It’s Getting There



Shadows are falling and I’ve been here all day
It’s too hot to sleep, time is running away
Feel like my soul has turned into steel
I’ve still got the scars that the sun didn’t heal
There’s not even room enough to be anywhere
It’s not dark yet, but it’s getting there
— Bob

I’d love to take a cavalier tone here, deliver a wry slice of the buffoonery that is He, Trump<fn>™ Charlie Pierce</fn>. The man is comedy gold, a walking punch line, from his barely concealed groping of Ivanka, to his hair and skin color, to his inability to let go a grudge, to his Mussolini-esque lip pursing. <fn>Someone wearing my eyeglasses emphasized this last tic during last Mardi Gras. It was yooge. Way ahead of the curve.</fn>



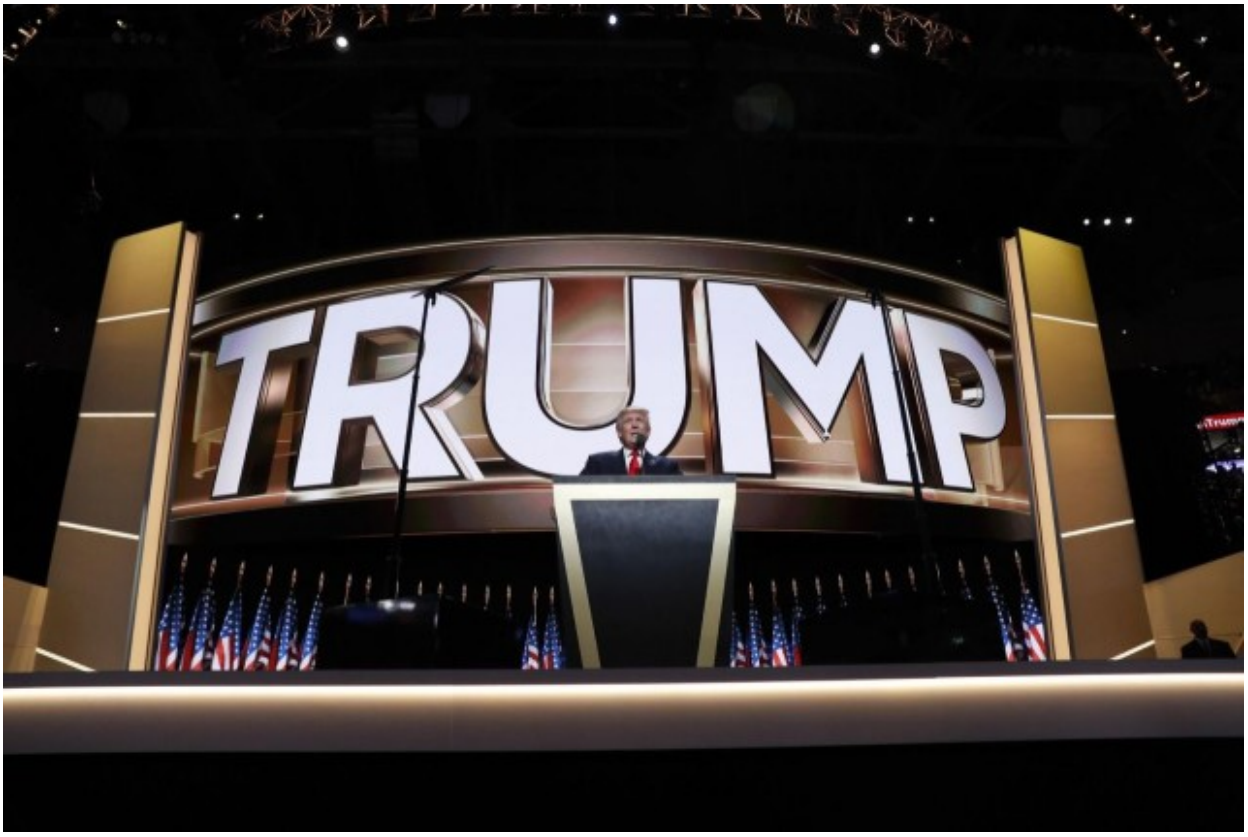
The Writer as Trump, Friend of da Jieuxs – Photo by Ryan Hodgson-Rigsbee

But mocking Trump is just not enough. Things are just a tad too dire. Face it: one of two people has a non-zero chance of becoming the nation's 45th president. Neither is named Jill or Gary.<fn>Get over it.</fn> Given the peculiarities of American electoral politics, one of them is named Trump.

I feel like I'm watching some unholy mashup of *Seven Days in May*, *Manchurian Candidate,* and *The Man in the High Castle.* It can't happen here? This time, I wonder.

His acceptance speech in Cleveland was … was … well, what the hell was that, anyway? He began by saying this:

> *Friends, delegates and fellow Americans: I humbly and gratefully accept your nomination for the presidency of the United States.*



Humble

It was touted ahead of time as hewing to the model of Nixon's 1968 acceptance. (My favorite Nixon scholar, Rick Perlstein, explains here how badly Trump missed the mark.) Trump knows that his only hope for winning is to amplify and exaggerate our fears, to scare enough people into welcoming authoritarian rule to save us from threats at home and abroad, threats to our "way of life" and "our values". Like Nixon in '68, the litany of horror Trump describes is impressively dire. But unlike Nixon's list, it is largely fictional. A few examples: crime is down, cop killings are down, employment is up, ACA is working well, and so on. Our scorched Thunderdome? He pretty much just made it up.

Fact checkers at work on Trump's ravings

Even more telling, Nixon understood and acknowledged that these were problems that we would have to solve "together". Trump had a slightly different perspective:

> *I ALONE CAN FIX IT.*

This theme came around several times, and it is perhaps the most telling component of the whole crazed diatribe. Trump sees himself as a messianic figure, an authoritarian genius who will cure everything that ails us simply by being his awesome self.

> *On January 20th of 2017, the day after I take the oath of office, Americans will finally wake up in a country where the laws of the United States are enforced.*

Because right now, and as far as memory can serve, America is a charred hellscape where chaos reigns supreme. And only one man can save us.



More humility, with a hearty dash of spittle-flecked anger

He yelled. He balled his fists. His face contorted and reddened. He started loud and got louder, more angry.

And then he lowered his tone and said this:

I AM YOUR VOICE.

I truly lost my bearings at this point. Is he a con artist, delivering his practiced patter to sting an easy mark? Is it all an act, or does this guy truly believe our world is in the depths of hell and he is the only man who can save us.

It doesn't really matter. We now have a know-nothing narcissist within hailing distance of the Oval Office. He is clearly unqualified, and unhinged. Whether he's running a long con or is "just" a demented egomaniac (not that these are mutually exclusive), this is dangerous territory

It's unlikely, but this tiny fingered schmuck could win. He starts with a reliable ~40% of the vote, people who love them some authoritarianism, along with folks whose tribal affiliation to Republicanism means they just have to vote for him. On the other side, Clinton has a reliable ~40% base who love them some Democratic tribalism. And as always, that leaves the mushy middle of 20 million or so people who are unsure, undecided. These are, for the most part, what the political profession calls low information voters.<fn>Actually, that label applies to a huge portion of the dedicated party folks, too. On both sides.</fn> People who will make up their minds based on their feelings. Who would you rather have a beer with?

A few hours ago, a candidate for state representative knocked on my door.<fn>Really! This is not some Thomas Friedman cab driver gimmick.</fn> Nice guy, friendly. Republican, and in a town this size, basically a neighbor. We got to talking Trump. He's not a happy guy on this, says there's no way he can vote for a "looney", and is pretty sad about the state of his party.<fn>He also had unkind things to say about Little Marco Rubio. I liked him even more then.</fn> I asked him if he would vote for Hillary. He kind of shook his head and said, no, he didn't think he could do it.

I asked him if, knowing that Trump is a dangerous nut, and that one of two people was going to be President, and that Florida is a tight state electorally, he didn't think it was his responsibility to do what he could to keep the nut out of office. He was remarkably open to the idea when phrased that way.

I had the same conversation with my fab daughter this morning, a disappointed Bernster who "just isn't feeling Hillary". I get it. It's her first election, and she wants it to be a righteous experience. And I get that many Bernie supporters are disappointed and feeling left out. Been there.

Much has been said about prominent GOPers refusing to attend the convention. Several big name Republicans have announced that they will absolutely not vote for Trump, but like my new pal and state house candidate, they can't bring themselves to vote for Clinton. And much is made of their integrity, their principled opposition.

I say bullshit. How bad does it have to get to renounce your party's presidential nominee? Pretty fucking terrible, that's how. Yet that's not terrible enough to actually do something to keep him out of the office you already admit that he is unqualified for? What more do you need?

Republicans have a shitty choice, but it has a silver lining. I'm looking for prominent Republicans – come on JEB! – to take a stand and say, "This guy is dangerous, he does not represent the values of our party or our country, and I am voting for his opponent. In four years, I will campaign hard to re-take the White House from Hillary Clinton, but for now, she is the only viable choice."

This is the way to rebuild a sober and rational party. I know too many Republicans who acknowledge that the party has become extremist. They want it to change. Here's their chance to chase to tea partiers, the white supremacists, the

obstructionists, the bomb throwers.

For Hillary-averse voters who consider themselves liberal, or progressive, or leftist syndicalist whatevers, it's time to suck it up and support Clinton. Proclaim loudly that Trump is just too dangerous, but dammit Clinton, we're gonna bulldog you and hold your feet to the fire. Find another Bernie to primary her in 2020 if she let's you down too badly.

I get that there are people who really, really, *really* do not like Hillary Clinton. Personally, I'm fine with her; it feels like a continuation of Obama, and I can't get too outraged over that. I'm fairly certain she will disappoint and outrage me at some point, just like every other president in my lifetime.<fn>Some way more than others, natch.</fn>

But I'm comfortable with that because I know it is inevitable. For some folks, the idea of voting the lesser of two evils is too much to bear, and a principled purity vote is more emotionally satisfying. Or maybe you're thinking of staying home, like your crestfallen GOP counterparts who didn't get they nominee the wanted. Above it all.

Whether you're a disappointed progressive or an disappointed conservative, let me say with utmost respect:

> *Fuck your feelings. Use your head.*

Trump is a clear danger. We cannot afford to indulge in preening and moral purity this year. The stakes are too high. Vote, goddamit. And don't waste it.

(Full Disclosure: I voted Bernie in the primary, fwiw. And I like Tim Kaine just fine.)

Disruptive Sharing Pt. 3



We live in the golden era of consumer bliss.

A few mouse clicks and we can sit back and wait for front-door delivery of everything we never knew we wanted. At a discount. And without the nuisance of having to spend time actually talking to a clerk or salesperson. Eventually, those pesky clerks will experience the joy of excess leisure time as robots assume their non-essential functions and the brick-and-mortar stores die away. Disruption!

We can tap a few ephemeral pixels on our smartphones and, lo and behold, a smiling driver in a late-model car will miraculously materialize to drive us quickly and safely to our destination. Your driver might even offer you a breath mint or some other treat to make your ride more enjoyable as you bask in the redolence of sandalwood-scented air freshening technology. Sharing!

We can find a place to stay in a far-away land, someplace that feels local and may even be/have been an actual residence inhabited by an actual local. Atmosphere! Authenticity™! And best of all…you usually get to dodge taxes and fees that a hotel would charge. Disruption AND Sharing!

What's not to like?

At first glance, not much. But there's more to these

disruptions than meets the eye.

Pretty much everybody understands how Amazon has ~~undermined~~ (sorry) disrupted the standard brick and mortar retail economy. The costs in lost jobs and local economic activity have been enormous. Defenders of disruptive capitalism would point to the epic success and enormous popularity of Amazon as its obvious justification.

That cool flat you rented in New Orleans? Very possibly it used to be the home of a family who eventually had to move because the Return on Investment from renting the place to tourists far outstrips the RoI on renting to a regular citizen. Under the logic of the marketplace, this is a right and just outcome. Never mind that the displaced resident might be the chef or shopkeeper or musician whose work made your trip so *delightful* (assuming the cafe or retail store has not already closed under pressure from mega-chains…and the musician, playing for tips, watched you listen for 20 minutes and walk away without dropping any coin in the hat) now commutes to New Orleans from somewhere like Houma or Tickfaw or Slidell because real estate values – already stressed by an influx of hipsters, urban pioneers, and (dog love 'em) carpetbagging entrepreneurs – have grown increasingly distorted and unaffordable.

Sure, and ok, but what could possibly be wrong with letting people freely enter into an arrangement whereby an innovative and disruptive company connects them with people who need a ride, that they will pay for, and that allows a go-getting driver to make "up to $75 and hour or more!"? As we saw in part 1 of this trilogy, Uber and Lyft are able to offer lower prices and nicer rides largely through their ability to exempt themselves from governmental regulations and to classify their employees as not-really-employees-at-all.

But even if we could ignore all these factors – which is easy to do so long as the disruption is disrupting someone who is

not you – the biggest problem with the Amazons and Ubers and such is that they have achieved such dominating size and power. Again, defenders of the prevailing market paradigm will point to the success and size of these relatively new companies as justification in and of itself, striking the argument that those who create value deserve to enjoy the rewards of their innovation.

All well and good. But perhaps Amazon and Uber and Airbnb and PayPal and such do not actually *create* any value<fn>Distinct here from the convenience it offers.</fn> to speak of, but merely facilitate its transfer from one or more pockets of the economy into their own very large pockets. Does Uber *create* value or simply profit off of the work and equipment of its not-employees? Does Amazon create value or simply extract it from publishers and brick and mortar booksellers that it can knuckle due to its size and market dominance?

What a killjoy. Mea culpa.

Besides, there are plenty of brick and mortar businesses doing really well. Try to deny the success of restaurant mega-chains or superstores. Every time a new chain opens in our town, the lines to try the world's greatest biscuit or most anodyne Tex-Mex stretch around the block. We like it cheap and fast.<fn>Remember: "Fast. Good. Cheap. Pick two."</fn> But these enterprises generally rely upon two factors to be able to sell cheap at a profit. First, the sheer scale of Mickey D's or KFC allows them to beat down the prices of the goods they purchase. Second, they are able to get away with paying sub-living wages to their employees, who in turn receive subsidies from governments (state and federal) to almost make up the difference. In other words, these juggernauts of capital are relying on taxpayer subsidies. The people who are enjoying fast and cheap are often paying for it twice.<fn>Also, too, the employees of the suppliers, forced to lower prices to retain their mega-chain clients, turn around and drive down wages of their own employees. Bigger bugs eat

little bugs. Little bugs eat littler bugs, and so ad infintum. But that’s ok. Ain’t no bugs on me!</fn>

Adding insult to injury is the fact that the regulatory hurdles for opening a small business are extraordinarily difficult for local, independent entrepreneurs. For large chains, teeming with armies of clerical and legal staff, these challenges are about as daunting as a flea fart. In every aspect, their scale offers significant advantage.

And again, the free market evangelist will likely consider a business’s scale, and its attendant market advantages, as examples of the “common sense” dictum that RoI and growth are proof of the value of an enterprise. And given how that Randian worldview has managed to take root, not too many folks bother to question beyond that premise.

Luckily, though, there are some willing to scratch the surface of these arguments. The Summer 2016 issue of The American Prospect features a terrific article called *Confronting the Parasite Economy.* It’s a hard look at how companies who survive on underpaying their employees are in fact undermining the economic health of the entire system. This might be easy to ignore if it were coming from the usual socialist/leftist critique factory.<fn>Yeah, our side has one, too. It is, alas, not as effective as the VRWC echo chamber.</fn> But the author of this study is Nick Hanauer, an entrepreneur and one of the earliest investors in Amazon. No wild-eyed fanatic, this guy. But he knows which way the wind blows, and he’s long warned that unrestrained accumulations of wealth – and the power it brings – will lead to the collapse of economy overall.

Hanauer has founded and funded a progressive think tank with an eye to countering the kind of right-wing chop shops that have proliferated over the past 30-40 years. And he is making a forceful case that the relentless drive to slash prices and suppress wages is going to end with the disappearance of the middle class, with a great divide between people who will have

some semblance of discretionary income – which is certainly the most important driver of a healthy capitalist economy – and the people who decide whether to buy food or medicine.<fn>As Krugman often reminds us, “My spending is your income, and your spending is my income”, and round and round we go. If the vast majority have nothing to spend, whither your income?</fn>

Hanauer is one example of an entrepreneur putting his assets to work confronting what he sees as a social problem. Bill Gates is giving away gazillions of dollars to alleviate disease and “improve” education. Zuckerberg is in on the act, too, establishing a foundation for good works. It’s arguable that the Koch Brothers do the same thing through their donations to arts organizations, public broadcasting, &c.

You got a problem with that?

If not, maybe you should. The very fact that such a small group of people, accountable only to their own whims and desires, have the ability to create such massive disruption in the realms of social policy is more than a little too much like the Gilded Age beneficence of Carnegie and Gould and Morgan and Rockefeller. Further, the outsized influence of, say, the money Gates promises to schools who adopt his vision of what constitutes “better” leads to a headlong rush to get a piece of that action by adopting whatever foolishness is attached. Here again, the remora swarm the stream of cash whether the outcomes are beneficial, harmful, or just another exercise in hand-waving and incantation.<fn>Spoiler alert: hand-waving and incantation.</fn>

The Cult of the Unicorn Entrepreneur – distinct from actual good work done by real ‘treps – points to the big winners, the Zuckerbergs and the Cubans and the Trumps, as examples of this-could-be-you inspiration, the modern equivalent of the old Ragged Dick bootstrap myths. And yeah, it could be you. But for all the romanticism of a college dropout becoming the

richest man in the world, it’s worth remembering that these were guys who dropped out of Harvard and the like, and who started life with a pretty decent pair of boots and straps up with which to pull themselves. This is not to suggest that the circumstances of their birth made it ‘easy’ for them to achieve great wealth; they have worked their tails off. But don’t kid yourself; telling the average kid on lunch program assistance that she can become the next Zuckerberg is not just unlikely, but somewhat cruel.

The Cult of the Unicorn Entrepreneur (CUE!) is not objectionable because it urges people to follow their dreams, or attempt the seemingly impossible against all odds, or to work their asses off to actualize an innovative idea. It is objectionable because it has been pressed into service in the Makers vs. Takers propaganda campaign that leads people to declare “I built that”, to glorify the go-it-alone ethos of the Galtian superhero. Worse: to justify the sufferings of millions because they “just couldn’t cut it”.

The bitterest irony is that progressively greater concentrations of wealth and market power in the hands of a few makes it all the less likely that the small, home-grown ‘trep will succeed. Tech megaliths are legendary for buying up the competition and killing it, and if the plucky small ‘trep won’t sell, well then there are armies of lawyers on staff who will happily drive Mr and Mrs Plucky into the ground through legal action.

<fn>And let’s just save for later the spectacle of entrepreneurial Leviathans using their wealth to finance speculative torts to punish people or concerns they do not like. Sure, if Gawker were a printed rag it would be unworthy to hang in an outhouse. But to give a Peter Thiel the power to break an organization that should be protected by the First Amendment raises all kinds of gnarly worries, free speech-wise. Thiel might have every right to go after an enemy. But his outsized wealth and power makes it pretty much an unfair

fight all the way down. Also, too…fuck Gawker. It would be tough to pick sides on this if I didn't feel about the First Amendment the way the bullet fondlers feel about the Second.</fn> <fn>And before anyone tries to say that what Thiel did is the same as what the ACLU has done for decades…just no. The ACLU is outfront and open about all their legal work, even when they defend Nazis. Thiel was hiding in the shadows. Not the same thing.</fn> <fn>This is also a guy who wrote, "I no longer believe that freedom and *democracy* are compatible."</fn>

Our society lavishes inordinate praise on people who have been lucky enough to accumulate a fortune. Some of these folks have earned it.<fn>More or less. I tend to agree with Fran Liebovitz on this score: "No one earns $100 million. You steal $100 million." But that's another argument for another day.</fn> Some people have become wealthy through nothing more than dumb luck or through accident of birth, born on third base with a silver spoon in their mouth. Others gain their wealth through a scorched earth practice of acquire-and-dismantle or disaster capitalism. Many more attain wealth through blatant fraud.<fn>Remember: Rick Scott was a business *genius*.</fn>

Recall the time when Ken Lay was besties with the President and graced the cover of all the popular business mags, which serve as the *People* and *Vogue* magazines of the 1% crowd and their acolytic wannabe followers. These fawning peddlers of hagiographic bootstrapper mythology – along with their breathless counterparts at CNBC, FOX Business, &c. – are only too happy to help us understand that entrepreneurial geniuses like Mark Cuban and Jack Welch and Lee Iacocca (and even the inexcusable Carly Fiorina) are role models, icons of greatness.

Anyone who wonders how we find ourselves pondering the very real possibility of a tin-plated grifter like Donald Trump as our next president need look no farther than this insane

devotion to the concept that extreme wealth indicates extreme merit.

In the end, Your Narrator holds a strangely optimistic faith that any real improvement in our social and economic relations lies in the hands of entrepreneurs<fn>And let’s go ahead and include in this group people working in government and non-profit realms who bring entrepreneurial spirit to their missions.</fn> who treat their entrepreneurship as a central component of their commitment to be responsible citizens in pursuit of our common-wealth.

It will not come through the largesse of a Gates or Zuckerberg or Koch. It will be because we create a class of entrepreneurs who understand that their role is to improve the common-wealth, people who want to do well and good, people who do not view extreme accumulations as the sole measure of success in a world where you can never be too rich or thin.

It will also require a shift in attitude as to the role of government, by citizens and gummit employees alike. Maybe it’s time for government to behave entrepreneurially<fn>And dog knows, that’s a tricky balancing act, mos def.</fn> and for our citizenry to drop the all-too-easy stance of anti-government scepticism, to stake a claim in a process that, admittedly, they have been told is closed to them, doesn’t work anyway, and here’s a shiny object go away now.

Here’s where the pessimism can’t help but gain a toehold. The Gospel of the Free Market has had an impressive run over the past 35 years. Government is bad, you see. It strangles initiative and innovation through excessive taxation and overreaching regulation. These precepts are so internalized into the conventional wisdom, into *common sense*, as to make anyone who contradicts the scripture appear as a Quixote-ish heretic.

This sacred wisdom is, to ~~turn~~ steal a phrase, all my balls.

How we manage as a society to curb the power of extreme accumulation remains an open question, probably one that we need to improvise on an almost daily basis. Still, there is no basis for believing that a small sliver of very wealthy people are inherently better at establishing policies that govern environmental safety, access to the internet, &c. than are people who work for government at whatever level. I know some incredibly bright, creative, and (yes) entrepreneurial folks who work for government. I also know a few extremely wealthy people who leave me wondering that they still know how to breathe. Vice is versa, also, too.

The greatest tragedy of free market evangelism has been the ongoing erosion of the idea that government can be a vehicle for safeguarding the common-wealth while encouraging an ill-founded faith that private enterprise is inherently more pure and effective. Sure, “everybody” “knows” that government is inept and inefficient, and so on. Post office jokes, &c. But really, are we going to look to the realm of insurance companies, cable tv providers, and peddlers of cubic zirconia to deliver something better?

The big difference is that, to some degree or another, the government staffer or official is *accountable*. It may be difficult, but people get voted out, staffers get fired, lawbreakers are prosecuted. It is in-built into our system of governance that such an outcome is possible. The goal of the Randian Gospel is to exempt a small segment of our society from any such restriction.

Sure, the government is a cauldron of imbecile stew. Five hundred dollar hammers and bridges to nowhere and a fighter plane that nobody wants and it doesn’t work anyway. But private enterprise? West, Texas. Bhopal. Deepwater Horizon.

Comcast!

The gentle reader is now asking, “Fine, Mr Smartass Killjoy

McBummer, but what can I do?” Glad you asked.

Resisting the blandishments of the sharing economy’s “benefits” is a good place to start, but not always practical. Find yourself a few drinks over the line and need a ride home? Uber is probably your best bet, and no judgement need follow your decision. The Writer stayed in an Airbnb a few months ago and loved it. And never mind the amount spent on Amazon over the years, especially when we lived in swampy isolation.

Whaddyagonnado?

Well, for one thing, when you have a choice: buy local. If you have a choice between Starbucks and a local coffee roaster, for instance, use the local. Go to your local independent bookstore if you are lucky enough to have one. Find a local farmer’s market for produce, or go to a bar owned by one of your neighbors. (Your average TGI Fridays sucks pond water anyway.) Sure, in reality, there’s only so much an individual can do to make a difference; but as more of us commit to making this difference, it starts to add up.<fn>But you can feel like a real schmuck when you buy something local that costs 5, 10, 20 per cent more. Right? News alert: that’s the Randian Gospel internalized, the articles of faith that insist that taking every advantage is the only logical path of behavior, that anyone who self-sacrifices is a sucker. Or worse. </fn>

If you are feeling entrepreneurial, ask yourself: What am I bringing to the game that supports making this kind of difference? Are you creating real opportunities for people? Are you offering something that serves to create a healthier commonwealth? To put it another way: Would you be proud to have your momma see what you’re doing?

Or maybe, just maybe, you might want to take that entrepreneurial spirit into the public sector. As we used to say back in the old days: Change the system from within.

All other issues aside, we absolutely need to bring about a shift in the general mindset that glorifies the money-maker, the caustic "common sense" that gives permission to disregard suffering and misfortune because it is somehow *deserved*. To somehow, at long last, undermine the Reagan-esque gospel that a person who has a load of money is de facto worthy of respect *just because* the balance sheet says so.

This is not some communistic preaching that everybody needs to make the same amount of money, or that innovation and risk should not be rewarded. But surely we can agree that the personality cults that cluster around the Zuckerbergs and Cubans and Bezos (and before them the Iacocca's and Welches) are about as justifiable as taking life lessons from the Kardashians, the Duck Dynasty guys, or Honey Boo Boo's family. If we rely upon the denizens of Davos to lead us into the promised land we may find ourselves somewhat surprised that our new world doesn't satisfy our expectations.

But hey, no worries. President Trump will fix everything. He's an entrepreneur, doncha know.

Disruptive Sharing Pt 1



A couple of phrases that get tossed around pretty casually these days are *sharing economy* and *market disruption*. While these terms have been so overused as to disable any

attempt at precise explanation, this same overuse makes it crucial to at least try to scrape some of the barnacles off. Allow me to declare at the outset that though I am likely to fail to penetrate to the hull, I might succeed at knocking away a small part of the encrustation.

Last week, the people of Austin, TX, voted to subject rideshare Leviathans Uber and Lyft to *some* of the same regulatory regulations that govern traditional taxi operations. From the coverage I've seen, we are to believe that this represents the irrational citizens of Austin flipping Uber/Lyft the electoral finger and "forcing" them to leave the riders of the nation's 11th largest city stranded and bereft. Talk about disruption!

Forbes magazine has been especially exercised, with headlines like "By Losing Uber, Austin is No Longer a Tech Capital" and "The Misplaced Celebration of Austin's Victory Over Uber". The *National Review*, in its typically sober and reasoned approach, declared that Austin has "…confirmed its status as a second-rate city by effectively banning Uber and Lyft from offering rides."

In fact, the ballot initiative was sponsored by Uber/Lyft themselves in an attempt to exempt themselves from a regulation that requires drivers to undergo fingerprinting and background checking. Passed last year, this regulation came in response to multiple sexual assault charges against Uber/Lyft drivers. Uber/Lyft placed an exemption initiative on the ballot and spent around $8M on advertising. Their pitch came down to one simple claim: if the regulations stand, we will be "forced" to leave Austin, so give us what we want or fuck you.

The people – presented with epic corporate arrogance – voted the amendment down, decisively. So Uber/Lyft scarpered. Voluntarily. Nobody forced them.

Now it's easy to see why Uber/Lyft tossed such an insulting

ultimatum in the faces of the Austin voters. They're used to getting their way; much as the Wal-Marts and manufacturing concerns extract massive concessions from local governments for the privilege of having them move to their community, Uber/Lyft muscles local governments for favorable treatments. Woe betide any locality that presumes to question the wisdom of the Leviathan.

I've had great luck with Uber. It's a pretty convenient and affordable way to get around. (I have not used Lyft yet.) It's easy to understand how it has gotten so popular, so quickly. Yes, taxi cabs are often slow, run down, expensive. Uber provides prompt, economical, and not-necessarily-sincere-yet-reliably cheerful service.

But.

Their success rests upon a couple of less-than-admirable business practices. One is its absolute insistence that Uber/Lyft be exempt from many of the regulatory practices that have, admittedly, made traditional taxi service so problematic. Worth recalling that this regulatory system arose in response to abuses and safety issues of their own as the network of cabs, hacks, and 'gypsies' grew without curb. There were very real problems that demanded some kind of remedy.

The other is that Uber/Lyft is profiting greatly by classifying their drivers as independent contractors, thereby evading the basics of employee obligation to its workers. No benefits. No overtime. No job protections. All terms dictated by the employer, upon whom the worker is solely reliant. (Recall as well that labor and employment law has also developed in response to significant abuses and safety issues.) Uber/Lyft claims, more or less accurately, that their drivers enter into this agreement willingly, so it should be up to them and their drivers to sort it out.<fn>One might also suggest that over the years, many other high-risk/lo-pay workers have assumed their jobs "voluntarily". Nobody ever put

a gun to a coal miner’s head. Unless they went on strike.</fn>

This is the sharing economy at work. As with the low, low prices at WalMart that force smaller businesses to the ground, the cheapness/convenience of Uber lies not so much in the inherent genius of the folks at the top as it does with the ongoing knuckling of the little guy at the end of the chain. The guy who accepts his fate “voluntarily”.

Shutting down a hugely profitable operation in Austin simply to avoid a requirement that drivers get a background check seems damn near hysterical, response-wise. Reckon that’ll teach the rubes who’s boss. Just as when compromise boils down to “giving me what I want”, sharing here aligns with a “what’s mine is mine and what’s yours is mine” equation.

Employment law has pretty well devolved to this condition: you are free to work, or not. But if you want to work, the conditions will be set by the employer with no practical limits to the terms that they wish to impose. That this will often be – especially in fields demanding higher levels of education and expertise – characterized in terms that makes it feel less indenturing<fn>Hey, we’re all in this together! Everybody needs to sacrifice for the team! We’re a big *family!*</fn>, the reality is no less harsh. Employers know that decent paying jobs are scarce; that most college graduates of the past 10 years are carrying gargantuan levels of student loans; and that if you won’t take that job at half what it costs to live, you can bet someone else will. You are free to stay. Or go. Whatevs. You’re just a worker. Workers are commodities. Enjoy the foosball table, widgets.

That’s sharing.

Uber/Lyft drivers scramble to deliver an awesome experience, often pleading with the customer to go online and *rate* the worker, which in turn determines whether the worker receives (un)favorable treatment in the future. The key currency

in this arrangement is anxiety.

Never mind that Uber/Lyft retain the right to change compensation and rate agreements at any time, without prior notice. The "independent" driver, who is "freely" participating in this out-of-balance arrangement – because jobs and wages have gone to shit – is perfectly free to shove off if she doesn't like it. Perhaps the dissatisfied Uber driver would like to try her luck in one of the farther-down-the-ladder professions, such as chicken processing.

> *Many of them said they were forced to urinate or defecate where they stood or leave the line without permission, because no help arrived. At some plants, workers have come to expect no relief, leading them to take embarrassing measures to withstand the conditions.*

Any guesses what happens to workers who "leave the line without permission"?

On a related tangent, the NY Times continues its series this weekend on the rampant spread of forced arbitration clauses across our society, in this case its widespread implementation among "startup" companies. The gist is this: an employer or vendor like Google, or Verizon (or your doctor) can require you to sign away your rights to seek redress through due process in the courts in the event you have a "dispute". Often, this clause is buried within multiple pages of 8 pt. type; in other cases, like with a former doctor of mine, they are right up front about what they are doing, and you are invited to piss off if you don't like it.<fn>I pissed off.</fn>

One of the dirty secrets is that the arbitration hearings are conducted by "independent"<fn>There's that word again.</fn> companies who are under contract to the vendor/employer. The party adjudicating the dispute is paid by one of the parties to the dispute. I would urge us to perish the cynical thought

that this might lead to bias or partiality, except that the numbers sure do point to a statistical likelihood that the arbitrators will find for the defendant (your boss or doctor, the guy paying the adjudicator) in a disproportionate percentage of cases. Probably just a coincidence.

You are, of course, “free” to decline to sign, at which point your employer (or doctor) is “free” to tell you to go pound salt. It’s all free choice!

Except of course it isn’t, as any prat can see. The power balance is skewed, making the concept of “freedom” a farce. Won’t sign the arbitration agreement? Take your critical illness elsewhere. Find a job somewhere else.

> *The law, in its majestic equality, forbids the rich as well as the poor to sleep under bridges, to beg in the streets, and to steal bread.*
> *– Anatole France*

Freedom, bitches!

But there’s always the time-honored option of Bohemianism, of choosing a life of the artist, the writer. Let us embrace the modern-day version of living like Baudelaire or Kerouac, free of the restraints of our perhaps-benevolent overlords.

A terrific essay by artist/critic Hito Steyerl called *Politics of Art: Contemporary Art and the Transition to Post-Democracy* <fn> Thanks to swallowawindchime for the tip.</fn> looks at the role of contemporary art as a reflection of and comforting balm to what our current shorthand calls the one-percent.

As with other willing participants in the sharing economy, our creatives come to the enterprise of serving the one percent with gusto, making the best of a bad situation:

> *Thus, traditional art production may be a role model for the*

> *nouveaux riches created by privatization, expropriation, and speculation. But the actual production of art is simultaneously a workshop for many of the nouveaux poor, trying their luck as jpeg virtuosos and conceptual impostors, as gallerinas and overdrive content providers. Because art also means work, more precisely strike work. It is produced as spectacle, on post-Fordist all-you-can-work conveyor belts. Strike or shock work is affective labor at insane speeds, enthusiastic, hyperactive, and deeply compromised.*

As long as it pays (a little) or provides the all-important "exposure", it's all good. Right?

The phrase "strike work" has its origins in Stalinist efforts to induce a jump in production by bringing in "superproductive and enthusiastic" cadres who will deliver a shock to the enterprise.

> *This accelerated form of artistic production creates punch and glitz, sensation and impact. Its historical origin as format for Stalinist model brigades brings an additional edge to the paradigm of hyperproductivity. Strike workers churn out feelings, perception, and distinction in all possible sizes and variations. Intensity or evacuation, sublime or crap, readymade or readymade reality—strike work supplies consumers with all they never knew they wanted.*

"All they never knew they wanted." And at such low prices.

Steyerl's invocation of Stalinism as an analogue of current labor conditions is no accident, and represents a vast improvement to the overused, overwrought Overton impulse. (As dense as her prose can be, she offers no shortage of laugh-out-loud relief.) The apropos comparison of latter-day capitalism to the bugaboo of Communist authoritarianism is a telling condemnation of the fantasy of "freedom" in our economic relations.

As with labor in all areas of our economy, the deck is stacked, a situation made worse by the legions of well-meaning and ambitious folks willing to work for little (or nothing) just for the chance to prove their chops, all in the hope that paying work will follow. Alas, the future work is just as likely to go to the next (low cost) ambitious person in the queue. We are all lined up, ready to parade our talents one after the other. We have made a choice, freely. That this condition applies equally to those who choose to string words together, or perfect a performing art, &c., goes without saying. We are all too eager to place our talents in the hands of whatever entity is willing to pay. And we will do so with enthusiastic superproductivity!

<fn>There is a perfectly appalling tv ad these days for some new pharmaceutical. It stars a manic pixie dream girl in leotard as the antic embodiment of a person's irritable bowel syndrome. (Enthusiastic productivity!) It is likely the best payday this actress has seen (or will) in ages. I'm sure she was grateful for the income and exposure. I wonder how she will feel in 20 years when she's remembered as "that explosive diarrhea chick". (Perhaps that offer to star in a porno wasn't all that bad. At least her parents don't have to watch "Texas Dildo Masquerade" or "World's Biggest Gang Bang 2" with the nightly news.) There are any number of female actors portraying gastric distress these days. Why no men? But, I digress. Again.</fn>

Last week, *Jacobin* magazine published "The Entrepreneurship Racket", a not very favorable look at the hottest trend in higher education. It's far too much to summarize here, so give it a read. It is basically an examination of how the buzzwords of the "startup" revolution (and we're back to "sharing" and "disruptive") have permeated the programs and curricula of academia, with special emphasis placed on the "entrepreneur", a mythical creature who is part Edison, part Galt, part Savior and Guru. Is it any accident that the highest attainment

possible for one of these creatures is to become a Unicorn?

Many universities are plowing huge sums into creating Entrepreneurship programs that reach across the range of what used to be quaintly known as academic disciplines. Partnerships with corporations and private foundations provide funding, often in return for some degree of control over curriculum and, in some especially grim cases, faculty hiring decisions. Programs will be assessed not just on graduation rates, but on job placements and average earnings. Programs that develop patentable inventions – that the University will own and administer – are especially favored as they create revenues for the institution, thereby making them less reliant on taxpayer funding. It all comes down to the Benjamins.

The dynamics of market economies are well understood, and the incentives of this arrangement can lead to both genius innovations as well as clever-but-benighted ideas that, nonetheless, accrue fantastic profits.<fn>e.g., bottled tap water</fn> It's a little senseless to argue against the logic of a market economy, just as it is blindly optimistic to believe that such an economy can operate absent some set of rules or norms that will curb the excess that is its inevitable result. And yes, these rules will impose conditions that trigger their own market dynamics, which might lead to new efforts to curb excesses, and so on ad infinitum. But in general, the "market" is a more or less effective means of approaching questions of value as long as none of the parties in the exchange accrue an inordinate advantage of wealth or power. There's the rub, eh?

But where we've managed to get off track – where this exaltation of the Galtian superhero entrepreneur sends us down a blind alley – is our gradual and all but complete adoption of a market *society*, wherein all of our relationships and values are subject to the dictates of the market, the tyranny of the spreadsheet.

Our every decision must establish itself on the ground of market-driven logic. That library? A hopeless money sink. A public park where there could be a private, membership driven club that produces revenue? A violation of the government's duty to optimize taxpayer investments. That museum or small theater operating under grants and subsidies? Sorry, folks, that space could better serve as a venue for Toddlers & Tiaras or a mud-wrestling pit. Hey, the numbers don't lie.

One of the great degradations of the Reagan years occurred when arts advocates agreed to defend the merits of "the arts" on economic grounds. Once "we" ceded the ground of the debate, the game was up. There's no way to make, say, an arts facility more impressive on a spreadsheet than a Jimmy John's or a mattress store. Ergo, the arts are worth less than a cardboardish-drenched-in-mayonaisse-sandwich or a new posture-firm-ortho-tastic dream machine with memory foam and adjustable sleep settings. The numbers are cold and clear.

It's endemic. The calculations underlying the prevailing discourse tilt the game in favor of a gross, libertarian-esque evaluation of our social relations. If someone can afford to buy a state park and demonstrate it's vitality as a commercial concern, who are we to stand in the way of this creative disruption with our soft bromides about natural beauty or stewardship for future generations? Such talk is, well, it's downright irresponsible.

And it will be as long as we accept the tyranny of the market as the arbitrator of what we will hold dear as a society.

And fwiw, your angstifying Narrator is no less complicit in the farce than the sharpies who founded Uber or who opened the fifth mattress store on a single city block. I just got less to show for it. YMMV

COMING SOON: Part 2, a further examination of the language of entrepreneurship and some of its more attractive and positive

elements. No kidding.

Zero K



Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

We've been on a roll here in the vineyard. So far this year, the Writer has read 18 books<fn>Perhaps explaining the paucity of postings here!</fn>, many of them worthy of considered comment. But you're stuck with me. Alas. Here's the first of a series of chin-strokers inspired by the readings.

Let's start with the last one first. Don DeLillo's 16th novel hit the stores yesterday, but diligent groveling put a copy in my hands on Friday. This makes me almost as timely and important as Kakutani.<fn>No. But I am more trustworthy.</fn>

Opinion: This is the best DeLillo since *Underworld* in 1997. It ranks right up there with *White Noise* from 1985. At the age of 79, DeLillo continues to produce some of our most vital fiction.

He's always had a penchant for pondering mortality – and notions of immortality – and with *Zero K* he pretty much goes

all in. Our hero, Jeffrey, is the semi-aimless son of a billionaire father who abandoned him at age 10 in the middle of a math homework problem. More or less reconciled as adults, Jeffrey steadfastly avoids any life choices that might fix him as “like” his father, who he only calls by his first name, Ross. The relationship is not without a certain level of affection and admiration – and approbation.

Ross has invested billions into creating a cryogenic preservation facility in the vast wilds of the mid-Asian desert, a place where the very rich can go to suspend themselves in hopes of being revived in a world where there is a cure for their ailment, which really mostly comes down to reversing the aging process. And where a select few choose to go to suspend themselves while still perfectly healthy with the idea that they will be revived in a world that is better, more rational, more complete.

The compound is claustrophobic and hallucinatory and really smacks of certain culti-ish mind control techniques. (The Heaven’s Gate crew comes to mind.) It also doubles as an all-encompassing art installation, with every detail carefully programmed by the Stenmark twins, who I visualized as Kraftwerk-ish euro hipsters, very thin, translucent, and dressed in all-black skin tights. Even when their clothing is described otherwise, they always look like Dieter to me.



Welcome to Sprockets

There are multitudes of semi-lifelike mannequins stationed throughout. Days can pass without seeing another human. Video screens appear from nowhere with images of global devastation, poverty, war, plagues; the Earth, it seems, is no longer fit for living; better to suspend and come back at a happier moment.

Food, a bland gruel designed, it seems, to relieve one's affection for life's simple pleasures, is generally taken in isolation, though occasionally another person appears at Jeffrey's mealtime, presumably at the behest of those running the show. Jeffrey's conversations with various residents and staff resemble the kinds of exchange you might endure with someone handing out Jack Chick cartoons or Scientology pamphlets. The lights are on, but it's unclear whether there is anybody home.

And then there are the endless hallways of doors leading – perhaps – to nowhere. Jeffrey decides to test the theory by knocking.

> *I did this six times and told myself one more door and this time the door opened and a man stood there in suit, tie and turban. I looked at him considering what I might say.*
>
> *"I must have the wrong door," I said.*
>
> *He gave me a hard look.*
>
> *"They're all the wrong door," he said.*

Much of this material reminded me of David Foster Wallace crossed with Philip K. Dick: funny, somewhat terrifying, with construction of language that somehow manages to evoke both feelings at once. Nobody builds a sentence with as much style and impact as DeLillo; in some of his books, the sheer scale of the language makes it seem as if "plot" is purely incidental. But not here.

Jeffrey is called to this secret compound to witness the suspension of his step-mother, who is dying. As the moment approaches, perfectly healthy father Ross decides he can't go on without her, declaring, "I'm going with her." What follows is examination of conceptions of life and death, what it means to be a human being, what our responsibilities are to ourselves, our loved ones, to others. And as we wait to discover whether Ross goes gently into that dark night, Jeffrey finds ample time to examine himself, his choices and non-choices, his affable passivity, all of which adds up to "…the soporifics of normalcy, my days in middling drift."

Jeffrey suspects that his refusal to commit to, well, anything really, is his reaction against the standards of his father. He's perfectly "happy" with his drift, yet too smart to accept that contentment at face value. Maybe he should be doing something more. Maybe he is squandering…something.

> *"The long soft life is what I feel I'm settling into and the only question is how deadly it will turn out to be.*
>
> *"But do I believe this or am I searching for effect, a way to balance the ease of my everydayness?"*

And yet, he is fierce in his opposition to his healthy Father choosing to suspend himself while he still has much life to live. The idea that one could just choose to check out for a while repels him.

Jeffrey is fairly obsessed with language, with naming, with defining. "Cherish the language," he says. It is his shield:

> *This is what I do to defend myself against some spectacle of nature. Think of a word.*

The question of who, or what, will revive in the distant future is unclear. Will consciousness maintain itself? Will the suspended brain experience thought, loneliness? If there

is a soul, and it ascends to heaven, what happens when the body is revived? Who are we?

> *Am I someone or is it just the words that make me think I'm someone?*

And so: the plot has its grip on you. Will he or won't he whatever? But the heart of this is the way the two protagonists draw you into their point of view, leading the reader to wonder about his own beliefs and fears. What is this life for? Am I giving it all I can? What is success and failure? Is there an absolute standard for either, a simple test that can tell us whether we are living up to our potential, or casting it away by "suspending" ourselves or settling into the long, soft life?

We witness Jeffrey's struggle with these questions through his constant interrogation of meaning and definition. And even though he sometimes uses that way of thinking to avoid grappling with his emotions, in the end his obsessions circle back on him to force him to examine the uncomfortable.

> *Why was I doing this to myself?*
> *Because the mind keeps working, uncontrollably.*

The unceasing drive of mind, and what happens in the mind after going (gently or not) into the good night, creates one of the most awe-ful scenes in the book.

There's plenty here to make the reader uncomfortable, and plenty of very funny moments. The plot moves you along with more pace than most DeLillo novels.

But my favorite moment is the ending, which takes place on a crosstown bus in Manhattan. I held my breath for the last several paragraphs and sat motionless for several minutes after.<fn>Same thing happened to me at the climax of *Underworld.*</fn> There is no neatly wrapped payoff here, no

tied-in-a-bow resolution. But the ending is glorious, the simplest pleasure expressed nearly incoherently, but with meaning crystal clear to anyone paying attention. Sunlight does not shine in any underworld. Rage, rage against the dying of the light.