

Dance Partners The Story of Our Times

2024.

Sex, Drugs and Rock-n-Roll. That line was coined in the 1970s but, humans come with a long history of being captivated by immediate gratification so the beat to the music, is about all that had changed. Except, there was one other captivating change back then and was it profound! From out of the 1960s, in rolled—*The Cultural Revolution*. Sex, drugs and rock-n-roll certainly covered the immediate gratification aspect! Fashion trends certainly covered the cultural look! Bell bottoms and t-shirts; now worn by both genders, hippie beads adorned the easy-flowing flower child look, groomed hairstyles gave way to long locks; now to include males, and both female and male blacks, embraced their afro naturalness. Such trends, captivated the youth all across the free world. Sixty years later, these are some of common visuals that pop into our noggins about those times. But this revolution, came armed with purpose, which outlasted all trends and went off to become—*truly revolutionary*.

When we think about revolutions, the horrifically gory kind typically comes to mind, and for good reason. Human history, overflows with such horrors and of those revolutions; the forceable overthrow of what's established, date back to ancient times. But also typical, is the undercurrent that incites a mass to even try to shake things up at the powerfully-entrenched level, and happens whenever rulers run roughshod for just too long, over our most basic common decencies. The 1960s push, was no exception. What wasn't typical though, was the absence of gore. So if I had to choose just one, profound change that came out of this revolution, I'd have to go with goreless. The free world youth of then—all on their goreless terms, pushed for the last strands of basic common decencies that our now-democratized, free world establishments, needed to make good on. The time had finally come for the purpose of life, liberty and equality, to include both genders, and all minorities. A change from the forever days of class structure, to finally but finally be all-inclusive, and that is—*truly revolutionary*.

Trends, foreshadow change. The young adults who ushered in the groovy trends of the 1960s, are now immersed in their sunset chapter. From there on down to include those currently coming into adulthood, is a span of about 60 years. For free world us, this is the span that encompasses—*The Story of Our Times*. From a time of great mass influence, followed by a time of great technological influence, we are the generations who have witnessed great declining trust in the representation of us, within the greatest ruling systems ever concocted—*for any mass ever*. In America, the 1950s held the high point for when 75% of us, trusted our government. That trust, now taps in at a paltry 20%. The dazed-n-confused 1970s then followed, and it's been a rather dismal showing from fortunate-us ever since, in attending to our vigilant responsibilities that come with getting to even exist—*in a free part of the world*. Indeed. The WWII and baby boom generations, left in their wake—*hard acts to follow*.

It's now 2024. There's a resilient glow shining right on America's our horizon; maybe all across the free world even, which could well be the end to our rather lengthy, dismal stretch. Our youth, are finding ways to enforce the revolutionary change that came from out of the 1960s, and all their goreless terms. The Cultural Revolution gang, gets to put another feather in their cap. Sure, trends come and go but those driven by purpose, enjoy lasting resiliency. If lasting enough, they get chronicled in the lofty parameters of societal acceptance; the esteemed realm where adaptation-permanence even begins to make an indelible dent and that is—*a hard act to follow*. Keep this glow in sight, while trekking thru all that's been fairly dismal about—*The Story of Our Times*.

Dance Partners.

Visualize a crazy-paced Tango. Out on floor, swirling, jerking, colliding, are the standard dance partners of time. Gods, rulers, us—*the great mass*. But suddenly; and in a steamrolling entrance amidst a near-deafening crescendo, comes a wholly new partner and—we're entranced. Slowly, we awaken to one, irrefutable reality. This deftly capable, Teflon-Armored kind of partner, comes with some really dark sides. An innate knowing then surfaces. Occasionally, we must take the lead. Will we?

The above paragraph, has been a longstanding homepage opener ever since being posted in 2012, out in the big www.vastland. A paragraph, that's a nutshell take which just about covers what is—*Dance Partners*. What's not covered, can be found in the question that ends it which, for the past dozen years of sitting posed out there, the answer has been a resounding no. Well, from a handful of folks who stumbled onto it anyway. Surfers, who'd occasionally pause long enough to chide me for not being a site about—*Dancing with the Stars*. I should've thought this titling thing thru, a wee bit more.

This offering began around 2009, as a 500 word limit—*My Story, for Newsweek*. But, I wasn't able to cram it into that restriction and someone in the word-counting department wasn't fooled. In trying to decide what to do with my intent to sound the alarm over our newday, Teflon-armored partner gorging away our lifeline jobs, a vague awareness to something much larger began to loom. I began to see, a mere shout-out was useless. Problem was, my intent to sound the alarm came backed by a driving conviction and that, didn't let up. Unwittingly, I then took one helluva detour.

Measly Foreword.

What began as a job-usurping alert, turned into a never-ending, all-encompassing, hardknock learning-curve of a trek, now going on for 15 years and still, it refuses to end. Me, a commoner who didn't have an inkling about writing, began my unwitting detour thinking this would be a fun little venture! Soon after, I began to feel like I was but a scribe, for a writing I didn't yet know. This fun, racked up 4 years when yet another, vague awareness crept in. The end, wasn't the end. Once I got done skulking over that, in came another hefty chunk. My once—*fun little venture*, had somehow morphed into a bulging series about—*the biggest gamechanger to ever hit humanity's scene*. Finally, I sent this off to an editor in 2020, who simply asked for a measly foreword to get started with. It's been 4 years since then, and I've been cursing him ever since.

Forewords—*or so I thought*, are overviews to how a writing developed what story. Turns out, a foreword is rather short, and written by someone other than the author. I didn't realize my error til after, I plum overshot the editor's request with one after another hairpulling attempts, that sucked away all of 2020. And though it was a relief to find my error was common-enough, I also learned of the distinctions to what precedes a book's content. In trying to decipher what took me a year to chisel out, I ended up wishing I would've remained ignorant of those nuances, and just left alone what wasn't measly, or even a foreword. So in case anyone wants to know, here's the distinctions.

Introductions, are used in fiction to tease interest. In non-fiction, they detail what qualifies an author to present given topics. *Preface*, is about how a story developed but isn't, part of the story. *Preludes*, set the scene; *dinner, was just the beginning*. Length is acceptable, but only for introductions. The glitch? I'm no qualified expert of anything, this measly whatever is anything but short, and teasing a readership to keep them hooked, isn't an option. Readers, deserve to know how this story developed cuz readers, deserve to know what it developed into. My guess: there's a missing category floating around out there somewhere.

Gamechangers at the all-humanity level are—*all-encompassing*. High-tech, is one of those gamechangers which came onto the scene—*all on our watch*. Ruling leads, come part-n-parcel to any changes—*at that level*. Commoner-us; those least likely to read genres stuffed with such, are the ones who must cuz we, stand to lose the most in this gamechanging revolution! Basically, all-encompassing doesn't fit into any listed genre, there's nothing typical about this writing, and that was before a few focal points claimed unwavering ground in what isn't—a measly foreword. So, pop a cool one and settle in for what's probably the longest prelim-something ever written and when finished, you can decide what this is! Just know that whatever previews—*what developed what story*, transpires by diving into the memory bin and 15 years, makes for a humongous bin. So kick back while I will regale you with how, this developed into—*The Story of Our Times*.

All Encompassing.

From the flashbacks currently flooding me, I'm remembering that the notion to write about what my coworkers and I found ourselves grumbling about, wasn't even on my radar. I, simply wanted to know where this tech-revolution was headed, and kept expecting news outlets to cover what was going on behind industry doors. But, even after waiting in vain for our news to sound the alarm, even after I tired of nowhere venting, even after I determined to educate myself about where our newday revolution was headed, and even after my jotted-notes became a huge stack just to try and retain some of that learning, the real struggle began when the notion to actually write about it—lit. Maybe that's a typical launch aspiring writers incur but for this non-aspiring writer, the flashback to when that lit, has me staring down at my jumbled stack of notes when suddenly, it morphed into a sky-high boulder field! Wee-me, stood at its near vertical base with neck craned up and eyes agape and loudly blurted—*What The F***!!*

Mounting exasperations and indignations that came with our newday work buddy, had me sleuthing for observations from other industry workers by 2007. Turns out, whatever was going on, was going on everywhere. By 2008, I stumbled onto an expert read, and took to it like a study; hence, sky-high stack of notes. So it wasn't til I had the bright idea to put my jumbled stack of notes into something intelligible, that I realized a sideways detour was occurring. That, is when my genuine struggle—thus began.

Since laymen was the only style I came suited for, it would have to do although, I gotta say that after ingesting a heap of tech-talk, I figured laymen was the only style we'd be able to stay awake for anyway which did—bolster my confidence! Then along my floundering way, I stumbled across—*the immeasurable value of comparison*. This got me to thinking that history lessons would need to be included, in order to put more clarity on where we've been, and where we currently stand. Maybe then, we'd be better equipped to accept—*just where our newday tech-road was headed*. And, I can still remember the great relief that came once I glommed onto a writing groove that suited me! But, the trail of reiterating what others had written eventually came to an end, and there I was, floundering once again.

As with the timeworn power dance of Gods, rulers and us—the great mass; now having to make room for this highly intelligent but artificial 4th partner, the sky-high boulder field aptly does convey—*all-encompassing*. But once I managed to tug my way up thru all that, I then came up against—*What it Means to be Human*. Sure, that's been a heavily explored topic but when artificial intelligence came along, our bio-intel quickly came in as 2nd rate and that, is in serious need of reappraising, and in 2024 still!

The all-encompassing, sky-high boulder field of notes kicked my ass for years. Insurmountable nearly won, time and again. Finally, a great big accomplished sigh enveloped me in 2012 when I tugged myself over what was, nearly insurmountable. After years of struggles and save for a few nagging pings, I was sure the end to this trek lay just ahead! Like hearing a trinkling spring somewhere nearby after a long and arduous hike up a dusty mountain on a blistering hot day—water bottle long since emptied, I gulped in great relief. But, another kind of feel comes once we stand to itch the sweaty grime out of our eyes so we can look about to get our bearings. Only then, did I see a huge granite overhang, looming between me and that trinkle.

Anyone who's done a bit of mountain climbing knows the top isn't always the top, and that to retrace our way back down—isn't always an option. Mountaineers know what rimrocked means and feels like so for every reaction anyone would have at this juncture, I tried 'em all. My first move was to throw all I had written away, look up to the empty sky and shout—I can't do this anymore! No need to chisel out that scene cuz I am certain, no human ever walked life's path—without shouting those words out a time or two. But, once this great span of skulking was spent, I took stock in where I stood. I found that my hardknock efforts up to that point, were still important—at least to me. I, simply needed to concede that quitting, wasn't an option. Besides, the nagging pings I was saddled with sure didn't show any signs of quitting so I did need to just buck up.

Vastland Trekking.

Previously, I mentioned *Dance Partners* has a website, and building that back then, was no breezy venture. I still know by heart, the phone number to GoDaddy tech-support. Then after this no-small feat was conquered, I eagerly waited for a readership to show up! Ah, the life of a forever hopeful optimist. So, my next venture out into the big www.vastland was to post directions to this lonely branch. A venture, that spiraled me down into one helluva social-networking nightmare of a maze, whereupon I returned empty-handed and scarred. Though while out there, I saw that forums were coming on and since it seemed logical for an awareness-raising offering to have one of those, off I again went out into that vastland nightmare; even managed to drag back a techie clever enough to build a forum, and equip with the tools I'd envisioned we'd need. Certain this would do the trick, I steeled myself to return out there one last time—only this time, was in seek of well-connected liftoff help to save me. Again, I returned empty-handed and even more scarred.

The one glimmer of hope that came from out of my vastland hardknocks, came from out of the forum which had just started to attract surfers; not looking for the latest scoop on *Dancing with the Stars*, but a spam invasion soon followed and in trying to evict that, I lost the whole enchilada. Any ambers of conviction that remained, were snuffed out with that blow and the longest dry spell of going nowhere, then settled in. Insurmountable, finally won. Sitting here reliving my vastland nightmares; still on my quick and final perusing round now going on for 4-years dammit, I'm seeing where my aversion to that vastland—*remains thoroughly ingrained.*

Granite Overhang.

By 2015, I'd survived all the hardknocks this fun little venture came with but, my conviction didn't. So, now fully rutted going nowhere—just staring at that overhang; the representation of a great mass that just aint easy to move, my optimism plum shriveled. Meanwhile; like out in the real world, our global recession was supposed to be long over by then but didn't feel over, to commoner-us. In America, our household income

remained flatlining; same as it was back in the 1990s and ironically or not, ever since our newday tech-revolution took off. Yet, our news still wasn't connecting the dot to what this revolution had to do with our dwindling lifeline jobs. Our revolution; the one that quickly created higher-pay jobs, dwindled our jobs even quicker. Low-pay and part-time jobs, soon dominated the job market. But, at least our news finally started attending to some of our other, morphing calamities. The racking-up of ginormous world debts and ever-expanding disparities, became somewhat regular staples which still applies, in 2024. Yet, all thru those decade-turning years I'd listen to us chat about the gravity of these upending's and typically, we'd end up mumbling things like God help us, insurmountable, hopeless, or how they—*need to get a handle on things*. I'd then jot down notes to dispel such uselessness. Along with occasional updates, that's about all that happened here, while rimrocked on that ledge—staring at that overhang. And though I kept my eyes out for any news quips and my ears tuned into our chatter, I never found any focus on what we—*free world masses*, had to do with just how dismal, our watch was going down. About all that remained noticeable about us, was how utterly captivated we'd become with all the tech-toys, that just kept hitting store shelves. Immediate gratification, had never been so abundant, or so fingertip easy. And when the tag *Tech-Godsend* got flung about, we promoted it like our newday reality truly was—*a fix-all gift straight from God!* The dark sides to this Godsend seldom surfaced, and our chatter seldom hit on them. The vacancy my optimism left behind, gave way to a jaded edge and I began to think, maybe we are hopeless.

History Lessons.

History writes of humanity's past. Via the immeasurable value of comparison, I managed to tug—*The Story of Our Times*, out of the past and into the present, then off to the dark days of Superintelligence. This bad boy sits at the tiptop of the annihilation chart so I did feel and still do—*wholly passionate about that hammering*. Yet, after each of these accomplished sighs fizzled, there still remained some annoying pings. Hmm, I'd completed what I set out to accomplish so, what was I missing? Pings; that which get stuffed away in some recessed cranny get stuffed away cuz they do nag! That's their job. They refuse to be ignored and I'd liken them to white elephants in the room since that's a commonly understood visual except, my visual has me stuck atop a mountain and also, we keep a tight rein on nagging pings so they don't roam about the room! Or ledge!

To strike out into the great unknown—*The Future*, is a foray that doesn't come with a roadmap so knowing where the end to something uncharted is, aint easy to determine. Of all the hardknocks and mega-stalls this endeavor came with during the first half-dozen years, didn't come close to hardknocks and stalls yet to come. Seeking for the end to what still refuses to end, came to determine midway. A juncture, that just happened to be where the past and present, comes up against the future. Had I not been so blinded by such tunnel vision to end this, I probably could've shaved years off of going nowhere! Instead, I spent those years looking for a shortcut, just to appease nagging pings. One hopeful prospect, had me stripping this back to the original offering I sent to *Newsweek* years earlier. An attempt, to sell myself the notion that an awareness-raising offering, was a good-enough accomplishment. But, even I could see that was a copout.

The Crevice.

The most resilient, most nagging reminder that I'd never reach the tinkling spring of finality by merely slapping on any end, remained incessant. Finally, I went back to midway; where the past comes up against the future, cuz I figured the stickler was likely

there...as usual. And while on this backtracking stint, I was sporting a Harley t-shirt one day which said—*life is about the journey, not the destination*. This tempered my tunnel vision into something introspective. Instead of scrambling back to chisel out any ole' end, I moseyed back reflecting on how I felt about all chiseling's and discovered that I felt good about most except, I did feel there something was amiss when I had hammered on the future with Superintelligence at the helm; saw I knew it even then but scrambled off anyway. Note to self: stop scrambling away from pings! To hammer out a stark future without recourse, simply runs counter to my very nature so it's little wonder it didn't feel right and yet, it took me years to acknowledge that! Damn! Being an optimist definitely has its drawbacks but, so comes a few perks. Once I made myself face what was amiss, I naturally looked for the light at the end of the tunnel and poof! There it was, all along.

Rimrocked, represents the countless stalls I incurred while trying to figure out how to drag this into the future. For a glimpse to how those stacked, just visualize the most massive pile of kindling you can cuz that's what I would've needed to survive being rimrocked on that ledge—staring at that overhang. But while staring one day, I spotted a hidden crevice; something commonly found in granite walls, and in came that poof! I just knew, that was my ticket off that ledge! All I had to do, was hack, my way, thru us.

The thing about a crevice, is they generally come draped in a whole slew of gnarly, intertwined vines to all manner of convoluted growth guarding their entrance so they may as well have hopeless, carved right onto them. Besides, even if I did manage to hack my way to that opening, we all know something really scary—*lurks within a crevice*.

The crevice, came to represent the future for all; not just my ticket off base-stalled. To think on it though, the present turns into the past in overnight fashion. Like a back and forth swing from past to future, the present is merely the pendulum. So even though I sure tried, there just isn't a path which skirts around what swings to-n-fro, from within every human chapter ever chronicled. Besides, this whole trek started out as a writing about today's artificial intelligence stages; the very building blocks for tomorrow's, invincible Superintelligence Goliath—*already coming at us in a speed of sound pace*. Especially with artificial intelligence, tomorrow already is—*yesterday*.

Satisfying Ms. Resilient.

Our era, has been gifted a few unprecedented turn of events, which answers much of the how—*we move out of our world class stall*. We exist, freer and more educated, than any mass ever. But since these grand anomalies are also gamechangers, I'd already hammered on them too. Plus, I'd already flipped over what stalls us to what moves us but found nothing I hadn't already covered when I finished up the past and present with the hefty installment titled—*What it means to be Human*. Truly, how do you follow an act like that? What's left to scale once that's scaled anyway? For years, I glommed onto this as my ticket off that ledge and it would've been—*if not for one last, resilient ping*.

After years of struggling, more years would follow before I finally accepted the magnitude of this trek had shown itself to me years earlier. For nearly a decade thereafter, I've lived with this most resilient ping; the refusal of a free pass to forgo what it's gonna take, in order to satisfy how—*we get a move-on from out of stalled*. The flash that got me to chisel out a better end than the one with Superintelligence at the helm, did include the full scope view and it was scary so I did skedaddle! If confidence and courage were something I had a fair measure of, maybe I wouldn't have turned tail but conviction, is a whole other trip and once it becomes unshakable, we all strive to overcome, begrudgingly or not—frightful even.

Once time puts a bit of distance between us and what once seemed so scary, all we can do is smile back at our silliness. This is what I'm doing right now but back when I glimpsed what lurked in that crevice staring right at me, I fretted myself into full-on bouts of anxiety before I finally braced myself to stare right back! A seek to engage us as one unified mass, does have hopeless carved right onto it! Its why the overhang got painted in as an insurmountable sheer granite wall and the crevice got draped with a whole slew of gnarly vines! To provide a baseplate start is one thing, but even I could see that equates to a mass summons and most any sane person would skedaddle from that! And though I have my share of quirks, I still have some wits about me so I did look for some other way to get to that tinkling spring of finality that did steer clear of that!

It Our Turn, It's Our Watch.

Tinkering with our pureform state; tech-transcending, genetic modifications, nanobiotechnology insertions are—unprecedented actualities, already happening. It is our responsibility—*not rulers*, to draw acceptance lines but in this case, we must solidify the entire parameters—to *protect our pureform species for hells sake!* Parameters, that come prior to a species ending up on the endangered list. Once breached, it's a precarious zone which hovers dangerously close to joining the 99%, now-extinct species. This isn't a fearmonger series. *I still wouldn't be finishing this if that's all I had to end with!* It's a preventative, awareness-raising mission and we still have options. If we hope to leave our kids a fighting chance, we must elevate the purpose of protecting our species. Period. Team Human, must quickly become—*Our Big Trend Ideology*. So if you don't have kids or don't think we're leaving them utterly vulnerable, then have I got a story for you! But if you do know we're leaving them in a huge lurch, I've still got a story for you!

Dance Partners, is an offering for patriotic folks from whatever country, who are passionate about the future. Folks, willing to acknowledge the topsy-turvy changes that have transpired all on our watch are indeed—*red siren alarms*. Our lifeline jobs are being upended by an artificial it-type intelligence that will never once care, if it even has a job. Our once stable economies, now upended by humongous and unsustainable debt. Our Democracies are being weakened—all across the free world. Our peaceable coexistence feel, is now being upended by a coming-unhinged feel. All of these upending's surely are—*eruption-type commonalities in dire need of retracking*.

The next chapter to—*The Story of Our Times*, will be written in how we'd like it to go down, or predictably otherwise and what's wholly predictable, is at the very best, horridly dismal. Sparking ourselves to unify now so we can, actually do some solid retracking, means we get to forgo what's predictable and that momentum, will surely get us to prepare for Super-Goliath, coming on fast. Ah, the return of optimism. Well, time is a' tickin and with that nightmare—*prevention is paramount*. Protective lines around our species must be drawn now cuz with that bad boy, too late tomorrow will always be just that. This is one, seriously overdue conversation, we must have now-n-loud. ***We won't sacrifice the future if we don't give up and don't give in so say it loud, say it clear ~ M&M.***

Unwavering.

If there's one thing I've learned about unwavering focal points, it's that no writing escapes the rigors to come and that includes prelim-somethings. I've taken us on the trek to how a once modest, awareness-raising mission morphed into—*The Story of Our Times*. Unwavering, was the need to clearly paint how nothing about this trek, came easily for me. Countless times, I had to stare down hopeless and insurmountable so whenever those word gets carved into the forefront, just remember to preface them with nearly.

A prelude/preface, provides an overview to what a writing developed into which I have also done. What became unwavering here, is that a mass summons isn't typical. A writing that asks for participation, needs to put it all on the upfront table; no surprises down the road. At least, that's what I believe, hence—unwavering. I've presented an overview to all-encompassing, but with a few exceptions that need put upfront as well.

Dance Partners, was built upon the common ground of indisputable realities. Anything less, merely splinters us and thwarted, wins again and again and now more than ever. In today's info-deluged world, fake news and outright untruths blare, glare and drown us in a nonstop, 24/7 rat-a-tat pummeling. After all these years, I remain certain this is the prime culprit to why we stalled out. Stalled, right upside one of the heftiest boulders every mass likely ever stalled at. Trust; or rather lack of, just aint easy to overcome. But while rulership's are forfeiting our trust in them, we'll never get unstuck so long as we let that mire ooze our way. Also, we can't keep hoping rulers will retrack all by themselves. Putting our fate in their hands, is how we got rutted in the mire to begin with! As for me, I am a hopeful optimist and I did build this offering right upon the bedrock of pure potential. Selfish or not, I want to go down as one of those gangs that on occasion—*took the lead*. Truly, who wants to go down as the gang who could've, but couldn't be bothered? We must believe in ourselves, and create a trustworthy baseplate of our own. It's the choice to remain unmoved, that we can't afford to indulge anymore. That, is what's utterly fatalistic. And though everyone can and should make a list of what stymies us to move as one, I finally tackled mine. Meanwhile, history provides a list of well-patterned human tendencies as valuable guideposts so for starters, we must simply acknowledge where we actually stand, if our intention is to actually move outta stalled.

Pull on Tangible.

This last unwavering point is one I'm eager to chisel on cuz it etches on how we move—*at the most fundamental levels*. With waves of lookbacks still holding court, I'm remembering that I'd lodge goading thoughts into my forefront, just to prod myself onward. Of course, we all can and should leave our future a fighting chance before we check out so for me, I'd frame my prodding with snapshots of my own kids, just to spark a tangible, real-feel connection. Okay, so my kids were teens during the writing years so I had to employ a few manual overrides to remember the angelic innocents they once were but as I sit here today, I now have grandkids who automatically do it for me. Their babyface perfection, their big-eyed innocence that shines out all they are taking in; from rocks to bugs to the wind brushing their cheeks, they giggle their delight at connecting to something within, from every speck of wonder they find on this incredible planet of a gem—*we all call home*. To watch first-time awareness alight in a toddler? Priceless.

Painting in my grandkids, impresses the drivers underlying how we move. Yes, we get to see life thru their eyes which is another immense value and yes, it's the eyes of all innocent wee-ones who need us to act upon a few choices today for their human tomorrow. Together, these showcase the fundamental, primal-pull all beasts come equipped with including us—the one with a higher-thinking cortex add-on. We are the one and only beast that consciously knows—*our mortality is time-stamped*. Consciously, we know we must cultivate thoughts to spark what drives us—every step of the way, all thru our allotted slip of time. Nothing but nothing, will we ever act upon without tapping emotions, and all that's elemental to how we want our allotted time to pass, is all about choice. Life is—*all about choice*.

Sunset Chapter.

Time waits for no one, procrastinators included. I know stalled; probably have a master's degree in it by now. Visuals that kept me entertained while stuck on that ledge had me fantasizing about having money-enough to hire a real writer, or I'd excuse myself; tell myself that someone competent would soon come along and step up to the damn plate to write this. But, nobody ever did and I kept an eye out for that too. So by way of a what-the-hell, best foot forward stab—*Dance Partners; The Power Dance of Time*, got a new subtitle when I accepted this was—*The Story of Our Times*. After years of wrangling with my skittish sidekick, I boldly accepted this is—*A Mass Summons*. Throughout 15 years and still counting dammit, this awareness-raising mission continues to remain timely, relevant, and stuffed with thought-provoking material which, meeting the criteria of what a good read entails was just another tantalizing shortcut I spent much time entertaining. It's just that what's a good story—*if not for a hopeful ending?*

I've overcome scary. Engaging us to unify as one, for our own kid's tomorrow, is the agenda. Either a readership will engage or not but whether I successfully provided how we get a move-on started, is no longer—*the scary fret*. The end to my trek was to provide a good-enough to do the trick, baseplate start. Doing the trick, is up to you. Should you choose to accept what we must enact, the next leg will begin with us; not just a wee-me, chiseling out a more hopeful ending for how our watch goes down. What's been understood for well over 20 years, today's news is finally confirming. The oh-so pivotal juncture to this human vs machine showdown, can feasibly arrive by the end of the very decade—*we currently stand in*. All along, it's been my greatest hope that we, will choose to chisel out something better than—*horribly dismal at best*.

The Future.

Here's another longstanding homepage opener; it's the how-to for readers to put their own, what-the-hell stab out there and it goes like this. All installments are filled to the brim so grab a cool one, and a whole bunch of focus, whenever an uninterrupted spot comes along. Uninterrupted focus, is crucial. Caught up in one helluva info-deluge, maybe we've forgotten to regard just how amazing our own processor is. Sure, AI-its auto-regurgitate data faster than we can even imagine but AI-its can't and never will, be able to brew up one ounce of wisdom. Though we can, we must slow the input down; give some time for intel-bits to gel with emotions. This, is how our on-switch works.

To like-minded comrades; those fully aware we still have a purpose to serve, those unafraid to trust and believe in ourselves, unafraid to roll up our sleeves and cultivate hopeful potential, we are the ones who must begin—*what must begin*. Everyone else, just needs to give cynical reservation the boot. To talk of, to discuss the mire we're standing in, doesn't equate to being fatalistic and we gotta stop tripping ourselves up with deriding tags. Vigilantly wary, is the tag we need to proudly sport, and quickly. Engage. And cuz I, can't imagine reading anything lengthy on a smartphone screen, there's a PDF tab for printed preference at: www.dancepartners.org. But, our publisher will want us to purchase what's printed and, we should. Buy a copy and give to a parent, aunt or uncle; some of us still prefer reading the old-fashioned way! Any proceeds we get, we can put towards resurrecting the 2-way engagement avenue which, you'll need to do. Also, there's no liftoff shortcuts. Mass summons and human interest aren't listed genres so you'll need to take this soaring. Both have-to's are up to you, and not just cuz my aversion to that vastland remains fully engrained or that I flunked social-networking in such royal fashion. Yeah, those definitely weigh-in but remember, the crevice wasn't just about me. Once I realized this, I found the courage to state the obvious.

Dance Partners isn't going away so take your time. Make a solid effort to read in bookclub fashion. We are indeed communal, and congregating is—*thee trick of tricks*. Chat about the topics from a forward-ho mindset before moving on. A one-a-day installment is best, and in a few weeks you'll know what took me years to learn and that is, one helluva start! As for me, every bone I have, aches with hope that you will take this baton and run with it. This is our watch, and you control the empowerment lever. Should you choose to accept this mission, I'll be rooting for you every step of the way!

In 2009, *Pearl Jam* came out with a song that had the gall to ask—*whatcha given?* That, is what finally sparked me to tackle my all-encompassing boulder field of notes! The result, is chalked full of thoughts worth thinking, emotions worth sparking. So, just choose to allow something of what's offered, spark you. Getting started, is easy as that.

The story of any era's times, is written by the masses of those times. No great man, no great ruling system, no famed leader—just us. But for us to intentionally, effect what gets written, it will always come by way of unifying. That, is where our power resides. So just like a wave, we begin as a ripple, and we build from there. I believe in us. Together, we can face what is—nearly insurmountable and if we will, then it's a guarantee that something ethereal will organically develop, which makes this longshot worth every wholehearted stab out there. Will my good-enough offering be good-enough for you? Sure hope so but what I do know for certain, is I'm way over the moon, plumass relieved, to finally give to you—*my never-ending best*.

Sincerely yours, Publius.

*I'll explain the pseudonym later.

*Music, played a key role all along humanity's trek and this trek, is no exception. To the 1960s gang and the music that helped them find their way, I leave off with one of your songs, in reverence to the footprints you left for us to follow. ***C'mon people now, smile on your brother, everybody get together—try to love one another right now ~ YB.***