New Page

Non-necessary technology: not sure if this still exists, i think it does, but there used to be a dimmer switch for dashboard lights. Only found that out coz i unwittingly brushed the brightness dial with my knee - hidden as it was under the dash. At first, & at second, then for a long time i thought it was an electrical fault that my dash had suddenly dimmed to a barely readable level. It was on the list for the mechanic to check out next time the car was in for a service.

But then i was preparing to pick up a hot date, meaning you're going *the full car-clean* **-** (up there with *mix-tape)* - down on my knees, vacuuming the carpet up all nice when, bugger-me-dead, i spied this dial for the dashboard lights.

Turned it back to 10 - problem solved.

Thank fuck i found it before i made an idiot of myself in front of the mechanic ...

Why would you ever want to have a dial for dashboard brightness in the first place? You're driving at night - 10 times more dangerous than daytime - *yeah, right let's dial down control visuals to 4*... for what ...? It's not safety, we can safely say that ... *mood* ...?

Meatloaf's Paradise by the Dashboard Lights was *moody* - i'm betting in that scenario, the interior lights were out for sure, but the dashboard lights were still at full brightness. No need for a dimmer switch. even then ...

According to this control dial, cunningly hidden away under the *normal control panel,* you could dim the brightness all the way down to zero, if that's your bent - driving blind. Otherwise, why would you have it?

That's one example, there are others, it's *creeping meaninglessness* - symptomatic of *system-fog gas-lighting - first-thing-you-know-about-it*, you're in-the-muddle-of-it ...

Ron *Mad-dog* Cottinger's advice on dealing with a bully from 1982, Kensington, Melb:

Golden rule: Be aware that a fight is potentially going to happen. Get ready. Quietly get yourself into a side-on position like this, legs spread about a metre apart, weight on you back foot. What are you left or right-handed **-** *right, right?*

Yep

So put your left hand up in an open palm conciliatory gesture - he's talking shit, you're saying 'ok, mate, let's dial it down, calm down mate, whatever' - meanwhile you're right is loaded and cocked behind you. Don't wait all day, let him get within range then release that force off you back leg like this - like it's spring-loaded - bring your right fist through nice n straight to the solar plexus - do it, let me see - yeah that's right - left arm up palm open - get it in his eye-sight - then right fist bang - again - good - use that power from the back foot like a cannon shot - good, follow all the way through transferring your weight forward with the punch - all the way through - you gotta commit everything to that punch - again, one more time, good - straight to the solar plexus

But i feel like i wanna hit him in the head

I know, that's normal, but it may not be enough to drop him. You hit him hard in the solar plexus, doesn't matter how big they are, they're gonna double over - then just pile in, you can hit him in the head as many times as you like ...

A traumatic event is an explosion of bad adrenaline - gives a *slow-mo effect* - as the magnitude infuses its mental shockwaves through your bio-system - you sense that seismic impact rippling out through you into your future - well not your future - that's the thing - a derailed future - but unlike a train which rages through whatever when it leaves the tracks, but eventually comes to a halt - the trauma derailment careers on ...

Poem idea: panning for gold at Diggers' Hill

Aus disaster response: tremendously well geared up telling you what a tremendous job their doing - prime time ads - whole dept geared

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