

Hi,

Chris Musser, from Musser Communications, with an update on "The Silver Splitter," although as usual, we're going to be talking about words, first.

Why? Because words don't always matter. (thunder)

And we all need to agree on what a "word" is, first. It's simply a sound, or representation of that sound, associated with a meaning, object or idea.

Then how do we know what that sound, excuse me, "word" means? By definition and use, also known as etymology. No, not bugs, that's entomology. Etymology is the study of how words change, and words and their meanings are always changing--I grew up in the 1950's and 60's when "gay" just mean't happy. And I sort of miss that, because if I forget, and tell people I had a gay childhood, they get the wrong idea!

Where were we? Oh, yeah. Let me offer two favorite examples:

Number One, "Broker." Among other influences, the word comes from "Der Broken," an old German phrase, or "Brochier," an Old French word, for someone who breaks open wine casks: a bartender.

A broker was originally a man, or woman, who walked down to one end of a barn, or bar, to lean over and ask a customer if "they" (see, listen to my pronouns--I can't help myself) wanted another fine glass of mead, and that person would say, "sure, and BTW, do you know anyone who wants to buy 300 sheep?" The bartender would say, "I'll be right back," walk down to the other end of the barn, or bar, lean over and ask another man, or woman, or both, "Would you like another fine ale and, BTW, Didn't I hear you say you were looking for some sheep?" And if "they" were, the bartender would put 'em together, take a cut, and everyone went home happy, or hell, the next day, broke, with a hangover.

When you appreciate the cultures that traditionally conduct business while drinking, you'll realize the deep human connection between money and alcohol, as in a person still has to be able to hold "their" liquor to be a good business . . . person. Think of serious negotiations worth trillions of dollars fueled by sake in Japan, or vodka in Russia, or martinis on Wall Street.

So, when you're writing, blogging, or vlogging about drinking and business, look for an opportunity to use the word "broker," and I think the people you are trying to influence will appreciate that to your benefit, even if just unconsciously: Do do do do, do do do do, do do do do, do do do do . . .

Word Number Two: "Sophisticated," which derives from the "Sophists" who followed the philosopher Sophocles around in Greece in the fifth century B. C. . . . E.

The Sophists were considered dilettants--and you all need to pick up or alt-tab to a dictionary right now and look up the etymology of that word--by both Aristotle and heck, Plato, as the Sophists were itinerant attorneys, political consultants, and other "influencers" in Athens and other capitals, who wrote speeches and charged big prices, but never seemed to do any real work.

Actually, the word originally mean't "wise man," but you know, that changed over time, too.

The Sophists just sat around arguing a lot of the time (probably drinking expensive wine served by pretty young women, that's how I would have done it), they made big bucks and landed big deals but were eventually considered very weak and corrupt (whisper: Jeeze, money always seems to come into it, right?), sort of like some "elites" now. Therefore, one of the definitions of sophisticated, is "weak." And you should know that, to use the word to its best advantage. It appears Irving Mills did when he wrote the lyrics to Duke Ellington's "Sophisticated Lady," sung by everyone from Billie Holiday to Ella Fitzgerald and Natalie Cole.

You can lick the lyrics up online for free, in spite of relatively pissant objections from the copyright owners.

Thank God for the Unternet . . . and the Internet.

Therefore, I hope all of you will entertain the value in researching the history of a word before using it in an important communication, especially because you can just type etymology + word into your phone.

Thank you all for your continuing unctuousness and preudacity in this regard as Musser Communications aspires to become your voice in this world of information, unformation, and rumformation (drinks a shot of rum).

And now, let's talk about the film: All of us here at Musser Communications remain on track (whisper: actually, we're running just a little bit late), to host a 35-day Indiegogo crowd fainting, crowd farting, excuse me, crowd funding campaign to raise 50 thousand clams, or more, to fund an ultra-low-budget production of "The Silver Splitter," for late 2025 release. The script is still on muscomm.com with four ems, and will be until we fund.

It's time we started talking about casting, perks, and a little bit about punctuation, too. But before we do that, we'd like to promote another product with a zillion uses, just like prophylactics and anger management in our previous video.

It's time we talk about neck tightening.

As many of our more-mature "friends" may appreciate, none of us are getting any younger, and some of us, whether we work out or not, it seems, may notice a new wrinkle appearing here and there, occasionally, especially on our necks (neck wave with hand). I encourage all of you to pick up a mirror or walk into your bathroom right now to check that out, and if you DO see a new one, consider purchasing a tube, two tubes, three tubes or more, of Musser Communications Pro?-Nope! lotion, a "complete neck tightening solution."

In fact, please--all of you go to mcturkeyneck.com right now, and purchase an extra-large tube or two, or even more.

(When they go there they will see a note from the IT manager and everyone else on the team that they have resigned, because Chris has shown over and over again that he doesn't really understand technology, and hasn't paid them in over a year.)

Now, I'll just apply a little bit while we talk, to demonstrate just how good it makes you feel while you're smoothing everything out.

Remember, "Don't move 'em out if you can smooth 'em out!"

And after all of us here test it on our necks (neck wave with hand), we're planning on using even more of it to help some of us smooth out unsightly wrinkles on another large part of our anatomy (wink, wink).

I hope none of you are shocked by that implication, because it's a little bit like using the phrase, "You can stick it where the monkey stuck the peanuts," OK? Because he put 'em in his ear, and some of you people have dirty minds, and it will just be better for all of us, if you admit it.

I have (long pause). And that's changed my life; I mean, I think it has, I'm just not sure yet.

Now, about "The Silver Splitter": the crowd fainting, farting, excuse me funding, and perks pages (pause to rub neck, which is starting to become uncomfortable) are at Musser Communications, and I hope all of you will consider purchasing a perk or two, and meeting or re-meeting or re-influencing me, at the release party, masks optional in all situations that don't involve a fresh outbreak or moral turpitude.

Remember, after purchasing, hopefully, a plethora of perks, Friday night BBQ and entertainment, and camping for the entire weekend somewhere close in Northern California will be on us, BYOB.

Please purchase as many collectable perks as you can possibly afford as early as possible, because we can't guarantee there won't be a run (wink, wink), on the lowest-numbered and therefore most valuable collectables as soon as they are offered, and look for that fainting, excuse me FARTING start date at Musser Communications.

(Long, pained-looking pause)

Now, before we go, some of us, here, are feeling a very deep, really sort of "needy" need, to admit to some of our fans something we've often just dreamed about; "The Silver Splitter," after it's finished, getting nominated for some sort of award or honor, and taking a cab to Mill Valley, San Francisco, or hell, all the way down to L.A. to accept it.

However (sigh), taking so long to "blossom," as my mother used to put it, means we will forever have to forego an honor like that, because I just have to pee too much now (cross legs). So, I guess all of us will just have to learn how to "grow old gracefully," as she also used to say, over, and over, and over, again (long pause, then look up).

Thanks, Mom.

(rub neck, even more)

But even more unfortunately, this also means I'll have to forego my favorite professional fantasy: accepting an award in Hollywood and having a lot of hot 60-year-old actresses remove their bras and throw 'em at me while I'm at the podium.

And there's a lot of you beautiful older SINGLE ladies out there; I don't need to mention any names, so I won't.

You know, women have a way of doing that so you can't see anything (long confused pause after looking up sleeves),

And I want all you beautiful, mature, single women--are you listening, Susan, Drew, Sharon, Emma . . . Diane? (Statistics as of DATE re: magazine)--to know that if I ever am offered an award, and I somehow do make it up on stage somewhere, and you're a hot 60 or 70-year-old actress (long pause then whisper: "Boy, I never thought I'd ever say that . . .") in the audience, if you throw your bra at me while I'm onstage, and then introduce yourself to me later at an after party . . . I promise to give it back. (whisper: So please write your name and number in it somewhere . . .)

Again, thank you all for using pithy in your daily conversation, and God Bless You All, because asking The Lord (Lordess?) to bless people, does matter.

Oh yeah, punctuation--why does a period or comma come before the close quote in written English, but a colon, comes after?

And don't get me started on "impotent" and "importantly," or "effect" and "affect," or we'll be here for days.

BTW, our next video's theme will be "Getting Along," (show book) with tips on everthing from when to give flowers, to how to find the least expensive automatic weapons training. We'll also include a short featurette: "What's wrong with Dove, Drug, Shone, Swum, and Snuck?"

Finally, like I've said before, we're trying to stay small here at Musser Communications.

So please, please, please, don't tell anyone what we're doing here. Shhhhhhhhhh . . . it'll be our secret.

(blow kiss then insert recording of local donkey braying)

Oh, hear that? It's an elk--a freaking elk! I'm so glad I live in the country!

(move out of frame)

Or is that a moose? Oh, my freaking neck!

(farting sounds, strangling sounds, the sound of a big weight hitting the floor, then a lot of bras and other lingerie, boots and pizza boxes are tossed into frame, the last object being a new--if I can afford one--jock strap. Slowly a hand enters the frame from underneath and removes it)

The End?

Oh, yeah . . .

I also think an older director like me, should be able to assure potential donors that he still enjoys one of the most important intellectual tools required for a feature film maker, a good mamory, excuse me, memory, because there's a thousand details associated with that endeavor, and they change constantly.

So, here at Musser Communications we also feel a really needy need, desire, requirement, wish, hope, etcetera, to demonstrate that to you; I was gonna memorize and recite "The Waste Land" by T. S. Eliot, in honor of its 100-year anniversary with my eyes closed, but that would have taken too long to memorize, and we have soooooooooo much to do here, so I've decided to recite a shorter, some would say political screed, by an ex-president I still admire, even after he's been kicked around for so long now.

And I wish, hope and pray all of you will remember (close eyes), that exactly 12-score years ago, our forefathers--and foremothers--brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all human beings, born and unborn, are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are all on the great battle-field of that war--the Internet. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate—we can not consecrate—we can not hallow this ground. The brave men and women, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what I say here, but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God (if you believe in him, because she may not look like you), shall have an even, like newer birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people--not the rich!--shall not perish from the earth.

(open eyes)

Abraham Lincoln was a great communicator, just like Ronald Reagan. I voted for one of them several times. And both of them should be turning in their graves.

But I want all of you to know that I will remember your name if you contribute to "The Silver Splitter," I promise. And I will call each and every one of you to thank you, if I don't see you at the wrap party.

God Bless You All.

Oh! Hear that? It's an elk, a real live elk!--I'm so glad I live in the country! Or is it a moose . . . ?

Oh, my freaking neck . . .

No animals or humans (or birds!) were hurt in the production of this video; although the owner reserves the right to sue.

(After finding out what Ronald Reagan--an entertainer--did to Jimmy Carter--Commander of a Nuclear Submarine defending our nation--negotiating behind the scenes with Iran to keep the hostages from being released so he could win the election, and the carte blanche way he treated corporations, I don't

know if I'd vote for him today, "blood sport" or not).

Copyright 2025 Christopher J. Musser