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Rogue Party reveals *The Secret Plan*
By Curtis Seltzer

BLUE GRASS, Va.—“Is this Curtis I. Seltzer?” It was early evening. The voice on the phone was unfamiliar and not local.

“Maybe,” I said. “What’s the ‘I’ stand for?”

“How would I know what your middle initial stands for?”

“Well, then, I’m probably not here. You should also assume that I gave at the office and the check is in the mail.”

“You sound like our kind of guy.”

“I do?”

“My name is Mr. Z. I’m with the Rogues. We’re calling a few choice people in the Blue Grass area. We think you might fit our plans and join our Party.”

“I’m flattered to be invited anywhere, but I’m dreadful at social gatherings. I stand around like a floor lamp with a dead bulb.”

“It’s not that kind of party. We’re...political. We want to throw the bums out.”

“Are bums still called ‘bums’ these days? Some are more homeless than bummy. And I’m against making more Americans homeless, even if they are bums. I have some bum in me, so I know.”

“No, no,” Mr. Z said. “I’m not talking about homeless bums. I’m talking about politician bums. We want to throw them out of office, not out of their homes.”

“But where will your bums go after you throw them out? They might turn up in Blue Grass where they’ll mooch off the taxpayers and take up parking spaces. Maybe it’s better to keep your bums wadded up together where we can keep an eye on them. Last thing we want out here is a bunch of Washington bums rolling around with no expense accounts.”

“Curtis, ‘Throw the bums out.’—it’s a figure of speech. None of my bums...I mean no bums are coming to Blue Grass.”

“That’s a relief. So after you throw yours out which new bums take over?”

“Ours do. Except they’re not bums. They’re public servants.”

“Glad to hear it. I’m against replacing one bum with another. I’m also against vinegar-based, Carolina barbeque, even though I’ll eat it in a pinch. Just want to be honest with you about my politics.”

“We Rogues are against taxes.”

“I’m for no taxes on anything. Taxes should be voluntary just like charity. If government depended solely on the generosity of the governed, we’d waste a lot less money because there would be a lot less to waste. Don’t you think charitable taxation is a good idea?”

Mr. Z spluttered. “I guess, eventually...that’s certainly the right direction. But we don’t want to throw the bathroom out with the baby.”

“Why not? Toss all of it—bathwater, bathrooms, kitchen sinks, bums and babies too...except, of course, for the unborn. Isn’t that what being rogue is all about—wipe out the old, wipe in the new?”

“Curtis, what exactly do you do for a living?”

“I’m often asked that question, mainly by my wife. Here is my official answer: I write stuff about dirt and show people how to do things.”

“Porno?”

“Land dirt, not dirty dirt.”

“You believe in private property, don’t you?”

“Sure. The more private, the better. I even own some. And I’d like more.”

“You’re against collectivizing agriculture, aren’t you?”

“You bet, but a lot of farmers like to collect from the government. Me too. Just keep all that between us. I don’t want to be quoted or let the cat out of the bag.”

“I’m not talking about collecting subsidies. [Mr. Z dropped his voice to below a whisper so that any CIA bug on the line couldn’t hear his next words.] I’m talking about *The Secret Plan* to take your land.”

“Take it where?”

“Away from you! The Obamacrats will seize it, and the state will own it.

Make it into communal farms.”

I gave serious thought to this prospect. “Will they do the fencing and shovel out the cattle barn every spring as part of the deal?”

“CURTIS! Obama plans to turn you into landless peasant!”

“Might be a step up, given property taxes. Just out of curiosity,” I asked, “how do you know that Obama has a secret plan to nationalize American agriculture?”

“Because no one’s heard about it.”

“Oh. I get it. If you don’t see it, it must be there. Any other secret plans?”

“Yes sir. He wants to give America back to the Indians.”

“Well, they do have a respectable claim to ownership. Better than mine,” I added.

“What about property rights? Our Constitutional rights? We took it from them fair and square in the first place. And possession gave us legal ownership in second place.”

“Yes, that’s how it happened. Do you think Obama will nationalize all the land first or will he give it to the Indians first?”

“They go hand in hand. The Indians have always believed in collective, Soviet-style ownership. So he gives it back to them and at the same time it’s communized. Then they’ll put guys like you and me on the old reservations. See?”

“I’ve always wanted to own a casino,” I said. “Why would Obama do this?”

“Because he was born outside U.S. territorial waters in an outrigger canoe paddled by two same-sex Hawaiians playing ukuleles with their toes. This explains the watermarks on his phony birth certificate.”

“No one could make up a story like that. It must be true.”

“And another thing. After he takes your land away, he’s going to stop all meat production, except buffalo. That’s what is really behind his campaign to cut out obesity. You can see it at the White House right now. They put in this organic, no-calorie garden—asparagus, foreign tomatoes, all that hippie stuff they eat at Harvard Law School. But do they have a single cow, sheep or pig?”

Not one. Are chickens running free-range through the Lincoln Bedroom? Nope. That speaks volumes. They're up there growing grass, if you get my drift, not grazing it."

"Farm animals aren't allowed in the District of Columbia."

"Don't make excuses for him."

"You really think he'd take away Texas barbeque? I mean I could get along without the Carolina."

"Buddy, he's comin' after both."

"I'll see about that. I'll ring him up right now."

"You know him! You talk to him?"

"Sure. Bub's been down here twice. He calls me, 'Seed,' short for 'Hay! Seed!' It's his idea of being funny."

I rang up the private number.

"Bub, it's Seed, in Blue Grass. How u? Listen, I got this guy on the other line from the Rogue Party who says you're going to take my land, make me into a communal veggie on an ex-Indian reservation and outlaw Texas barbeque except if you were born to ukulele music off-shore. What's up?"

"*The Secret Plan*, right. Seed, I promise you as a one-half bro to a full no bro, there's nothing to it. Farming is one of the few businesses America has that still produces something in addition to debt. And I've never met a barbeque joint that didn't make money and pay taxes. What do you think I eat when Michelle's down at the gym working on her arms? The only land I want is a little place out in the country where we can retire and dandle grandkids on our knees."

"Truth?"

"Honest Native American," he said. "I'll be down this summer. You still got the Luckies hidden in the truck?"

"Waiting for you."

"Later," he said and hung up.

"Mr. Z, you heard him. Our land is safe, and so is our meat."

“You’re not going to be fooled by a lot of...of...words, are you? Against my facts!”

“Mr. Z, I can back you on throwing the bums out. I can back you on lower taxes and deficit reduction. But as long as Texas barbeque is safe, I’m sticking with the bums I know.”

“I will make a note of this on your permanent record card.”

“It’s not the first. By the way, what’s the “Z” stand for?”

“Zip.”

Curtis Seltzer is a land consultant who works with buyers and helps sellers with marketing plans. He is author of How To Be a DIRT-SMART Buyer of Country Property at www.curtis-seltzer.com where his weekly columns are posted.

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