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The World That Used To Be—Is Gone

What's gone is that American spirit from the 50s/60s when free speech was a thing and authority was subject to question. Now, Americans line-up like lemmings, awaiting expert directive. The West Coast is totally controlled by the left. Oregon has ports but no oil refinery. We get our oil from Washington, another, California-like—fossil-fuel hater.

Oregonians are among the most optically ignorant. Few here understand that the elites they rely on are as close to being monsters, as is possible. As when neighbors say they're not against guns. but want them strictly regulated because guns kill people. So does slut, trans-porn in 3rd grade libraries that robs kids of humanity/sexual identity.

For me, the elite don't matter—I'll play the game as I must, but if they go too far, try to take me from what's mine, like Putin, I'll see it as existential—do what needs done.

Nothing's the same as back when I moved to Southern Oregon in 1974. The first day I arrived I met Jerry who sold me a building lot for \$7K, on which I built a small house. Jerry built entire developments alone, using homemade wall jacks—not even a helper.

Before I arrived a monstrous flood swept away a bridge over a creek, making a one- acre parcel Jerry owned, un-accessible. Before the bridge

was carried downstream, battered and jammed with logs—a 50 footer ended up inside a house next to the creek.

I bought that acre and a few mornings later, looking for a water source, I came upon a meadow above my acre—a thing of beauty. That afternoon, with \$5000 in cash, I met with elderly Leila who owned that 110 acres. I offered her the \$5K as a nonrefundable down, and I would give her another \$70K within 12 months. I had no money but I wanted that meadow. I would find a way to pay her off. Which I did—with that 50s spirit.

How I did it is another story but the one I want to tell is what's happened to Oregon (and America), since that year—1975. I bought my land not knowing what I could build there. At the zoning desk, I found out. My land was zoned OSR 5, which meant there was some possibility I could build 22 homes on 110 acres. That seemed about right.

The guy at the counter told me that off my dirt road there could be a total of 8 building permits—did I want zoning clearance for 8 building permits? In less than a week I had 5 building permits and I began milling lumber from my own timber/building houses.

I found an old guy up on my land boring tiny holes in trees to count growth rings. His family were loggers, mainly pole loggers—utility poles. On my land they thinned straight, tall timber for telephone poles. If I needed a permit I don't recall, but before 12 months I had the money to pay Leila the \$70K I owed her. Dave, my logger, sitting on his huge dozer, smoked a pipe and avoided any little fir/pine trees, so as to save them.

Dave was one of those Christian conservatives, who, pontificating the Bible or the Constitution could drive away a multitude. We decided I ought to be the timber buyer.

Why am I telling this? Everything on my land is legal-signed-off, but I took

liberties along the way. To build rurally without permits in California, 13 miles south, was legal. So, at times I sought forgiveness rather than permission. Today, I learned those days are gone. With elite entrenched regulation—no more forgiveness. Fines—teardown.

Lately I'm thinking my 81 year-old body is not on its last legs—maybe there's some races yet to run. As in, rebuild my places, and bring the past into the now, restoring from the ground-up, some old cars/trucks/bikes that are my history. But land for my little Leno's Garage is too expensive. Has to be on my land—the elite say absolutely not.

At the Planning Department I got a reality shock that from the past, I should have anticipated. Back in the day when I'd acted lackadaisically and almost paid the price. As Oregon headed towards elite control, my 22 possible building permits became 5 overnight. 5, I barely got filed, under the wire. During my process, they cut it to 1 permit (ostensibly for fire suppression). Then, what were called *100 Friends of Oregon* (euphemism for tyranny), cut it to 0. Anything classified as Forest Reserve, no longer qualified for a building permit, causing such an outcry, they went back to 1 home for 160 acres. My process, in motion, was signed off in the 80s. And I stayed away—40 years.

Friday, I saw what decades of over-regulation and data collection can do. Almost anywhere in Oregon you can build, without a permit, under 200 square ft, no taller than 15 ft. If you want electricity or plumbing you need a permit for that. But not in the sacred forest where your property doesn't belong to you. If you want a shed, you either apply for a type 2 permit (\$1700 non refundable)—but it won't get approved. A type 1 is the way to go where an outbuilding application is around \$900. Just for a damn shed.

And you don't necessarily get it. First, you have to show the outbuilding is

for forest management—and a ground-up restoration of a 1950 Ford flat-head V8 isn't what they have in mind. Other stuff I was afraid to ask about: to what does their verbiage, *forest sightings* (not citings), refer? Is that endangered birds? I really didn't want to know.

Elite control is everywhere. Government bankrupted the Hunt Brothers, crashing the silver market by disallowing silver contracts to be bought—only sold. Now, with a silver supply crisis, that's likely what's coming. Threats/confiscation for us damn hoarders. But this time, in a global market, not controlled by paper suppression—it will backfire.

I laid out a rough scenario for what comes in my last article. 1st, consider pirates. Trump (given all rationales), is a high seas, murderous pirate, as I assume were most pirates of yore. But to survive in the world that comes, we will need the attributes of a pirate/coyote. Rather than taking innocent lives—we need the means to save our lives.

For that, we'll need to think ahead of the curve—be smarter than the zoning department. I will restore cars/bikes and avoid trouble—where possible. But anything I do brings risk. It's the same with gold and silver. I bought both from dealers but I don't anticipate selling any that creates a paper trail. I'll be my own dealer for *pieces of 8*.

I hear from those around me, that when we try to sell metal, they'll get us. Truth is, as with FDR's gold confiscation—they only get the foolish. Even with today's mass surveillance that didn't exist for FDR, they're understaffed/underfunded—not that bright.

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