It’s a pyramid scheme. There’s no product to invest in; there’s nothing but a vague promise that you’ll get your money back if enough people will get on board. In plain English, a pyramid scheme, but a legal one, and one that even the big players don’t know they’re playing. They call it politics, after all, and in politics, you win, then you lose, and then you go home and watch the rest of the game on TV. That’s what makes it all so bizarre: no one on the winning team goes home with the prize money tucked into her bra. It’s not their money, it’s not even their party’s money. It’s the citizens money. It’s the constitution’s money. After all the lying, conniving, poo-flinging, propaganda, they get nothing. So why do it? What’s the payoff, when there isn’t any payoff?

Well, it ain’t money, and it ain’t fame, so what the whatever could it be? It’s got to be personal, if it ain’t business? So?

Praise. Inclusion. A little break here and there. A door-pass to the insiders’ room. A little help cutting through the red tape. All the standard perks. It’s pretty tame fare, on my menu, and. And you cannot convince me that every politician follows the little stereotype I’m cooking up; anyone who judges the moral health of the collective for the moral shortcomings of the individual, i.e., who judges every individual politician for the sins of the party, is a bigot in progess and a fascist in the making. Most politicians I’ve known were honest people, who for reasons unknown, turn into robot parrots set on auto-spew. People who used to speak truth end up speaking the party line, and democracy crumbles, as they switch allegiances, but their inner do-gooder still clings to the belief that the Party can do the do-gooding better. Normal people come from good, not evil, but once you decide that the ends justify the means, you are lost to us. Many don’t succumb, and they don’t even ; I cried real loss when Jack Layton died, because he never forgot what we hired him for;