

# Donald J.Trump

## The purloined Candidate

~A General Theory~

By Mark Goodall c with a circle around it 2016<sup>1</sup>

*~Dedicated to Elliott Jaques, and the wonderful people who work so hard to bring Requisite Organization to the World~*

How do you solve a problem like the Donald. Let us enter the topic with sort of a sideways question that a salon guest, having one buttonholed near a potted plant, might ask in the context of discussing this tawdry election run up. Is there an issue of media control? Fasten your seat belts, it may be a bumpy ride.

What we have here, my dears, is not a matter of control - any more than your turning on the television is a desire to control media. It is simply a communication tool at your disposal and the disposal of Donald, and Hilary and any Thirds. The problem is that because media operates at a nominal level of capability, it unwittingly permits more access to holders of substantially higher capability. Operating between strata 2 and 3, the media is, virtually by definition, unable to understand what is happening. The Donald, playing the fool, is able to employ a higher capability which permits him to look and dress the fool from a disengaged, playful, perspective. A form of theatre.

What is his motivation? Well, if he is at a fairly high capability level, say a 7 or 8 (it scares me a little to contemplate a 9 or....) (not saying he is a 7 or 8, just advancing such a theory) the motivation may come from the realization (and it is interesting how that can just sort of pop as that next level is reached) that the (do you mind using the word system until we spend some moments on word choice and more careful definition) system is patently absurd in its application. This high capability fool sees day in and day out this absurdity and considers, as both a lark, and an opportunity to create teaching moments, the examination of that absurdity. So, with the help of some staffers, and knowing that for such a simple task, interns are likely

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adequate and the interns would learn so much, he looks into the notion of the presidency, and more specifically, the U.S. presidency.

His staffers investigate such things as, what are the rules, what is the process, etc., and he finds that his comely interns have verified (he already knew it from high capability observation) that, indeed, the rules are absurd. For example, there is no accountability vis-à-vis keeping campaign promises. An examination of any written rules and a review of the handling of prior campaigns shows that there is sometimes some fuss over truth and honesty issues but there is no sanction. Actually, it is likely that such a sanction would be unconstitutional. The handling of the quaint concept of apology is very strange. The historical practice is inconsistent. My personal aside is that apology has been reduced to a cordiality and that failure to separate church and state renders the whole concept vacuous. What actually happens in campaigns is that the so-called press orchestrates a shaming procedure and, historically, the candidate wusses out. That silliness has nothing to do with any campaign rules. Related is the fact that fact checking is a charming creature of the so-called media to justify their participation, however there is no requirement of accountability.

Let us visit a moment about human capability. This is where the work of Elliott Jaques can change one's life perspective totally. Something very special happens on the road between 7 and 8 (please remember - for this exercise, Donnie is an 8 – just for fun). Those who have studied this matter have observed that once you get to 8, “what's in it for me” disappears. Really, you can watch the life time progression of an 8 executive as those layers are passed and, bingo, the same thing happens. Awareness embraces a very long time span of discretion in global scope. Dumping stuff to a trust or some other crafty invention of the lawyer level 3 types is nothing more than a pesky detail, but, hey, it makes the lawyer feel like a big shot. And in this instance, an 8 type willing to be so coiffed and place a ball cap on top, is a genius. Surely, gentle reader, you cannot believe that what is happening here is the progress of what Facebook arm chair elitists like to call or label (here are the favorite three) an idiot, moron or stupid person - not to mention the various ist categories. The notion that a stupid, stumbling, thiscist, thatist moron is where he is, in the presidential campaign of 2016, somehow as the result of a media screw up is, well, you know in your gut that proposition is preposterous.

Here is how I think this all happened. A bevy of 8 capables are tucked away upstairs in Café de Flore in Paris (Demi Moore and her entourage are downstairs in the northeast corner) sipping kir and the Donald says to Gates, “Bill, I am thinking about running for president,” and Bill says, “Guys, why is Donald here, isn’t he a high 5?” Cracks me up.

Anyway it is explained to Donald that 8’s just do not run for president. I mean, who needs the grief. Why would a king maker want to be a king? It’s a step down, if not several. Duh, uh. Think about it. The time span of discretion of your garden variety president is pretty short and what politics has become is making it even shorter. It does not require capability above, say 5, if that. But Donald persists, “You guys all have a broom handle up your ass. C’mon, it would be fun. And the babes! Think about it.” Well, of course 8’s have thought about it and that is why they don’t do president. Instead they do stuff for all of humanity – at least on earth.

So Donald says, “I’ll bet if I run, I win.” He looks over the group with that shit eating grin of his. Gates kind of leans back, looks at the ceiling for a minute and considers the notion may actually be fun and may have a defensible rationale. They may be able to expose, finally, how screwed up the system is from campaign financing to immigration policy to policing to civil rights, ad infinitum. They could send that screw ball in to the fray and remain, ostensibly, disengaged themselves. Obviously the system is likely incapable of solving much, but they could, for example, hand media an opportunity to parse important issues. Using the revenue from the higher ratings, the media could actually make this phenomenon a series of teaching moments, if, of course, media had the capability.

Donald, looking a little confused, says, “Well, Bill, I didn’t have anything that lofty in mind, I was just intrigued with the idea of interviewing interns.”

“Donald, my good man, 8’s do not interview interns. You have just proven you are not an 8,” Gates responded. “So, friendly bet, what stakes?”

“Well, Bill, you have just proven you have a broom handle up your ass,” Donald responded, “How about a Lamborghini?”

“It’s a bet, my sweet Donald. It’s a bet.”

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