

# Re: space the final frontier

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- *From:* BradGuth <[bradguth@xxxxxxxxxx](mailto:bradguth@xxxxxxxxxx)>
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More of the same old bipolar Mook song and dance, to that other rich and powerful drummer in the sky.  
.. – Brad Guth

On Apr 25, 12:48 pm, Willie.Moo...@xxxxxxxxxx wrote:

On Apr 25, 3:05 pm, BradGuth <[bradg...@xxxxxxxxxx](mailto:bradg...@xxxxxxxxxx)> wrote:

How exactly is lord Mook on bipolar drugs

Since you can't shut me up with pseudo scientific lies, you now try to shut me up with lies about my mental life. Recall Brad what you say is a reflection of your reality. You are telling us all you are taking these drugs by accusing me of the same.

ever going to keep our faith–  
based crimes against humanity and of their deeply embedded puppet–  
master skills of incest from continually infecting all that's off–  
world?

Interesting view you have of humanity – as a cancer on the universe.  
In reality there will be a diaspora if all goes well – and human numbers – most people alive today – will moderate, while density drops to pre-industrial levels – and we all fulfill the fantasy of Space Family Robinson on the 20,000 stars within 60 light years of Earth – then, something really spectacular will happen.. just machines that make big decisions, programmed by fellows with compassion and vision – will create the next big step in technological development and engineering – to allow humans – even with their limited view of time and space – to bend all of time and space to their ends – and ultimately activate that aspect of their consciousness that is now inactive.

that is, the technology that we create represents the ideas we have projected onto space and time –

Re: space the final frontier

(especially since Mook doesn't believe in policing his own kind

What is real exists. What is unreal does not exist. Reality needs no defense. Here is the source of all peace.

or much less ever revising history with the actual truth)

What is real exists. What is unreal does not exist. Reality needs no defense.

Apparently on Mook Earth, the past or even the present never accounts for anything,

You are telling us that you believe you have never amounted to anything and never will amount to anything. This idea of yours is killing you and the root of all your anger – that you project it onto others changes nothing that you are creating it for yourself. Forgive everyone of everything you ever imagined they did to you – and realize you created all of it in your head. Do that and you will be happy, and live the kind of life you have always wanted.

only the future that's tailored for the rich and powerful

We'll be clean when our work is done, we'll be eternally free and eternally young.

is what matters, especially because it's always paid for by the lower 99% of humanity,

The pareto principle says that 80% of any economic effect is caused by 20% of the population. Its not always the SAME 20% however. A clear understanding of reality actually shows you how to have the world the way everyone wants it in their dreams.

of which always excludes those of the Mook or better (top 1%) status.  
. – Brad Guth

Re: space the final frontier

You are saying you are always excluded by those you believe are better than you. You are creating that reality for yourself, and blaming those who have nothing to do with it for that creation. Forgive them, forgive yourself, and if you want it have it.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WX5V53Trngo&feature=related><http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=66eys6>

Standing tough under stars and stripes  
We can tell  
This dream's in sight  
You've got to admit it  
At this point in time that it's clear  
The future looks bright  
On that train all graphite and glitter  
Undersea by rail  
Ninety minutes from New York to Paris  
Well by seventy-six we'll be A.O.K.

What a beautiful world this will be  
What a glorious time to be free

Get your ticket to that wheel in space  
While there's time  
The fix is in  
You'll be a witness to that game of chance in the sky  
You know we've got to win  
Here at home we'll play in the city  
Powered by the sun  
Perfect weather for a streamlined world  
There'll be spandex jackets one for everyone

What a beautiful world this will be  
What a glorious time to be free

On that train all graphite and glitter  
Undersea by rail  
Ninety minutes from New York to Paris  
(More leisure for artists everywhere)  
A just machine to make big decisions  
Programmed by fellows with compassion and vision  
We'll be clean when their work is done  
We'll be eternally free yes and eternally young

What a beautiful world this will be  
What a glorious time to be free

Here's another song that may inspire you more if you can overcome your fear of sex.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Hz8p6VaZK8I&feature=related>

Re: space the final frontier

Our town is just like any other  
Good citizens at work and play  
Normal folks doin' business in the normal way  
This morning was like any other  
Mommies kissing daddies goodbye  
Then the milkman screamed  
And pointed up at the sky

[Chorus:]  
From Sheilus to the reefs of Kizmar  
From Stargate and the Outer Worlds  
They're speeding towards our sun  
They're on a party run  
Here come Tomorrow's Girls  
Tomorrow's Girls

You see them on the grass at lunch hour  
Soaking up the vertical rays  
In their summer dresses  
A little smile can really make your day  
Their kisses feel like real kisses  
And when they cry they cry real tears  
But what's left in your arms  
When the static clears

[Chorus:]  
They're landing on the Jersey beaches  
Their engines make the white sand swirl  
The heat is so intense  
Earth men have no defense  
Against Tomorrow's Girls

In the cool of the evening  
In the last light of the triple sun  
I wait by the go-tree  
When the day's busy work is done  
Soon the warm night breezes  
Start rolling in off the sea  
Yes, at lantern time  
That's when you come to me  
Come to me

Our home is just like any other  
We're grillin' burgers on the back lawn  
Some time goes by  
We fall asleep with the TV on  
I dream about a laughing angel  
Then the laugh becomes a furious whine  
Look out fellas  
It's shredding time

Re: space the final frontier

[Chorus:]

They're mixing with the population  
A virus wearing pumps and pearls  
Lord help the lonely guys  
Hooked by those hungry eyes  
Here come Tomorrow's Girls  
Tomorrow's Girls

[Chorus:]

From Sheilus to the reefs of Kizmar  
From Stargate and the Outer Worlds  
They're speeding towards our sun  
They're on a party run  
Here come Tomorrow's Girls  
Tomorrow's Girls

No wonder your 'no child left behind' policy has been working like a charm, whereas the rich and powerful get so much richer and more powerful via the Mook trickle up theory, of making everything so damn spendy so that only the rich and powerful along with their brown-nosed minions can afford to buy and consume.

.. – Brad Guth

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