



The Fallacy of Believing in Perfection

A Monday Morning Musing from Mickey the Mercenary Geologist

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October 31, 2016

Mark Twain said, "*Faith is believin' what you know ain't so.*" I could not agree more.

Followers of my work will know that I have both written and spoken on the subject of *belief*. My widely expressed opinion is that *belief* is fallacy.

In fact, I refuse to use the word *belief* and its various derivatives in any form, be it noun, verb, adjective, or adverb. Some religious fundamentalists accuse me of being a *non-believer* as though that is something really bad. My mom and aunt include me in their daily prayers in hope that I will somehow adopt their system of *beliefs* and avoid taking the high road to hell after I am already dead. Despite their concerns, I refuse even the compound antonym *non-believer* as part of my vocabulary.

Belief has no place in my world. I boycott *belief*.

Another word I am determined to boycott is *perfect*.

Using logic and reason, let's conduct a thought experiment on the concept of *perfection*:

I presume that Earth is a dynamic world in which change is the only constant.

I propose that nothing in the natural world in which millions of species live is *perfect*; it never has been *perfect*; and it never will be *perfect*.

If life were *perfect*, i.e., without challenge, danger, stress and disorder, there would be no need for change, no incentive for survival of the fittest, and no reason for any species to evolve.

If species cannot adapt and evolve, they will be unprepared to survive the constant change endemic to a dynamic world.

Therefore, *perfection* on a constantly changing Earth would result in static and stagnant conditions, an inability for living entities to react, adapt, and change, and eventually lead to mass extinction.

It is because of *imperfection* that genetic mutations, defects, and adaptations occur. Miniscule proportions of these random genetic experiments become beneficial by creating advantage, thus enabling species to survive as the environment naturally changes.

If anything on Earth were *perfect*, I reason that life would never have evolved beyond the simplest single-cell organisms.

That said, I cannot abandon the word *perfect* completely and absolutely:

There are a few man-made tasks that can be done *perfectly* and as far as I can figure, they always involve tests or games in which a score is kept. For *perfection* to occur there must be a 100% success rate for the number of opportunities presented.

Here are some examples that come to mind:

- A student can get a *perfect* score; i.e., by getting all right answers on a true-false or a multiple-choice questionnaire.
- Said smart student can get *perfect* grades; i.e., all A's or a 4.0 grade point average over a given educational period.
- A baseball pitcher can pitch a *perfect* game; i.e., 27 batters faced with 27 outs and zero runners on base.
- A bowler can roll a *perfect* game; i.e., 12 strikes in a row producing a score of 300.
- A trap shooter can have a *perfect* round; i.e., by hitting all 50 or 100 clay pigeons launched from the house.

So try as I might, *perfect* must still occupy a small place in my vocabulary. Striving to *perfect* a technique, e.g., hitting a 90 mph fastball, is certainly a worthy human endeavor.

Now that I have explained my position regarding the word *perfect*, let's digress a bit:

I herein pen an open letter to all the college-degreed, student-debt-ridden, live-at-home with your parents, millennial-age, wanna-be actors, artists, dancers, and writers who in reality work as wait staff at local cafes, diners, restaurants, pubs, or bars anywhere or everywhere in the United States or Canada.

Although this missive is written from personal experience in the American Southwest, it is dedicated in particular to those residents of my second home of Vancouver, British Columbia. That city of fine dining is the premier place where the *perfection* addicts who toil at tables purr their plentiful *perfections*.

Dear Ms. *Perfect* Waitress:

It matters not that you perceive a requirement of your job to be flagrant abuse of the word *perfect*, at every *perfect* moment during every *perfect* day. It makes *perfectly* no difference to me.

You are not *perfect*, I am not *perfect*, the world is not *perfect*, and my order of *frijoles, chile verde, y tortillas de maiz* is not friggin' *perfect* either. I could have ordered prison-issue sh*t on a shingle and you would no doubt have told me that it too is *perfect*.

Point in fact, my simple *lonche paisano* is certain to give me gas under the covers tonight and that will make the little lady *perfectly* unhappy. It is all because your Mexican cook in the back was *borracho anoche*, showed up two hours late for work this morning, and did not have time to boil the pintos *perfectly* before the lunch crowd showed up; i.e., the requisite four hours at this altitude in the high-desert. In reality, these beans are tough little fart pellets.

And there ain't nothin' *perfect* about that.

So even though my simple lunch did hit the spot, mostly because I was really hungry and washed it down with what you promoted to be a *perfectly* cold *cerveza*, please don't say it is *perfect* when I decline a second brew for you can see *perfectly* well that my first one is still one-third full.

This note will serve as your final warning: Do not say that bad word again if you expect to find a tip on the table when I pay get up to pay the bill and leave.

Regards,

A Former *Perfect* Gentleman

Whew! I wanted to spew out that diatribe for quite some time. Thanks for your indulgence.

Now back to the task at hand:

Perfect does not exist in the natural world, and we are very fortunate for that fact.

That said, if you choose to *believe* that *perfect* is a viable concept in your own personal world that is solely your business.

However, I kindly ask that you keep those unsolicited opinions to yourself. Please do not assault my ears with a constant stream of drivel emanating from your piehole about how *perfect* this is or how *perfect* that was, or how *perfect* it will be.

Just like *belief, perfection* is fallacy.

My parting thoughts:

If heaven is such a *perfect* place, then why are there no *believers* rushing to get there in the here and now?

Perfect sounds pretty damn boring to me.

In the name of science and reason: Amen.

Ciao for now,

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The [Mercenary Geologist Michael S. “Mickey” Fulp](#) is a Certified Professional Geologist with a B.Sc. Earth Sciences with honor from the University of Tulsa, and M.Sc. Geology from the University of New Mexico. Mickey has 35 years experience as an exploration geologist and analyst searching for economic deposits of base and precious metals, industrial minerals, uranium, coal, oil and gas, and water in North and South America, Europe, and Asia.

Mickey worked for junior explorers, major mining companies, private companies, and investors as a consulting economic geologist for over 20 years, specializing in geological mapping, property evaluation, and business development. In addition to Mickey’s professional credentials and experience, he is high-altitude proficient, and is bilingual in English and Spanish. From 2003 to 2006, he made four outcrop ore discoveries in Peru, Nevada, Chile, and British Columbia.

Mickey is well-known and highly respected throughout the mining and exploration community due to his ongoing work as an analyst, writer, and speaker.

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