Terminal Condition

by

Sam Aurelius Milam III % 4984 Peach Mountain Drive Gainesville, Georgia 30507

This essay originally appeared as an <u>article</u> in the July 2004 issue of the *Frontiersman*. It was first presented here on Saturday, November 9, 2019 and was most recently revised on Tuesday, August 18, 2020.

The document is approximately 504 words long.

Other essays in this collection are available in *Pharos*.

This essay is LiteraShare.

That means that it isn't for sale and that it isn't protected by a formal establishment copyright. As the author, I ask you to extend to me the courtesy that is reasonably due. If you copy the essay, then copy all of it including my name and address as shown on each page, and this LiteraShare Statement. I invite you to provide such copies for other readers. If you quote from the essay, then do so accurately and give me credit. If you care to make a voluntary contribution to me, then I prefer cash. For checks, money orders, or PayPal payments, please inquire.

caveat lector

Terminal Condition										
This	page	Was	intentionally	left	blank.					

No human condition endures forever, with the corollary that the more complicated such a condition, the greater its susceptibility to change.

—from *The Last Castle* by Jack Vance

Imagine a juggler. Imagine that he's on stage, in front of an audience. Imagine that he's juggling eggs.

Off stage, out of sight of the audience, there's a man with a big basket of eggs. Every so often, the man off stage throws an egg at the juggler. When that happens, the juggler has to catch the new egg and add it to the ones that he's juggling. Every time he adds an egg to his act, he has to throw the eggs harder and higher, to keep them going. Every time he has to catch a new egg, his act gets more difficult.

To the audience, the increment of difficulty with each new egg might not be obvious, especially if the juggler doesn't want to appear stressed. Maybe he just keeps smiling.

The man off stage keeps throwing eggs at the juggler. The juggler keeps working harder and harder. He keeps throwing the eggs higher and higher. Even if he misses an egg occasionally, he can still keep juggling. However, every time he misses an egg, there's another slick place on the floor. When his assistant tries to clean up the floor, she gets in his way. Every time an egg hits the juggler in the face, his vision might become a little more blurred. Every time an egg breaks in his hand, his grip will become a little more slippery. Meanwhile, the assistant, trying to help, keeps getting in the way. While the audience is enjoying the act, the situation is becoming more desperate. The unending growth is unsustainable. Such a situation cannot remain under control forever. No matter how good the juggler is, eventually he's going to drop the eggs.

That is the U.S. economy.

Terminal Condition	n		

This page was intentionally left blank.