

# The “Mexican Button” and Uncle Sam

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It all started about three years ago while Uncle Sam was at his little vacation home in Bisbee, Arizona. It’s a small, adobe-style home built in the late 1890s of traditional materials situated perfectly in the Old Town section of Bisbee near restaurants, shops, and old cowboy saloons and (former) warehouses (not housing *former* whores today, but previously housing actively involved whores), that served the multitude of miners who frequented the once-remote mountain community just a few miles up from Mexico. He has off-street parking and no stairs to climb: both premiums in the vastly over-priced hamlet.

Although modernized, Uncle Sam has kept his old adobe true to original appearance with subtle touches of technology that do not intrude on the home’s historic appearance. Nice. It’s also on the Historic Registry so there are some aspects of the house he cannot change, principally concerning the front elevation: windows, doors, and the like, so that from outside when viewed from the street, the home must appear much as it had for more than one-hundred years past. And, in fact, it looks very much as it did in vintage black-and-white photographs taken by Mr. Fly when he wasn’t preoccupied by events in Tombstone.

At the computer Uncle Sam called up one of the news aggregating sources, like Google, that effectively use trackers to more accurately gauge what news stories the user finds most interesting, then records that data in the giant Google computer hidden in a

remote part of the world beneath a volcano, to sell to some one or company who wishes to turn that knowledge into money by enticing the targeted recipient of the advertising into buying something or subscribing to some service he/she doesn't need or really want, but succumbs to the temptation contributing to the more than trillion-dollar increase in Consumer Debt this last year putting the Cumulative Average Joe's indebtedness at now more than 17 trillion, ("USD" as the economists say).

Companies who make and/or sell things, or the idea of things, which are not actually "things" themselves but affiliations (or the privilege of being affiliated with something or someone, like Bitcoin, as an example), to avoid the human condition of loneliness, continue to pay money to others to promote (or advertise) what they do, believing that if they don't advertise they'll go out of business, because some company did in the 1920s.

"You don't want to end up like Putzmonger, do you?" They say. And their interlocutor says something like, "Putzmonger? I've never heard of Putzmonger."

To which he/she/it responds, "Exactly!" And it's all because Putzmonger quit paying ridiculous sums of money to the people who handled Putzmonger's advertising account, and thus to all of those who followed in the money-food trough back then: Newspapers, Television, Radio, and so on. As a result, they profess, no one today knows what a Putz is, notwithstanding that most are.

Of course, the reason Putzmonger went out of business didn't have anything to do with advertising. The reality is that Putzmonger made Putzes that were no longer relevant to society any longer. Victorian-era Putzes became passé. Everybody wanted "A Putz for the New Century." Not some feeble old wrinkly Putz that couldn't do the job.

Speaking of an old putz: As I said, Uncle Sam was reviewing the news presented to him while Google monitored his cursor movement and recorded everything in the Giant, Below-the-Volcano Supercomputer. As he clicked, little bits of data were sent to the various trackers at Google, and independent of Google, too: Marketing, Advertising, Site Analytics, Catchpoint, Tags, and just a whole bunch more trackers totaling more than 49 in number, and all he'd done so far was open the "News.Google" site!

Imagine that! To click on a story adds at least another 21 trackers. A click on an X video, although everyone knows by now "X" is the artist formerly known as Prince, or maybe Cher (or is it Twitter?), yields another 50 or so trackers piling on to Uncle Sam's computer. Now, Uncle Sam has a coliseum-full of people watching his every move.

But it gets better. (Just not for Uncle Sam.) After scanning the News our Uncle Sam becomes so disenchanted with where our society is headed he elects to look for a new home in some other part of the country. He is contractually obligated to remain in the contiguous 48 states, and he doesn't foresee himself being released from that aspect of the covenant until the United States of America collapses some time in the distant future, or November 2024, whichever comes first. He's thinking about selling the home he just bought in Washington DC (see below) and his little vacation casa in Bisbee, and finding a home of much larger stature in Arizona or Texas. He likes Texas and thinks that Greg Abbott is a real stand-up guy, but he's not too keen on Arizona's governor, Katie Hobbs, who he sees as a bag of smiley, animated, patterned fabric.

At Redfin.com his computer is bombarded by more than 100 trackers before he has an opportunity to enter a city in which to search. The trackers include, Adobe Audience Manager, Turn Inc, DataXu, DoubleClick, iSpot.tv, TradeDesk, Amazon Advertising,

PubMatic, LinkedIn Ads, Permutive, Google, Snapchat For Business, Facebook Custom Audience, Index Exchange, and on-and-on. “Why?” He asks of no one.

A god-like, disembodied voice from above responds, “Putzmonger!” A bolt of lightning cracks, rattling the house. This does not signal divine intervention: it’s just what happens in Bisbee from time-to-time.

Feeling chilled, he walks from his computer to adjust the *Nest* thermostat. On the way, the video camera in his *Nest* records him approaching, while his iMac records him leaving. His Smart Phone is looking placidly at the ceiling admiring the reproduction tin panels he had installed harking back to 1900, but records and transmits the audio of his mumbled ramblings as he makes his way across the room.

Returning, he snatches a sweater off the back of the couch, sidetracks through the kitchen to grab a bowl of cereal to assuage his small hunger: wetting the bowl of *ISIS-K cereal* with a little milk, he returns to the computer where the hundreds of trackers he left unsupervised (for only a moment or two) have multiplied and helped themselves to the vast unsecured data he keeps stored on this, his private computer, much like Hillary Clinton had. (To Trumps’ credit, it’s more difficult to spy on a stack of “top secret” Nuclear Attack documents stored in a closet at a golf resort where only friends, enemies, and the occasional Slapper may wander through.)

Checking his email, coincidentally he has received a promotional for a new Real Estate Listing service, like Redfin, Realtor and the many others. He decides to give it a try and enters the URL, *SoYouThinkItWillBeBetterLivingSomewhereElse.com*. It looks much like all the others, and there are the same thousands of typical trackers waiting not-so-patiently for him to enter anything

so that they may report back to motherships.

Uncle Sam keys in Austin, Texas. He adds search parameters for five or more bedrooms, three or more bathrooms, at least a 2-car garage, with a minimum of 1/2-acre of land. The site returns a number of listings and he sorts them by Price, high to low.

The first result intrigues him and he clicks on it. The little trackers are very happy that he did this. Google is very happy, too. They're all jumping around inside his computer in a little dance of joy.

Uncle Sam examines the details of the property and clicks on the Map feature showing him exactly where the house is located. Concerned about flooding and the associated premiums for insurance coverage (or if not available at all as in California), he clicks the map layer button for "Flooding" and is rewarded with a satisfying representation of the immediate area surrounding the house and how it is projected to be impacted over the next several years owing to naturally occurring Climate Change, Man-Made Climate Change, a serendipitous occurrence of nature, or the forces of Zoltan-Evil-God-of-Earth.

Satisfied, he looks at other options and finds a layering button for "Mexicans." A nanosecond after pressing the button, the map is enhanced with a Brown overlay on top of the blue for Flood. He notices that the house he's looking at is subject to intense flooding by water and some flooding by Mexicans, many of whom appear to be drowned by the increasing deluge of rainwater as the years move on. Or, it could be that it is not as likely to be invaded, which I recognize as a highly emotive word. So sorry.

Zooming out on the map, Uncle Sam notices that the Brown is far more intense the farther south he progresses. He passes the map off to the west and centers it over Bisbee where at that moment he sits contentedly munching on his bowl of *ISIS-K*.

“Humph,” he snorts. He mumbles through his cereal, “Man! That’s just a whole bunch of Mexicans!” He looks out the window as if to verify the mass of Mexican humanity represented in the map layer. *Only two or three...* he thinks.

Then, he’s struck as if by another bolt of lightning (which may happen in Bisbee), “Oh! That’s right...” He is dismayed at this realization because it throws a major wrench into his thinking, and thinking with a wrench caught in one’s brain is not easy, as Joe Biden knows, and it must be surgically removed which will entail a trip to the Mayo Clinic in Phoenix since Brain Surgery is not on this menu of services offered in the local hospital. He finishes his thought speaking aloud to his computer screen, “This was their country before we took it away from them in 1848. I forgot.”

We all have, Uncle Sam. But to be honest, that was a much different time and we were much different people - Gringo and Mexican, alike.

***Today, our country can’t run on an open border. There must be order to immigration, because if the chaos continues, turmoil and violence, on a vast intractable scale will follow, and I wouldn’t want to live next door to Uncle Sam in Bisbee when that happens. Or next to Greg Abbott, or...***

***There will probably be a Map Layer feature for this eventuality, too, portrayed in “Blood Red.”***