

## Do Not Call

*... don't call me, I'll call you.*

I was wondering the other night how long it will take before I have to register my name on a Do Not Mug list to avoid being pistol whipped, robbed and left for dead in the parking lot of my local shopping mall. Instead, I'll announce to the mugger that I am duly registered on the list as he sets aside his gun or knife and flips through a computer listing of 11,000 local names and addresses to verify my bona fides.

If you ask why I think I'll eventually have to register for such basic protection now freely available under the laws of our land, I will in turn ask you why I must register now to be protected from annoying telephone calls. Until the advent of telemarketing, I thought we lived in a democracy. Silly me.

In a true democracy, any practice held odious by everyone but the perpetrators would be outlawed. Neither you nor I know of any phone customer in the U.S. who likes telemarketing calls, so why are they still legal?

Alas, we do not have a democracy. It's a republic. In a republic, voters elect other people who are presumed to become smarter than the voters after they are elected. How this happens no one is able to explain. The "smarter-than-us" legislators in our state capitol ... in addition to being a bunch of crooks and of course I don't mean to be rude ... have not seen fit to outlaw telemarketing. Just why they haven't is truly a puzzle. Money could be involved.

I guess I'll just have to keep using an answering machine, swearing profusely at any poor woman who gets through to me and adding more resentment upon enmity between myself and the politicians. And they'll keep enriching themselves, taxing the bejesus out of me, telling me I can't throw away my dead batteries and requiring me to register in order to obtain my rights.

Isn't America great? And it's for sale!

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