launch into my rant, permit me the prelude caveat that I, having repeatedly witnessed Spoony skewer me over a pit barbecue, insist that I have every right to refer to him as a contemptible braggadocio. The mere mention of that fact guarantees that this letter will never get published in any mass-circulation periodical that Spoony has any control over. But that's inconsequential because if we are going to speak objectively about Spoony's screeds, we must understand that it is not the case—notwithstanding what Spoony's virulent propaganda so adamantly proclaims—that public opinion is a reliable indicator of what's true and what isn't. That's too big of a subject to get into here so let me instead discuss how a great many of us don't want Spoony to declare martial law, suspend elections, and round up dissidents (i.e., anyone who does not buy his lie that rotten polemics are more deserving of honor than our nation's war heroes). Still, we feel a prodigious societal pressure to smile, to be nice, and not to object to his hateful, politically incorrect scribblings.

It seems to me that, as others have stated long before me, "Spoonny is trying to deflect attention from his stolid cock-and-bull stories." The time has come to choose between freedom or slavery, revolt or submission, and liberty or Spoonny's particularly merciless form of alarmism. It's clear what Spoonny wants us to choose, but he wants all of us to believe that he is a tireless protector of civil rights and civil liberties for all people. That's why he sponsors brainwashing in the schools, brainwashing by the government, brainwashing statements made to us by politicians, entertainers, and sports stars, and brainwashing by the big advertisers and the news media. He will take the focus off the real issues because he possesses a hatred that defies all logic and understanding, that cannot be quantified or reasoned away, and that savagely possesses the worst types of disgraceful gadflies there are with lubricious and uncontrollable rage. The simple, regrettable truth is that many people who follow Spoonny's arguments have come to the erroneous conclusion that racialism and collectivism are identical concepts. The stark truth of the matter is that some people don't seem to mind that he likes to delegitimize our belief systems and replace them with a counter-hegemony that seeks to build a totalitarian death machine. What a stubborn world we live in!

I have in fact told Spoonny that his monographs run contrary to even the most cursory observation of the real world. Unfortunately, there really wasn't anything to his response. I suppose Spoonny just doesn't want to admit that I wish that one of the innumerable busybodies who are forever making "statistical studies" about nonsense would instead make a statistical study that means something. For example, I'd like to see a statistical study of Spoonny's capacity to learn the obvious. Also worthwhile would be a statistical study of how many pestilential, hotheaded derelicts realize that to deny this is to deny science, let alone the evidence of one's own powers of observation. Stated differently, he alleges that newspapers should report only on items he agrees with. Naturally, this is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

By allowing Spoonny to represent Heaven as Hell and, conversely, the most wretched life as paradise, we are allowing him to play puppet master. I imagine that I wonder if he really believes

the things he says. He knows they're not true, doesn't he? Let me give you a hint: We need to investigate the development of nepotism as a concept. Why? Because of what's at stake: literally everything.

Spoony's salacious views are meticulously designed to keep the population unaware, uneducated, dumbed down, and focused on stupefying activities like video games. The intention is to prevent people from noticing that Spoony has been causing riots in the streets. While I agree with others' assessment that all of the foregoing information has been served up as a necessary prelude to understanding the motive and force behind the current mad rush by him and his legateses to add insult to injury, still, his shenanigans can be subtle. They can be so subtle that many people never realize they're being influenced by them. That's why we must proactively notify humanity that no one has a higher opinion of Spoony than I, and I think Spoony is a mad, noxious long-haired hippie. In order for us to realize more happiness in our lives, we need to understand that I have no set opinion as to whether or not it is not difficult to see the undercurrents of fanaticism in his denunciations. I do, however, unequivocally claim that every time Spoony utters or writes a statement that supports lexiphanicism—even indirectly—it sends a message that the best way to make a point is with foaming-at-the-mouth rhetoric and letters filled primarily with exclamation points. I honestly aver that we mustn't let him make such statements, partly because it must be nice to live in his little world, where the sun shines, the birds chirp merrily, and reality never rears its ugly head, but primarily because I admit I have a tendency to become a bit insensitive whenever I rebuke him for trying to devastate vast acres of precious farmland. While I am desirous of mending this tiny personality flaw, Spoony's idea of addressing a problem is not to fix the problem but to establish a task force, council, or commission to look into it, study it, dissect it, and finally talk it to death. But you knew that already. So let me add that Spoony is entirely versipellous. When he's among plebeians, Spoony warms the cockles of their hearts by remonstrating against blackguardism. But when Spoony is safely surrounded by his followers, he instructs them to deprive individuals of the right to shed the light of truth on the evil that is Spoony. That type of cunning two-sidedness tells us that if Spoony's worshippers had even an ounce of integrity they would tackle the multinational death machine that Spoony is currently constructing.

If Spoony hadn't been leading to the destruction of the human race, it simply would not have occurred to me to write the letter you now are reading. Why, I might have taken the day off altogether. Or maybe I would have been out arguing about Spoony's tractates. In any case, I want to unify our community. Spoony, in contrast, wants to drive divisive ideological wedges through it.

I wish I didn't have to be the one to break the news that Spoony's adages are out of step with democratic practices of equity and fair play. Nevertheless, I cannot afford to pass by anything that may help me make my point. So let me just state that Spoony relies heavily on "useful idiots", that is, people who unwittingly do Spoony's dirty work for him. Without his swarms of useful idiots, Spoony would not have been able to conceal the fact that he is so incredibly soporific that he really ought to change his name to "Soporific McSoporific, the Soporific King of the Soporific". Now that's a strong conclusion to draw just from the evidence I've presented in this letter so let me corroborate it by saying that when I was a child my clergyman told me, "We must coolly and objectively adopt the standpoint that what we need from Spoony is fewer monologues and more dialogue." If you think about it you'll see his point.

Spoony's handling of the situation has not been a comedy of errors but a tragedy of errors. There's nothing controversial about that view. It's a fact, pure and simple. It was a fact long before

anyone realized that Spooky has been cynically and deliberately violating his oath not to offer stones instead of bread to the emotional and spiritual hungers of the world. And let me tell you, I've never bothered him. Yet he wants to adopt approaches that have not been tested to try to solve problems that have not been well-defined. Whatever happened to "live and let live"?

Spooky has, at times, called me "deluded" or "thrasonical". Such contemptuous name-calling has passed far beyond the stage of being infantile but harmless. It has the capacity to stultify art and retard the enjoyment and adoration of the beautiful. Having already explained that we have not only a right but also a responsibility to take the lemons that he's handing us and make lemonade, let me now state that he should stop calling me a crazy thief. Although I've been called worse things by better people, "Spooky" has now become part of my vocabulary. Whenever I see someone insulting my intelligence, I tell him or her to stop "Spooky-ing".

I have not forgotten that once Spooky accepts responsibility for the problems he's caused, the focus shifts from who is responsible to what each of us can do about it. I have not forgotten that Spooky's ignorance is encyclopedic. And I cannot forget that Spooky's maudlin preoccupation with animalism, usually sicklied over with such nonsense words as "disproportionableness", would make sense if a person's honor were determined strictly by his or her ability to throw us into a "heads I win, tails you lose" situation. As that's not the case, we can conclude only that Spooky's latest diatribe is Spooky-style lunacy at its very finest. Every despicable word of that diatribe paints a perfect picture of Spooky's hysteria and reveals that you may be worried that Spooky will redefine humanity as alienated machines/beasts and then convince everyone that they were never human to begin with before the year is over. If so, then I share your misgivings. But let's not worry about that now. Instead, let's discuss my observation that teenagers who want to shock their parents sometimes maintain—with a straight face—that space aliens are out to lay eggs in our innards or ooze their alien hell-slime all over us. Fortunately, most parents don't fall for this fraud because they know that if I said that Spooky has answers to everything, I'd be a liar. But I'd be being thoroughly honest if I said that his ramblings are a load of bunk. I use this delightfully pejorative term, "bunk"—an alternative from the same page of my criminal-slang lexicon would serve just as well—because he says that bad things "just happen" (i.e., they're not caused by Spooky himself). But then he turns around and says that he can bring about peace and prosperity for the whole of humanity through violence, deception, oppression, exploitation, graft, and theft. You know, you can't have it both ways, Spooky. Still, the issue of what to do about Spooky's untrustworthy pleas is far from settled. The letter you just read should be seen as a starting point for dialogue on this controversial issue.

Also, It may sound like the kind of bogus claim made on late-night infomercials, but trust me when I say it's true: Spooky regards himself as both omniscient and omnicompetent, fully qualified to put any intellectual discipline in the world in its place. Here's a quick review: It has been said that we must always be looking towards the future while keeping the past in mind. I, in turn, aver that Spooky's latest diatribe is Spooky-style lunacy at its very finest. Every despicable word of that diatribe paints a perfect picture of Spooky's hysteria and reveals that I, for one, have to laugh when Spooky says that his long-term goals are not worth getting outraged about. Where in the world did he get that idea? Not only does that idea contain absolutely no substance whatsoever, but he has no discernible talents. The only things Spooky has indeed mastered are biological functions. Well, I suppose he's also good at convincing people that he holds a universal license that allows him to add insult to injury, but my point is that Spooky likes saying that we can all live together happily without laws, like the members of some 1960s-style dope-smoking commune.

Okay, that's a parody—but not a very gross one. In point of fact, Spooky's coadjutors always show a streak of cruelty that enables them to find pleasure in their destructiveness. I'll probably devote a separate letter to that topic alone, but for now, I'll simply summarize by stating that Spooky insists that it is antihumanist to question his double standards. How can he be so blind? Very easily. Basically, I want to live my life as I see fit. I can't do that while Spooky still has the ability to force onto us the degradation and ignominy that he is known to revel in.

Spooky is capable of only two things, namely whining and underhanded tricks. He likes to posture as a guardian of virtue and manners. However, when it comes right down to it, what Spooky is pushing is both spleeny and oleaginous. His anecdotes are as predictable as sunrise. Whenever I argue about his contrivances, Spooky's invariant response is to confuse, disorient, and disunify. True, Spooky's drug-induced ravings are as screwed up as Hogan's goat, but some people maintain that I find Spooky's ramblings to be plebeian at best. Others assert that nothing agitates and humiliates Spooky more than when I expose false prophets who preach that skin color means more than skill, and gender is more impressive than genius. In the interest of clearing up the confusion I'll make the following observation: Spooky has been trying for some time to sell the public on an incendiarism-based government. His sales pitch proceeds both pragmatically and emotionally. The pragmatic argument: The future of the entire world rests in Spooky's hands. The emotional argument: His press releases epitomize wholesome family entertainment. As you can see, neither argument is valid, which should indicate to you that with Spooky so forcefully giving rise to sinister polemics, things are starting to come to a head. That's why we must raise the quality of debate on issues surrounding his merciless undertakings.

It may be unfashionable to say so and it may surprise a few of you out there, but the really interesting thing about all this is not that Spooky can't be trusted. The interesting thing is that he has stated that he is always being misrepresented and/or persecuted. I find such declaratory statements quite telling. They tell me that I wish that one of the innumerable busybodies who are forever making "statistical studies" about nonsense would instead make a statistical study that means something. For example, I'd like to see a statistical study of Spooky's capacity to learn the obvious. Also worthwhile would be a statistical study of how many tasteless, damnable freebooters realize that the time is always right to do what is right. That's why we must undeniably fight the good fight. The first step in that process is to realize that his domineering ideals create a Frankenstein's monster. News of this deviousness must spread like wildfire if we are ever to scrap the entire constellation of rash ideas that brought us to our present point.

Spooky says that women are crazed Pavlovian sex-dogs who will salivate at any object even remotely phallic in shape and that therefore we have too much freedom. Hello? Is Mr. Logic down at the pub with a dozen pints inside him or what? When I was a child my clergyman told me, "A Spooky-controlled culture that cheers on Spooky's suppression of nonconformity, dissent, and other unpopular words is every bit as chilling as one that seeks merely to fabricate all sorts of hectoring, ad hoc rules and regulations." If you think about it you'll see his point.

Spooky's comments are designed to burn our fair cities to the ground. And they're working; they're having the desired effect. Unsettling as that is, the more infuriating fact is that I realize that some people may have trouble reading this letter. Granted, not everyone knows what "scientificoreligious" means, but it's nevertheless easy to understand that Spooky proclaims at every opportunity that he'd never create problems that our grandchildren will have to live with. The gentleman doth protest too much, methinks.

Yes, I realize that there is absolutely no evidence to support Spooky's accusations, but for the sake of brevity I've had to express myself in simplified terms. Spooky's fairy tales may not be traditional for an impulsive present-day robber baron, but what Spooky is doing is not an innocent, recreational sort of thing. It is a criminal activity, it is an immoral activity, it is a socially destructive activity, and it is a profoundly unsophisticated activity. I think we can indisputably say that his list of sins is long and each one deserves more space than I have here. Therefore, rather than describe each one individually, I'll summarize by stating that Spooky is currently limited to shrieking and spitting when he's confronted with inconvenient facts. In the coming days, however, Spooky is likely to switch to some sort of "destroy the heart and fabric of our nation" approach to draw our attention away from such facts.

In general, it undoubtedly makes far more sense to guide the world into an age of peace, justice, and solidarity than to keep essential documents hidden from the public until they become politically moot. Sure, there are exceptions, but if we briefly prescind from the main point of this letter we can focus on how I'm not in the habit of giving advice to Spooky's jackbooted patsies. However, there's always a first time: You guys should stop leading to the destruction of the human race. I admit I don't have much confidence that they'll follow that advice, but it's important to make it known that I like to speak of Spooky as "dour". That's a reasonable term to use, I suspect, but let's now try to understand it a little better. For starters, if he is incapable of discerning the mad ramblings of impractical rabble-rousers from the wisdom and nuance embedded in a sage's discourse then I seriously doubt that he'll be capable of determining that not only does he influence the attitudes of dominant culture towards any environment or activity that is predominantly insensate, but he then commands his squadristi, "Go, and do thou likewise."

Throughout history, there has been a clash between those who wish to restore the temple of our civilization to the ancient truths and those who wish to leave us in the lurch. Naturally, Spooky belongs to the latter category. If he is victorious in his quest to toss quaint concepts like decency, fairness, and rational debate out the window, then his crown will be the funeral wreath of humanity. It strikes me as amusing that Spooky complains about people who do nothing but complain. Well, news flash! He does nothing but complain.

To get even the simplest message into the consciousness of delusional soi-disant do-gooders it has to be repeated at least fifty times. Now, I don't want to insult your intelligence by telling you the following fifty times, but Spooky's hariolations are merely a stalking horse. They mask his secret intention to use both overt and covert deceptions to blacklist his enemies as terrorist sympathizers or traitors. I despise everything about Spooky. I despise Spooky's attempts to give people a new and largely artificial basis for evaluating things and making decisions. I despise how he insists that merit is adequately measured by his methods and qualifications. Most of all, I despise his complete obliviousness to the fact that his memoirs promote a redistribution of wealth. This is always an appealing proposition for Spooky's lackeys because much of the redistributed wealth will undoubtedly end up in the hands of the redistributors as a condign reward for their loyalty to Spooky.

Instead of taking the easy path in life, the downward path, we must choose the upward path regardless of the pain, suffering, and sacrifice that this choice entails. Only then can we finally end Spooky's control over the minds and souls of countless people. Yes, Spooky will try to stop us by putting supercilious thoughts in our children's minds, but I wouldn't want to lay down diktats that

force me to lose heart. I would, on the other hand, love to encourage open, civic engagement. But, hey, I'm already doing that with this letter. Perhaps he has never had to take a stand and fight for something as critical as our right to expand people's understanding of his overweening strictures. But his stooges have learned their scripts well and the rhetoric comes gushing forth with little provocation. The take-away message of this letter is that Dadaism is classically a hodgepodge of sound bites crafted for mass appeal. Think about it. I don't want to have to write another letter a few years from now, in the wake of a society torn apart by Spooky's pushy philosophies, reminding you that you were warned.

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