Written by Alex Baer Saturday, 18 February 2012 20:33 - Last Updated Saturday, 18 February 2012 20:35

We thought we saw something move in our car mirrors as we were parking today -- thought the message on the mirrors was changing: *objects in mirror become more psychotic the longer you look.* 

This, of course, is all wrong -- that is the job of the big mirror at home, the one we use to read the newspaper in, without having to look directly at the Gorgon pages directly. When you read it all backwards in there, when the smoke-screen starts to fade away, it's a bit like the Beatles' reversible messages hidden in songs on their LPs.

OK, Sidebar Time for the bemused and confused: LPs were long-playing records having two sides, made of vinyl, containing groves, which, when decoded, revealed audio information. They were widely available in the time of flying dinosaurs. You can look it up. When you do, you may be lucky enough to find the fine old line drawing of Edison in his workshop, around 1875, tinkering with his wind-up cylinder phonograph, before its perfection and release a couple years later.

On a set of shelves over his desk, you can clearly view the parade of coming distractions in media, along with their projected release dates, all lined up, all ready to go: phonograph records, record albums, 8-track tapes, cassette and reel-to-reel tapes, CDs, DATs, DVDs, MP3s, you name it.

If you have also purchased the same music or movies three or four times now, with each new upgrade, you may begin to see the hilarity of such planned obsolescence, unless, of course, you have personally become -- like so many since 1875 right on up to today -- victims of such planning by the powers on high.

If so, you would then be excused from taking in any more irony than necessary; many have too much in their diets already and are unable to tolerate more. *Check with your doctor to see if irony is right for you.* 

## Smoke & Objects in Mirror - Part 3

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Then again, it is possible you have played the waiting game of the coy consumer, partaking of upgrades only every other cycle or so. We've tried that, too, but are now all done with these 'tweener

upgrades. We are holding out for micro-cube technology, crystal clear lumps of acrylics and micro-dot chips -- fit all of Beethoven or Beatles inside a sugar-cube-sized lump, or audio-books, or plays, whatever.

As you like it -- one lump or two?

Obviously, though, it's time to catch up on the reading -- we're always behind, it being such a slow slog, reading everything from the mirror. Thank goodness, it limits over-exposure to these Rethuglican chumps bandied around, celebrated as if champs.

OK, maybe this is not such a hot idea after all. See this ad? It's for stereo headphones -- private listening, music or comedy or what-all? Well, now, finally, and at long last -- as Firesign Theatre would energetically say, "We've been waiting for this for hundreds of years!" -- they come plastered in real fur!

Pseudo-civilization-ho!

Only five bucks -- that is, only five bucks shy of seven hundred of those bucks. *Oscar de la Renta, of course, dahling.* 

Maybe this mirror in here has finally lost it, cracked up -- don't see any lines, and, that smoky haze's cleared up some. Wasn't so long ago we blew out all the windows around here, soon as Dubya took office, or right after. Eight long years, not a single thing ever made a lick of sense, not even once, not one time, never. Kept putting in mirrors left and right, trying to get clear.

We take it slower now, to cut down on the need for replacements. Of course, you show the mirror something about these clownish Rethuglican candidates -- beating their chests, flapping their gums, debating only their inflation-adjusted egos and their drilled-down-and-getting-dumber ignorance on all things...

And, how about their audiences going so incredibly wild with appreciation for these smug, snarky, snooty, insanely silly *sonsaguns*?

## **Smoke & Objects in Mirror - Part 3**

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Well, from experience, now: You can blow out all your windows, wandering around, showing just any old reflective surface newspaper articles like that. Around here, we have learned to walk around with the newspapers folded up, held down low, holding ourselves between them and the windows.

Not all the windows here have shutters or screens.