

BABBLE CHANGE THROUGH GENERATIONS.

GENERATIONAL REBELLION AND REACCEPTENCE.

UNCHANGING CHANGE IN LANGUAGE.

ARE WE MAKING ANY PROGRESS OTHER THAN TECHNOLOGY?

as usual i wake from sleep and dream with a germinal idea floating in my pre-caffeine void. is there anything new to say? perhaps not and yet i say it nonetheless. probably only to myself. site visitors would more likely click a useless google ad if i still displayed them than read one of my tomes. why do we yearn to communicate, even if only to the void? is it the void itself we are truly trying to reach? or our own we are trying to fill? or perhaps we try to empty it by saying all that can be said, leaving only a buddhist nirvana. so why not just meditate instead of write and read? or watch a show on netflix?

in the religion of our great great grand parents, god doesn't interfere too much in our world, thus allowing us free will and learning from the consequences of our actions. today we might say essentially the same with different babble. we might say the finite speed of light in the cosmos prevents everything from happening all at once. each string of babble makes some sense to the generation that made up the babble. but is any human progress made through the generations of shifting babble? well at least it all gets said in different ways.

occasionally i find an old english tome on google that reads thick with turns of speech common in the days of its writing yet obscure sounding now. maybe ignorant sounding at first. but as i soak it in, getting perhaps the essence of the thoughts of the writer, i find it to be the same stuff we debate today, and struggle with. the existential stuff that is. sometimes when contemplating the origin of the cosmos itself along the lines of one of the modern theories, in the context of the stubborn anthropological problem still plaguing cosmology, the statistical impossibility of existence itself without making up a multiverse to make a chance cosmos possible, i can project the same existential problem on the hypothetical panpsychic nothingness entity-non-entity that started it all. poor thing. at least we have history to put the same dumb questions in context.

so we have captain kirk instead of moses. or luke skywalker instead of jesus. or was that obi wan? maybe stargate command instead of the dreaded divine father who gives us a hard time yet loves us, though having his own priority problems. we have black hole event horizons instead of akashic records and theories of superluminal consciousness instead of the omniscience of daddy. my daddy is better than yours of course, at least while in grade school. now i have a PHD, not really. tongue sticking out. none of us know a damn thing. i sure don't. at least rednecks can build a house that won't fall down.

anyway i keep writing and the end of this paper may explain all the secrets of the universe, so you better not leave my site until you read this paper to its conclusion. and you better read all the others because i may have solved the ultimate puzzle of existence but missed it myself. for all you know i might be writing this from the relatively omniscient year of 3018, having siri translate into that obscure language english long gone. but just for you back there of course. i hope you appreciate my efforts. i babble on selflessly of course. by the way jesus really did finally come back, but he was a little late unfortunately. more on that later. but things are looking up. too bad the higher ups are cutting me off right here. i was planning on sending you the history of our last thousand years, your next thousand. maybe i'll sneak it into tomorrow's tome, so you better come back!

nevermind i just gotta tell ya. we finally sent a spaceship out into the galaxy way faster than the speed of light but it never came back. they think it might be buried under the sphinx or the pyramids at giza. i think the crew morphed into the buddha. the christians deny it of course. others say they landed in the garden of eden and ate the apple again. seems like we always do. meanwhile we're still stuck with fox news and its all documentaries. oh i forgot to tell ya. no one hear remembers their personal past at all anymore, but everbody remembers their futures perfectly. they even put it all down on their calendars to be sure they do it all again. anyway i digress. not sure what that means now though.

just so you know, it's true. kirk spock scotty and mckoy did make it onto mount rushmore. and we are on schedule to be you all again in 67 thousand years give or take. but we're back to using the orbits in the solar system to set our clocks. gave up on atomic time. so you might have to do some math to predict our arrival as you again. gave up math too sorry. we did finally trash the kelvin timeline. so that won't be a problem again. woodstock though we're looking forward to it again, i mean backward uh nevermind. we're all gonna love it again trust me. and we're not gonna change a damn thing of course.

oh and as i promised that jesus thing. he did come back but just to say don't worry. that's all he had to say. haven't seen him since. but our best theologians, remembering only the future of course like the rest of us mortal schmucks, assure us that what he meant to say was that the apocalypse was the big bang all along. be ya next time around if i don't see ya first!

oh ya one more thing and this might be important. our memories of the future don't include madonna or michael jackson. and who were the beatles? they were egyptian right? our dusty history books do mention them all and they were hits. what is a hit? are you all violent or something? it'll prolly all work out don't worry. they always seem to show up somehow the dusty books say. and the universe always thinks it's a virgin each time around so the point is moot. but we're sure not. but that's another issue. oh ya the kids are in charge here right from birth so the parents know to shut up. no more wars here either but they'll come around again they always do.

one more thing before they cut me off. we're sending this message to you from 3018 through one of your D-WAVE computers whatever that is. we didn't know where to hide it so we buried it deep under the mount of olives last time through. please please don't disturb it or we'll all be each other again sooner than we wish. does that make any sense? i thought so. oh there's madonna now, thanq god. she never left. guess that kabbalah stuff worked out for her after all. and oh ya we took the K out of the alphabet. still not sure why we still use the thing at all, but the K had to go. probably the only change we'll make to the timeline. but we might actually really try to land on the moon next time through 1969. that's the way we all seem to remember it now. we didn't fake it next time. could make all the difference.

and oh ya we thought you should know we still have a CIA here in 3018. we call them Cats In Action now because they catch every mouse on the first pounce, knowing the future perfectly as we all remember it. they're not so bad after all just trying to make a living like the rest of us. and god it sure is great knowing every moment of the future before it comes, but no one ever remembers where they left their lunch, so it is not like we don't have problems. we all know of course we must have done lots of things in the last five minutes but it's all a blank slate of course, our past that is. at least we don't focus obsessively on the past as you all still do. you should get over that.

our Cats (CIA--cats-in-action) are now starting a new division of intelligence gathering we hope will be most fruitful. we hope to find out what happened yesterday, maybe even the day before. but we're still clueless. do you know how that feels? well at least i know i'm gonna catch the flu next thursday at 3:18 in the afternoon. never should kiss that girl next week, i haven't even met her yet, but i already put it on my calendar and so did she. anyway, at least when we take out the trash we don't remember doing it. the thing is last sunday i went to take out the trash fifteen times before something distracted me i don't remember. that's when it finally hit me to keep the future calendar with me at all times. it's a lot less confusing that way, you only have to do things once. some of our philosophers are way out there in the twilight zone these days. they actually claim the world would work just fine if we remembered the past instead of the future. but how would we know what to do if it wasn't already written down on our calendars? dumb pinheads. wow i'm a genius! i'm gonna be rich. i better patent this idea. what if we all start keeping our future calendars so we can look back and see what we can't remember, what we did yesterday. the thing is it is illegal now to keep old calendars. they say we should trust nature. if nature had wanted you to know what you have done, it would have given you a memory. just trust her, its better to remember where you are going so you won't make any mistakes. good advice for sure.

by the way nobody has to go to school anymore since the kids are in charge from the day they start to crawl, if not before. and nobody remembers the past anyway, so what would they teach? they could teach the future but we all already know it. sure would've been great to go to a prom though. i do wonder what it was like back in your world in 2018 when you had no idea who you might meet. must have been scary not knowing your future. and what is that thing you called a conscience? i saw the term in a dusty old book, i think it was called sychology

or something like that. we just follow our calendars of the future, nothing to worry about, and have no idea what we ever did in the past anyway. so why do you think of the past so much in 2018? you can't change it, just learn from it. we don't have any past to worry about and our futures are all catalogued in a book for each of us.

sorry to be so preachy. here in 3018 we do have our problems. there are some radicals, most of them in jail of course. they refuse to check their future calendars claiming it's fun to not know the future, to get surprized. sounds scary. what is a surprize anyway? the only surprize i ever had was just for a second i remembered what i had just done a few seconds ago. i didn't like it and went straight into therapy the next day just like my calendar said i would. it works. it works. yes the great time flip is in the future for all of us when we become you again back in 2018 in about 67 thousand of our years, but i don't worry about it much. i think it's cool knowing i'll take the same girl to the prom again in 2020. but it sure will be weird not knowing that in the next 2019.