

Face Time

Nobody asked but ...

Foolish names and foolish faces always appear in public places — some folk wisdom from my youth. But have you noticed that the state cannot refrain from tooting its own horn. I suppose this is from another piece of folk wisdom, about getting face time. This is the hypocritical art of showing your face frequently to those who administer your salary, substituting visibility for productive work, stealing honor. I once had an employee who spent so much time under my nose that I thought about filing stalking charges.

Apparently, the state is very greedy about being in our faces all the time, too. Have you noticed the limos for the muckedy-mucks, Air Force One, the flashy prowls cars, the storm trooper look, the huge edifices, the splashy highway work (that never seems to end), the parades, and so forth? Wonder where Hunger Games got some of their ideas? Well, today I noticed a small but widespread, kind of stealth promo. Face time can be kind of subliminal too. I've been driving on Interstates for decades, but today I saw the deer crossing ideograms in a different light. Does the state really know, in any useful way, where deer are going to cross? Does the state really care? If it is such an effective idea, how come I see so many dead deer on the shoulders. Or, is the state just pretending to care for the benefit of gullible drivers, wildlife lovers, and political chumps?

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