

Sex, Drugs and Rock-n-Roll. That line was coined in the 1970's so says *Wikipedia*. Although immediate gratification has likely captivated humans ever since the dawning, history does attest to just how high human purpose rates on the scale to what else—captivates us.

Those lines, held the homepage opening spot at *Dancing Partners* ever since its spring 2012 debut out in the big www.vastland. Nine years later, I'm sitting here looking to merge those truest of lines into a bookform Forward for yet another springtime debut but, my wee trickster sidekick has instead opened the floodgate holding back the countless memories to this 15-year, hardknock learning-curve of a trek. Yep, what started out as a month-long struggle to pen a *My Story for Newsweek*—took one helluva detour. But back then, back when AI replacement schemes came a' marching right through the industry doors where I worked, an overriding intent to shout about it descended. Me, an average commoner who didn't know a damn thing about writing much less how to then shout about it, somehow managed to write a bulging series about the biggest gamechanger to ever hit on the scene of all humanity. Still, once I managed to navigate my way through the website-building maze, I then flunked the how-to for getting something aloft out of that vastland. After several years of knocking my head against that sapper of a lesson, I gladly conceded defeat. Consequently, this endeavor has sat perched and lonely out on a branch in an endless sea of branches for the past 5 years. Finally, when 2020 rolled in, so did one more round of resolve. What I've remained committed to offer freely, is also and at last, now readied for bookform publishing. From that outlet, maybe a readership will then find—what's taken me 15 years to deliver.

Of Dancing Partners: just visualize a crazy-paced Tango. Up on the stage, swirling, jerking, colliding, are the usual dance partners of time; Gods, ruling elites and us—the mass. But suddenly, in a steamrolling entrance amidst a near-deafening crescendo, comes a wholly new partner and—we're entranced. Slowly though, we awaken to one irrefutable reality: this deftly capable, Teflon-Armored partner—comes with some really dark sides. And with this awareness, an innate knowing surfaces. Occasionally, we must take the lead. Will we?

That paragraph; another longstanding homepage opener, is a nutshell take that just about covers what is—*Dancing Partners*. What's not covered, can be found in the question that ends it. Which, for the past 9 years of sitting posed out in that vastland, the answer has been a resounding no. Well, from the handful of folks who managed to stumble onto it anyway. Occasionally, they'd pause their surfing long enough to chide me for not being a site about *Dancing with the Stars* or a site listing available dance partners. I should've thought this titling thing through a bit more. Anyway, this is an offering for patriotic folks from whatever country—this world over, who already know we've been asleep at the wheel way too long already and its past time to wake up. Now if that audience also happens to enjoy music and dancing, well that's great! So do I!

Call it asleep at the wheel or a world class stall, but once I realized that unless I tackled the convoluted-all about the biggest gamechanger to ever hit our human scene, a mere shouting about AI replacement technology usurping our very lifelines was futile. And stalled, isn't just an American state but rather, fortunate-us masses of the free world have—by large, allowed some hefty calamities to mega-morph these past 30 years. World debt and disparity, along with rulership recklessness to include the rise of Oligarchies and

the fall of Democracy-types, are wholly detrimental, eruption-type commonalities in dire need of retracking and by now, I'm certain those who pay attention know this. So, I figured if we could spark ourselves to face the challenges of right now, then maybe that momentum would get us to face the Superintelligence challenge of tomorrow. First, I determined we'd need to overcome a few tiresome stumbling blocks and one is about labels. To address our real-time realities does not equate to being a fatalistic fearmonger. We simply have to acknowledge where we actually stand if we ever intend to move beyond stuck. And, we can't keep hoping our rulership's will do it all for us. Putting our fate in their hands is how we got neck-deep in the muck to begin with. We, must find a forward we can actually get behind and hopeless mindsets won't help but, the choice to remain unmoved? That's what's fatalistic. As for trust, rulership's may have forfeited ours but we simply can't afford to put ourselves under that umbrella as well. For me, I'm a fully geared, hopeful optimist and this offering comes grounded—straight outta pure potential.

To shrink-wrap another absolute to what is—*The Power Dance of Time*, we are the only mortal partner able to retrack rulership recklessness. Period. However, our ability to do so—only comes in bulk form. No matter how much we don't want to see what's up ahead, our clock is indeed ticking. Ultimately, I came to see that—*we*—are the most fundamental aspect to all that's convoluted. So, I began to pen notes on just what it means to be of human intelligence and in that, what moves us, what stalls us. Since purpose, had been the very driver that pulled me out of my own countless stalls, I thought to try and convey just how that driver works its magic. By then, I'd learned enough to know that whether or not we are in the grips of a driver, we all come with a valve-stem straight into the heart of our future and they—need us to give them a fighting chance. With this primo, purposeful-pull in full view, what was once a writing about artificial intelligence; the Techno-Godsend of our era, took another turn. Our world class stall, became the fulcrum to what I came to realize actually was—*The Story of Our Times*.

Our Story, chronicles current events that unfolded during the past dozen-plus years and specifically from a commoner's perspective. Well, that's the perspective I come with but also, from out of the many turns this trek has taken me on; like I was but a scribe for a writing I didn't yet know, I came to see a commoner's perspective was precisely the kind needed to tell—*Our Story*. The first clue to this became evident right from the get-go when I decided to educate myself some. Expert reads; those spelling out how artificial intelligence develops, those mapping out futuristic predictions that have been unfolding right on time in playbook certainty, weren't easy reads. Had I myself not been gripped by such an overriding intent to shout about it all, I'd never have made it through the dry stack I'd accumulated so I figured if that was the only kind of delivery out there—it was never gonna move us. From there, I began penning my research notes intentionally from my own, commoner's perspective thinking a layman delivery, surely stood a chance to actually connect. Then, the next stumbling block came into view.

While there's been discussion about what actually brought on such a world class stall, how it happened is now of the past. To move beyond, we simply must amass a concerted forward-ho. Even if some outside event came along to actually force a shove on us, I knew we'd still need a communication outlet to engage us as one. And though I kept piling up what was becoming a huge stack of well-researched notes, and though I

could now visualize the style of what clearly needed written, I just didn't have the skill, confidence or courage to tackle that kind of all-encompassing magnitude. Which, my fickle sidekick has never stopped whining all over this fact. From the flashback of memories currently flooding me, I'm seeing where I wasted good chunks of time trying to get beyond this hefty boulder. Either I idled time away fantasizing about having the money to hire a real writer able to paste my notes into a sensible delivery, or else I excused myself by waiting it out. Surely, someone competent would soon come along and step up to the damn plate to write our story. But, nobody ever did.

Finally, after conceding to give it my best, what-the hell stab which, turned out to be a nearly insurmountable, decade-plus and still counting dedication, *Dancing Partners* remains—all these years later, timely and relevant. It is stuffed with enlightening material and it's a provocative read; all measures to assure readers their time won't be wasted. However, it developed beyond a good read and besides, we've been given a plethora of those anyway. We are a communal beast. Communication is all-important to us. But because most of us are fully aware of today's mega-calamities by now, the why we remain unmoved continued to be the full screen quandary. And while my writing manifested into a prod-n-pull delivery just to try and get us to show up at the damn starting gate, I kept sensing something more than a starter base was needed. We needed a means to engage. So, I added a forum; one more hardknock learning-curve but it was worth it. Surfers not looking for dance partners, but ones truly concerned about big picture realities, occasionally stumbled onto this and engagement began to blossom—right up til a bot invasion overran it. To solve this, I shut the forum down and with that move, the heftiest stall I'd come up against settled in. Still, that blossoming pinged; pointing the way to where this never-ending trek was headed.

Since the advent of nuclear power and now Superintelligence, humanity hadn't yet faced total annihilating, manmade realities. Via every futuristic prediction from every expert I ever came across, their assessment was unanimous: Superintelligence is one helluva nightmare. From their consensus, the experts in charge of rating human annihilation risks, then pegged that bad boy right at the tiptop; above the nuclear nightmare and if you're skeptical, just look up existential risks. As for the mega-calamities already spiraling out of control, we don't need experts to tell us what's eventual about that spiral. History, has well-covered how societal collapse plays out. And because we are now a global society; global economies intertwined with global stock trading power-mite which are two other unprecedented turn of events, no mass should comfort themselves with the empty notion that they, will make it through global mayhem—unscathed. For better or worse we are now, all in this together.

We do have a few other, unprecedented realities going for us that aren't grim. Our era, the first-ever to exist freer and more educated than ever, is also now armed with the means to resonate, this world over—our voice, our consensus, our lead. We, have been gifted the grandest of gifts which sit—smack in our lap. These grand anomalies: "something that deviates from what is standard, normal, or expected" are also—definite gamechangers. Fortunate-us masses of today; the torchbearers for all humanity, finally have the means to affect change—all without another senseless bloodletting. However, to implement the full potential of these unprecedented turn of events comes with a trick.

We, must somehow unify. The nutshell here? We've been gifted a new way to move and, we'd be less than ignorant to not put those grand gifts to full use—while we still can.

When 2020 rolled in, so did an editor who quickly pointed out that a Mass Summons isn't a listed genre and nor is Human Interest. Regardless, both tags are apt so how he plans to get this offering aloft, remains still—the boulder of boulders. However this finds you, think of it like a starter-kit that comes with a few instructions. The final paragraph from the homepage opener is—the how-to instructions for getting the most out of this offering so prepare yourself first; give it your best, what-the-hell stab when ready to take this challenge. It goes like this: All installments are filled to the brim so I highly recommend grabbing a cool one and a whole lotta focus whenever an uninterrupted spot of time comes along. Uninterrupted, is crucial and now more than ever. Caught up in such a speed-of-sound info-inundation, maybe we've forgotten to regard how our own amazing processor works. Sure, artificial intelligence processors auto-regurgitate data faster than we can even imagine but it can't, and never will—brew up one ounce of wisdom. Though we can, we must slow the input down; allow given knowledge time to gel with emotions. Mulling time, is wisdom brewing time.

Like-minded comrades 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. For all others, give cynical reservation the boot, stoke a driver or two of your own and pass this on. Engage. These installments are chalked full of thoughts worth thinking, emotions worth sparking. Yet, life is still—all about choice. Each individual must choose to allow what's offered to ignite something within so read like you mean it. Strive to tap that heady driver called purpose. Broaden this challenge even; encourage others to read along in viral or bookform style. Talk over the material offered from a forward-ho mindset before moving onto the next installment. For this communal beast, congregating can't be underestimated; organized religion doesn't hold the exclusive here. And if every reader will choose to take on this challenge, then in about 2 weeks, you will all know as much as I do and, that's a start. Once we amass, it's guaranteed that something ethereal will organically develop and that—makes this longshot worth a try.

Will my perfectly-flawed, good enough offering be—good enough? Don't know.

That answer, now rests in your hands.

My never-ending best—I give to you.