

Competing Political Gangs and Their Territories

I took a walk recently, just to the bank. It turns out that's 1.1 miles, one way. On this walk, I crossed a state border. Twice.

Strange. I felt no difference when I crossed, but suddenly a whole new collection of crimes was possible, while other activities suddenly became non-crimes. Just from crossing that imaginary line. Going both ways.

On one side I could have legally been carrying a bowie knife, a sword, or a switchblade. On the other side I'm fairly sure a switchblade would have been punishable- less sure about the Bowie knife. (The political gangs probably frown on me not knowing or caring much about their opinions.)

On one side of the line Cannabis is legal for medicinal use- and may be legal for recreational use before long. On the other side, the state and local political bullies are digging in their heels to keep from being dragged into the 21st Century.

The state line corresponds to a county line (obviously) and a line between towns. On one side of the line, in one town, people can keep chickens and other livestock. On the side of the line, where my house is, the political bullies forbid such responsible behavior.

Arbitrary rules based on nothing more than on which side of an imaginary line I happen to be standing, even though I can easily cross back and forth. Absurdity.

Political borders and the "laws" which go with them are total hogwash.