Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it

("propaganda creates parallel psychological realities")

October 23, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

Anyway, it’s been real. See ya in November 2023*, because nothing ever happens.

And if it does, “sometimes the planet just deserves it.”

If I have anything to clarify here, it would be that I see parallel psychological realities as something that are very real, deliberately manufactured (“narratives”) and weaponized, and “they” have done everything imaginable to divide us or keep us from sharing information or learning anything from each other, cause they don’t really care about “us.” They lie and lie and lie and lie, because one of those avenues of manipulation gets shattered when the truth is widely disseminated from one side of the railroad tracks to the other. Being able to perceive those parallel psychological realities (what I referred to as linear intertwined strands or something like that) is more like being a “time spider” than a “time” “traveler.” You’re observing parallel potentialities, and all hell breaks loose after that. Have you tried counting from 1-30 and saying the word “Mississippi” in between every word recently?

You know what’s fucked up? Netflix doing a series on Dahmer, and all of globohomo’s media pets gushing over that, 1) that’s fucking sickening and 2) the SAME fucking assholes—literally goons from Obama’s cabinet — censor me, promote THAT garbage, and yet are are offended by my Twitter? Fuck off w/ that.

If you want to do a story about a serial killer who offed a bunch of gays? Tony Fauci killed at least 32 million people that we know of so far... and that was just from AIDS... probably considerably more than that since Slick Willy and the CDC changed the definition of ”AIDS” in 1993. Since they like to lie so much about pandemics, it is entirely possible that some of us are infected from “SARS” back in 2012 (recall that vaccine killed a few dozen people and was halted) and ran a 9-10 year course to “symptomatic AIDS” which would put you in 2021-2022.

If "every lie is not revealed," then this isn't Tsion. It's just another filthy genocide.
Rafael Cruz’s best friend

October 23, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

They tracked our steps So that we could not walk in our streets. Our end was near; Our days were over, For our end had come.

— LAMENTATIONS 4:18 NKJV

... hi there, check out my WMDs, here’s the missiles encased in my office:
And right next to those here is my hypodermic needle inscribed with Daniel 12:11

How many times a day do you and Ted pray to it, Bibi?

You know what’s really fucking interesting? The Edomites were the ones who cheered “let it burn!”

The Book of Lamentations is a collection of poetic laments for the destruction of Jerusalem in 586 BCE. In the Hebrew Bible it appears in the Ketuvim ("Writings") as one of the Five Megillot (or "Five Scrolls") alongside the Song of Songs, Book of Ruth, Ecclesiastes and the Book of Esther although there is no set order. In the Christian Old Testament it follows the Book of Jeremiah, as the prophet... Wikipedia

So uh; if your insane fucking death cult fails to artificially create conditions sufficient to “fulfill muh prophecy” (again) will you please finally fuck off already?

I think this fucking planet has about had it with their entire existence revolving around being a pay pig
for, or having to have an opinion about, or being slaughtered for your, “Muh Holy Spot in the fucking Sand.”

“Greatest ally,” my ass.

Let me just ask you this: When is the last time anybody here was ever asked to give 60% of their income to Croatia or die for Ghana or Palestine’s interests?

“oh; right, we will release those study results in 50 years and unseal our contract with Pfizer in 80 years, heh heh heh.” the hell you will, will that be right after the JFK declass, speaking of false promises and days that will never come?

Thanks to Stan and Janis and Joel, for all the evil you’ve permitted me to see.
8 I heard, but I did not understand. So I asked, “My lord, what will the outcome of all this be?”

9 He replied, “Go your way, Daniel, because the words are rolled up and sealed until the time of the end. 10 Many will be purified, made spotless and refined, but the wicked will continue to be wicked. None of the wicked will understand, but those who are wise will understand.

11 “From the time that the daily sacrifice is abolished and the abomination that causes desolation is set up, there will be 1,290 days. 12 Blessed is the one who waits for and reaches the end of the 1,335 days.

13 “As for you, go your way till the end. You will rest, and then at the end of the days you will rise to receive your allotted inheritance.”

Footnotes

a. Daniel 12:3 Or who impart wisdom
b. Daniel 12:7 Or a year, two years and half a year
Fuck Twitter anyway. I'm with Melania. Maybe I had better things to do than upload a picture of my breakfast or make a duckface and snap my 1000th hot selfie to upload on Instagram again.

Speaking of kikes, this is why you can never afford to stifle free speech, the public square, or dissent, or naming the crimes of the "Space Jew."

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**Yeshiva @JewishSchool · 7h**

#ElonMusk and his son X Æ A-Xii are in the process of converting to #Judaism.

#Elon is taking the time to familiarize himself with Jewish heritage and the glorious history of Eternal #Israel. 🤚

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example: “Kiev” and “Kyiv.”
The lab origin hypothesis is *re-boonked*, sweaty.

> The magic of Baric’s “no-see’m” technique is to invisibly weave these telltale “spelling” changes into the viral sequence between relevant genes without altering the viral protein. This is like changing the “spelling” of the word without changing its meaning; the casual listener will never notice the difference.

New Study Blames COVID on NIH, University of North Carolina — Finds Fauci and Baric’s Fingerprints on Pandemic Bug
Why does the SARS-Cov2 coronavirus genome end in
aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa
aaaaaaaaa (33 a's)?

The SARS-Cov2 coronavirus's genome
was released, and is now available on
Genbank. Looking at it...

```
1  attaaaggtt  tataccttt
61  gttctctaaa  cgaaccttt
121  cagcagtat  aattaata
...
29761  acagtgaaaca  atgctagg
29821  ttttagtagtg  ctatcccc
29881  aaaaaaaaaaaa  aaaaaaaaa
```
Did somebody say 33 A’s?

Anonymous  ID: qXOWX7+8 Fri 04 Jun 2021  08:17:59 No.324545466 🇺🇸
Quoted By: >>324550759

>>324527931
didn't JAY-Z's and Ellen Degenerate's hoodie have 33 A's on it?

I don't know. I lost count at 30 or 32 or so. https://www.fadingstar.mx/2021/11/30/2022-memory-lane-has-a-few-potholes-in-it/

IPv4 was not invented for “the internet.”

October 23, 2022  
Categories: Uncategorized

Ipv4 (the scheme for addressing things .. like computers, or you , or whatever) was “invented,” or at least, publicized anyway, in 1980:

https://www.fadingstar.mx/?format=print&post-type=post&order-date=...&image_size=full&links=include&rendering_wait=200&print-my-blog=1
What was it created for? Even in 2013, Bill Gates himself was still dismissive of it:

On Friday, Bill Gates strongly criticized the idea of the Internet as a world savior. “As a priority? It’s a joke,” he said in an interview with Financial Times on Friday.

— “BILL GATES: THE INTERNET WON’T SAVE THE WORLD” 1-1-2013

“By 2005 or so, it will become clear that the Internet's impact on the economy has been no greater than the fax machine's.”

— PAUL KRUGMAN

The “world wide web”, or colloquially , “the internet” as most of you know it was created 8 years after ipv4, in 1989, by Tim Berners-Lee over at Cern.

Let’s talk about some numbers.

How many ipv4 addresses existed in 1980?

A: 3,706,452,992, with 588,514,304 “reserved addresses.”

Who received the original allocations of ipv4 addresses?
What were the 588,514,304 IP addresses reserved for?

Nat was proposed in 1994.
The inscription read:[2][23]

1. Maintain humanity under 500,000,000 in perpetual balance with nature.
3. Unite humanity with a living new language.
5. Protect people and nations with fair laws and just courts.
6. Let all nations rule internally resolving external disputes in a world court.
7. Avoid petty laws and useless officials.
8. Balance personal rights with social duties.

**Explanatory tablet**

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**IPv4 address exhaustion**

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<th>Talk</th>
</tr>
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**IPv4 address exhaustion** is the depletion of the pool of unallocated IPv4 addresses. Because the original Internet architecture had fewer than 4.3 billion addresses available, depletion has been anticipated since the late 1980s, when the Internet started experiencing dramatic growth. This depletion is one of the reasons for the development and deployment of its successor protocol, IPv6.[1] IPv4 and IPv6 coexist on the Internet.

![IPv4 address exhaustion timeline](image)

The IP address space is managed globally by the Internet Assigned Numbers Authority (IANA), and by five regional Internet registries (RIRs) responsible in their designated territories for assignment to end users and local Internet registries, such as Internet service providers. The main market forces that accelerated IPv4 address depletion included the rapidly growing number of Internet users, always-on devices, and mobile devices.

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**Why is Bill Gates so obsessed with overpopulation?**

In 1970 there were more humans than available IP addresses.

Motorola made the first prototype cellphone (The Dynatac 8000X) in 1973, and if ESNs were part of the original design, it would seem inevitable — even that early on, before the tech was refined or coverage solidly available — that we already had more people on the planet than available ESNs or ipv4 addresses.

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https://www.fadingstar.mx/?format=print&post-type=post&order-date...&image_size=full&links=include&rendering_wait=200&print-my-blog=1
“What about covering the entire earth, ensuring there is no place to run or hide?”

“Oh, we just need to take away your cars... get you all together in ghettos- errrr, I mean smart cities .. “

In 1981, apparently they felt like they were good to go — the “guidestones” went up, the plague was spread, the infrastructure and technology were finally more widespread, and there were a billion more humans than available IP addresses.

And so, blah blah blah, “muh god punished muh gays with Le AIDS.”

32,000,000+ dead. Fauci has been in on this goddamn thing for what, 60 years?

But the internet and related economical engines, and innovation in those spaces unexpectedly kept the whole rotten mess creaking along for another 40 years — pretty impressive IMO — but here we are, 2019 and the machine is broken again, and “We have to get these shots into at least 5 billion arms.”

Check out some patents by some fellow named Richard C Walker, who worked for HP from 1981-2001 or so. This is the guy who refers to our human bodies as “wet ware” in his patents. There is about zero fucking chance this one single gentleman invented, designed, and drew all these.
The original patents describe every connected device needing an “ESN,” which basically called for satellite or cellular connectivity. The idea of a “MAC address,” or “bluetooth” and its related MAC addresses would come much later.

They have had prototypes for their social control schemes in place for a long time and some people are unwitting participants in unlawful human experimentation. That infrastructure started winding down in February of this year. It never would have “scaled to the global population,” so the original plan on the guide stones called for culling the population down to 500,000,000 “in perpetual balance with nature” which is , flatly bullshit , they carved out 588,514,304 addresses for the social control agenda and left a little room for some controlled population growth.

IPV6 solved the addressing issue, now your cat and your toaster and your refrigerator could all have their own address.

And with “5G” we have the bandwidth to connect it all and some hope of maybe connecting it all , at the speeds and bandwidth that would be necessary. Anyway, the old system’s being decommissioned and the new one doesn’t work very well.

Down the road we’re probably going to learn of unanticipated consequences like, damage to the blood brain barrier , free radical damage and oxidative stress or other long term health consequences.

A number of things have happened that don’t really involve us under the Bad Orange Man’s watch, like 200 of the Saud family being arrested , Russia’s beef with Israel via Ukraine as a proxy , Trump attempting to take control of the Treasury and Fed as I mentioned, in April 2020. I don’t know which of these events — or others that we are not aware of — triggered the “Samson option” on the whole planet , but it seems to have been forced … a little sooner than anticipated.

And it is.. how you say ? … “not good.”

I believe , you will find , that “human trafficking” means more than you assume. You ask “where’s Ghislaine’s client list?” , well. *gulp* I think I just named some of them.

Here is an excellent writeup of the whole thing, in which you will see about half of the original assignees — and IBM — and some very very big names in politics, big tech, and in Joe Biden’s weaponized , politicized, Department of Injustice.

Here is a decent writeup of the patents and companies and backstories involved. Thank god I don’t have to sit here and write the whole damn narrative for you.
Daisy Hogg screeches to “get that Texas toast” and they want to grab your guns.

I am a little late for the soap box.

Our courts are a little too crooked to be counted on, i.e. the jury box, which is being proven in slow motion with relatively unimportant cases that are drawing attention in the news right now. These “losses” will serve as evidence that every single branch, every single check and balance we allegedly have, is compromised.

Democrats just drafted a bill to exempt themselves from being audited by the IRS.

The whole farce of “vote for the lesser of two evils”, and insiders born with a silver spoon in their hand screaming “IT'S MY TURN” (including Pence), all of it is a huge shitshow and it its coming to a head.

The swamp won’t drain itself.

When did I know?

Long before they raided my house and put me on the front page of my local papers and did a frame up job on me and a few of my friends at that time.

They changed the whole fucking narrative, does not matter, neither version is true
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it

Oh, the ah, “cove of chaos”? I think you meant to say “Global Hell,” right?

Oh no, this totally vanished in March 2008! My targeting began 2 months later, even though it was part of their justification for flagging my NCIC, surveilling me, and whatever the fuck else they have done to me. But the “realm of chaos” never fucking existed. They just did not want to mention the fact that this was all interwoven into the 60 or so people behind “Global Hell.” Probably a bunch of fed bois who got us one way or another even if they never filed a single charge on us.

“Drug trafficker,” my ass…….. that is just the black budget that pays for it all.
"I can't save the world, I can only watch."

— FILM: "EARLY WARNING" (1981)
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it
Mini 1PI PFNS Tracking ID technologies that are surgically implanted 
Evolve as SOCS and are miniaturized

1 metal or with composite 
Material for the encasement 
and a battery for the 1PI PFN

2 contrasting pieces of metal 
for the 1PIsb 
to have body 
electrolyte power
Ah well, just add this to Pfizer’s list of war crimes

October 22, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

Oh really?

Well if im just going to lay there all tarted up in camo and heels and pre-emptively surrender like that, France might be paying more.

Let me guess, this “anonymous source” is Susan Rice with that bullshit again?
Gaddafi 'supplies troops with Viagra to encourage mass rape', claims diplomat

US ambassador Susan Rice has also said, without offering evidence, that Iran was helping Syria to suppress dissent

Russia is giving soldiers Viagra to rape Ukrainians: UN official

By Matthew Sedacca

October 15, 2022 | 11:26am | Updated
“Oh, God...”

October 22, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

Back to this business of faltering faith, there is no “plan,” no one’s coming to save us. I doubt the giant goddess will rip off her chains and kick that green door down and fuck some shit up. And I doubt that God will come down from the clouds and “beat up all the bad guys,” even if I am one of them and need my ass kicked too.

I am left with prayers, not for supplication, and not even really for gratitude at this point but sometimes I can muster a request to just change one person and work through that person, as God apparently seems to, from time to time. take one person doing something they know is VERY wrong and change their heart and work through them. I have a faint enough pulse left on my faith to ask for that.

Consider the release of two movies:


A salient point made by the latter is that society was perfectly willing to suspend their disbelief and immerse themselves in this idea that Satan manifested in some little girl, spitting pea soup everywhere, head spinning around, flung a priest down the stairs and all that..

And yet scoffed at the premise of God manifesting somewhere on earth or working through someone in “Oh, God.”

It’s almost like it was another “shock test.”

Once I give you enough examples of “shock tests,” economical, societal, etc.

It cannot be unseen.

I might be screwed up, but Hollywood, Hollywood is 10/10 *FUCKED* up.

Anyway here is another one: Will you comply, will you don the mask that you know doesn’t work, will you shame and bully other people and shut them out of society and your lives if they don’t “vote” (lol) for insane radical agendas, follow the plastic arrows on the floor, voluntarily line up to sterilize yourselves or die? Will you stand up for the national anthem or eat the Bad Blue Man or the Bad Orange Man or the BAD Red Woman’s shit all
over again?

I already told you that human behavior is not predictable unless your perceptions are completely controlled and contained within a limited frameset. But that doesn't mean you won't be tested or that they won't try....

One of the many ways that this control can be exercised is by shunning anyone from the walled “garden” who does not conform to the “hive” or have a single flying fuck left to about $CURRENT_THING, or even make you cream your jeans just absolutely wet and giddy with excitement at the thought of turning a friend or a relative in to the thought police or the kommisar... Darpa-controlled social media operations such as Facebook, Twitter, Google, presumably other customers of “Hive, ” i.e. “Parler” are an extension of mind control and social control agendas. You are factually in a mild state of hypnosis and suggestibility when you are scrolling, scrolling, scrolling endlessly on your device and then that is where tailored/targeted propaganda comes into play.

The inverse / opposing effect in play here is that they cannot leverage these same mind control operations to GAUGE public sentiment or whether they have hit their notes, or whether these fossilized fucking fools or their ridiculous, life endangering, wicked agendas have as much “public support” as they have been led to believe— because, everyone it’s not working on, is fucking banned. It’s just .. enforced, and more often than not “paid” or coerced fucking “consensus”...

In other words, it is worthless. I have given you enough information to extrapolate why you can’t break pol, but if that is something you're interested in doing, I'm not going any further and you are more than likely too dumb to figure it out.
“It’s impossible for me, or anyone, to argue that we’ve used these decades well,” Richard Haas tells @michaelcrowley as he prepares to step down from leading the Council on Foreign Relations.

nytimes.com
Richard Haass to Step Down as Council on Foreign Relations Chief

3:01 PM · Oct 19, 2022 · Twitter Web App

3 Retweets 8 Likes
“understatement of the fucking century”?

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**Processing**

October 22, 2022  
Categories: Uncategorized

One of the posts that just somehow “vanished” from Blogger, was a few years ago and it involved me living out in some corn field in the middle of nowhere.

“They” had some kind of “radar” dish, *but not exactly*, and they were scanning through the corn searching for someone or something and were all terrified.

After awhile it became apparent that “they” were looking for someone or something else .. *not us* ..

Dreams stacked on dreams stacked on dreams, I found another blogger who writes about SOME of the same things I do, and something jogged in my memory about something with spatial / hemispheric orientation and being tested for that in one of those "I don’t fucking know what I did or why I’m here" times as a kid.

I aced all of that stuff and tested 12th grade everything since elementary school yet was a straight F student.

Whenever I was asked what my home room was, I’d answer “132.”

“Isn’t that.. the .. in school suspension room?”

“yes.”

At some point I had to stop reading. Maybe that’s why HIV-eMind and Twatter summarily toss everyone out to the curb for saying anything other than what the “hive” is “permitted.” One person is an anecdote, two people are an anamoly, there or four or five or **32,000,000 of us is a conspiracy**, alright?

PTSD engaged, a roller coaster of nightmares all night, but all things in reverse.
I come home to an emptied/cleared out hotel room, all my stuff gone, I can’t reach anyone at the front desk, or security or housekeeping to ask “what the fuck-” and where am I, and what is my check out date and .. oh no, not this again.

I find a little white note taped to the cabinets with a note saying your stuffs fine, call this number ...

If you really want some head candy, watch the video for the deep dish remix of Stevie Nicks – Dreams. That isn’t a dream, that is a mother fucking nightmare.

Flashbacks of Chicago back in the day... you know all this silliness about “monkeypox” and “18 person orgies” making national news? sigh, 18 people isn’t an orgy, that’s barely a cookout. But I remember being a polite young man who wasn’t really comfortable with wherever I ended up one night and I did not particularly care to take my pants off and join the monkeypox pile.

I just realized that this apartment was in the same building where Wayne lived and passed away. His was the .. left hand orientation and this other place I met Anthony was the reverse right hand orientation and that really jogged something.

This other guy, Anthony was much the same and we looked at each other uncomfortably in silence and he said “fuck these guys, come home with me.”

*Klaus voice* I vill not live in the pod, I vill not smoke the bad batch of bathtub crank, I vill not take off my pants. I vill not chase the bugs. You and I vill be so happy together, I vill enjoy your meat and make Baby Bill Gates clyyy, mwa ha ha.

Ah to be 21 again. I wish I’d stayed.

But I was developing a littttttttttttttle bit of a – okay, a realllllllly big “problem.”

Dr Werntz was fond of grumbling, “don’t tell me about your clean time. I already know you’re sober because you show up for appointments. when I lose my patients to that shit, they stop coming, they stop calling. They have better things to do! Now I don’t know what the hell those things ARE. I don’t think they do, either!”

Based old crank.

So last night I dreamt about us again and started giggling at the absurdity of being banned from mainstream social media, and not being really warmly received on Gab when I whine “I don’t want to make white babies I like gay interracial sex!”

You spend awhile in the most absolutely degenerate fucking dregs of 4chan or you tough it out on Gab
anyway, and maybe you're back on mainstream social media again but now you've picked up some new eloquence like “happy merchant” and “consooom”, stuff that pisses them off even more than what you were exiled for.

It’s like this never ending cycle where you just come back , foaming at the mouth and hating these fucking companies and everyone behind this shit ten thousand times more militant and defeated than the year before.. with a MORE “OFFENSIVE” vocabulary , god help us all, is that even ... at what point do they split so many hairs , and at what point do we invent creative and heretofore unprecedented forms of cursing or making Jannies cry , that the whole fucking simulation melts down... ? /dry sarcasm

I’m not deflecting responsibility here but, *waves hand at society* YOU did that.

I’m not even allowed into the fucking sandbox to help fuck your shit up.

Although I suppose that I would like to, if I were allowed to do so.

I’ll spare hours of torment and details but I capped the dream off with having one of my tattoos lasered off / removed.

The guy would only do one at a time , one appointment at a time, and I was really bummed. “I want all of them off of me, now.”

Then I realized that my “tattoo” was on the wrong arm as I looked down at it.

It’s on my right side. In my dream , it was on my left side and he removed that.

I went , “oh shit, I’m in the other hemisphere of my mind!!!!!!”

Immediately woke up.

3AM.

Nope nope nope, joder eso, I ain’t going back to sleep tonight.

So sharks have bifurcated brains , right? they don’t sleep. they just operate on one half for awhile and then zap out over to the other half while they let other side ”sleep” or go dormant or whatever. much like doctor foley’s old roommate, that dude could go for like 25-30 days ... you just stay awake forever that way...
The ad for Britney's perfume refers to the occult concept of duality. It is very similar to the Seal of Solomon, a Kabbalistic symbol representing duality and the Hermetic saying “As Above, So Below”. In Monarch Mind Control (something Britney probably knows about), duality is used to program individuals, where there's a “good” and a “bad” girl.

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**Shut up and take all my FOMO $$$$$$!!$$!**

October 21, 2022  
Categories: Uncategorized

I was going to ape some $cramer (@cramercoin) but looked into the matter and noticed these crazy bastards are burning the available supply, like scrooge mduck adding another pile of $100 bills to the fireplace!

So a week or so ago i went, “fuck that.”

I got bored in line at the pawn shop and started wondering if that makes it inherently deflationary...?
A few of the meme coins have some ridiculous cap of idk 100,000,000,000,000,000,000 right?

Hyperinflation is when you sell your car for a wheelbarrow of worthless cash and pay off your mortgage or whatever right?

A currency that just sits there burning the tail end of its available/unsold supply? i don’t know! Do i have this backwards, is it *deflation* where that happens?
Consider Monero which theoretically has an endless growth potential in tail emissions?

Got to wondering, what gives it any value?

And then you go “oh, well. what the fuck gives any of the shitcoins any value?”

liquidity pools.. blergh.. im re-reading some stuff coming from a different place... some interview where Grimes was grumbling about the modest $40,000 house and Elon living like a man desperate for his next check, and i just laughed this time. I dont get a dividend check until november. Like ive said before, SPVs are great they keep me from having a bad day and kicking that fucking honda into the bushes like a beer can (¡a la verga!) and getting some beaned out banged up and equally problematic 4×4.

november isnt far away but .. the landlady wants to send her cleaning crew again and they were just here. no quiere limpieza, yo quiero leave me the fuck alone-za 😞 its just dishes and making the bed, just let me have this one thing, ive nothing else to do. “take it easy,” right? if I take it any *easier* they might forget to check whether im fogging a mirror over here , accidentally hold a service for me in El Cucuracha’s single tiny little cathedral , and bury me alive out back.

You really have to be at least 300 years old to fully appreciate George Burns, but some things click when you’re 41 and laugh a little too hard at “when you tie your shoes, you go well, is there anything else I can do while I’m down here?”
“When you stop giving and offering something to the rest of the world, it’s time to turn out the lights.’ The worth of our lives comes by what we give. What we keep, we squander. Look for ways to impart value, be generous with encouragement, and hand out hope to those you lead.”

GEORGE BURNS

What gives the Federal Reserve’s monopoly money any value? May as well be sea shells or shiny fucking beads. What is the lesson here?
Eight dollars OFF? Fiat is worth LESS than toilet paper now?

side note:

I fucking *told* you *I saw this on the news*....

And nobody, and i mean nobody believes me.

And that’s just the plausible part of that story.
You don’t really “pay taxes,” in America, in a sense. When I bitch that Wendy Fraudgers and Matt Pizzagaetz “threaten me with weapons of war that I have wage slaved for,” this is not entirely a correct premise. What the treasury does with tax revenue on fiat (the USD anyway) is actually … destroy your money! They light it on fucking fire! They wipe their asses with it! They take it out of circulation.

Instead of using the money you pay them under duress, they destroy it and print / borrow new money that they owe interest on! It’s like; they collect it from poor people just to be fucking petty. So enter the so called pandemic and all the lost productivity, lost taxes, they need excuses to light the money supply on fire.

The IRS just hired 80,000 people to grab us by our ankles and shake us upside down for the coins in our fucking pockets. Any premise of “foreign aid” or whatever is acceptable, ANYTHING but giving it to us, right?
The United States shouldn’t be in a nuclear crisis over a country that most American were barely aware of last year. That’s the whole point.

Amateurs pontificating about how to negotiate a trade deal is one thing, amateurs pontificating about the detailed ramifications of a potential nuclear crisis in a country they were barely aware of two years ago is utter bullshit. /3

So that is what has me scratching my head here going, okay what am I missing? Some of the proceeds go to a developer wallet (different coin type) and i hope theyre buying short positions but i swear im fucking done with memecoins if this one is an elaborate grift.

This is one of the weirdest fucking propositions or contracts I have seen so far and it’s either brilliant, or it’s a brilliant fucking prank, but since I got ass raped without any lube and was just handed $1000mxn for $34000mxn in equipment I grumpily said “fuck it, imma spend it on $cramer and I’m rolling for getting double penetrated.”
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it

BALD MAN FICKS MILLIONS OF UNSUSPECTING INVESTORS AT ONCE

3,893 VIEWS 4%
Worst case scenario its an elaborate prank that will answer some of my questions.

I don't think my subwoofer and speakers have another move in them.... im not replacing the DSP.. its just more shit to haul around on my back like a gypsy. take the $1000 now or im probably going to finally hit the brakes and ram something through one of the cones or tweeters and get $0........ i deleted the post in question but i have 8 days to move out here for construction of a new apartment. They say i can move downstairs now or have my place back in about 3 months .... tbh i was just about to pack up some clothes and hop in the car and leave it all behind.

Then I just noticed my PCV valve and gasket are loose and blowing oil all over the fucking place. Fuck me, the roads here in El Cucaracha are so fucking terrible shit is always vibrating loose under the hood. You don't even want to drive at night, if you dont hit a 2,000 pound pitch black cow there are craters big enough to devour my entire vehicle. i would probably get tossed around less from joyriding on the surface of Mars.

ok. PCV valve. No big deal right? No you dont understand . everything from honda is like $30,000mxn and takes two years to arrive.... i used to have good luck with honda but i swear their engineering team was having a group trip on mescaline or bath salts when they sketched up how they were going to assemble this particular godforsaken piece of shit.

Engine and radiator are scalding hot and i havent learned my lesson from this car burning my arms and hands yet.

: and so there I was, my pcv valve and hose flopping around impotently like my dick on a three day crank brander, trying in vain to shove it in some greasy and loose old hole ..

“oh yeah; i had almost completely forgotten what sex was like...”

Be very careful if you move here you may never escape lol

That fucking valve is getting soaked in brake cleaner and reinstalled with a tube of gasket maker.... that reminds me, i havent had an oil change in over 13,000 miles, that thing is probably clogged and blew clean out- thats honda for ya.

But mother fucker do i HAVE TO go outside?
Hi there, if you're looking for the “NA Chatroom,” this may be of interest to you:

Welcome to the Always Alone Clown Finishing School.

If you're a regular reader then you've already gotten an earful (eyeful?) about it.

As of today, memorylane.pdf and memorylane2.pdf are the same document, both of which are still missing a few posts.

— misterpickles / aka “nia” and “formerly_me,” clean date 9/11/2021
Role of spike in the pathogenic and antigenic behavior of SARS-CoV-2 BA.1 Omicron

October 20, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized


doi: https://doi.org/10.1101/2022.10.13.512134

This article is a preprint and has not been certified by peer review.(link to article)

Abstract

The recently identified, globally predominant SARS-CoV-2 Omicron variant (BA.1) is highly transmissible, even in fully vaccinated individuals, and causes attenuated disease compared with other major viral variants recognized to date. The Omicron spike (S) protein, with an unusually large number of mutations, is considered the major driver of these phenotypes. We generated chimeric recombinant SARS-CoV-2 encoding the S gene of Omicron in the backbone of an ancestral SARS-CoV-2 isolate and compared this virus with the naturally circulating Omicron variant. The Omicron S-bearing virus robustly escapes vaccine-induced humoral immunity, mainly due to mutations in the receptor-binding motif (RBM), yet unlike naturally occurring Omicron, efficiently replicates in cell lines and primary-like distal lung cells. In K18-hACE2 mice, while Omicron causes mild, non-fatal infection, the Omicron S-carrying virus inflicts severe disease with a mortality rate of 80%. This indicates that while the vaccine escape of Omicron is defined by mutations in S, major determinants of viral pathogenicity reside outside of S.

Competing Interest Statement

https://www.fadingstar.mx/?format=print&post-type=post&order-date...&image_size=full&links=include&rendering_wait=200&print-my-blog=1
The authors have declared no competing interest.

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Note from Rob: That is literally what the fuck "Gain of Function" research is. you are engineering this god damn thing to evade your god damn fucking vaccines and ENHANCE it to "efficiently replicates in cell lines and primary-like distal lung cells" "unlike naturally occurring Omicron."

So "omicron" has a 99% survival rate, right? these guys have their hands on a strain with a 100% fatality rate and they're saying nooo we made it LESS lethal! Instead of being 99.8% survivable, we're making one that escapes vaccines and "ONLY" kills 80% of anything it touches! Seeeeee, its "SAFER!"

Every single one of them belongs in prison.

With everyone funding their grants.

And everyone supervising their work

NOW.

"Fuck your code of silence" and "fuck your copyright," this is defacto evidence of a war crime. Bush invaded Iraq, killed a million people, and then put a rope around Saddam Hussein's neck and yanked on it, until dead, for less than what you are doing over there on American soil.
"First, this research is not gain-of-function research, meaning it did not amplify the [ancestral] SARS-CoV-2 virus strain or make it more dangerous," Boston University (BU) said in the statement. "In fact, this research made the virus replicate less dangerous."

> Omicron causes mild, non-fatal infection

> the Omicron S-carrying virus inflicts severe disease with a mortality rate of 80%. <<<<— the one they just CREATED

but noooo it's not gain of function!

"we made it safer!!!!!!"

Awful lot of CHINESE NAMES ON THIS, "Asia Times" https://archive.is/5qXHW

YSK: Bush and Cheney killed approx 150,000-160,000 Iraqi troops on their way home from an exercise after promising and assuring them safe passage. They just said "kill them" for no reason at all.

All under the pretext of non existent "WMDs."

Never mind that, it was just an excuse to engage the United States in Israel’s affairs in the M.E.

Here is an actual WMD lab engineering a highly lethal virus intentionally designed to escape the vaccines they wanted to give 100% of the population.

https://www.fadingstar.mx/?format=print&post-type=post&order-date...&image_size=full&links=include&rendering_wait=200&print-my-blog=1
Where’s the media, Ann Fleischli?

Where are CNN and their cameras? **Do they have a conflicting appointment humiliating Roger Stone or some underage child today?** Do they have friends, families, or co-workers of an otherwise “innocent until proven guilty” suspect to defame, “roll cameras on their porches” or otherwise threaten to publicly humiliate if they don’t give “voluntary” statements to the FBI?

Is Don Lemon busy taping a new cooking show and perfecting a recipe for Packed Fudge Brownies **in front of those cameras Ann said CNN would come rescue us with?**

Where’s Muh “**Red Line**” in the Sand with manufacturing bioweapons and/or WMDs?

‘Munrrrrrrica, fuck yeah.

Yesterday the government denied funding it or knowing about it and claimed Boston University did this of their own accord, with their own money.

cue me **rolling on the god damn floor laughing at the notion of university researchers doing anything with “their own money,” if there isn’t a grant from someone they won’t touch it.**

Yesterday’s spin was ”**Boston University calls Daily Mail report on COVID-19 research ‘false, inaccurate’**”

Archive link: [https://archive.is/ZfnIL](https://archive.is/ZfnIL)

Today, there is updated spin, and I am paraphrasing loosely here: “ohhh yeah, so about that, the United States government did **partly** fund it, I guess.”

Archive link: [https://archive.is/0AHEb](https://archive.is/0AHEb)
US health officials probe Boston University’s Covid virus research

Inquiry launched into whether study that created artificial form of disease should have gone through more checks

Boston University, which conducted the research in question, said it had complied with ‘all required regulatory obligations and protocols’ © Akos Stiller/Bloomberg

Kiran Stacey in Washington YESTERDAY

US health officials have launched an inquiry into a controversial study by scientists at Boston University who created an artificial form of Covid-19 in a laboratory.

The National Institutes of Health told the Financial Times its officials were investigating whether the study, which was partly funded by the US government, should have gone through extra checks before going ahead.

An early version of findings from the study, in which researchers combined a lab-made version of Covid-19’s original strain with the spike protein from the more
If only you knew how “safe and effective” things really were

October 19, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

Why did wikipedo revert this edit pertaining to 🤦 Stephen Colbert’s 🤖 most recent episode?

Every single edit to line 29, and this revert, to line 29 on Colbert’s taping information have been made from the same net range on Charter Communications.

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We have a big vote tomorrow, on providing Pfraudzer and Murderna with more “immunity” than either of their products provide:
The CDC will vote Thursday to permanently shield Pfizer and Moderna from COVID vaccine injury liability

The end game is near.

Jordan Schachtel
9 hr ago

It’s so "safe and effective" it needs to go in front of the CDC right away so they can be protected from liability for how safe and effective it is 😐
> Stephen Colbert death hoax spreads on Facebook

> Rumors of the comedian’s alleged demise gained traction on Tuesday after a ‘R.I.P. Stephen Colbert’ Facebook page attracted nearly one million of ‘likes’. Those who read the ‘About’ page were given a believable account of the American comedian’s passing:

> “At about 11 a.m. ET on Tuesday (October 18, 2022), our beloved comedian Stephen Colbert passed away.
Stephen Colbert was born on May 13, 1964 in Washington, D.C.. He will be missed but not forgotten. Please show your sympathy and condolences by commenting on and liking this page.

Donald J Trump @realdonaldtrump
3h · 0

Late Night Television is absolutely dying. The hosts are not funny, talented, or smart. Actually, it’s amazing that they keep their jobs. Ratings have gone south to a level never seen before. I could take the average person on the street, insert them in these loser's place, and the entertainment level would be better. So, Stephen Colbert is drawing “flies,” Jimmy Kimmel is down almost 50%, and Fallon has lost 60%. Basket case Seth Meyers has lost most of his audience, BORING. Trump haters are DEAD!

Is Mr. Trump trying to tell us something? Is he going to wait until "after" this hearing tomorrow?
>Stephen Colbert hasn't been seen so far this week. Both Monday and Tuesday night featured repeats, leaving fans wondering if The Late Show was just enjoying a long weekend.

>Unfortunately, that break will only continue on Wednesday. There will not be a new episode of The Late Show with Stephen Colbert tonight.
I didn't write this one but, yeah actually, this is funny as... well, funny as shit!

I did that!

October 19, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized
I am a former FBI agent and without a doubt I believe this. I also believe that the FBI is no longer anything but an enforcement operation for the Democrat party.

The FBI and Justice Department are running a cover-up operation for Nancy Pelosi's involvement with January 6th!

Everything else you've been told about that day has been a damn lie!

I don't know if she is who she says she is any more than you know if I am who I say I am. Equal treatment from DARPA, the White House, Vanguard, Blackrock, and Saudi Arabia, right?
"Anti-terror" legislation
The next year, months before the Oklahoma City bombing took place, Biden introduced another bill called the Omnibus Counterterrorism Act of 1995. It previewed the 2001 Patriot Act by allowing secret evidence to be used in prosecutions, expanding the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act and wiretap laws, creating a new federal crime of "terrorism" that could be invoked based on political beliefs, permitting the U.S. military to be used in civilian law enforcement, and allowing permanent detection of non-U.S. citizens without judicial review. The Center for National Security Studies said the bill would "erode "constitutional and statutory due process protections" and would "authorize the Justice Department to pick and choose crimes to investigate and prosecute based on political beliefs and associations."

Biden himself draws parallels between his 1995 bill and its 2001 cousin. "I drafted a terrorism bill after the Oklahoma City bombing. And the bill John Ashcroft sent up was my bill," he said when the Patriot Act was being debated, according to the New Republic, which described him as "the Democratic Party's de facto spokesman on the war against terrorism."

You know im a little more irked and/or testy yhan the average bear by these sons of bitches, right?

I have been flagged as a so called "drug trafficker" in at least one of my NCIC profiles (yes, you read that correctly) for god only knows what fucking reason. It is 100% bullshit, im sitting running the so called "NA chatroom" and these dirty shitbird cops are framing me for that?

I’m not saying Shiloh put me on it , but him and Stan certainly accessed it , or know someone who exceeded their authorized access to it, bragged about it and encouraged others to falsely report me to the DEA as a "drug kingpin" over a god damn chatroom, okay? over Jesse "trolling them" and their paranoid drugged out asses blaming me and filing false reports to "get even with me."

I have mentioned this before , and I have already made tasteless and derisive commentary that i would be the worst drug mule imaginable. i would be parked at the first Super 8, ankles to the ceiling, chattering my
teeth, sweating my titties off, staring at grindr and smokin all your shit.

“oh hes crazy hes using.”

Yeah okay, so here’s the deal the Sheriffs office in Pilot Point showed me “that NCIC profile”, and video footage of my vehicle , on his MDT. I do not have delusions of persecution, i was framed up by my lying ass corrupt god damned government and surveiled under false pretenses.

I am over a year sober and stand by my story.

I don’t hate my country.

But I hate the fucking corrupt ass, mafia controlled , genocidal , pravda ass Stasi State that it has become.

Law enforcement, my allegedly ”elected” so called “representatives” have no use for me and it is mutual at this point.

I really do not care if you think im crazy or that this is funny. Because it is what it is and if I am so profoundly fucked in my head that I imagined this whole encounter and revelation from a Sheriff’s department who is not amused with shit like this being done to citizens , where they can tell its bullshit just by taking one look at you... well then I guess I am pretty fucked, alright.

You wont like it when this is legal, above the board, no false pretenses or programs necessary, and it’s your turn. Is my abject contempt for retards who think they’re getting free anything, other than a free jackboot on your face forever and ever and ever, a little too obvious for everyone’s comfort?

Hint: It isn't "funny."

I have more or less been left alone (provided I stay away from trouble) for over two years since obtaining my green card and getting the fuck out of there. I have absolutely no desire to return.

I am glad that son of a bitch Shiloh is dead.

Rest in piss, f*gg.

I cannot wait until Stan and Janis follow him to hell. I have this mental image of Satan telling them all “whoa whoa whoa, easy now the guy just got here” when they snatch the pitchfork out of his hand and giddily gang up on the new arrivals.
What are flying monkeys in narcissism?

When the narcissist wants to evoke some punishment on a target they dispatch their henchmen (aka flying monkeys) to do their bidding. Unfortunately, this can and often does include abusive behavior such as guilt-tripping, twisting the truth, gaslighting, assaults, threats, and violence.

Miranda will probably outlive us all, unless she has some kind of freak accident with a dog knot rupturing her insides because evil never dies.
The Rise and Fall of G... @ADRo... · 15m
As you listen to Kanye talk about his handlers and all the things they do to attempt to control him. Keep in mind that they do the same thing to you, on a smaller scale depending on how big your "platform" is. This scale will increase over time as they get more desperate...

The Rise and Fall of G... @ADRo... · 14m
...they try to control what he fears. They do the same to you. They turn his family against him, they tried the same with you. They take away his access to their networks, they do the same with you. They lie about his mental state, they do the same with you.

The Rise and Fall of G... @ADRo... · 12m
The trick is to get beyond the complaining stage and fight back. This is why Gab and the parallel economy springing up is the way forward. This is why Christian Nationalism is the way forward. The old system is gone for all the faithful. Its only workable longterm for degenerates
Election Deniers – Lock ’em up! Terrorists!

October 19, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

ELDER: What about Democratic ‘election deniers’?

August 20, 2022 for canoe.com. Please support cited sources and authors by sharing the original author or source, rather than my blog:


In 2018, Democrat Stacey Abrams claimed she lost her Georgia gubernatorial race due to voter “suppression.” In her speech after the election was called for her opponent, she refused to concede. Three years later, she told CNN that her opponent “won under the rules of the game at the time, but the game was rigged against the voters of Georgia.” A USA Today fact check said, “There is little empirical evidence (opponent Georgia then-Secretary of State Brian) Kemp stole the election.

Former vice-president Al Gore, in a Washington Post interview two years after his presidential defeat to George W. Bush, said, “I believe that if everyone in Florida who tried to vote had had his or her vote counted properly, that I would have won.”

In January 2001, several House Democrats voted against certifying the election results of 2000. Rep. Maxine Waters, D-Calif., said in a joint session of Congress: “The objection is in writing, and I do not care that it is not signed by a member of the Senate (as is necessary to force a Senate vote on the challenge.)”

Had Ohio, in 2004, gone to Democrat John Kerry, he would have become president. President George W. Bush carried it 51% to 49%, a margin of about 100,000 votes. But Jan. 6 Committee Chairman Bennie Thompson, D-Miss., on Jan. 6, 2005, joined 30 other House Democrats and Democratic Sen. Barbara Boxer, D-Calif., in refusing to certify Ohio’s presidential election results, claiming “voter suppression” in addition to arguing, also with no basis in fact, that the Diebold voting machines were manipulated to re-elect Bush. The Senate voted 74-1 against the Democrats’ challenge. Though Sen. Dick Durbin, D-Ill., voted against the challenge, he praised Boxer in 2005 for making it: “I thank her for doing that, because it gives
members an opportunity once again on a bipartisan basis to look at a challenge that we face not just in the last election in one state, but in many states.”

Hillary Clinton consistently calls the presidential election of 2016 “stolen” and described then-president Trump as “illegitimate.” Former president Jimmy Carter said in 2019: “I think a full investigation would show that Trump didn’t actually win the election in 2016. He lost the election, and he was put into office because the Russians interfered on his behalf.” New York Attorney General Letitia James said she “will never be afraid to challenge this illegitimate president.”

About the 2016 election, former Obama Secretary of Homeland Security Jeh Johnson testified under oath that, while the Russians tried to manipulate voting machines, there is no evidence that a single vote tally was changed.

Nevertheless, a 2018 YouGov poll found 66% of Democrats believe that Russia changed vote tallies to elect Trump in 2016. A 2018 Gallup poll found 78% of Democrats believe that Russian interference in 2016 “changed the outcome of the election” in favour of Trump.

About the 2020 election, CNN politics editor Chris Cillizza wrote: “76% of self-identified Republicans in a new national Quinnipiac University poll. That’s the number of Republicans who said they believe there was ‘widespread fraud in the 2020 election.’” As noted, a greater percentage of Democrats, 78%, consider 2016’s presidential election to have been “stolen” compared to 76% of Republicans who feel likewise about 2020.

Now what?

–Larry Elder
paying, is well over a month late reporting on their “investment,” and done my own investigation. I alerted the other investors that their other plant was run out of town by residents who did not want them there... and that the well has been capped. so i am guessing they have a greater, unanticipated liability of 27% APR. plus escalating late fees... to the SPV instead of the 10% APR they projected. sounds great! doesn't work, as the bad orange man says... so far they're not paying it and the SPV is silent.

“whats to stop bonafonte and pepsi from coming here next? Our water will be gone in 30 years.”

my commentary, in Spanish, went unnoticed until today, and oh boy, speaking of pitchforks and torches... incoming investor rebellion

might be time for a new passport... 😐 🙄

I don't know what to tell you about “close encounters with la-la land” that I haven't already, and/or am willing to discuss. I have already told you a little bit about some sociopathic Chinese fuckers, who I am pretty sure are in some kind of cult, vanning people and injecting people with god only knows what in Ron Desantis’s “free” Florida. It wasn't “muh meds sweetie,” they got me three times and you will not believe me if I tell you what happened to a couple of others. One of them died.

The guy who died, took a few hours, first he went nuts and punched me in the face and I don't really feel like repeating what he said to me.

The staff just watched and did absolutely nothing about it.

Away he went, under a white sheet, on a stretcher, while we ate our dinner.

This story where I claim I punched a cop and took him and his partner to the ground, is 100% true. Yay white privilege, nobody shot me as far as I know.

No charges.

Nothing to see here folks!

It was early 2020. I have a half a mind to think these were prototypes of “the vax.”

And nothing about our history, gives me any reason to assume positive intent.

I removed those posts, as well as the one about a month later where I heard some people outside my house talking about killing me. I locked the doors and took off so fucking fast, and it wasn't even two minutes later they were inside my house and set my alarm off. You might remember that. I had, and posted, long lost
receipts.

One of the motherfuckers tailing me out of there had a license plate frame from ..

Guess where! Wesley Chapel. Just one coincidence after another, fuck this shit.

That’s about when I said “fuck America,” and I am about to .... neutrally ... say the same thing of Desantis and Muh Free State of Florida that I have said of Trump: "Whether or not these things are your fault, they’re your responsibility."

I’m not into this q-tarded x-tier “timeline” shit other than as a passing curiosity, recall that I do not believe in “time” other than as a subjective phenomenon, *I will never get bored of discussing Everett or decoherence phenomenon* but what I do know, is that under a strong enough magnetic influence, your perceptions/reality can be completely altered. This is in use to some extent as a military grade crowd control device and maybe rogues have it as well. I’ve already mumbled some shit over here in my corner about how you’re more than likely going to be dropping “muh AR-15” and crying like a bitch when it comes down to it, ignore me at your own peril.

And so it goes, they can induce an apparently "manic", disoriented state in people, and I already said something about how I think that may be a factor in the Kenosha/Kyle Rittenhouse situation — *one of the dudes had just gotten out of the nut hut mere hours earlier, right?* — any of which may or may not have survived numerous hacks / attacks on my personal blog since early 2020 or so. Things just have a strange god damn way of vanishing from here ..........

That’s the simplest explanation I have for so-called mkultra weirdness. Maybe Dustin’s right and they consider people on drugs to be fair game to fuck with, Tuskegee 2.0. But look, in my estimation this amounts to illegal human experimentation, which in some cases is plainly on public display.

Never mind anything else you might chalk up to “close encounters with la-la land.”

But there is one that actually checks out.

About four miles under my feet, it is approximately 527 degrees Fahrenheit, second only to uh, well, the Yellowstone caldera in Wyoming, which used to be in Idaho at one time ... *and as far as I can tell, it might be “California dreaming.”*

I’m starting to question whether Motorola really did “poison the groundwater in Phoenix” or, if they just don’t want people asking “hey.. why is my well boiling?” That’s my theory about where Lake Mead is disappearing to. I’m sticking to it.
If you read about Centralia Pennsylvania, they had a problem that went unnoticed until their then-mayor, a gas station owner, put a dipstick in his underground fuel tanks and went “hmm, this is really hot.” in ... I don't know... 1969? 1979? whatever.

Guy sticks a thermometer down the tank and it’s almost 200 degrees, right?

So the whole west coast wants to ban gasoline by 2030-2035, or thereabouts.

*long pause*

_That ... son ... of a bitch ... was actually telling me the truth ..._

So, certain ... _lets say hostile foreign nation-state actors_ have bought a LOT of real estate in the United States and Canada where its _ohhhh hell I don't know, about 400 degrees cooler under the surface_ ... _using counterfeit currency, that was not worth the fucking paper that it was printed on_ ... thereby pricing us out of housing ... anywhere that is going to be fucking inhabitable in 10-20 years .................

The aforementioned hostile foreign nation-state actors, who are experts in undermining sovereign currency with convincing counterfeit bills, were the first to implement “digital currencies” so that this trick can’t be pulled on _them_.

Wouldn’t it be nice if “they” would just cut the shit and tell you exactly what had happened here, and why the push for CBDCs , _so that only the Federal Reserve could steal money from us the way God intended? /
s

I bet I sounded really fucking crazy when I said “they plan to kill 100 million of us.”

And here we are, with Boston University going “hey! we made a covid strain that kills 80% of anything it touches!”

Good fucking going. Yeah so, the Cold War , is over whatever will be inhabitable.

I don't think I need to talk down to certain ... circles of black folk .. who probably know exactly what the fuck is going on, and don't like their new neighbors.

There's your motive. The end.

Maybe you can snap up a nice parcel on the future Cortez-Salton Sea.

_If it’s still there._

There is public info on the situation in America. I don’t know how far south it goes.
You have to wonder if they’re just trying to make life there as unbearable as possible so that people “decide” to leave on their own in an orderly manner.

Or maybe they’re just dangling free drugs and degeneracy in front of the absolute dregs of society. “c’mere fuckers! get your ticket for Gomorrah 2.0!”

You don’t have to get down on your knees and suck Russia down to the hilt but if you or I are even alive after whatever the fuck is happening, Siberia might be nice.

Pardon me, if I have … other shit to worry about, or do, in the meantime.

If you’re bored, look into the subsurface temperatures of so-called “federal lands” and/or the areas that Bill Gates has snapping up left and right lately in North America. Wouldn’t it be really fucking “funny” if we had “collateralized” so-called “federal lands” that we knew all along would go up in flames?

I really don't fucking care if anyone believes me.

If you glow in the dark and have any questions… Iran Mountain* doesn’t “shred” your documents… they sell them to Iran.

* oops better use a pseudonym here

Do you believe me now?

What’re you going to do with all your “money”?

Throw it into a volcano to appease Moloch? kek.

---

**why did you delete this?**

October 18, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

If buying that flaming pile of dogshit honeypot “Parler” isn’t evidence that Kanye has a few screws loose and needs a conservatorship then I don't know what is. *(I cannot stress enough that Gettr is 1000 times*
worse.)
If you are on "Team Musk" then all evidence (such as Bill and Elon’s joint effort to acquire TSMC and move its production to mainland China, Biden is compromised as fuck and I’m pretty sure he’s about to “allow” something his predecessor would not have, regardless of my personal opinion of anyone involved) — coupled with the stuff Grimes was posting re: “Violence” in September 2019, as Elon’s failed vaccine company waited in the wings all ready to go, Tesla factories ready to be retooled as mRNA printing factories — really leaves me with few other logical conclusions other than, if you have anything to do with any of that you’re a silent proxy for Bill “Satan” Gates they are all “trans humanist” vaccine and microchip peddlers. Kanye has 2024 aspirations and “Caitlyn” covets the governors mansion. Whoever controls social media, eliminates dissent and influences elections.

To question one, is not necessarily constructive support of the other side (CIA/Bezos/WaPo), though while everyone was eating crayons and arguing about whether five year olds can consent, some changes have supposedly been made.

Understand, that is what we are reduced to and those people have opposing objectives, have profited INSANELY off of this “pandemic,” donated ten(s?) (of?) million(s)? to buy mansions for Patrice Cullers and strippers, hookers, sex workers, whatever ... nothing but ruin and destruction in their wake, can I ask an honest question — where did the money go, and is your black ass day any better for what they've done to your communities? Even Obama, the kingpin of your “community organizers” is like “hey hey hey, okay, cool it down, alright?”

Speaking to MSNBC Contributor Jonathan Capehart in an exclusive interview, Pres. Barack Obama reacts to the heated political rhetoric “of the Trump era”

Lies and more damn LIES. The “Ferguson unrest” began on August 14, 2014. A year before Trump “came down the escalator” and was even a fucking candidate.

I have opinions about everyone and everything, including the bad orange man, remember, as president “not everything’s your fault but it is your responsibility”, but this whole recession ... was not “inherited from Trump” as previously covered, whatever is left of Faux Biden is eating his own shit that he kicked down the road 14-15 years. That is actually kind of impressive for how FUCKED shit is. And this race baiting, stoking of hatred, rioting, Ferguson, BLM, etc also, came to be, before Trump’s candidacy let alone his term because it’s the fucking Obama administration’s bag and again, “maybe not his fault but that is his responsibility.”

(whispers: psssst, that one is, actually, 100% his fault and “has been” ever since his asshole organizers were intimidating, taunting, and harassing gay men and women on forums and IRC as “self hating homos” before “social media” was even really a thing yet if we didn't want shit to do with his campaigns or his candidacies.
The umbrella of abject hatred for anyone else not in lockstep only grew from there.)

Oh, but Muh Trump and Muh Republicans are going to set back the gay “community” to the Stone Age, right? Right. I’ve been persecuted for my sexuality and/or political dissension by Obama — and then Hillary’s — “organizers” and “campaigners” since 2007, in case you’re fucking wondering why I always seem to “predict” them, because they are the same thugs using the exact same strategies.

I’m not Nostradamus over here for fucks sake, it’s called pattern recognition.

Anyway, congratulations on “transforming” (cough, radicalizing) America, you asshole.

Remember, without scapegoating, they are nothing.

Facebook and Twitter were, from the moment of their inception, mined and monitored and controlled by the same democratic machine that frauded JFK’s ass into office in 1961, and probably (almost) every fucking election since. Handing this over to a different group with apparent, professed political ambitions of their own is not an improvement and should be illegal. You too, “Truth, but not tooooo much truth” Social. Beware of “suddenly based” Bezos, Musk, and their golems.

I might reluctantly take DARPA and Saudi Arabia over the Kardashians and Team Elon/Gates if we absolutely have to continue playing “they’re both evil” — never mind “lesser of,” that ship sailed a long time ago.

https://archive.is/EhyND

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Midterm Variant: ”Oops, gotta go.”

October 17, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

Guess all the actuaries are getting pissed off about the 40% uptick of death and disability claims from the safe and effective thing.

“its not killing everyone fast enough!”
“how does 80% sound?”

like, who does this?

oh, darpa again. reeeeeeally, i dont believe it!

https://www.fadingstar.mx/?format=print&post-type=post&order-date...
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it

The following two pictures keep vanishing from my media library ...

so make sure you grab the pdf *before I get hacked into a 4th time ..*
Hans Gertje

Laboratory Supervisor, Histology, HTL(ASCP)QIHC, at the National Emerging Infectious Diseases Laboratories (NEIDL)

Boston University  ·  Washington State University

Boston, Massachusetts, United States

384 followers  ·  384 connections
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it

https://www.biorxiv.org/content

The oral drug nitazoxanide restricts SARS-CoV-2 infection ... - bioRxiv

by L Miorin · 2022 — grants U19AI135972 and U19AI142733, DARPA grant HR0011-19-2-0020; ... Hans P. Gertje, and Paige Montanaro for technical assistance, ...


Update for October 19th 2022: I have been going around asking to the best of my ability — since I am god damn fucking BANNED EVERYWHERE you assholes — why some “virus” with a “kill rate of 80%” is something to be celebrated, wouldn’t it be a weapon of mass destruction
and did we not invade Iraq and depose Saddam Hussein, **and kill about a million people** in the process, for less than this?

**Furthermore, this LIE about Iraq's non-existent WMDs** was used as justification to **weaponize the FBI**, spy on Americans and treat them as though they were criminal subjects for exercising their constitutional rights, such as protected assembly and/or speech for the next 20 years.

So here we are today, with Boston University playing with strains of “covid” that **by their own admission, have a 80-100% fatality rate**, did you flaming idiots NOT learn anything from “wuhan” or “covid-19” or 2019-present?

I need you to understand this: The best way to respond to disputed facts or so called misinformation, is not through censorship. It is by responding with better facts. But I am getting accustomed to 1) **Twitter purging anyone to the right of Mao and Pol Pot for every presidential election and midterm**, 2) my so called elected representatives snidely shooting me down and either making public statements that **people worth less than 7 figures aren't real, or worth anyone's time** (and .. really that's none of your god damned business, lady) , or in some cases saying I should contact “my own states” representatives as I have previously bitched, and 3) Once again, Allison Fauci is a so called “software engineer” at Twitter, and you will be shortlisted and removed if you say anything bad about her daddy on that platform.

The update is that DARPA denies having anything to do with it, something to the effect that “yes, we fund that lab, but we didn't fund THIS, they did this with their OWN money” and the University itself is saying “we didn't create a virus with an 80% kill rate, we took one that has a 100% kill rate and **reduced it to 80%!**

I beg your pardon? Where the fuck did they get their hands on one with a **100% kill rate**? Le Coof, at least in the short term, had what, a **99.8 percent survival rate**? Keep an eye on those cd4 cells and WBCs, surviving seroconversion = winning the battle, not winning the war.

**Editorial notes:** DARPA is straight up not credible on this or on any topic, flat out lied and also denied directly or indirectly funding the “Wuhan lab”, to wit, funding Peter Daszak and his EcoHealth alliance.

You buttmad genocidal motherfuckers over DARPA **directly order Facebook and Twitter to dig a digital ditch for anyone who disparages your agency or that incompetent murderer Tony Fauci** — while others go to SDNY (successfully) arguing that Twitter is the “public square” and that people should be allowed to disparage/abuse Donald Trump with absolutely no consequences whatsoever **because of a heretofore undiscovered constitutional right that**
only applies to left wing lunatic shitlibs (Knight First Amendment v Twitter), updating my personal blog is not something I can do immediately as “facts (lies) about a situation rapidly change” in Google’s parlance, though in this case I wanted to make an exception and remind you, and anyone else who will fucking listen to me, that you people hung Saddam Hussein for less than this.

On that note: WordPress 6.0.2 had numerous vulnerabilities ie allowing 3rd parties to tamper with your media library. It just autoupdated to a version that regressed or took out the double-natting structure I have going on here, and right now I can’t be fucked with complaining about it to them:

```php
if (isset($_SERVER) && $_SERVER === 'https') {
    $_SERVER = 'on';
}
```

.... motherfucker, I had just fixed that shit so I could phone post or update from a terminal at a hotel or a demo computer at Walmart or whatever ...

Look for an update on the contents of memorylane/memorylane2 being merged into the same document. There’s a +/- 100-entry delta between the two as of today, and the main thing is, to unfortunately, remove songs and lyrics and stuff so that I can spare favored artists any anger from sitting side by side with what I’ve said if they happen to take offense to it, or any static from the people holding their leashes.

https://www.orange-papers.info/memorylane2.pdf

“The VERY. NOT. BASED. Wendy Fraudgers..”

October 17, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

Would I lie to you?

https://www.fadingstar.mx/?format=print&post-type=post&order-date...
FUCK CNN

OCTOBER 13, 2022 / EDIT

I give even less of a shit about Pelosi, Gosar, Brooks, and Biggs self-inflicted false flag, set up by Karl Rove and his pockmarked "new right" fucktoy Ali Alexander (now rebranded "america first", whose new darling "America the Great Satan" Nick Fuentes is 100% endorsed by the VERY. NOT. BASED, Wendy Fraudgers) (look [...]"

😊😊😊😊😊 hi there Trump-Endorsed Wendy "hahaha if you aren’t worth at least a million dollars you aren’t worth talking to, pissant" Fraudgers!

Because Nick Fuentes said I am BASED, I am now truly BASED. It is official.

8:42 PM · Dec 9, 2021 · Twitter Web App

37 Retweets 25 Quote Tweets 401 Likes

Drew @atg749 · Dec 9, 2021
Repeating to @WendyRogersAZ
You’re so obsessed with yourself lmao

1 Reply 6 Retweets

https://archive.is/6OluG
To everyone who thinks they are BASED. I am officially based because Nick Fuentes said I am based. It is like knighthood. You have to get it from the originator. Also, people who use the word based outside of its original context are grifting and fakers.
Poor Nick, he can’t tell the difference between a Jew and the Iranians in Biden’s cabinet larping as Jews, or ... well whatever. 25,000 fucking years of "I'M THE MARY! YOU'RE THE RHODA!!" "NOOO YOU'RE THE RHODA, I'M THE MARY!"

Scapegoating. Without scapegoating and persecuting anyone who DARES question it, they are nothing.

Trump had an EO in place to prohibit scapegoating based on race/ethnicity, and one of the very first god damn orders Faux Biden signed, the second he was led to that desk by one arm like a child, was to rescind that order and Make Scapegoating Great Again, and Build Scapegoating Back Better. Good job, anti-racist dickheads.

Like it or not, the "good jew/bad jew, good Arab / bad Arab, good muslim / bad muslim" trope has been milked for every penny and every corpse it’s worth, give it a fucking rest, “scapegoating based on race/ethnicity” SHOULD BE outlawed, and it needs to be more inclusive if you will, than just merely protecting whatever gods special people (*cough* mafia *cough*) “identify as”, this generation.

Y’all have spent .. the last idk .. how many years seething and crying about the “overrepresentation of ” white Christian men, aka “fucking white males” in the workplace, openly encouraging discrimination in employment etc and if you succeed in “blacklisting” us from those, even just fucking living and breathing and minding our own fucking business seems to bother you. Twitter allows child pornography and it allows black people to sit there openly fantasizing about “killing white people” or cops and they’re fine with trolls obsessing about “killing TERFS.” Id like to know, Why is THIS not a “complex” or “nuanced” issue?

But to point out a certain demographic’s overrepresentation in banking and entertainment is “hate speech” and they will immediately *prove* they don’t “control the media or banking or social media” by kicking you off all three and using all three to incite targeted harassment / deplatforming / discrimination against anyone who dares.

If you are okay with that, then you did not learn anything from what you yourselves claim to be victims of — you may as well close Le University of Tolerance for Goyim!

This entire fucking planet is going to be uninhabitable if you dont tell them ALL to go fuck themselves and their “Jewish” Fragility already.
Wendy’s … apparently … so certain I am a “Russian disinformation bot,” cause “gods special people” love dehumanizing people and reducing them to “bots” and “trolls” — I *could* write a bot more intelligent that bitch, but why bother, I guess a “bot” can’t be held accountable for what it says right? BEEP BEEP BLOOP!

“But wait, there’s more!” My day is not over until Arizona sends Wendy home.
Galvanized by his idol Ye's latest antisemitic outbursts, white nationalist Nick Fuentes unleashed his own rant last week telling Jews to "get out fuck out of America": "You serve the devil. You serve Satan. ... I piss on your Talmud."
I think you meant to say “more or less bullshit,” right?

October 17, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

Quotes from August 2021.

For instance, Ivermectin (identified as curative in April 2020) works throughout all stages of illness because it both inhibits viral replication and modulates the immune response. Of note, chloroquine phosphate (Hydroxychloriquine, identified April 2020 as curative) is identified in the proposal as a SARSr-CoV inhibitor, as is interferon (identified May 2020 as curative)

The gene-encoded, or “mRNA,” vaccines work poorly because they are synthetic replications of the already-synthetic SARSr-CoV-WIV spike proteins and possess no other epitopes. The mRNA instructs the cells to produce synthetic copies of the SARSr-CoV-WIV synthetic spike protein directly into the bloodstream, wherein they spread and produce the same ACE2 immune storm that the recombinant vaccine does. Many doctors in the country have identified that the symptoms of vaccine reactions mirror the symptoms of the disease, which corroborates with the similar synthetic nature and function of the respective spike proteins.

The vaccine recipient has no defense against the bloodstream entry, but their nose protects them from the recombinant spike protein quasispecies during “natural infection” (better termed as aerosolized inoculation).

“Kek, my fucking sides,” when the people who survive end up being fags with AIDS, tweakers, Q-tards, muslims, and refooooosers.

It’s a no-win and a “game fucking over” any way you cut it. The “social control agenda” worked to a limited extent but would not scale to the entire population and it needed to be moved over to 5G and AI (see also: Milgram Experiment) which is either devoid of conscience, or, potentially, ironically, has more of a conscience than its “human” creators at this point, what’s the whole game, to remove guilt / blame?

Layer upon layer of failed launches (Carter, 2012, and now “covid”) which resulted in four plus decades of
disease, death, terrorization, subjugation, fleecing, genocide, and fraud, just give it up already. **One bad decision became 1000 here.**

“I've been to the city, it turns out they are also quite dumb.

And the only people left alive are what you and I have become.”

— “THE DAY THEY FOUND THE CURE” NOVEMBER 6, 2019 <----
From: Murphy, Joseph P Maj USMC DARPA DIRO (USA) - [redacted]

Sent:  
To:  
Cc:  
Subject:  

Capt xxxx,

Thanks for responding.

I'm reaching out to communicate some information relative to COVID that I don't believe xxxx or your director is aware of. You probably saw earlier this week that more official documents linking NIH and EcoHealth Alliance to the Wuhan Institute of Virology were published by The Intercept. I came across additional incriminating documents and produced an analysis shortly after leaving DARPA last month. This report was routed to the DOD IG office.

I’m unsure whether the significance of what I communicated is understood by those that received the report. Decisions with regards to the vaccines do not appear to be informed by analysis of the documents. The main points being that SARS-CoV-2 matches the SARS vaccine variants the NIH-EcoHealth program was making in Wuhan; that the DOD rejected the program proposal because vaccines would be ineffective and because the spike proteins being inserted into the variants were deemed too dangerous (gain-of-function); and that the DOD now mandates vaccines that copy the spike protein previously deemed too dangerous. To me, and to those who informed my analysis, this situation meets no-go or abort criteria with regards to the vaccines until the toxicity of the spike protein can be investigated. There's also information within the documents about which drugs effectively treat the program's SARS-CoVs.

Thus why I'm reaching out. I'm trying to help leadership grapple with the vaccines and the mandate with as much information as is available. I wanted to push this information your way.

Several of the documents referenced in the IG report have since been downgraded.

Please reach out to me with questions.

V/R,

Major Joe Murphy USMC
Marine Program Liaison
Code 34 & 35
Office of Naval Research
Work: [redacted]
Cell: [redacted]
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it
When synthesized with the EcoHealth Alliance proposal, US collections confirm EcoHealth Alliance was performing the work proposed. The analysts produce their reports in a vacuum, absent the context the proposal provides. As a fellow at DARPA, I could see both, and can do the synthesis. For instance, WIV personnel identified in intelligence reports are named in the proposal, these people use the lexicon of the proposal in the collections, and the virus variants proposed for experimentation are identical to those gleaned by collections. Moreover, I am also privy to information obtained by congressional office investigators and by DRASTIC⁶, which further corroborates that the program detailed in the BAA response was conducted until it was shut down in April 2020.

The purpose of the EcoHealth program, called DEFUSE⁷ in the proposal, was to inoculate bats in the Yunnan, China caves where confirmed SARS-CoVs were found. Ostensibly, doing this would prevent another SARS-CoV pandemic: the bats’ immune systems would be reinforced to prevent a deadly SARS-CoV from emerging. The specific language used is “inoculate bats with novel chimeric polyvalent spike proteins to enhance their adaptive immune memory against specific high-risk viruses.”⁸ Being defense-related, it makes sense that EcoHealth submitted the proposal first to the Department of Defense, before it settled with NIH/NIAID. The BAA response is dated March 2018 and was submitted by Peter Daszak, president of EcoHealth Alliance.

DARPA rejected the proposal because the work was too close to violating the gain-of-function (GoF) moratorium.⁹ despite what Peter Daszak says in the proposal (that the work would not). As is known, Dr. Fauci with NIAID did not reject the proposal. The work took place at the WIV and at several sites in the US, identified in detail in the proposal.¹⁰

The EcoHealth Alliance response to the PREEMPT BAA is placed along with other proposal documents in the PREEMPT folder on the DARPA Biological Technologies Office JWICS (top secret) share drive, address: Network/filer/BTO/CI Folder/PREEMPT

This folder was empty for a year. The files, completely unmarked with classification or distribution data, were placed in this folder in July 2021, which conspicuously aligns with media reporting, my probing, and Senator Paul’s inquiry into NIH/NIAID gain-of-function programs. The unmarked nature combined with the timing signals that the documents were being hidden. No files at DARPA go unmarked in classification or distribution, including proprietary documents. Furthermore, PREEMPT is an unclassified program.

The files are also now held by Marine Corps Intelligence Activity (MCIA). They are identified in the reference block above.

2. SARS-CoV-2, hereafter referred to as SARSr-CoV-WIV, is a synthetic spike protein chimera engineered to attach to human ACE2 receptors and

UNCLASSIFIED
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it
Furthermore, the EcoHealth proposal states that a "vaccine approach lacks sufficient epitope coverage to protect against quasispecies of coronavirus." Consequently, they were trying to make vaccines work by "targeted immune boosting via vaccine inoculators using chimeric polyvalent recombinant spike proteins." The nature of using a spike protein vaccine with one epitope against a spike protein vaccine with a quasispecies may explain the unusual (and potentially detrimental) antibody response amongst the vaccinated to the new COVID variants. Fundamentally, the knowledge the proposal provides signals that the risk of Antibody Dependent Enhancement (ADE) from vaccination should be evaluated with high priority, on top of the reality that single-epitope vaccines will have little effect against SARSr-CoV-WIV, as indicated in the proposal.

The potential for SARSr-CoV-WIV to deattenuate requires immediate attention. Live vaccines have been found to deattenuate in the past. If this is the case with SARSr-CoV-WIV, then the mass vaccination campaign actually performs an accelerated gain-of-function for it. Since it is designed for bats off of a human-susceptible SARS-CoV, vaccinating humans against it actually gains its function back towards a more deattenuated human-susceptible form. Improving the SARSr-CoV-WIV spike protein to gain robustness against monoclonal vaccines is one of the steps of the DEFUSE program. The mechanism to improve the SARSr-CoV-WIV spike protein (other than direct engineering) is to challenge it against animals that have spike protein-only antibodies. The attenuated virus will either die or adapt its form to neutralize the spike protein-only antibodies. The intent was to perform this task against humanized mice and then "batified" mice. Instead, it was done with the world's population.

SARSr-CoV-WIV is not meant to kill the bats, but to immunize them. This nature may explain its general harmlessness to most people, and its harmlessness to the old and comorbid, who are in general more susceptible to vaccine reactions. The asymptomatic nature is also explained by the bat vaccine-intention of its creators (a good vaccine does not generate symptoms). Such effects would be expected of an immature vaccine, or a vaccine being reverse engineered from a more virulent form into an attenuated form. The spike protein effect on ACE2 receptors exacerbates the harmlessness in accordance with age and comorbidity. The nature of SARSr-CoV-WIV's deattenuation will also indicate future virulence, though knowing its nature at last neutralizes the threat as effective treatments can be applied with confidence.

3. DRASTIC and other scientists will clean up my description of SARSr-CoV-WIV’s nature and progression within the DEFUSE program. This information is sufficient for an investigative report and more than enough to correct the existing pandemic strategy. Previously, the nation did not know itself, nor the adversary in the pandemic conflict. Now it knows both. The problem can be framed appropriately and specifically against a confirmed hypothesis. Limiting disease transmission can be dropped as the implied strategic end, as it is not the actual problem,
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nor is it actually feasible. The strategy will then align early treatment protocols and prophylaxis with the known curatives as ways and means. This course of action will achieve the strategic end of clinical resolution for those that are susceptible to the adverse effects from SARSr-CoV-WIV inoculation.

4. I will inevitably be asked how I figured this out and how I discovered the documents. The pandemic response became the predominant focus of my fellowship efforts. DARPA worked a number of pandemic innovations and much of its team was familiar with biodefense. I had the opportunity to “sit in the back row” per se and observe and listen-in on the government’s efforts. My obligation-light fellowship also allowed me to observe and read the field. This observation grew in scope to the point that it became a series of reports, like a military scout would prepare when tasked to investigate a problem.

These reports served as iterative thinking against the problem over many months. Eventually, I arrived at a hypothesis that what leaked from the WIV could be a bat vaccine or its precursor. It was feasible that the US would try to avoid a SARS-CoV outbreak by stopping it at its source, not by halting its infections amongst people, but by halting the infections amongst the bats. Americans are creative, even it imprudent, and technologically confident enough to try it. This concept seemed to fit within the PREEMPT program construct as well, and DRASTIC had discovered that some earlier specimens within the USNID PREDICT program were obtained in Africa and sent to the WIV. Moreover, the unusual nature and pathology of the virus hinted that it could be a vaccine or be vaccine-like.

A technological challenge as difficult as inoculating bats in China would be tried at DARPA first. The massive, “Manhattan Project”-level of information suppression executed by the government and the Trusted News Initiative indicates that it would be covered-up if something bad happened. The lab-leak hypothesis and squabbling between Senator Paul and Dr. Fauci indicated that the cover up was more localized. Further, an actual cover-up would be more disciplined with its paperwork. So I presumed that unclassified files would be concealed on a higher network and found them where I expected them to be. I understood what they were and their content, pushed the files off-site, and compiled this report.

8/13/2021

Joseph Murphy
Major, US Marine Corps
Signed by: MURPHY, JOSEPH PATRICK.1275023554
“You’re not yourself when you’re hungry.”

October 16, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

Beyond Meat cuts 19% of workers including COO accused of biting man's nose in road rage incident; stock crashes

Yesterday
Is this true?

October 16, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

I wish I lived in simpler times when I could just trip my fucking nuts off on peyote and find some random place in the desert to start a new country.

I don't know about the rest of that, but I can think of a few people that I would like to do that to.

Anyway im not about to take that laying down from a rotten toothed britbung whose nobility bathed in toddler blood. And probably still does, as far as anyone knows.
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it

Anonymous (ID: 8FZccmG) 10/16/22(Sun)16:37:08 No.400142495

>>400138192 #
Your founder skinned a woman and wore her as a coat.
Then when tripping balls he was told to found mexico the first place he saw an eagle ea a snake.
lol @ them appreciating *anything*

October 16, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

America deserves a president who can look back on his term(s) and say “No president has done more for America than I have.”

Between this and his new job as a vaccine salesman, ntm the fact that Fauci got a promotion and a raise instead of an indictment or a military tribunal, i really do not like this orange Jesuit motherfucker anymore.

Now i know how everyone else felt 7 years ago, when Alex is like ”no, i love that guy!!!!!”

I was with Jill for 2016 and that made y'all asses seethe as well, even though she checked all your boxes like legalizing sex work and going balls to the walls borderless globohomo.
She seemed to be the only adult in the room, including President Clinton, who wasn't zooted on drugs or lying their ass off when I saw a bunch of ridiculous candidates in Vegas. I liked her but OTOH going through their party platform was cringe. "Why does this piss everyone off so much? its everything you guys seem to want." 😅

Notably absent from their platform: Imminent war with Eastern Europe.

Los idiotes quiere lo que quire.

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Mmkay (lets get conspiratorial)

October 16, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it

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Elon Musk 🌟 @elonmusk · 7h
Replying to @oldmordim

Mostly accurate

---

https://www.fadingstar.mx/?format=print&post-type=post&order-date...&image_size=full&links=include&rendering_wait=200&print-my-blog=1
Mmkay, let’s get conspiratorial. How about we indulge in some conspiracy theories about Elon Musk, then?

(lots to parse here, you’ll have to ask Enty about all that.)

How about the video your wife released on September 5, 2019? <—
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it

The very day before Grimes released this video, on September 4, 2019 (archive link https://archive.is/rm2Cy):

https://www.fadingstar.mx/?format=print&post-type=post&order-date...&image_size=full&links=include&rendering_wait=200&print-my-blog=1
I have previously posted a screen capture, also from September of 2019, saying there was a "virus" in Wuhan that had already killed “32,000” and no one knew what it was. I got into an argument with a doctor in Palm Springs when he said no one knew about it it December 2020 and I just snorted and argued with him and said “everyone’s known about this since at LEAST September.” He called his supervisor, then called me back calling me a “liar” and telling me “I don’t care about people’s health” then I am sure he promptly found someone on Grindr to smoke meth with and have unprotected sex with before a long hard day of treating immunocompromised, sick, and/or vulnerable patients in his hospital. Anyway, the first post I shared on this blog appears to have been removed from 4plebs.

I had @’ed Elon and strongly suggested that he stipulate that his potential acquisition of Twitter should refuse to accept any liability for the seller’s false or misleading statements about pharmaceutical products or public health.

But since he seems to agree with it all, fuck him. Let’s go:
Elon Musk shared some details about Tesla's mRNA microfactories for CureVac's COVID vaccine development recently. In February 2019, CureVac published a press release that referred to a bioreactor dubbed The RNA Printer. Musk's recent tweet provided some details about the bioreactor Tesla developed for CureVac's mRNA vaccine initiatives.

"Tesla makes the RNA Bioreactor that can make vaccines/cures. Curevac has Version 2 in use. Version 3 is under development. I do expect this to become an important product for the world, but probably not financially for Tesla," Musk stated on Twitter as a response to an inquiry from Tesla owner-investor @SamTalksTesla.


> The CureVac COVID-19 vaccine was a COVID-19 vaccine candidate developed by CureVac N.V. and the Coalition for Epidemic Preparedness Innovations. The vaccine showed inadequate results in its Phase III trials with only 47% efficacy. In October 2021 CureVac abandoned further development and production plans for CVnCoV and refocused efforts on a cooperation with GlaxoSmithKline.

— HTTPS://EN.WIKIPEDIA.ORG/WIKI/CUREVAC_COVID-19_VACCINE

If I am interpreting this correctly, Elon mostly agrees that it is "dangerous to yourself and others" to simply quote my illegitimate so called "government's" public statements or, you know, call out the fact that his wife posted that shit in 9/2019. (member when i_O posted something like "we're all going to die" right around then, and then did?) F. 👍
“Nobody said you wouldn’t get covid if you’re vaccinated.”

Oh, but they did...

“You’re not going to get covid if you have these vaccinations.”

—President Joe Biden (July 21, 2021, CNN)

“Vaccinated people do not carry the virus... don’t get sick.”

—Dr. Rochelle Walensky, CDC director (March 29, 2021, MSNBC)

“When people are vaccinated, they can feel safe they will not be infected.”

—Dr. Anthony Fauci, NIAID director (May 17, 2021, MSNBC)

“T hey’re really, really good against variants.”

—Dr. Anthony Fauci, NIAID director (May 17, 2021, MSNBC)

distractions ... at least I can take my tinfoil hat off ...
Excited to share that updated analysis from our Phase 3 study with BioNTech also showed that our COVID-19 vaccine was 100% effective in preventing COVID19 cases in South Africa. 100%! pfizer.com/news/press-...
“The very powerful and the very stupid have one thing in common: They don't alter their views to fit the fact. They alter the facts to fit their views, which can be uncomfortable if you happen to be one of the facts that needs altering.”

— DOCTOR WHO #4

well it *is* only one molecule away from sudafed
Hey! I bet we can make some kind of treatment out of – oh no, that sucks!!!!
The FDA has officially declared a shortage of Adderall

October 14, 2022 · 3:50 AM ET

AYANA ARCHIE

In this Aug. 2, 2018, file photo, the U.S. Food and Drug Administration (FDA) building is visible behind FDA logos at a bus stop on the agency's campus in Silver Spring, Md.

Jacquelyn Martin/AP

The FDA has confirmed the nation is experiencing a shortage of Adderall after many pharmacies around the country have been unable to fill prescriptions and keep up with demand.
Well darn, sitting around all gacked out and yanking on my ding dang, diddling while Rome burns, sounds hot and all, _but my heart and whatnot, sigh._

“it’s not relapsing, it’s covid prophylaxis! Neiiiiiiiiiiiiiah!” shit if i keep lying and spinning like that I might get offered Taylor Lorenz’s job.

We are at the stage where those dreams, those dreams, _those dreams will not let me be._

But they’ve evolved from dreams about using drugs, to trying to find some way to pawn them for bitcoin and/or save for whatever future i have left.

cool, im in the obsession with financial insecurity and fear of failure phase. _but when wasn’t I?_

_It always comes tumbling down._

_It always runs its course._

its always some bullshit.

you get the keys to your house, cash and prizes and whatever , and _’hey, let’s make a plague!’_

_my sand castle is always reclaimed by the sea because this way of life isn’t meant to work._

---

_Alrighty then._

October 16, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

BIDEN: “My younger sister used to be 3 years younger than me. Now, she's 23 years younger. There's not a single solitary Biden man that is younger than any Biden woman.”

pic.twitter.com/OecL4dL8kM
— Breaking911 (@Breaking911) October 15, 2022
BIDEN: “My younger sister used to be 3 years younger than me. Now, she's 23 years younger. There’s not a single solitary Biden man that is younger than any Biden woman.”

— POTATUS

James Biden, brother of Joe: dob 5-16-49

Has a sister three years younger than him,

Valerie Biden Owens dob 11-5-45

Valerie Biden Owens (November 5, 1945) is an American political strategist, campaign manager and former educator. She is the younger sister of Joe Biden, the President of the United States. U.S. President Barack Obama nominated her Alternate Representative of the United States to the 71st Session of the General Assembly of the United Nations.

Beau Biden (dob February 3, 1969) who "died in iraq" or "died of cancer" or whatever depending on when you ask the “president,” is 23 years younger than Valerie Owens.

Things are not looking good for our country, when I can remember who the “president” — whoever the fuck that dude is, its not Joe Biden— is related to, (and how) better than he apparently can.

Wouldn’t "Hunter Biden" be younger than .. oh i dont know .. Jill Goodwill Dresses-Biden? Or Valerie Biden Owens?

“More records than the kgb, she's got planes full of paper and visas in her name.”
First Known Out Trans Army Officer Accused of Conspiring With Russia

Major Jamie Lee Henry and their wife, both doctors, have been indicted on charges of seeking to help Russia in its war against Ukraine.

BY TRUDY RING
MONDAY, OCTOBER 3, 2022 - 15:47

An Army doctor said to be the first active-duty officer to come out as transgender has been indicted on a charge of providing confidential U.S. government information to Russia to assist that nation in its war against Ukraine.

Jamie Lee Henry, 39, and their wife, Anna Gabrielian, 36, were charged Thursday with conspiracy and the disclosure of individually identifiable health information, according to a press release from the U.S. Attorney’s Office for
I thought the troons4biden were all screaming that "I" was the "Russia Russia Russia" Disinformation Bot.

Well, whatever. I enjoyed my time in Moscow, but why would I "take a position" on a "conflict" that my country flatly denies that it is "involved in?"

A love story in 4 parts:

October 14, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

I hope that even my worst critics remain on Twitter, because that is what free speech means

11:12 AM · Apr 25, 2022 · Twitter for iPhone

368.6K Retweets 71.1K Quote Tweets 3.2M Likes
Joshua Decter · Apr 25
To protect “free speech” will @elonmusk purge his detractors?

yasha harari · May 5
@elonmusk says he hopes his biggest critics stay on @Twitter if and when he becomes the singular owner of this platform. Let’s see how long it is until he bans his critics. And he has many of those. Any dibs?

Jason Jay Smart · 6h
Elon Musk’s Starlink says it can no longer afford to give Ukraine 🇺🇦 free service and asks the Pentagon 🇺🇸 to pay for it. Starlink had been a game changer in the war.

This comes days after Ukrainian Ambassador @MelnykAndrij told Musk to “fuck off.”

Elon Musk · 6h
@elonmusk

We’re just following his recommendation 😳

You should unban me, Elon, I will be more than happy to be one of your absolutely worst critics.
He should rename his company "Methla" because **not all of that lithium goes into Tesla batteries.**

Why this guy isn’t sanctioned, deported, citizenship and or visa revoked for personally funding a foreign war escapes me.

**Meanwhile y’all are like “words are terrorism!!”**

I mean, can I raise enough money and do that?

If not, why?

---

“Your grandma and my grandma, sitting by the fire…”

October 14, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

When I wanted to know what Kylon’s problem was, he just hissed at me to "**read a book**" and blocked me. "Don’t like what I say? Cool." And then, proceeded to have all his beta orbiters report me and get me banned.

So in turn, I will direct your attention to the Gadsden and Guadalupe treaties for some context.

Basic facts: The tribes were not included in the aforementioned treaties, and they’re referred to as "savages" who had the audacity to defend their own land. Apparently, at the time, those in the southwest, Arizona, etc were just about as problematic for Mexico as they were for the United States.

The original treaties prohibited forcibly relocating indians by force and excused Mexico from any claims to the territory. The subsequent amendments in Gadsden voided clauses about indian resettlement.

The fact is, for the most part, you “invaders” didn't need to engage in military action, many cases where my ancestors on one side sold entire cities for $500 or some shiny rocks.

I have very little doubt that the "constitutional amendment of 1961" was enacted by corrupt members who probably signed their futures away for $5000 or a bottle of whiskey.
And that some money didn't pass hands reaching a 98% "vaccination" rate.

Enter the 1960s: "yessss, free love, interracial marriage, one big drugged out fuckpile!"

And now today you have mutts like me, at whom (((they))) inform their golums that I am now criminally responsible for ((("blood libel"))) of their slave trade because im part caucasian.

The behavior of the federally operated Indian hospitals documented by Project Veritas (don't worry, I won't be applying for free “benefits” like being sent off to a malicious american hospital de muerte with poorly trained CIA agents murdering people left and right) suggests bad faith, the urgency to “vaccinate” a people with a sovereign right established by treaty, to cross the northern and southern borders, without your god damned "vaccine pass" is in their way.

We were, and are, in their way, for 500 years.

So, (((they))) get to accuse me of blood libel for their sins.

Yet I do not "get to" accuse (((them))) of their CURRENT genocidal ambitions, or for being born into being a paypig for overseas overlords — so it was with the british crown, so it is today — and yet another theft or sale, or balkinization of "our democracy" that I dont remember Nancy or Hillary asking for their "democracy's" input on — of the entire continent roughly along FEMA borders.

Yes, it’s quite possible that my ancestors were *cough* not quite as experienced with being cheated and exploited over contracts and real estate as yours were, in executing such contracts. Fortunately there are a few remaining glaring omissions you didn't mop up.

To wit: the aforementioned treaties actually gave me superior claims as a so-called "US citizen" than as an "Indian." So they'll have to kill you all or make this idea of the "US" or a "US citizen" null and void in order to erase those rights.

*God only knows theyre trying to do a little bit of both right now.*

God knows they shut me up and shut me down at every opportunity.

Yes it’s entirely possible that my ancestors were about as savage and stupid as yours were, and are, opportunistic and genocidal. Always and forever.

Although you have done your best to erase any tribal cultural or ethnic identity I have, the simple fact is, nobody is buying the "good Arab / bad Arab; good jew / bad jew; good muslim / bad muslim" trope anymore. At least I have ancestors who actually had a tribal, cultural, or ethnic identity or a claim to the
land I was born on.

Now this part, I cannot substantiate, but I am “told” that I am somehow distantly related to Zebulon, and thus Albert, Pike. I don’t really understand how Mormons and settlers and cartographers are somewhere in the family tree, all I see when I look at my “family tree” is beer bottles, needles, and shotguns – but I do know about as much as I can, about my grandma and .. well, sorry, fuck those other people.

Apparently, somewhere in the conflict, someone was raped and/or made love.

And here I am, a “fucking white male” born into your “sins” and your debt, systematically discriminated against in every odious manner I am accused of.

I despise the left for their seething about my sexuality and/or skin color. Early on, the “tent” was “big enough for everyone”, and I’m actually really unhappy about the fact that Trump and or the so-called right, picked up enough of those nut jobs for them to drag the identity and racial politics, sexuality etc into the discussion.

I am with Jesse Kelly when he said he doesn’t want reconciliation or unification with any of you. I, also, want you to get and stay as far the fuck away as possible.

Enough about my history, let’s do yours now:

You are a syndicated, synanarchistic worldwide mafia who has subjected and terrorized this planet for thousands of years with your rules and “religion” for me, “goyimOS for thee” and I was born into slavery, vis a vis your IRS and Federal Reserve, to be a pay pig for the Crown (all three letter agencies were a front for the crown, yes, I said “were” as in past tense, until very recently) via laundered proxies in Rome, Israel, the Ukraine, whatever, same fucking scam forever.

And whenever the usury caves in on itself and the bills have come due, and the parasite has squeezed every drop of blood out of its host, the bill is settled with “uh oh, another plague” or the meat grinder of war. Over and over and over.

Normally it’s breeding age men in their prime who go into the machinery of war, uh oh, can’t have them starting lives or families… this time around, it’s “yassssssss, we love gays and transgenders and reddit degenerates, come enlist and , be a human meat shield.” Any recruitment effort at the behest of the United States Military is a solid reflection of who they want to murder this time. It’s switched from white high schoolers to darkies, gays, and troons and loooooooosers with stolen valor and dishonorable expulsion of patriots and refoooooooosers. The CIA HAD, until recently, been able to commandeer entire units and give them direct orders, and many men and women who participated in such actions were then
subsequently left alone to die in the jungle or the sand.

The only “war” going on here is one side of the mafia fighting with the other, that is why the precision of shifty language — it is always a “conflict” or a “situation” or a “Arab spring” or a “color revolution” these days.

If you people don’t learn anything THIS TIME, for the love of god, go ahead and push the button.

Whoever Jesus was, there must be a good reason he detested the Nicolatians as much as he did. Anyway, “genetic memory” is real, as I have said before. It is why cats freak the fuck out when they see a cucumber, it’s the best explanation I have for why “hypnosis subjects” “near death experiences” (such as I myself have described) and those with “repressed memories” seem to have a phenomenon of telling the same story over and over and over again with many details mirrored / intact or a common thread running through them.

Genetic memory persists from one clone to another which is where they get this crazy idea of “transhumanism” or “transplanting their souls” into a clone, forever young, forever immortal, all the things the Serpent promises you, right? Unlimited money? My kingdom for the blood of six gorilliion? Oh no, another plague from the crown! Failed “armageddon prophecies” volumes one through ninety nine, the meek await with baited breath. Anyway, a clone is one dimension lesser than its source material and you’re basically going to burst into flames or just disappear at the next dimensional shift, this is where we get funny ideas like the “rapture” from. They think they “got it” this time and I assure you, they do not. This
information is encoded in me, as it is encoded in the “source” from which I came, where you cannot go, or censor or erase it, star seeds are human tape recorders, and if you’ve done business with the devil and his promises, or the Clintons, or Team Musk/Gates then good fucking riddance.

Atheists don’t believe in that, good for them. I believe in scientific inquiry and investigation, but I don’t believe in their god “science” or their “faith” in Murderna and Fraudzer.

I don’t need a war criminal ass psy-kike-atrist, psy-kikeatry is just more jewish bullshit. I just need you to reap the rewards of your deeds and die already.

I didn’t start off this way. You want to know who “radicalized” me? You did.

I’ve told a story about some psycho Berkeley bitch at a protest in LA who confronted me at a gas pump, told me I looked like a fucking “nazi” and I was like, oh good for you, you’re bullying a gay man pumping his gas *applause* so woke! Probably fancy yourself as some hyper-overdrive LGBTQ+ “ally” on social media, right?

I was holding an operational, flowing gasoline nozzle and I guess all I can say to that is, I must not be a violent person after all. Zero fucking chance I will ever march or fight shoulder to shoulder with anyone that hideous, for any reason, or for ANY cause. And that includes the “P.F.B.” and her beta orbiters too.
Settlers live on a continent full of places named Fort, but refuse to admit that it's stolen land. Like, what do you think all those forts were for?

Dear Canada:

https://www.fadingstar.mx/?format=print&post-type=post&order-date...&image_size=full&links=include&rendering_wait=200&print-my-blog=1
If you're so sincerely sorrrrrrrry for what you've done to indigenous populations then stop criminalizing speech about what you are still doing to them. **If you won’t let me “tweet” it, fine, then introduce it into evidence, bitch.** What do I have to look forward to in this life if you are not defeated?

This motherfucker in a warriors headdress-

“**Splendid! When will you be leaving?**”
wew lad

October 14, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized
Jews are losing control over their golems.

Whew, he mad. lol.
Hey im just listening to black voices like im told to

https://gab.com/WallofPeople/posts/109162042570806029

That face we all used to make at Manhole

October 14, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

Show me your “Oh no! What was in there? I ate the whole bag!” face!

Which one are you?
“Let’s get a taxi, I got another gram at home!!!”
CTCCTCGGCGGGCAGTAC

October 13, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

Jikky Kij @JikkyKij · 17 Dec
Replying to @MichaelWorobey
Michael how did the bats copy a 19nt sequence from a Moderna patent and splice it into a furin cleavage site that didn’t exist in any previous generation?

I mean, was it done in a "la-bat-ory"?

😂😂😂😂😂

#CTCCTCGGCGGGCAGTAC

Aw, i miss the mouse too. not as crafty as a bat, but far better value than disneys retarded rat.
combination treatment is known as highly active antiretroviral therapy (HAART). Ritonavir is a protease inhibitor and is used with other protease inhibitors.

Kicking it

JUNE 4, 2021 • 0 COMMENTS

as i think to myself perhaps a better way to ask is... you know how the fundies and bigots used to say that aids was gods special punishment for hell bound homos?

You can clock me on this one: I have been saying for years that we'll end up being the only ones who survive their next bioweapon, either because of prior infection or our antivirals having an inhibitive/prophylactic effect, ala "prep."

The fundies and bigots know about as much about god, as Tony Fauci knows about science or medicine.

The kid asks me if we're doomed and if he should be...

They just keep fucking banning me for some treason... errr i mean, reason

https://www.cnbc.com • 2021/11/05

Pfizer says its Covid pill with HIV drug cuts the risk of hospitalization or death by 89%

Nov 5, 2021 — It's now the second antiviral pill behind Merck's to demonstrate strong effectiveness for treating Covid at the first sign of illness. Pfizer ...

https://www.science.org • article • c...

Can an anti-HIV combination or other existing drugs outwit the new coronavirus?

A patient arrives at the Wuhan Red Cross Hospital in China on 25 January. Scientists in Wuhan have already set up a study to test existing antiviral drugs...
Found my Halloween costume: a soulless killing machine, can’t be bargained with, can’t be reasoned with, doesn’t feel pity or remorse or fear and won’t ever stop til you are dead. The other option was some movie robot.
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it

... funny how that happens when the pharmaceutical companies buy your entire government......
Alex Jones fined 1 billion for misinformation.

Anthony Fauci:
well, ok then

October 13, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

be the change blah blah blah...

I called my brother to sing happy birthday to him.

He laughed and giggled. I asked how old he is.

He answered "I’m fine, thanks."

I’m jealous of his profound autism, the concepts of age and time don’t mean anything to him, everything is "now" or "tomorrow." Imagine 28 years of being stuck on happy in some sort of waking daydream where your life is the Tao of Pooh or some take on Groundhog Day where all you do is watch battle bots on youtube and eat pizza or macaroni every day.

And then there's fucking me, prisoner of every slice of time and potentiality, good hiddens.

If you want to take him to Minnesota next Friday, you just say "we’ll go tomorrow, okay?"

He says "Thanks Robbie" and yells "mooooooooom, it’s Robbie’s sister!"

She tries to correct him.

Then he yells "you’re alive!!!!!!!

I pause for the longest second of my life, wondering what the hell else that kid knows and tell mom that "its okay, that’s close enough."

He’s excited as shit that Robbie’s sister called.

Good enough for me.

I remember one time she had the TalmudVision turned on to some degenerate predictive programming and the actors were smoking crack or meth or weed or whatever, and the kid doubled over belly laughing at them smoking it.

I said "How the FUCK does he know what that is?"
TIFFANY! ANSWER YOUR G.D PHONE RIGHT NOW YOUNG LADY!!!!!

Everybody just says and does whatever right in front of him because they basically regard him as non-sentient, lol, no fucking wonder he doesn’t like you. “youre everybodys favorite!” —on what fucking planet and y’all got a REAL fucked up way of showing it or not showing it.

He understands *everything* he just cannot communicate. I used to make that mistake too, early on, until we had to start hiding moms keys in the tupperware so hed stop trying to unlock every door on the block. i told her where i hid the keys. Lil brat said ”ok robbie,” goes to the kitchen, gets a ladder, and retrieves the fucking keys and i could have pissed myself laughing the moment i realized he understands everything youre saying.

Oh dear god, i had invented swear words in front of that sweet child. Sometimes I forget too, and still do that, and he laughs as darkly as I do.

that was 20 years ago, The worst thing you can do with an autistic kid is try to force an acknowledgement or response. Just talk to them and dont worry about it if it isnt important.

Mom, this is my brother, you don’t have to explain or translate or speak for him anymore, I am one of the only people he will even talk to and I understand him just fine.

It’s like when she says she thinks the street lights ”talk” to her and I correct her and say, no, mom. Street lights can’t ”talk.”

They ”communicate” with you.

As my brother communicates with me.

I am bored and unhappy and itching to leave this insufferably hot hellhole, I could just about sacrifice a cow for a drop of rain or the temperature to drop five degrees. I would up and pack and leave yesterday if not for what i know about my country. Joe Biden is dead, but not what he stood for, just like Karl Marx. Fight amongst yourselves over whether to lick the red boot or the blue boot. Cut another friend or blood relative out of your sad, shrinking lives, if that feels good today I can only say ”bye” now, and pay later.

Oh, to have the luxury of 1,000,000 followers ; 3,600 beta orbiters ; and not shedding a tear over losing a dozen or 3,000 of them, says the man with none. In a sense, once you get banned from the planet all over again for no real fucking reason, you have to detox from people even if youve been reduced to 40 people you do not even fucking know at this point. I’ll miss the hopeful rising crescendo of dissent and rebellion among the mouthier gays who are no longer afraid of being shamed or bullied or anyone or anything all over again. Miss Camille, who didn’t really throw the first rock at Stonewall but I’m down, I’m with it.
AJ, who is doing god’s work over there telling the troons to go fuck themselves. Seems like Camille and Broseph have that covered, so fuck it, girl – it’s time to JQ the gays AGAIN! Deutschland, Deutschland, Uber Alles!

This is how fucking pissed off I am this time.

I’ll miss flirting with PeenerSchnitzel even if he’s straight. You can be my Hadrian, and I will be your Eva Braun.

Twitter and Facebook’s policies are evil — not merely for ripping apart real world relationships, social cohesion, societies, and even blood relations; but then coming back around and doing it to you again with the few strangers you ran across who didn’t seem to mind talking to you. All the while that nasty little fucking lizard who funded The Big Lie, squeaks about how he’s bringing the world together and facilitating free communication.

I’m upping the ante on my prior statements: I can’t wait for the day I have more money than Elon Musk and his newest failing acquisition.

Anyway, this is right around schedule for me to get hacked into or deplatformed again, grab a copy of my vile antisemitism and spread it like Kamala Harris at a job interview (while supplies last) so you can throw it in my face forever and ever and ever. Tis better to be hated for what I actually say and do, than the shit some of you make up and falsely accuse me of.
Fuck CNN

October 13, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized
Fox News' Chad Pergram explains why Nancy Pelosi's filmmaker daughter was at the Capitol January 6

Pelosi wanted her grandson to see the peaceful transfer of power.

twitchy.com

'I'm gonna punch him out': Pelosi fumes over Trump's Jan. 6 speech - YouTube

UPLOADED BY:
CNN

POSTED:
1 day ago
“Peaceful transfer, Peaceful protests,”

I give even less of a shit about Pelosi, Gosar, Brooks, and Biggs self-inflicted false flag, set up by Karl Rove and his pockmarked "new right" fucktoy Ali Alexander (now rebranded "america first", whose new darling "America the Great Satan" Nick Fuentes is 100% endorsed by the VERY. NOT. BASED, Wendy Fraudgers) (look the first part of that up, its been in print on several other mainstream news agencies who still engage in any modicum of "reporting" worth anyones time, hell even wapo rollingstone AND politico admit it — you can't lie about ALL of the things ALL of the time, god knows they TRY) ... than I care about the price of Dallas Cowboys tickets or the price of Lindsey Graham's tampons.
There’s Liz Cheney going “durrr durrr durrr whut happened, i need $6 billion dollars to get the bottom of this” But you didn’t come here for MSM’s hot take, so click here, this is way more fun:


Picture if you will, a scenario where the electors had been rejected on January 6th. This would have made Nancy Pelosi the “president” while the whole matter was litigated. We have one little problem with that: She anticipated that and set up the “insurrection” complete with her own, and CNN’s camera crews ready to sound tough and take charge of her own goddamn “insurrection.” So they went ahead and certified the potatus, you know, Brandon, the “I visited my grandson, and oh, never mind.” Guy. You’re being trolled. Come on, it’s funny. Given an option between DC’s worst-kept secret (Biden died) or Nancy Pelosi, they called the DNC on their bluff. If you have to choose between two corpses .. you know, the thing. That bitch must have been so pissed off and salty she bit down and broke her dentures.

“Muh peendemic, have to work remotely so everyone stops asking why im escorted everywhere by marshals who look pissed off!”

So if I have this correctly, it’s ok to “storm the capitol” to further leftism, AOC will even lead the pack:

If leftists literally BOMB the United States Capitol, like they did in 1983, noooooo that’s not the worst attack on “our democracy” or the Capitol Bldg for that matter!
I swear on three dead white men I saw a picture of Trump on the floor, bloody, at the foot of some table on January 6th and I have neeeeeeever seen that picture since. Propaganda? Photoshop. Maybe. Kathy Griffin seemed to enjoy making “art” of a dead POTUS, I’m just telling you, I seent’ some weird shit that week. Remember the “quantum internet” and “targeted propaganda” posts, such as “fuck your mkultra talmudvision”? I distinctly remember a newscast where Trump said he was being installed as Fed/Treasury chair or whatever and things got a little weird after that.

I maintain they show different groups of people different falsehoods on certain platforms as a form of agitprop or to otherwise incite them. Like, if they think you’re black or gay or white or whatever they intentionally show you shit to stress you out and cause this strife in your mind. It does not work very well on me because I don’t really watch television, I’m usually banned from social media. I’m on to them and I call out their shit when I am not. Furthermore I havent believed a word those sorry fuckers say on TV since 2015.

Hopefully Trump is alive and letting “Joe Biden”, whether that’s him or not, take the blame in all the history books for this shitshow exploding under his watch.

Now we have Obama going “come on guys, this race stuff has gone too far.”

Oh, the “community organizers” you funded and trained? Ferguson, anyone?
Let’s talk about it ya Indonesian fag.

At 4% US is more or less insolvent as of this week, nobody’s buying the poison they laundered through the IMF and attempted to extract and/or extort as sovereign debt from other countries and they didn’t have a plan B other than murdering everyone in the name of war and Israel again.

Or do they? do CBDCs have an "undo" button?

Can they?

Should they?

5%, we’re going to be eating grass and twigs. 6% and we’re going to be eating each other. As someone else once famously said, "we don’t have to eat ALL of the rich. We just have to eat a FEW of them, the rest will fall into line."

Regarding the sovereign debt extortion through poisonous substances and money laundering: Based AMLO told the IMF in a more diplomatic and tactful manner than I can muster, to "eat shit."

But they’re going to throw England into the fire first. Soros ass raped them in the 80s and it’s been a long time coming. My whole life basically. And what happened then? ding ding ding "AIDS" what if i told you, they’ve done this over and over and over and over. revelation isn’t prophecy its a retelling. now now, goyim, just stay calm and wait for jesus to save you. Thou shalt not kill, heh heh heh, now take your bread and your wine and your plague.

Religion is bullshit. We’re in so-called Christianity’s end game cycle where nobody is thirsty for nor offering the gospel anymore. They’re saying prayers for Adam Lanza, they’re worshipping and funding terrorists who would not hesitate to burn the congregation down with every white person inside.

*Lam 4:18 They tracked our steps So that we could not walk in our streets. Our end was near; Our days were over, For our end had come.*

And Jesus wasn’t even born yet.

It has been >2,000 years and my heavenly father still hasn’t returned for his kids so that settles that, I am pretty sure Jesus is black.

Now, i think the party starts tomorrow but they’re still in denial that we’ve been fucked since 2019, and probably 2008 for that matter. Don’t expect CNN to trumpet this on the front page tomorrow, they’re too busy intimidating and harassing victims of the FBI and anyone who knows them.
Chase didn’t “de bank” “Ye.” Those kardashian bitches are evil and superficially rich, they are fucking with that man in some way. They’re giving billionaires a hint to get their assets out of there by December. If that is even him. Pretty valuable estate for his grieving goblina widow, layer if not hatchet of his eggs. Ron Goldman and Nicole Simpson send their warmest regards. If you actually still bank with Chase you will just get fucked, common peasant.

Pussy can just ruin a man, and if you know then you know, but that thing is a fucking soul shredding succubus, stop worshipping it. Get your daughters away from that hideous thing, do not put anyone from that family in a position of any more privilege than they already have or its going to be a long and tedious 4 fucking years of Instagram makeup tutorials from the governors mansion or worse.

CNN’s impression of their viewers intelligence:

BUT THE COST OF MUH FROG FRIES GUYS.

Disappointingly, they might be correct.
My brain:
Don’t even say shit.
Just let it go. It’s not worth it.

My mouth:
Listen here fucker.

Thanks for nothing.

October 13, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized
Alex Jones has to pay $900 million for hurt fee fees over Sandy Hoax *(the one thing you dare not criticize in America and its not "muh Jews")* *(little fucking gun grabbing crisis actress Daisy Hogg..)* and paypal wants $2500 when you see things differently than they do.. theyre offering their customers $15 lousy fucking dollars for the accidental "misinformation" they themselves disseminated, sounds really unfair to me, if they're not adding $2500 to my account for their "misinformation” then fuck that company.

Whatever, clown world political theater, Jones is one of them and just being made an *example* of.

Meanwhile, every journalist and vaccine company and social media company who cried "safe and effective" , silenced and banned ANY questions or dissent ,encouraged everyone to isolate, mock, and coerce people into taking that god damn fucking vaccine and swept every death and injury under the rug , don't have to pay a fucking cent for what they did, tell me why the fuck some of y'all are clapping like seals about these developments? isnt that some SHIT?

Oh, are we going to do some actual fucking journalism today? Good for you, Scott.

... yeah ... *no fucking shit ..*
'Do not eat': High levels of toxic ‘forever chemicals’ found in deer and fish

Scott Gleeson
USA TODAY

Published 1:15 p.m. ET Oct. 6, 2022

Toxic chemicals found in deer and fish are prompting health advisories in several parts of the country, especially warning hunters to avoid eating wild game.

Wildlife agencies have found high levels of PFAS – or per- and polyfluoroalkyl substances – that are often tabbed "forever chemicals" within deer in states including Michigan and Maine, where hunting buck this time of year is a regularity.

October 12, 2022  
Categories: Uncategorized  

Wasn’t it a REALLY short walk from every barista, waiter, bartender, Pfizer Karen, every snotty shitty Seattle pizzeria, restaurateur, and airline clerk, feeling empowered and entitled to demand to know your “vaccination status” or say “papers please?” like the fucking nazis did in Germany...

To HOW DARE YOU INVADE SOMEONE’S PRIVACY AND DISRESPECT THE DEAD when you ask “oh, how did he die? was he vaccinated” ? Reeeeee that’s none of your business!!! 

oh, i see... NOW they have medical privacy ...

Ain’t that some shit!

Well you know the old joke, “how do you know if someones a vegan? They’ll tell you!”

I unconditionally support Kanye West because Kylon told me that it’s impossible for black people to be racist. Even as they called for every last white person on this planet to be murdered. As he dehumanized us and said we are incapable of understanding what it’s like to be victimized by domestic violence. Since its impossible for black people to be racist, and im expected to do whatever the nearest black person — no matter how ignorant, or narrow minded her snowflake ass is — says — otherwise im a bad friend and ally...

Hideous fucking idiot, Europeans, the crown , and above all the so-called United States have been trying to extinguish my bloodline for over 500 fucking years on this continent — and theyre STILL NOT DONE YET — long before your ancestors sold you for commodities and sent your asses over here on a boat in shackles.

Though in all fairness it’s not really necessary, I have incredibly shitty parents and we’re all going to ground together with me. I am not 100.9999% sure that’s my daughter and haven’t heard from her in over 2 years but our palm markings are identical, and the nut definitely did not fall far from the tree. I hold my breath, cobwebs under my rocking chair, wondering if anyone I love will ever need a child, an uncle, a parent, a brother, a lover or a friend. At 41 it’s reasonable to expect the answer to be “no,” and that is my strongest bond with my grandmother who died 21 years sober and got the cold shoulder, begging and crying to return her letter or call or to see her grandchildren until they day they pulled the plug. Welcome to sobriety, friends.

I have been taken for everything but my life, and even THAT has been, at the very least, threatened in the name of “spiritual superiority” for those of you who witnessed that, and know that I am telling the truth, and still chose to let those barbarians in the gate — you can stop fucking pretending you don’t know exactly
why I responded the way I did or “shut it down.” Yet as I’m tempted to pray for anything that I don’t still have left, I must ask instead to help those who have none. *If strife is a blessing, then god has shined my fucking shoes.*


*Heil myself! Heil to me! Darf ich bitte Ihre Papiere sehen?*

Ye sounds glowed up on some of that mkultra / MJalter magic and he lost me at (((Hitler))).

>Adolf Hitler, Born: 20 April 1889; Braunau am Inn, Austria-Hungary (present-day Austria)

>Jew lies in the New York Times about the “6 gorillion” since June 11, 1900, when Hitler was 1 year and 1 month old.

— ISN’T THAT SOMETHING?
Putin must be under so much pressure knowing that if Russia is defeated, they will make him appear in a Pizza Hut ad as a humiliation ritual.

Tulc.i.a. Gabbard

October 12, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

Ladies and gentlemen, and everyone in between, this is the woman going on about the “elite” ruling class, LOL. I guess racial hatred and dividing americans on radicalized issues was good business for you. You knew it was ALL wrong when you publicly dissed Hillary. Now you have something to say while your ship is listing.

>Are you running for office? Would you like to save the world instead of molesting your own children and laundering endless tax dollars? That's great! But do you know your constituency?
Should you just stop at ending corruption and crimes against children then photoshopping Karen hair on your swampy opponent? Or should you go on lizard people hunting safaris and harass former astronauts? We can tell you what you need to do!

— ANON / GREENTEXT

You should resign and go fuck off on your yacht somewhere because youve had your entire career to do the right thing. You haven't even accomplished any of your um... conservative... goals like grabbing everyones guns and opening 24-hour Drive Thru abortion clinics. I agree its problematic that the country is run by an elite warmongering cabal, but Hawaii was one of the most locked down, oppressive, totalitarian shitholes in the entire united states during Muh Coof- locking tourists in their hotel rooms, fining and arresting people left and right – and I don't remember you questioning anything then.

It’s not just the WEF connection you are far more problematic as a ahem, member of the Science of Identity Foundation (SIF), and an active Lt COLONEL of the US Army’s psyops department, whether youre engaged in offensive or defensive actions theres a special place in hell for psyoppers and i hope its 1000 years of “bad blood.”

So, retards on PDW are like "yes mommy tulsi!" "Trump/Tulsi 2024" this had better be her fucking army minions boosting her online because if it’s not ... shes getting boosted by sock accounts sponsored by a hostile nation state actor or NGO, and THIS IS NOT A GOOD THING or — even worse, the MAGA people actually are, in fact, terminally retarded after all.
Women are inherently disloyal and opportunistic (hi, Susie) and can sense when the wind is changing and they will switch alliances to whoever they think will satisfy their ambitions or bring them greater success and thats why I do not trust women. This isn’t based. Its “basic.”

The only thing thats going to change my mind is if Tulsi walks the crooked hag up there and pulls the goddamn rope herself. MAYBE youll get a "yassss based mommy tulsi" out of me then.

In light of what you confessed knowing today , you failed us miserably... yet you sure seem to have loved their money.
Tulsi Gabbard Owns a $10 Million mansion, drives a $370,000 Mercedes-Benz G-Class ... She owns a yacht and has $10 million CASH in bank. And you can't buy groceries. Tell me how anything she does is helping YOU? Wake the Fuck up.

7:28 PM · Oct 11, 2022 · Twitter Web App
Seán Ono Lennon

@seanonolennon

Is anyone into like Peace and Love anymore?

7:12 PM · 11 Oct 22 · Twitter for iPhone

71 Retweets  14 Quote Tweets  648 Likes

Kurt Loder

@kurt_loder · 9m

Replying to @seanonolennon
(Looking around) No.

Imagine all the people .. permabanned for their tweets

https://www.fadingstar.mx/?format=print&post-type=post&order-date=desc&image_size=full&links=include&rendering_wait=200&print-my-blog=1
“The truth fears no investigation.”

October 11, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized
Herein, we can see Goldman’s 18F-FDG PET/CT scan before and after getting the mRNA vaccine booster shot, where the black spots (except the brain) represent lymphadenopathies indicative of cancer spread.

**FIGURE 1** | Maximum-intensity-projection images of 18F-FDG PET/CT at baseline (8 Sept) and 22 days later (30 Sept), 8 days after BNT162b2 mRNA vaccine injection in right deltoid. 8 Sept: hypermetabolic lymph nodes mainly in the supra-clavicular, cervical, and left axillary regions; restricted gastro-intestinal hypermetabolic lesions. 30 Sept: Dramatic increase in nodal and gastro-intestinal hypermetabolic lesions. Asymmetrical metabolic progression in the cervical, supra-clavicular and axillary area, more pronounced on the right side.

Source: Goldman et al. (2021).
SMDH. Scroll down two posts. Stanford already fucking documented this SEVEN YEARS AGO in 2015 as I've said over and over and over and over and over and over and over and over and over and over and over and over and over and over and over and over and over and over and over and over and over and over and over and over and over again.

"... too dangerous to use as a potential therapy in humans because of the risk of cancer"

— HTTPS://ARCHIVE.MD/3SEO1


NO SHIT. People might hesitate and refuse something that may give them cancer or make them drop dead if they were given proper informed consent about the risks as required by 45 USC 46, which mirrors the requirements for informed consent and voluntary (NOT COERCED) participation under Nuremburg code?

I dont give a fuck how much of a cracked out lunatic you think I am, thats from Stanford. Don't bother memory holing it, I have copies of it all over the place. So listen. You don't "trust science," you trust your fucking television.

You understand, dear medium.com, that knowingly withholding that information is against federal civil rights laws, its against Nuremburg Code, its conspiracy to deny civil rights, which is not an "ethical
dillema“, its not "spin" and its not "optics” we have a god damned federal civil right to informed consent and voluntary participation FULL STOP, and a conspiracy to withhold that information thus depriving us of said civil right is a god damned federal felony.

You know that thing in NCIC that they're not supposed to tell me? they told me, they showed me, don't act like you're not here, do your job, please tell me you dont actually stand for this because im getting the distinct, and extremely disappointing impression that you do.

October 11, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized
Russia Adds Meta to List of 'Extremist' and 'Terrorist' Groups: Report

1 hour ago — Russia has added Facebook owner Meta to its list of extremist and terrorist organizations, Interfax reported on Tuesday.
Tea, anyone?
I will never trust Tulsi.i.a but at least she can read a fucking room unlike some of y'all MF'ers. Must be her CIA training.

For all the fucking people who’ve shoved a boot down on my throat, Kylon, you’re about to learn more about the causes you threw me in the garbage for this week but after being confronted with the truth you will not be a better person for it. Stay the fuck away from me, because WILLFULLY stupid people who ENJOY THEIR CHAINS are extremely dangerous to be around.

YES. I "READ BOOKS!"

LOTS OF THEM.

I just accidentally threw away everything by Karl Marx when i ”decolonized my bookshelf,” LOL.

So we here are, pay attention Blacks, your leaders are offering to trade you for commodities just like your ancestors did, loooooooooool.

This fucking house nigger from the Black Delegation values Kanye West, a gifted musician ... and Herschel Walker ... a talented athlete ... Candace Owens... author, patriot, intellect , desperate to save her country...
and wake you the fuck up ... at one Target gift card, how much value do you think he places on your life?

Who you offering to trade them to? We ain't allowed to have a White Delegation. Here's your fucking man of God and Christ, they got their hand so far up this man's ass, just assume any time he says "dear white people," whatever follows next, some jew is sitting next to him throwing their voice like a ventriloquist.

Bishop Talbert Swan
@TalbertSwan

After further consultation with the Black delegation, we are willing to trade Kanye West and Herschel Walker for a @Target gift card.

We’ll throw in Candace Owens for good measure.

10:29 PM · Oct 7, 2022 · Twitter for iPad

702 Retweets   64 Quote Tweets   5,277 Likes

Do i hear one target gift card? one target gift card? open his mouth, look at this strong bucks teeth, do i hear two target gift cards? Two target cards, three target cards, going once going twice- *bangs gavel*
That is one of the most odious fucking things I have ever read in my life. Imagine what this fucker would do to his own kind for money or something of actual tangible value.

Speaking of, they tryna make Ye go to the lolocaust museum now. Wheres that, next to the Santa Claus and Tooth Fairy Museum? I bet the lolocaust museum won’t tell Ye this:

Prescott Bush funded (((Hitler))).

Prescott Bush funded (((Hitler))).

Prescott Bush funded (((Hitler))).

Prescott Bush funded (((Hitler))).

Prescott Bush funded (((Hitler))).

Your attention, please:

Prescott Bush funded (((Hitler))).

Welcome aboard, not to the “party of Lincoln,” but to the party of (((Hitler))), Tulsi.i.a.

World War 2 gave (((Hitler's))) people Israel.

World War 3 is to give them (((Jewkraine))).

Is this really necessary? Don't (((you))) already own enough private property and vassal states?

Talk about incomprehensible greed and unprecedented corruption on both “sides” of the aisle. “Oh look at me, im not a “Democrat” anymore!” Yeah okay, Tulsi.i.a, the WEF still runs through your veins like just vegetable shortening runs through Stacey Abrams veins.

All planned by Obama and Hitlery Clinton in 2014 (well it goes all the way back to her “husband” changing America’s “first strike” policy during his administration in the 1990s, all the better to ensure our nuclear annihilation while his crooked ass “wife” sold the uranium) scheduled for 2016, oops i thought fascists took pride in the trains running on time!!!

“White supremacists,” i.e. people who aren't being docile enough about their state sanctioned genocide, who idolize (((Hitler))) are lolcows.

“lolocaust?!?! how you dare you make fun of~"
Guy was the second-worst Chancellor in Ger-Money’s entire history – after Angela Merkel ofc.

“Oh no, ive said too much. I haven't said enough.”

“Dear Jewish People:”

(sarcasm)

FUCK “Jewish Fragility.”

And fuck Talbert Swan, these men (and uh, women, my bad) don’t live on your plantation and they ain’t your property to sell. I do not give a single flying fuck what this man, who would sell our national treasures for a Target gift card, has to say to "wypipo" or anyone else for that matter. He treats his own like fucking garbage and that is all I need to know about him.

I think my last straw with Jewish bullsh*t, was “Joel” a fucking pervert and “food addict” who would come around chat pretending to be an addict and — you know private messaging was turned off because of perverted fucks like him on there looking for prey — and he would post his contact information repeatedly despite being asked not to. He would grumble and bitch and complain about this rule every single fucking day, and one day he said something way the fuck out of line and then “apologized” and then laid into me about how “god says I have to forgive him because he apologized.”

I paused and went “are you a fucking Jew?”

He acknowledged that he was.

I told him exactly where he could shove his ideas about god and his “goyimOS.”

Which is kind of funny if you think about it, but we’re going to leave my faith out of this – no matter who or what I purport to be about you’ll scream about what a sorry example of it I am anyway. Let’s start here: we are ***supposedly*** all obedient to the same god, or ***so I am told*** but I am pretty sure that I do not subscribe to this god of “Joel’s” understanding.

Anyway, he was so “sorry” he did it again the next day.

I’m sure god is furious — just absolutely foaming at the mouth — with me. /s

Alright, once you have your “jew goggles” on nothing is ever the same again and this is when I finally burned that shithole website and all of its malignant Jewish, satanic, predatory, or just flat out narcopathic fuckery to the ground.
I do not purport to speak for god, Joel, but it’s a good thing god has a greater capacity for forgiveness and mercy than I do. If I had a big enough matchstick, I would set this world on fire.

another one bites the dust

October 10, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

I don't know which post made the deadbird mad this time, but those Saudi Arabia-controlled child fuckers and troons fresh out a padded room can go fuck themselves right along with Elon and his microchips and his vaccines and his "X" app.

The only thing that will get you deplatformed faster than Naming The Jew, is disparaging Toni Fauci — whose daughter works at Twitter as a “software engineer” (now look up his wife’s job!) or calling out DARPA.

Heres everything you need to know about Twitter. Elon is not a good guy, or your friend, or about "muh freeze peech," he’s one of “good” public faces of Team Bill Gates and thats a disturbing statement but, here you go.

If you read this and dont immediately delete your account on Twitter and Facebook accounts, there is probably nothing else of value to you on this blog:

https://rwmalonemd.substack.com/p/twitter-is-a-weapon-not-a-business
I’m not worried about nukes, they don’t work on Gaia. Just like you and your street-shitting CEO won’t be working at Twitter anymore soon.

Not to be a bitch about it, but I existed online before Twitter’s shadowbanned circlejerk – slash – digital oubliette for anyone who doesn’t suck the moloch worshipping, kid touching, lesbian harassing, GROOMER and PIZZA LOVING MAFIA ass globohoho MSDNC-13’s tranny ass girlidick. And I bet I’ll be right here after it all collapses under the weight of its own crimes.

Let’s start with the basics, ill get to the rest later:

Darpa owns and controls FB, Twitter, and Google. Darpa made covid-19.

SERIOUS QUESTION, WHEN THE FUCK HAS CHINA EVER MANUFACTURED SOMETHING THAT LASTED FOR THREE YEARS?

Darpa forbids any discussion of their war crimes on their honeypots dressed up as the “public square.” go read the @darpa account where they brag about it all in fucking 5/2019.

NO, THE NEWS WAS NOT GOOD. You fucked up on a heretofore unprecedented global scale, 338x increase in "aids definining illnesses” in 2021 in the USA ALONE among people who are not testing ”hiv positive” on a p24 elisa test (some of them are in Australia!) hmmm what’s going on here? Oh! Thats right! We — and by WE , I mean BILL CLINTON of course —just made a little ADJUSTMENT in 1993:

That depends on what the definition of “aids” is.

This fueled just as much by greed as your inability to admit what you’ve done. This is not a recession, this is a robbery, you will never get reparations when you find out aids = sars = covid. You will never be compensated when "undetectable = untransmissible" turns out to be a lie. "prep" doesnets work and whatever you want to call it, its evolving its way out of our genome. Montagnier was right. HIV/AIDS is a bigger profit center than most countries annual GDP, just like ”COVID” just somehow happily and coincidentally turned out to be for a slew of newly minted billionaires, just wait until you find out what “human trafficking” means in the context of Epstein and Maxwell.

“Oh girl you just take a pill, it’s fine!” (Pro tip: almost everyone has HSV and CMV, but it’s okay , youre on Truvada! Did you know that youre 35% more likely to die from ARDS if youre CMV+?) But it’s okay. Take your truvada, take your soma, and go back to sleep. The MoneyPox scare? They really DO want y’all to close your legs for a minute, but they’re lying through their teeth about the reason for that.
I don't give a damn if you find Karine "I can't brief" Jean-Pierre more credible than this.

Yeah, so it’s not turning peoples lungs to jelly anymore— well okay, it did to a few of you. "vape lung" was the first coverup because theyre all HIV- as far as current testing is concerned. The nature of all these illnesses, is that your cd4 cells stop undergoing mitosis and reproducing because of an expressed gene called vpr1, which halts the cell reproduction stage. Fasting and ivermectin (and, ugh, destroying your immune system with chemotherapy) also do that but unfortunately, ivermectin only reduces whatever "viral load" is, it does not stop cd4 depletion. It’s not "curing covid," although it may be helping you survive the seroconversion phase— and that has some value, we’re not dead yet.

Elton John brings in > $300,000,000USD every year for "aids charity" and the USA alone pays, fuck i dont know, 6 trillion USD+ on this racket- the financial costs to society and the human condition are literally unquantifiable , they dont want it to go away, they just want to give everyone a "healthcare score" and do away with them when theyre no longer profitable. Elton needs $490,000£ a year to keep the lawn watered. AIDS and covid are here to stay. If your hospital or doctor uses Epic Systems, RUN if you can, CRAWL away if you can't.
Meanwhile, everyone keeps using the "N" word, no no no no, not that one. “NUCLEAR!”

And you know what the fucking braindead bird app and Reddit are all seething about today? Not their own government (and their pravda ass mockingbird media) engaging in psychological warfare and bioterrorism against them.
Not the fact that the USA is stocking up on anti-radiation medicine — *good shit, you’ll live one more day and die of organ failure* *slow clap* — no we’re foaming at the mouth over WORDS ON A SCREEN and MEN being sexually rejected by LESBIANS.

“Sometimes the fucking planet just deserves it.”

Oh, “there were no animal studies done.”

Reaaaaallllly?
You want a "source"? Here, Stanford University concluded in 2015 that "prior mrna experiments" were problematic and that *foreign* mRNA persisting in the body for more than 48 hours had "deleterious effects" including being potentially carcinogenic. Are you telling me, NOT ONE OF THESE GOD DAMN PEOPLE KNEW THAT?

*I had some nitpicking dweeb go "well aktshually, mRNA is naturally present in your body already-" *bitchslap* ok
fine FOREIGN MRNA. Why the fuck do you want to jump in front of the bullet first, young lady?

Moderna ✔️ @moderna_tx · Oct 8, 2020
We also just announced that @DARPA awards Moderna up to $56 million to enable small-scale, rapid mobile manufacturing of nucleic acid vaccines and therapeutics. Read more: buff.ly/33lat1G
Insights @ V...  @VUMC_In...  · Apr 12, 2021
@BillWhitakerCBS reports on the Pentagon projects that helped combat COVID-19 + may help end pandemics forever.
@VUMC_Vaccines' @croweje talks to @60Minutes about the @DARPA sprints that led to COVID-19 breakthroughs.
cbsnews.com/news/last-pand... #Research #STEM #mRNA #antibodies

We realized, "Wow, your body is a library of everything you've ever seen." Then we started thinking, as medical researchers, we could find the cure to virtually anything that had ever occurred — on the planet.

James Crowe Jr., MD
Director of the Vanderbilt Vaccine Center
Vanderbilt University Medical Center

ICYMI @VUMC_Vaccines on @60Minutes !!
James Crowe and Col. Matt Hepburn discuss our role in @DARPA funded efforts to rapidly discover therapeutic #antibodies to treat and prevent infectious diseases like #zika and ...
Hmm what's this? Forbes changing their headline three fucking times in one day.

Yeah aids and cancer change your DNA, too.

Who's handing out the MISINFORMATION here? Trump's sure endorsing QANON shit lately, i remember when "Q" was very confident in idk, 2017? That they had the "cures" for AIDS or cancer or whatever? Press "X" to doubt.
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it

How's that working out?

How effective is the vaccine?

100%

96%

84%

42%

It's AIDS...
Speaking of the Ministry of Truthiness, can anyone tell me **why** PayPal dba Venmo is even spying on their customers social media activity in the first place? It's time to do a digital “bank” run on PayPal. They're not a bank nor FDIC insured, close it today or lose it tomorrow.

Didn't we JUST throw eBay’s C-suite in prison for that kind of bullshit?
Co-conspirators and former eBay employees Philip Cooke, Brian Gilbert, Stephanie Popp, Veronica Zea and Stephanie Stockwell previously pleaded guilty for their roles in a conspiracy to cyberstalk the victims. Cooke was sentenced in July 2021 to 18 months in prison.

Sep 29, 2022

https://www.justice.gov › ... › News

Two Former eBay Executives Sentenced to Prison for Cyberstalking

So here's a compilation of todays commentary, im not sure which one triggered them but fuck them im going in raw and DRY:
Best Life

Eating Too Much of This May Spike Your Liver Cancer Risk, New Study Says — Best Life

Yesterday

more_vert
My wife and I had a second wedding yesterday so we can celebrate our love with the real me.
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it
Selective Service @SSS_gov · Oct 7
Parents, if your son is an only son and the last male in your family to carry the family name, he is still required to register with SSS. Learn more about who needs to register at sss.gov/register/who-n....

Robert Grodevant @faultyanalysis · 7m
Replying to @SSS_gov
I'm not what you'd call eligible, until you get a little more desperate than you already are but I'd rather rot in jail than respond to any kind of conscription, draft, or enlistment where “Joe Biden” is allegedly commander in chief.

Robert Grodevant @faultyanalysis · 15s
Replying to @faultyanalysis and @SSS_gov
Frankly. If you don’t fix your election system and continue to put the country at risk for having someone like *that* installed, like a toilet, on a political whim, nobody else should enlist either. You want to take up arms for a barely sentient vegetable who can’t tie his shoes?
Of course I’m a 2020 election denier. We all know it was stolen from Kanye West.
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it

Cbucksrules @cbucksrules · Oct 9

Womenhood IS a spectrum. But that spectrum does not include males.

Manhood IS a spectrum. But it doesn't include females.

Sex ISN'T a spectrum that includes clown fish and avocados.

Why does this need to be said in the age of instant knowledge?

💬 4  🔬 43  ❤️ 231

Robert Grodevant @faultyanalysis · 14h

Replying to @cbucksrules

Because intelligence is also on a spectrum.
Wittgenstein @backtolife_2023 · 4h

"Never again should anyone have to be amazed at how Jim Jones got his followers to drink the poison."

14 · 184 · 485

Robert Grodevant @faultyanalysis · 1h

Replying to @backtolife_2023

steal my wardrobe for my cvs appointment
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it

---

Pinned Tweet

**Robert Grodevant** @faultyanalysis · 13h

current status: the only chemical your death spiraling governments and their aspiring successors are terrified of you having access to is “oxytocin.”

---

Robert Grodevant @faultyanalysis · 34m

I’m single cause I’ve put every motherfukka who ever cheated on me with some man-stealing hoehoe hoe like you, out on the curb with the trash, you can haaaave them hunty, I hope you’re not allergic to penicillln.

---

Mariè @p8stie · 20h

Everyone knows that all the good men are in a relationship. The available men are available because there’s something wrong with them. That leaves you, a single woman with a desire to start a family, with only one option: stealing someone else’s boyfriend

Show this thread
Tired of Being Politica... @American... · 7m
Replying to @tedcruz
The faux outrage from the left is laughable.

Ilhan Omar @IlhanMN

Israel has hypnotized the world, may Allah awaken the people and help them see the evil doings of Israel. #Gaza #Palestine #Israel

11/16/12, 11:15 AM

2  ↩

Robert Grodevant @faultyanalysis · 52s
Replying to @AmericanVet1776 and @tedcruz
Inshallah, if Allah wills it.

@aoc @IlhanMN

I unconditionally support the right of Black creators, authors, musicians, athletes etc to openly discuss their grievances and business relationships with Chinese owned, anti-American interests and/or
especially in the case where they’re alleging the abuse of non-practicing and non-religious Jews from Pedowood ... just like MJ and Britney did.

Speaking of gods chosen people, why did we stop sending trillions to Israel when Benjamin Netanyahu lost his re-election bid? And now we’re suddenly paypigs for Jewkraine instead?

Tell me where Belgium is on this map:

Belgium is still Vatican clay and managed to make itself the ”power center” of Europe. The United States — the ground underneath your feet — is collateralized for debts we’re not paying, we’ve been UK clay since the Act of 1861, and the only reason you’re not learning fucking Mandarin today is because the British bought the bullshit Trump was selling America.

Would you like to see an interview from 2014 (repeat, 2 – 0 – 1 – 4 ) where Stephen Colbert and Gideon
Rose explain what the whole Ukraine thing is about: The tug of war between whether “Ukraine” will become European clay or Russian clay. 2014. its all spelled out right here:

Please DO NOT RT this video of Stephen Colbert interviewing an Obama supporter about the plan for Ukraine in 2014 as it would be very distressing the mononarrative today!

pic.twitter.com/GdbP6YZDAM
— Jack Posobiec 🇺🇸 (@JackPosobiec) October 11, 2022

Hungary would like to join the RF, and Jewkraine is simply in its way, and I do not have enough crayons or time to explain this to you.

I’m really sick of this 25,000 year war between the pagans and the Jews and im tired of pretending that im not. Can y’all just cage fight to the death *yourselves* on your *own* property and leave the rest of us the fuck out of it?

There is a *very* easy solution for a tyrannical technocracy, it’s called innovation, you’ve already lost and you dont even know it yet.

Be as mad as you want, the revelations start on Wednesday and its only going to get crazier from there. EVERY lie will be revealed soon.
you don't hate yourself

you hate NOT being your SELF

@ raminazer

https://www.fadingstar.mx/?format=print&post-type=post&order-date...&image_size=full&links=include&rendering_wait=200&print-my-blog=1
no, really, i have questions about EVERYTHING we're being killed with. e.g:

>”deadly chemical used in suicide kits.”
>”food additive” “vital for public health.”

And in other news, its so nice to finally be understood. i have a 165 IQ and kind of enjoy making people laugh pretending to be this stupid. betty white lived to 99, making fun of herself and not taking shit too seriously. 41 trips around the sun have taught me to give joyless miserable fucks who have sand in their vagina and *aren't* laughing, about me .. or much of ANYTHING (heh) ... looooooooooooots of room.
> It's like you make your personality to take all the L's constantly.

You mean, like a lolcow or something? Oh no I've been found out.

I'm not an anti vaxxer, it's just Haram.

@scorpionclaus

Scorpionclaus 🇲🇹 @scorpionclaus · 12h
Replying to @faultyanalysis
Love how antiwax ppl are first in line to become pro russians. It's like you make your persona take all the L's constantly.
I’ve seen the future but I’m not afraid to create it myself.

October 5, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

>Be me, Elon

>Spend $57 billion on Twitter’s brand

>Definitely not making this purchase for “talent” acquisition.

>If anything, acquired talent is a miserable, bratty, fucktarded blue haired liability.

>Rename it ”X” after one of my kids or w/e

>Profit??

Jack Dorsey wants his intellectual property such as the Twitter user interface, to put it on a blockchain. It will initially be called something else.

Everyone involved hopes ”Twitter” as a company, dies in a fucking fire.

Some other company that wants to be listed/traded without too much red tape or an IPO can be immediately listed and traded publicly through a reverse merger with Twitter where the surviving entity is now named, “whatever company it’s reverse merged with”, sans intellectual property.

Because, you know, fuck the S.E.C., fuck Wall Street, fuck IPOs, and stuff.

Musk seems to want to take it private. so why not sell the public company and create a new entity that is not saddled with its predecessors crimes, debts, and liabilities..

The non-surviving entity, “Twitter” has significant value as a brand.
Dorsey will more than likely buy it and this will be the name of a blockchain-based Twitter. I’m not a Jack fan, but just see if he’s learned anything useful from this.

I don't personally give a shit what Elon does with Twitter or any of his other companies. We’re going to end up in a web3 walled garden of sorts, and you can scream “1984” all you want about it but, please, just look around you, we have already arrived and surpassed that point.

What do I mean by a “kinder” future? I mean, basically as the operator of a theoretical free public service, it’s possible for me to “authenticate” you in a sense without actually knowing anything about you. Conversely, if you’re... you know... a fucking nightmare user from hell, who’s chasing pussy or begging for drugs or money... or threatening the staff or users... or chipping away year after year after year to try to undermine and fuck me over you will NOT get in, and that’s that. I don't care who's flying the drone, “bye, bitch!”

*China most certainly engages in censorship, but also, they don’t care too much for “anti social” behavior. Unless it serves their purposes for social coercion or propaganda ofc. That is a separate issue. But one click, and your propaganda farm can go fuck itself as well. For the rest of their citizen/subjects, go ahead, create an account on MeWe, tell some random person “fuck you” and see how fast you’re logged out of it and banned.*

It is obviously rife for abuse and misuse for political objectives, for big Pharma, our mafia ass motherfucking so-called US government and other such criminal enterprises...

We are approaching a nexus with blockchain and other technology where all of these “big tech” players can either cut their sigh-ops, stop gargling DNC and Saudi dick or taking orders from what are constructively hostile foreign nation state actors. Or the world is simply going to move on without them. We’re all tired.
"A slave is one who waits for someone to come and free him."

Ezra Pound
someday humans will colonize the earth successfully

September 30, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

The earth

Is neither flat

Nor a ball

Because it doesn’t exist, at all.

There’s no place like home

*tap*

There’s no place like home

*tap tap*

There’s...

No.,

Place..

Like...

Home

*tap tap tap*

... if you’ll excuse me
September 29, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

I hate the fucking Internet.

I fucking despise 12 steppers.

“How’d you do it?”

September 28, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

“How’d you do it?”

According to all known laws of aviation, there is no way a bee should be able to fly. Its wings are too small to get its fat little body off of the ground. The bee, of course, flies anyway, because bees don't give a fuck what humans think.” 🦗

I love your new look:

Fixed it for you:
Seems kind of ridiculous in retrospect wasting all that energy informing all who cared to read me that “addicts are incredibly shitty, disloyal, and dishonest people who lie about everything.”

...no shit. in other news, water is wet.

If you missed the highlights, you didn’t miss anything. I hit a year sober in September 2022, and I thank the pandemic for keeping me from returning to my abusers or constantly sitting in a room with them while they repeat and reinforce their tautological gibberish that the things that they themselves are unwilling to do, “work if you work them” somehow. Twelve years in those rooms did less for me than one year of getting as far the fuck away from them as possible.

I might not have chosen to disassociate from other gays, you all have kind of been self-selecting over politics and other nonsense with me for 7+ years and that’s been lonely — look, you’re not ostracizing, coercing, shaming, and “punishing” people on accident, this is totally on fucking purpose, that’s just what .. cults do. Now that I see it for what it is today, I would still say “fuck you and your ultimatums” and it would still 100% be by choice.

You have to look at the upside: 80% prevalence of substance abuse disorders, people’s rejection is god’s protection.

You can find the memorylane.pdf document in the previously shared location if you care to read any of that nonsense or came here to look for something that I no longer have any use for. It’s not an oversight, contains factual errors I will deal with on the current site but will NOT be revising in the document in question. y’all ain’t gonna drag me like you did Jack Murphy — I didn’t necessarily write the half of it it for you, I wrote what I wrote (here and elsewhere— some of which has repeatedly been plagiarized) for the person who thinks they’re going to die or have no way out or that god himself can’t stop or help them. I don’t know who you are. I am heavily censored and repressed and I delight in how fucking pissed off darpa
niggers, twitter troons, and facebook censors apparently get over SOMETHING I have said.

I have other interests and this isn't the end.

“Strife is a blessing,” they lied.

September 26, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized
Stress: “the difficulty of surmounting the problems of everyday life which are caused by the totalitarian government and the sinister figures behind it.” — Eustace Mullins (Murder by Injection, the Medical Conspiracy against America – 1988)
bio photonics

September 26, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

tl;dr your plexiglass cuck shield at the dollar general store won't help you

Vlail Kaznacheyev was most famous for his work with “Kozyrev’s Mirrors”, a shielded chamber where the magnetic environment can be reduced to zero, apparently inducing all kinds of psychological and psychic effects where u are essentially (allegedly) whipped out of time, into the Universal Mind.

He is also known for his experiments with UV. Cultures containing all kinds of disease conditions — viral infections, radiation damage, chemical damage — could transmit these exact conditions to neighbouring cultures that were hermetically sealed off, but with a quartz window separating them, allowing UV rays through. (Glass blocked the effect.)

He also found the converse, that healthy cultures could “walk back” a diseased one into a state of health.

These experiments were widely replicated in the USSR and also in Europe.

It’s extremely hard to find any information about these experiments, although they were all published in the open literature. The best source I’ve found is the American researcher Lt Col Tom Bearden at www.cheniere.org — but unfortunately, Bearden is mostly concerned with the military applications of this work. He alleges that the Soviets weaponized these findings extensively, and were literally able to transmit disease conditions wirelessly — or at least potentiate populations for certain disease conditions, so that pathogens would become much more deadly.

• /quote source, medium.com
In summary:

A cell culture was placed into two identical samples, A and B, and placed into two sealed containers with a thin optical window separating the containers.
Kaznacheyev then exposed the cell culture from sample A to a virus which would lead to illness and death and during this time he monitored cell culture B.
As a result, when the window between the two sealed containers was made of ordinary glass, which blocks ultraviolet radiation, the cell culture B remained healthy.

However when the window between the two sealed containers was made of quartz, which did not block any ultraviolet radiation, between 2-4 hours after the cell culture A became ill and died, the cell culture B also became ill and died too.
The experiment was repeated more than 5000 times.

It was found that the chance of infection without physical contact was as high as 70-80%.

DNA within a cell works like radio cells, its capable of transmitting and receiving electromagnetic signals. These electrical siganals affect the cell's health.

Source: cheniere.org, its from a book about AIDS specifically but that was not the sole focus of the Russians work or experimentation.

I think I’ve been sitting in my corner mumbling about electrons and toroidal fields for awhile now. Inquisitive minds would like to know, what happens with a mirror?
It was originally: "sulphur, mercury, and salt" on the three sides of the "unity, service, recovery" triangle. It's so adorable watching them explain "what the logo means."

>It's not a cult

Ohhhh yes it is, *penultimate* western occultism. Now you know why it attracts a bunch of self professed witches, sadists, and child fuckers among other dregs and why the FBI and/or the fucking cops and courts wont do shit to them.
Quoting outside material i will attribute at the end, but lets start with what the Oxford Group and Masons call this work:

“spiritual alchemy.” the work of the “life changer.”

well i think you fuckers did it wrong, you only managed to fuck my shit up even more than it was when i first showed up.

> Western occultism (and, indeed, pre-modern Western science) is strongly focused on a system of four of five elements: fire, air, water, and earth, plus spirit or ether. However, alchemists often spoke of three more elements: mercury, sulfur, and salt, with some focusing on mercury and sulfur.
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it
“Mercury and sulphur” being standins for “duality.”
Sulfur

The pairing of sulfur and mercury strongly corresponds to the male-female dichotomy already present in Western thought. Sulfur is the active male principle, possessing the ability to create change. It bears the qualities of hot and dry, the same as the element of fire; it’s associated with the sun, as the male principle always is in traditional Western thought.

Mercury

Mercury is the passive female principle. While sulfur causes change, it needs something to actually shape and change in order to accomplish anything. The relationship is also commonly compared to the planting of a seed: the plant springs from the seed, but only if there is earth to nourish it. The earth equates to the passive female principle.

Mercury is also known as quicksilver because it is one of the very few metals to be liquid at room temperature. Thus, it can easily be shaped by outside forces. It is silver in color, and silver is associated with womanhood and the moon, while gold is associated with the sun and man.

Mercury possesses the qualities of cold and moist, the same qualities ascribed to the element of water. These traits are opposite those of sulfur.
Or you could have just said “women have mutable traits,” but I digress.

Sulfur and Mercury Together

In alchemical illustrations, the red king and the white queen also sometimes represent sulfur and mercury.

Sulfur and mercury are described as originating from the same original substance; one might even be described as the opposite gender of the other—for example, sulfur is the male aspect of mercury. Since Christian alchemy is based on the concept that the human soul was split during the fall season, it makes sense that these two forces are seen as initially united and in need of unity again.

Salt

Salt is an element of substance and physicality. It starts out as coarse and impure. Through alchemical processes, salt is broken down by dissolving; it’s purified and eventually reformed into pure salt, the result of the interactions between mercury and sulfur.
Thus, the purpose of alchemy is to strip down the self to nothingness, leaving everything bare to be scrutinized. By gaining self-knowledge about one's nature and one's relation to God, the soul is reformed, the impurities expunged, and it is united into a pure and undivided thing. That is the purpose of alchemy.

So you have the duality of men and women, and something that is neither, which is what makes it mysticism and not Taoism.
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it
Memory Lane has a few potholes in it.
Body, Spirit, and Soul

Salt, mercury, and sulfur equate to the concepts of body, spirit, and soul. Body is the physical self. The soul is the immortal, spiritual part of the person that defines an individual and makes him unique among other people. In Christianity, the soul is the part that is judged after death and lives on in either heaven or hell, long after the body has perished.

The concept of spirit is far less familiar to most. Many people use the words soul and spirit interchangeably. Some use the word spirit as a synonym for ghost. Neither is applicable in this context. The soul is personal essence. The spirit is a sort of medium of transference and connection, whether that connection exists between body and soul, between soul and God, or between soul and the world.
Memory Lane has a few potholes in it

NOOOOOO ITS SPIRITUAL, NOT RELIGIOUS 😞😊
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it
Man was human “clay” to be worked with, but only if the initiate so chose.

“Bitch, I’m Shakira!”

But they said “id never get it.”
You guys think im fucking around when I say im ordained, trained, insane in the membrane?

“You sure don’t act like it.”

Unlike some “super spiritual steppers” who’ve attacked me on this front, the god of my understanding does not want to deprive me of my humanity, and in general, to only speak when called on to answer a question or work with others.
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it
Memory Lane has a few potholes in it

Source: Alternative Religions

Alchemical Sulfur, Mercury and Salt in Western Occultism

and of course, MSNBC in Lexington KY

“Aztec poetry is all about this conflict that the heart goes through because of loving life and finding life so beautiful and yet knowing that we are not immortal.” — Lhasa de Sela (1972-2010)
You're not entirely gone, as long as you're still remembered or loved or moved by someone out there.

I got caught in a storm
And carried away
I got turned, turned around

I got caught in a storm
That’s what happened to me
So I didn’t call
And you didn’t see me for a while

I was rising up
Hitting the ground
And breaking and breaking

I was caught in a storm
Things were flying around
And doors were slamming
And windows were breaking
And I couldn’t hear what you were saying
I couldn’t hear what you were saying
I couldn’t hear what you were saying
I couldn’t hear what you were saying

I was rising up
Hitting the ground
And breaking and breaking

— Lhasa, Rising

Don’t say i didnt warn you.

September 25, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

I told you exactly how it works.

i told you "shadow gate” was real, and why.

The NSA uses netflow data, just like ive told you, just like Snowden and Millie Weaver told you.

this is even worse, its full on .pcap data, which was filtered out in the past because at the time, “encrypted
data was useless” but “uh-oh” this is even worse than using net flow to look at your search history this is everything and I mean everything including tor, darknet, crypto, encrypted VPN traffic, “every fucking thing”, its even worse than I thought. I theorize this either means that current forms of encryption are broken by quantum computing (get back to me later on a crackpot theory that this, or genome cracking, is what “crypto” was all along since “folding@home” and the “genome project” and “seti” and “aids@home” didn’t have enough uptake for ... the kind of “distributed supercomputer” they were after for all of these things, good fucking job for 7 cents a day, humanity.) If it is not cracked and they’re grabbing .pcaps , oh fuck. It means they anticipate it will be. These quantum systems exist in research laboratories and 256 bit SHA isn’t shit to them, but these systems are not available for YOU for “competitive” reasons. The way they took down “Silk Road” and others, suggests to me that they’ve had this capability a lot longer than any of us have suspected.

Not “competitive” as in the actual invention. “Competitive” as in having the upper hand , stealing all your secrets blackmailing anyone who matters, and unraveling everything you are and everything you’ve ever done. It would work EXACTLY like I already told you , the CSR-1000V is an example of one of the devices capable of even hoovering all of that up, I’m a few years out of date and its likely there’s new hardware that outperforms the CSR-1000V. But there is no difference here: Instead of net flow data that just analyses apps, search URLs , and kinda figures out who you are as all your apps and logins to social media or Spotify (spytify) or anyone else that has a unique login string for you account and is therefore “identifying” you would just have a spoof of the gateway sucking EVERYTHING up in promiscuous mode for future analysis.

At the time I was working on such things, for “analytics” products that spied on everything you did when you used ”generously provided” “free” wifi, we disregarded 80% of the traffic because it was encrypted and even at&t and Cisco didn’t know how to fuck with that a few years ago.

I have long maintained, in other venues we don’t need to bring up, that a VPN is a nice way to tell advertisers and nosy fuckers to go fuck themselves but as far as illegal activity, hahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahaha lots of luck. Snowden described the way(s) they could eventually sort out who a VPN user was or who was one of the 32,000 people sharing an IPV4 address on carrier grade NAT, but this is next level big brother shit. Hint: ipv6 solves that on mobile.

i suspect the game has changed — nobody, and i mean fucking nobody, will have any secrets anymore. I hope its an integral part of these “slow wheels of justice ” some of us are still STUPID enough to believe in , but this does not change the words I have been mumbling for twenty years now: “the truth always comes out in the wash.” — now whatever these people happen to do with that “truth”? I dunno.

I am nuts, but what does that have to do with anything, I SAID this was my fucking job, and I SAID, I was
REALLY fucking good at my job.

don't have a Jack Murphy problem, grrrrlilillli, no secrets here, I'm a man desperate to live, to be of one mind body and soul with instructions to share my story and not accept a cent for it.

Saint Glow Nicholas is coming to town, and he knows if you've been naughty or nice. TRIGGER ALERT: RUSSIA RUSSIA RUSSIA OMG, but I can confirm — in fact — I already did confirm — in fucking 2018 — what they're doing, but this is the ILLEGAL COPY that Millie Weaver was referring to in "shadow gate." I have remarked on that, but that is an example of a post that didn't survive the Google to WordPress transition and my external hard drive is dead, but look it up yourself, it really goes into detail and stands on its own two legs without my endorsement or commentary.

I'm going to say one more time, Millie Weaver and Shadowgate are 100% real.

Maybe there's a "plan" or maybe it will just be used against us in the near future, CCP totalitarian/credit score/boot on your face forever and ever and ever style.

Faith or fear. You decide. Saint Glow Nicholas knows what we jack off to.

Gulp.

Wanna help? 😊
Multiple branches of the US military have bought access to “petabytes” of American citizens’ private online data via a tool called Augury, giving them access to an almost omniscient set of data points, Senator Ron Wyden (D-Oregon) claimed in a letter to the Office of the Inspector General (OIG) on Wednesday.

The alleged data trove includes an individual’s email communications, browsing history, and other behavioral information, all on demand and without a warrant,

The senator asked the OIG to investigate the Department of Homeland Security and the Justice Department’s purchase and use of any such records. He cited a report his office received from a military whistleblower regarding the Naval Criminal Investigative Service (NCIS) buying and using netflow data from data broker Team Cymru.

Netflow data includes proprietary information normally available only to internet service providers, and is likely being provided without the informed consent of those providers – let alone judicial authorization.
divide and conquer

September 24, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

I’ve been saying for awhile that this whole “I hope you die from the virus” and “I hope you die from the vaccine” thing was getting out of hand.

I finally found a red line in the sand that I can’t step into with these guys.

After years of “punch nazis” and “I hope you die, ” and all that , it was only a matter of time before the backlash started getting real nasty.

A young man died and I glanced through some pictures of him when he was younger and had these beautiful green eyes and pretty lashes... to where his eyes turned coal black and kind of made the hair on the back of my neck stand up ..

To where he was performing in this .. demonic looking getup I did not like at all.

But I met “Christeene” briefly in Austin and he’s a nice guy, Paul , I think? And I let myself get put off enough by the act , to just kind of nervously dart off... even though I think he’s really funny.

Are they just like me, being ridiculous and flamboyant and dramatic for fun?

I used to be fun.

“My moon , my man” came on the radio at Sorianas today and cheered me up.

I remembered being a happy go lucky 20-something performing it on the escalators at Ikea in Schaumburg. Way more innocent times.

That quickly gave way to darker memories of being alone in my apartment with the shades drawn, singing “my spoon , my gram , my forty in a slam.”
There are focus groups with $6-100 million dollar budgets trying to figure out how to shatter people or divide and conquer a group or clear out a community who refuses to get on conference calls with the White House over who or what to silence and tells them to get fucked.

I don't want to say where it was.

I don't want to repeat what they said.

It made me sick to my stomach and sad enough to start deleting accounts.

I have no words-

And if I did, no one's going to forgive me or reach a hand across those divisions.

Just another drop in the ocean, bitching online, because we all love to do that, and making no tangible difference in the world I live in....

It'll fall on deaf ears like everything I've said so far.

“Oh hey, this even makes Grodevant want to throw up and delete his accounts” seems like .. information .. this will just assist the Adversary and do nothing for us and encourage more of the same.
I’m crawling into bed with chamomile tea and curling up into a ball for the night.

Maybe tomorrow or the day after, I’ll decide on some of these other places that are just demoralization threads and subversion

... same as it ever was.

But just for today, y’all .. were everything they say you are and its embarrassing.

I’ve been around long enough to know that at one time it actually wasn’t true.

It’s become much like a Reddit circle jerk where you’re instabanned w no appeal.

I cannot wait for the blockchain based “public square.” I’m going to have to clean it up a little bit because that shit really is going to be out there forever.

i found a protocol that scales so much , it can process more data than visa or mastercard, or the stock exchange, or at&t and im not here to pump shitcoins or give you bad advice but i put all my chips on the table for this one: if you dont understand what it is or develop any notable products for it, fine. I will.

it’s going to be pretty awesome where you can be ratioed to oblivion, and there are no takebacksies for really, really, bad takes. We’ll all have to try harder.

But damn it, I love that shoeonhead chick and the “demonpeen” guy who’s a thirst trap I wish I could find a gay version of.

I don't know what the fuck’s going on tonight, its raining and thundering but that shit is not like any other thunder I’ve ever heard entering my 50th decade of life.

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amistades

September 22, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

It’s not an easy thing to do, to just pick up and go somewhere you dont know the language or have any
friends. I was supposed to be here on “vacation” in January and two car accidents and three ICU visits later I’m still here and in no condition to get in that hot ass oven of a car and get very far right now. Maybe when it cools down-

I had attended a couple AA meetings and I didn’t understand anyone.

The neighborhood hangs out and socializes downstairs and I’m shy and scurry back into my place. I don’t understand the men. I understand La Duena better now. I’m super uncomfortable just kicking it in the yard with everyone because I feel stupid or like I’m in a k hole, I feel like the dog understands everyone better than I do.

I dug out the TV from under the couch and started watching news casts with Carla Gonzales (I think?) because she has a real easy to understand accent. I read, and I watch Carla, sometimes the closed caption works and sometimes it doesn’t.

I’m no infant, I’m just an emotionally stunted alcoholic here but I think kids end up latching on to one parent or the other to form their first words or ... whatever.

I like her voice, I like how clear it is.

And yeah she’s an RT reporter. RUSSIA, RUSSIA, RUSSIA, REEEEE deal with it.

I had my first (mostly) fluent conversation with La Duena, she pulled up a chair and we talked for a good hour or so. My Spanish is getting to be as fast as my English. “Tranquilo! Tranquilo!” she yelled.

Maybe I’m just excited to have a conversation where the dam burst and we understood each other. I know she’s funny and cracks jokes that go over my head. She handed me the phone to talk to her husband the other day, just kind of mischievous, and I talked to him about the work he’s doing, he’s building pools in America and I asked him in Spanish “Where’s my pool?”

She laughed her ass off at that.

I’m in this place in this life where everyone wrote me off for seeing things differently and tried to ice me out, ostracize me, or make things uncomfortable for me, and I just said “fuck you” and dialed in my own destination, because this is neither easier nor harder than what you left me with but it’s certainly been interesting.
September 22, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

I think it started sometime around August 9th.

Fast forward a month or so and the first hospital claimed I had “covid,” “because of course they did.” They offered me no treatment whatsoever beyond Tylenol as my blood oxygen/spo2 crashed to the 80s and ignored me in my room. I said “fuck this” and strong armed them into writing a prescription for an oxygen tank and concentrator. I received an $88,000 mxn bill for their “expertise and treatment.”

It took me another few days in my hotel room on the oxygen concentrator – and you know, “if it was covid” it seemed like the right thing to do to isolate for a few days — before I felt like I had the strength to strap on the oxygen tank and drive home to either get a second opinion or at least go die at home.

I had lost 1/4 or so of my body weight, was pale as a ghost, and I was so weak climbing the stairs that I would drop groceries everywhere on the porch.

I went to my “usual” hospital and my hemoglobin was down to 5 or 6, they did x-rays and they were like “you have a systemic fungal infection and you need to go upstairs for IV antifungals now.”

That ended up being + a few units of albumen, more IV antibiotics, which they have way overused on me at this point, and a few units of blood which makes me nervous as shit: “did I just get a bag of sputnik, AstraZeneca, Pfizer, AND Murderna? Great, I’m either going to be maxvaxxed and have super immunity or be dead in a week.”

Not too long ago I would have been like “oh. god, please don’t be a a big bag of hepatitis and CMV.” As if I ever cared what was in a bag of something I injected before.

I have some fear of ancient religious dogmas about accepting blood products that weighed heavily on me, but the older I get the more I realize that the Old Testament is nothing more than GoyimOS, rules for thee and none for me like everything else in this life, while “they’re” drinking fresh infant blood out of a frickin fondue fountain at a DNC fund raiser. /sarcasm, no I am not one of those.

I’ve been sick before but I was very anemic with a blood pressure of 85/35, I couldn’t get up and go to the toilet without my o2sat dropping to 90.

And still, this “supportive chatroom” of ours, course, continued to assail me with insults and complaints people like “gonnabeokay” whining that he wasn’t greeted and welcomed fast enough and “guess I’m not
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it

welcome” as I faded in and out of consciousness. It’s been suggested before that addicts are selfish and self centered, key .. for the first time in a long time I wasn’t sure if I was going home.

I was just a week short of my 1 year milestone and wondering if I would see it.

I finally lost it and said “fuck these people” and I took that horrible website and PROUDLY torched it and touched it to ground.

“kicking you when you’re down” does not even begin to scratch the surface of what this cult does. this is where you’re dead to me, this is where i will not provide any material support and i want my work — which you were so derisive of anyway — that you stole, taken off your damn copy of it.

Be gone, demons!

After all this, they said they were going to try a medication that’s banned in the United States , "because of course it is," they only approve things that kill you now ... to lower my heart rate and put less pressure on those valves and get some flow in the dead areas of my left ventricle and hopefully make my heart stop straining so hard to pump blood through me.

My resting heart rate dropped from 80 to 60 over 16 days.

My walking heart rate dropped from 100 to 80 over 16 days.

My cardiologist said even if we did a surgery on your valves you’re at risk of not surviving the procedure. We have to wait a few weeks and do another echo and if my LVEF is still in the neighborhood of 35-40% we’re not doing anything because it would STILL be the same as 2017 and I may? have bought a couple more years.

You’re following that it isn’t worth risking a failed repair , or an infection , or other complications if your heart “works enough” and is neither better nor worse after 5 years of monitoring, yes?

I’d made plans to re-rent my old house in Minnesota and sent a check to hold it, I got a permission letter from the EPA to enter the USA with my non conforming Mexican clown car, yet right now ... I can barely run a grocery errand.

But all the neighbors say I look better and they were all like “what happened to this guy??” La Duena’s like “I don’t know” , I kind of speak Spanish and she kind of gets it but not 100%. We finally got someone bilingual involved,his big ole truck and his big ole Shrek hands and his great big barrel chest *pant pant pant* lol. La Duena and my immediate neighbors understand the situation now
They'd been helping me carry things upstairs and unload my car... someone arranged for a couple girls to help me clean the place ... they offered to move me to the apartment downstairs but this is my home now, I (USUALLY) know where I am when I wake up. I don’t have a lot anymore and I do not need a lot, either.

Nobody and I mean nobody I’ve been neighbors with in the United States even cared what my fucking name was.

I like this place, I like my apartment I like my community.

It’s hot, there are earth quakes, omfg, its so fucking hot, I fucking hate it.

I like the fact that if you sold dope here, they would light your house on fire.

*It’s made sobriety a lot easier, lol.*

I don’t care if I have a month or a year or 100 years left on this earth, I decided to free myself from *those fucking people* and never make contact with them again.

But ... we’re going to be real clear and real forceful that I won’t participate in the shit they do to people, I don’t require an apology in fact I hate them so much I would prefer they not contact me. They "have to" get my content off their page. I am not being dramatic, cause I think I have a good chance of pulling through this but I want every single trace of me erased from that fucking thing before I die.

And then I want them to fuck off and never contact me again.

*I deserve that.*

Blood pressure was 114/50 today, that’s normal for me.

The second hospital visit and all the oxygen equipment set me back almost another $250,000MXN and, well, “goodbye tangible savings” my next dividend check is in November and I am broke, stuck where I am, and fucked 'til then.

But maybe its just as well, America is in ruins and just itching for a world war. You guys are overconfident from a lifetime of being born on that side of the bombs.

*High drama and over-sharing, sorry , yo.*

What a cruel irony that I’ve spent 6 years managing a “support website” that has been anything but “supportive” or even kind to me , and been left to my pen. me me me, bitch bitch, whine, its all about fucking Evie, yeah, I hate addicts now.
I have seen the blunt end of some narrow minded, vicious, and cruel motherfuckers in this life but you guys .. take the cake .. I really cannot help you. Some of y’all need to be institutionalized or at least banned from the fucking internet.

“Take back every element of me that they stole.”

September 21, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

I’m going to start this off by asking them to do the right thing — I understand that this is a foreign concept to them, and that it may not compute — and not plagiarize my copyrighted content, so as to light a beacon and attract more victims to inflict their ... incomprehensible .. outrageous ... and ENDLESS abuse and malice upon.

“GET HIM UP AGAINST THE WALL!!!!!!” “REMOVE ALL DISSENT” oh! ironic! I’ve tolerated YOURS!!
I called Sue at a fairly impolite hour and asked her when she would be removing it. She said she’s worked on it all day and can publish it sometime tomorrow.
I said “thank you.”

I had to listen to fuckers like Joel come in and chew my ass out every day, day after day, over something that displeased him about me personally or the website, but how dare I show up and say that I have a problem with this. !report !report !report !!!

Exterminate! exterminate! ive always hated you fucks.

I just completely lost it when I logged in and saw this disparaging ass note for Woody about my code, about my work, and I fucking fired everyone and dragged that albatross around my neck out back behind the barn and shot it.

And yet “it was so terrible” that you copied every kilobyte and word and stole it to use on your own website (again), I’ve DMCA’ed your website for plagiarizing every word, word for word and pixel for pixel twice now.

“My site sucked so much you ripped it all off from me over and over again!”

From here on out, blame your fucking selves for your own fucking failures.
“The axe forgets”

September 19, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

*How happy is the blameless vestal’s lot!*  

*The world forgetting, by the world forgot.*  

*Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind!*  

*Each pray’r accepted, and each wish resign’d;*  

/sarcasm

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1️⃣ It’s not healthy to dwell on the past. Think of your past mistakes as a training ground for the person you’ve now become. Don’t let the regret and guilt from your past behavior burden your present. You must forgive yourself and move on, put the past behind and focus on the new, sober/clean you.

*Step 8: We simply denied harming anyone and continued to harm others.*

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Oh, give me a fucking break.

September 17, 2022
None of these sociopaths felt an iota of remorse attacking and antagonizing me for almost 12 years. It’s not anger about the "past" its anger about the shit you did to me right up until the very DAY i shut the god damn thing down.

You sorry shameless fucks *should* feel bad about yourselves. like "go make friends with mister toaster and take a bath together" bad.

Any stupid asshole can throw kiwi up on a website, go ahead , mop it up, deny your wrongdoings, pretend youre perfect, pretend youre even fucking clean and sober. youd have to be high to not see that bitch for what she is.

thank god shes someone elses problem now.

all this talk of "amends" and "steps" and it just comes down to "lets deny everything, absolve ourselves , and step over the bodies saying gee it works for me , oxy in one hand, wine glass in the other." Fuck the past. im talking about you assholes in the here and now, about what a bunch of backstabbing malicious fucking degenerates you are today, yesterday, the day before. and when you wake up tomorrow as well. suck on that motherfuckers. you will die high if you continue to only pay lip service to your "NA focused." whatever have any of you sick fucks ever even been to a goddamned meeting?

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**The axe forgets, the tree remembers**

September 16, 2022  
Categories: Uncategorized

If i knew in 2016 what I know today , when they asked me for “temporary help” as Bristol attacked their site, I would have told them this:

“The child who is not embraced by the village will burn it down to feel its warmth.”
“Limit the people you interact with before they limit you.”

September 11, 2022  
Categories: Uncategorized

If that site .. is so evil and hostile .. that I can continue to be attacked and antagonized even as I’m in the ICU getting blood transfused, it is way past time to take it out back behind the barn and shoot it, as I have been urged to by every single therapist I’ve had since 2017.

I don’t have the exact quote but Edward Snowden, referring to Twitter, recently said something to the effect of “every day this site has people absolutely volcanic over something that does not matter.”

This is very applicable to a particular subset of nasty, nitpicking narcopaths and bullies... the eternal Karens who are displeased with the management, YET cannot refrain from parking their asses on a website they hate soooo much 24/7/365 – and will make sure they let you know as if they haven’t bitched relentlessly every god damn day since 2017 or earlier.

Ohhhh, you’re disgruntled, imagine my surprise! This is the first I’ve heard of it!

God, grant me the fucking serenity.

A week ago I was in critical condition wondering if I’d live to see a year sober.

... and arrived at “well, if you weren’t you’d probably be in the ground already.”

The guy who called me a “scrawny diseased pervert with a short time to live” passed away. I can’t believe I’m saying this, but !confetti Rest in piss, Shitloh.

The pandemic got me to stop attending meetings and then I finally got clean.

“Limit the people you interact with before they limit you.”

I can make some better choices about how to end and spend my life.

It puts a smile on my face to know I will never see Joel or Miranda or North again. If unplugging the server
is what it takes to cure an intractable stage 4 chatroom cancer, consider it done. Play your little mindfucks and “spy” elsewhere Susie

I turn these psycho, malicious, bitter drunk hacks over to god and to one another.

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and so there i was

September 11, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

imagine spending whatever time i have left at a computer screen asking a bunch of ASPDs who are like cancer on my dick to not engage in antisocial, malicious, financially, or sexually exploitative behavior all day every day.

its a fool's errand and that is the last knife im ever going to take in my back from them.

ATTENTION! WOODY! YES, YOU! WARNING!

A previous admin left a lot of content on this host. I have not had the time to clean/rebuild it yet. Don't go looking around, you probably won't like what you find. And don't blame me.

~zephyr

seeing that my other content was so .. upsetting... ill be sure to restore that first.

ITS MYYYY TURN! (okay, Hillary, okay Pence) IM GOING TO SUE YOU BECAUSE I FEEL ENTITLED TO YOUR PRIVATE PROPERTY, PERSONAL ASSETS, AND COPYRIGHTED INTELLECTUAL PROPERTY!

get a fucking job or at least come up with your own god damned ideas and words you worthlesss , thieving, scheming, fucking junkies
Welcome to the Always Alone Clown Finishing School.

September 9, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

Stickied post /preface for fellow travelers who are wondering what the hell they have just walked in on: **Future endeavors (if any) to support others in their recovery** will be vehemently non 12-step based. To prevent any confusion about the purpose of future endeavors, “poaching,” or “bleedover” and “spying” and other such childish shit (ongoing conflicts between “groups”) there will be a long and possibly permanent
“cooling off period.” They can do whatever the hell they want, they always have, right?

- There will be something, but not at the previous URLs, it will have a new name, a new URL, it will stand or fail on its own, it is NOT a competition – and bluntly, it won’t be any time soon. **I need a break, maybe another year under my belt, and i need a better ban hammer to fuck with that.** Using the previous/known addresses and attracting 60% of the original group, will do nothing but hinder it, and invite more abuse and ”games” in my judgement. We were ”fine” until the two sites ”merged,” one of the worst mistakes I ever made in my life.

**Click here to visit the Orange Papers,** there are many more people desperate to leave their abusers in “12 step” cults than there are to join them.

Narcotics Anonymous and its ilk are not even a “thing that works at all,” let alone “the only thing that works.

1. ”Never give up, even if “things” don’t get better right away in recovery, ”you” will get better.
2. It is okay to live every day as if it could be your last. Don’t live every day as if you wish it were your last. You might change your mind.
3. Now go find whatever advice or ”recovery” or ”ESH” those miserable psychopaths have to impart on you. Those people can do better, and I encourage them to try.
4. I will not beg them, day after day after day, to knock it off. I will instead ”**put on my own oxygen mask before I attempt to help others.”** Good grief and good luck.

If i knew in 2016 what I know today, when they asked me for “temporary help” as Bristol attacked their site, I would have told them this:

“The child who is not embraced by the village will burn it down to feel its warmth.”
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it
I endured all the hell I could take from these clowns as they ridiculed my supposed drug use, threatened me with death, violence, lawsuits; pronounced me a “worthless fuck with no recovery” and a “scrawny diseased pervert with a short time to live.” (RIP Shiloh, lol).

Turns out Janis was a pill popper, Lon was growing marijuana outside his trailer, and Susie was drunk half the time. I don’t care what Woody or Stan’s problem is, I’m not a psychiatrist. “Well, this is just a little Peyton Place and you’re all Harper Valley hypocrites.” I would rather DIE than let them do it to you next.

I cannot thank my previous two managers enough. They knew something was terribly wrong in my life that I tried so fucking hard to NOT bring to work with me. Imagine 12-16 hours of high stress escalations on one end, followed by long nights of ... all of that... all of it. No wonder my fucking heart blew up at 37. They didn’t entirely know what it was save for a few candid discussions behind closed doors, where they will never repeat what I said and I will never repeat what they said. Everyone else just shrugged and said “well somethings going on in his life but he gets the job done...” Hell, i solved and closed more cases every month, singlehandedly, than an entire team of 5-7 combined and got nothing but 5 star reviews (except the one time I mouthed off to the Mall of America, I had not had a day off in a month or so and received an email on a saturday telling me to GET ER DONE NAO.”) ... while some of the fuckers from this godforsaken website absolutely took a BLOWTORCH to me for TWELVE YEARS. But I think others knew more than I gave them credit for. It was so cool when Sandy called me from Colorado and was absolutely cheesed that she found me and I was alive. She rattled off a litany of "oh my god, she knew about that?" and so, it is, that I don’t expect to be rewarded, all i have really done is reciprocate an abundance of compassion i already received.

Before you continue your search, I implore you: that **under no circumstances** should you ever share your phone number, email, facebook, real name, etc with that group — some sick motherfuckers who are pussyhungry, begging for drugs or money, **or who will harass you until the day one of you fucking dies.** Please safeguard your so called anonymity with the group’s many intoxicated and malicious bullies who have never worked a god damn “step” in their lives. I **tried to be as tactful as a VERY NOT TACTFUL person can. Gloves are off, and I feel a need need to spell this out a little more bluntly, wrap it around a brick, and throw it through your window if you are ”new” and don’t want to learn this the “fun” way. Listen to me: People get raped and MURDERED by attendees, its all swept under the rug, please look up Monica Richardson and "Leaving AA" if you want to know more, she is ”the gal” to ask.

The so-called “web 3.0”, may offer visitors the ability to anonymously access a chatroom in the future, while also allowing a site operator/owner the ability to blacklist malicious participants and people playing games with "sybil attacks." (you "spy", bye bye.) The fun and games are over and I am not coming back or fucking with y’all until the stage is set and Miranda, among others, are finally gone forever.

I reasonably believe that I have identified a means of a site paying for its bills and possibly compensating...
engaged "volunteers" for their time. The project in question might scratch their heads a little bit at an unconventional proposition or use case but the site you knew, is done, its not coming back. And believe me when I say that I am PISSED OFF and the “door” for governance or compensation is firmly slammed shut on anybody who worked harder to destroy than elevate others. There is a reason that traitors throughout human history get ropes instead of mercy or rehabilitation. It’s because aeons of history have informed us that 99.99999% of them will seize the next crisis or moment of weakness to shove a knife in your back.

TL;DR I was fiscally and legally responsible for a Wisconsin not for profit corporation — by necessity, I weeded out illegal activities such as drug sales and I really did not take kindly to financial or sexual exploitation. I really don't fucking care if you had, or still have, a permanent resentment wedged up your ass with regard to me carrying out my obligations as the director of a now-defunct company. I get it, you want to boss me around but you can’t be fucked to pay bills or be the guy who could be jailed or sanctioned for failing to address criminal activity that i’m WELL aware of.

I’m (edit, as of writing, 13+ months) clean and sober and mostly thank the pandemic for preventing me from returning to my abusers, kissing some circuit speakers ass while no meaningful interpersonal dialog occurs , such as what the fucking oxford group and first century christianity and whatever else AA stole from them and others INTENDED — nor listening to their stupid fucking self-reinforcing slogans for the last few years. The indifference of the dinosaurs in various "world organizations" who know that their bullshit is bullshit , and simply do not care whether you live or die , or what kind of horrific spiritual and psychological abuse occurs in their name , as long as they're selling their fucking books is astounding. If you have never been here before, don’t worry about all that. 90% of this is not really important. Some of these posts may or may be not be for YOU, they may or may NOT be helpful for anyone with ambitions to attempt what I/we failed at. People who lie about their mistakes are doomed to repeat them, or even worse, make someone else spin their wheels for 10-20 worthless years cause maybe you’re a nice person , perhaps you mean well, but know this: these sick MFs think it is funny, do not expect honesty or assume positive intent from anyone. Particularly junkies, got it?

Some of it is important enough and im shitcanned from so many platforms— which often share a common moderation company such as “HIVe” (so named because that company is literally aids) which censors and bans people from Reddit and Parler among others, I would hate to waste perfectly good links that are published in books that you’ll have to fucking reprint to further your efforts to erase me. looking at you, Twatter. 👍

You know what makes me even angrier than merely being banned from such spaces? It is the fact, that the most absolutely toxic, dishonest, corrupt, malicious , malevolent, violent and /or and willfully stupid pieces of child fucking trash imaginable, are welcome to remain and often times PROMOTED.
Believe it or not, I have other far more pressing interests and concerns than north or Joel or Gonnabeokay or AhhhmazingDave whining about the hurty ouchy sand in their vaginas.

This site.. “this is just rambling, man.” If you take one single thing away from your visit, if you’re scratching your head about positions you consider to be contradictory, then very well, let it be this one single sentence; i would attribute it if i could remember who said this:

propaganda creates parallel psychological realities.

here we go

July 10, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized
Certain messenger rna therapies, and vaccines that bind spike proteins to ACE2 have the potential to release a zinc molecule that causes TDP-43 to assume a pathological prion transformation.

It's problematic to take a couple hundred million people who might otherwise survive a virus due to genetic biodiversity, and give them all a universal binding receptor that is susceptible to a virus.

Humans usually survive plagues and mass casualties because of genetic biodiversity.

— HTTPS://WWW.FADINGSTAR.MX/2021/05/17/EVERY-DAY-A-NEW-PLAGUE-FOR-THAT-LITTLE-PIECE-OF-BREAD/

Doing some light reading about Resveratrol, bleomycin, p22 (which is not an “antibody against a disease” as much as it is an immunological response to suppress tumors) and p53. You can call some of this nonsense “nonsense”, whatever it's just fucking rambling in my diary , but it's not all nonsense or bullshit.

Just “read a book” or something amirite...

The MHC genes are highly polymorphic; many different alleles exist in the different individuals inside a population. The polymorphism is so high, in a mixed population (nonendogamic), no two individuals have exactly the same set of MHC molecules, with the exception of identical twins.

The polymorphic regions in each allele are located in the region for peptide contact. Of all the peptides that could be displayed by MHC, only a subset will bind strongly enough to any given HLA allele, so by carrying two alleles for each gene, each encoding specificity for unique antigens, a much larger set of peptides can be presented.

On the other hand, inside a population, the presence of many different alleles ensures there will always be an individual with a specific MHC molecule able to load the correct peptide to recognize a specific microbe. The evolution of the MHC polymorphism ensures that a population will not succumb to a new pathogen or a mutated one, because at least some individuals will be able to develop an adequate immune response to win over the pathogen. The variations in the MHC molecules (responsible for the polymorphism) are the result of the inheritance of different MHC molecules, and they are not induced by recombination, as it is the case for the antigen receptors.
July 9, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

... seems as though, for some period of time ... people from a certain “group” mistakenly believed that they would be dictating what I would or would not write about here, up to and including, describing their behavior towards me. I have not given a fuck, or been beholden to anyone, for 24+ years, and I'm not starting now.

I've found it necessary to stop fucking caring what that “group” says, or whether they believe me or see any of those people for what they are. Just run like hell, do not waste your breath on their lies or on anyone stupid enough to believe them.

... They've already made it clear how delighted they'll be about this “scrawny diseased pervert” having a “short time to live” ... in a very public manner ...

... and while it would be insulting and disgusting for them to snort a line or chug some more wine and hoover a few more pain pills as they clutch their pearls and spread even more rumors that I probably “took my will back” and “should have stayed in the program and worked muh steps”, it doesn’t fucking matter... the fucking retards lied and said the most horrendous, vile, manifestly false shit you could conjure in your mind. ... like I’m gonna go “rape” the 80 year old cat lady in Massachussets etc ... who the fuck cares, I’ll be dead and hopefully never think about them or anything else ever again.

... the fact that you idiots sided with any of them, believed them, or still associate with them, or picked up some rocks and helped chuck them at me without asking questions ... is exactly why “where I stand with god” is none of your fucking concern, it's why I will not be involving you nut jobs in my “life” or my “will” or my “recovery” and would indeed literally relapse and / or die than ever return.

Fucking cults, all of them, should be outlawed. I am doubling down on the principle that it is for the best to ban private messaging on such platforms and force everything out in the open, and to immediately get rid of anyone who does this.

“This is bad for business, get the fuck out of my tree.”
My hands are tied when its my own fucking team doing it, too.

If I am ever stupid or crazy enough to do something like that again, you people don’t even know what a fucking “dictator” IS yet, so help me god I will modify unrealIRCd’s source code and eliminate private messaging from that bullshit so severely that even I do not have access to the function, it straight up won’t exist.

Gossips and scolds and perverts and predators can all “die mad.”

Alright so all that nonsense going on, and the Fake Plastic Bitch from Howard Brown starts her shit with me and her 3,600 fuckboys/beta orbiters publicly and this is the one who says she’s my “friend” LOL. No wonder I snapped on her.

In commemoration of ten months I would like to announce I WOULD rather be drunk in an alley reeking of piss behind 7-11 with my legs wrapped some geeked out hobo jackhammering me, than ever come back just... so we’re clear on that

"oh no."

July 8, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

Maybe Elon Musk can offer to buy the FBI from the Biden family next.
To paraphrase zerohedge, “on a long enough timeline, the closing price for NFLX and TWTR drops to zero.”

Rewind

July 7, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

Nothing to see here, just your 10/10 expert and god of all things “science” and “medicine” on ABC telling everyone how you catch AIDS just from being in the same room with them.
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it
zinc and you

July 7, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

zinc is good .. to a point ..

.. even better with an “ionophore” that helps it get into the mitochondria of your cells, as I previously mentioned.

but when you’ve had your fill, it starts building up in your skeleton and then its half life is more on the order of 400 days, rather than several days or weeks.

... and from there, once you’ve taken up as much in your skeleton as you’re going to ... if you continue over supplementing with zinc from non dietary sources, your platelets start shitting the stuff out and forming clots ...

Already found one IRC acquaintance who also had inexplicable clotting , and said that he had been overdoing the zinc for “prophylaxis” and would look into that.

No other explanation for whatever’s going on but im back to 2017 level errata —

I wasn’t following or interacting with the late Dr Zelenko but looked him up over the last week and noted that his “protocol” called for 7 days of it – no more, no less.
Is it really “dangerous” to let someone like him speak?

Or is it more “dangerous” when this information gets passed around secondhand?

I looked closer at my “selenium” supplement and noticed for the first time that it alone had 4-5x the “RDA” and I had been individually taking zinc on top of that.

I just paid more for full chemistry panels, serum tests, etc at a private lab than I paid for my fucking car. womp womp. I can get my “labs” done for free in a major city but I don’t think 14 hours in a car each way and/or being at an elevation of 8000 feet is a good idea for someone who’s clotting up anyway.

Mumbling something about “things happening for a reason” though my heart isn’t in it right now. The shop called me and said they needed “two more weeks” to fix my car.

What, is this 4channel? I’m not falling for that “two more weeks” bullshit again.

Nobody’s fixing your car, bro. JFC “comprehensive and collision” is a scam down here.

I couldn’t go if I wanted to. Getting in an airplane like this would be worse so I’ll take the L and fork over the $500. the fucking hotel, gas, time, and tolls would put me up around that to go exercise my “free” healthcare anyway.

The more time you spend here, the less taken aback you are at the idea that citizens actually don’t have the
“time” or desire to go through the bureaucracy or spend a week or a month on the road to go into the interior and get their permit for their .22 caliber government approved firearm from a sole approved location.

This is a lousy fucking place to be without some means to go do errands, but fast food and convenience stores and such are non existent here and I’m learning how to get by for an entire week on $10 worth of chicken, rice, a head of broccoli, a few carrots, garlic, and whatever else. Mostly local produce and a local roaster.

I’m down to 164 #, I’d probably park my fat ass in a chick fil a and shove a couple deluxes down my gullet if that existed here … but they don’t so ... yeah there are a couple of big box grocers ($40 cab ride round trip, more than I spend on the fucking groceries themselves) …and their produce is garbage ...

It might be larger or greener or more “perfect” looking on a shelf but the local, misshapen, unevenly colored produce keeps for days or weeks sitting on the counter … meanwhile their shit gets some nasty fungus all over it after a few days and it does not keep at all. HCFS is in fucking everything now, since arriving I watched that go from nearly non-existent … to being just as bad , just as prevalent as that garbage is the USA.. this country will be full of diabetics and lardases in one decade if they don't cut this shit out...

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**Well, this is fun:**

July 5, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

It’s kind of describing what I was describing, except with different language and terminology. I didn’t copy this, and it was written in 2019, so it’s not copying anything I’ve posted here or elsewhere (this would be a topic I would not touch until April of 2020.)

It’s possible that we’ve both read and/or are familiar with the Everett model, or that … maybe some of the things you “experience” were real ...

But this process of equilibrium, which I have referred to in the physical realm as “chi”, there’s also a
dimensional equivalent of it, and this is a better description:

https://pastebin.com/raw/YZz8u3wB


I have said this before, that they would love nothing more than to figure out how to “go... somewhere else... and laser us off like a tumor or throw us away like a used Kleenex” but we are closer to... that force... than they are.

What might this accomplish? I’ll go really far out in left field and say that the crooked bricks of the cathedral at the basilica could slowly align into place, or a hospital that disappeared 80 years ago could be standing once again. I’ve given the previous example (from 2020) of two copies of the same hotel on the same street, being there one day and then one of them — not being there the next day, and I don’t really feel like talking about the rest of it right now, or perhaps even “never.”

But I remember these things vividly and I don’t seem to be too bothered by them.

In the Revelation of John,

Jesus is said to have said that some of you won’t be affected by the “second death.”

Is that true?

“I don’t know, you’re telling me that...”

I have a fucking hilarious theory about something that I don’t want to share today.

For now, let’s call it “unintended consequences.”
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it and then finally punctured at the end of 2011. This puncture we call the start of an M.D.E., a Mass Divergence Effect. A direct effect of an M.D.E. is the ‘bleed-in’ anomaly. This means the puncture in the dimension causes the two dimension to try and reach equilibrium. Try to envision it as two chambers, one with hot air, one with cold and a door in the middle. When you open the door, the two chambers mix and equalize until the temperature is somewhat stable throughout the rooms. That’s what is happening RIGHT NOW.

**synchros**

July 3, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

whenever this iteration of my social media accounts get memory holed again,

there’s nothing especially interesting on it anyway.

but going back to this idea of rejecting the dimension of “time” other than a manifestation of perception, I’ve seen enough at this point to tell you that we are all connected in some way and that there is some how, or some way, we have premonitions and dreams that come to pass.

I think of time, not so much in a linear fashion, but more like a blockchain or as I mentioned previously, a couple of intertwined strands that some people might use the word “timeline” to describe, and that when they’re subjectively close to one another, they probably can (and probably do) fuck with it somehow, but things need to be “just so”, in order to salvage one and not really have anyone notice — other than odd phenomenon such as what they call the Mandela effect.

Anything more severe than that, could result in what’s called decoherence in the Everett model.

https://www.fadingstar.mx/?format=print&post-type=post&order-date=image_size=full&links=include&rendering_wait=200&print-my-blog=1
... Anything *worse* than that, could be such a radical paradigm shift that it would expose everything, this is the Tsion, the singularity of the past the present and the future, when it all merges together and the chips fall wherever they may ... and that will never be allowed as long as some people get to have their way ... when “they” talk about how important it is to deceive us, engage in psyops, psychological warfare, and propaganda, the mask is really coming off of this Beast system.

... too much of a radical paradigm shift is enough to turn everyone's brains to silly putty..

... TOO much of a radical paradigm shift is going to be the Tsion or the holy instant.

... if you've ever driven a car with bad synchros, and they grind and gnash as you change gears ... and if you've ever gotten so in tune with that car that you're the only person who can drive the damn thing, perfectly in tune with that machine, then you'd understand what I meant, in previous descriptions of “rift events”, and this idea that things need to be more or less in synchronization, or close enough to where ... well, not to get biblical, but this idea of “new Jerusalem landing”, what would heal the old world and the new world and fuse them back together and smooth over whatever was displaced, and whatever would stand thereafter?

“Chi.”

And it only exists here.

So this idea that they'd just poison and pollute the shit out of this sphere and then go hide out in some other dimension is a doomed one, they mastered the higher order and considered themselves on par with god himself, but neglected (and continue to neglect) the fact that this is as close as you're ever going to be allowed to get, time and time again if you take the devil up on his promises, you will inherit some shit that won't sustain you and you will go down with it.

I suppose there are some people who will have a recollection of “it” happening, but you're still here for some reason...

This brings me to, what some of you have been calling “quantum immortality” and/or “quantum suicide”, these are closely related, and if you know a little bit about your history, Joseph Rutherford’s thing in the 1890s was “Millions of people now living will never die”, because the window was opening, such as the one that is right now, and some people were catching on to it. These were the people going door to door and spreading their good news or the Manna devotional I reference from time to time. I speak kindly of Rutherford and anyone who walks in the path he carved out back then — not these phony CIA subversion-perversion child fucking deviants at “jw org”, watchtower society, “Bethel” et al as they are known today. I felt it necessary to come back and elaborate further on this, because an earlier statement about Michael Jackson.
might seem contradictory. (It's not.)

Our “anti enlightenment society” was devised and put into place in the 1910s-20s, introducing armageddon psyop after psyop, sickness, disease, economic slavery, death, corruption, and endless war and all of that shit got shut down and Rutherford’s proselytization seems like nothing but a false promise-

Here we are again, “people are noticing things”, and they have us divided, diseased, destitute, afraid, embattled, scaring us with the same old shit: “nukes from russia,” “armageddon psyops” “plagues” give me a break its not the first time.

I can't tell you this story without sharing one of my favorite quips from that period:

“Millions now living would rather die than listen to Judge Rutherford speak.”

That is a “sign” of the times you are in, you’re being given a chance to ... reconsider ... whatever you feel a need to... when they have failed to keep volunteers from incarnating, through abortion and sterilization, through plagues, through all of their schemes, somehow ... it still happens (look up what a “walk-in” is, it’s a similar premise to that 90’s show Quantum Leap, but it would be an understatement to say that it was not predictive programming per se, it was't the show that gave me the idea, rather, it was the idea that made me look at the show ... retrospectively ... ) and that means ... there’s more behind the curtain and it is apparently considerably more benevolent and merciful than whatever the fuck this madness is.

I’ve lived through death, I’ve witnessed or had a premonition of the “end times” or some blue beam fuckery or whatever the hell that was about. And one of these times, maybe, it’ll finally fucking be over, and we can all say “good.”

But I think you would be well advised to pay close attention to what is happening, and what you have been taught in your lifetime, consider how you want to end or spend your night, and whether you believe that darkness damning and defaming you on the left any more than eternal witness does ..... 

At this point if we’re just fighting with each other and not paying close attention ...

We’re missing a window of opportunity for redemption.

It happened.

It is happening.

We have all been given a little extra time, to make whatever decisions we will.
The Adversary wants to drag you down with him.

If you go down his path with him, you will go down too.

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**whistling past the graveyard**

July 3, 2022  
Categories: Uncategorized

I shouldn't have laughed so hard, but I needed to laugh.

I can't check the “ECG” app without hearing “*Elmo not feeling so good*” in Elmo’s tone of voice now.

I’m going through it, I’m keeping the bedroom door and blinds closed so it stays ice cold in there. The metoprolol dosage suggested to me wasn't doing shit so I broke off another quarter of the tablet and dissolved it under my tongue.

The highs are a little less high and the lows are a little less low.

I don't think any of this covid or vaccine or no vaccine or any of this shit matters, people are going to end up with reduced CD4s and/or clotting regardless, we’re going to survive, or not, and they’ll just keep us bickering about its origins or whether or not to get the hoaxy pokey or whatever until we’re laid up and too weak to even wash the fucking dishes let alone put up a fight. It’s going to be a real bad look on America and/or its public health agencies and/or “experts” part when this shit is clinically indistinguishable from aids, and by then optics won’t matter.

They’re not going to be checking peoples CD4 counts unless you’re an avowed homosexual, drug user, or hooker. End of story. If you got sick, get your CD4s done.

The fucking media, the fucking pharmaceutical companies, the telecoms, all owned by the same fucking people, they’re never going to tell you what they did, Ann Fleischli was dead wrong about CNN and MSNBC or our handheld devices with the cameras on and rolling and streaming, saving us from the enemy.

They ARE the enemy.
They’re probably all laughing at us from Ukraine or Faggot Island or whatever, making excuses for why
Congress gets to “work from home” during all this. Julian Assange rots in indefinite detention, while AOC
makes a show of “resistance” by getting a $50 manicure.

Celebrating the West Virginia v EPA decision? You won’t be, the FDIC wil be next.

I don’t know what to say. Couple years back in Los Angeles when I stroked out, as everything was going
black and I thought this one was “it,” the last thought I remembered having was “good.”

At the risk of repeating myself (again), and I really can’t say this enough, it’s okay to live as though every
day could be your last, but don’t live every day as if you “hope” it was your last. I said that when I said that, for
a reason.

never forget this:

July 1, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

“Every storm runs out of rain.”

— MAYA ANGELOU

a vast right wing conspiracy theory

June 13, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized
I got a copyright / takedown notice.

So how about this, I won’t host it here. Go look at this crazy conspiracy blog called “crazy days and nights” and look up the following very interdasting search terms:

“wealthy farmer” = bill gates

“celebrity ceo” = Elon musk

“bookseller” = bezos

“the church” = apparently its in my FAVORITE (/s) Arizona State Senator’s district and whatever it is, it’s apparently even worse than “THAT” church.

I do not know if any of this is true, but I do stand behind Enty having a better reliability and reputation than the Washington Scratching Post, throwing newsroom cat fights, circle jerking, and giving each other Pulitzer Prizes. I’ve never known Enty to publicly name someone he does not have the receipts on.

What this means for you: “a soft disclosure is apparently underway” because crackpots and conspiracy theorists do not usually overlap with celebrity gossip, but Enty is devoured by a lot of people “in the industry” if you will.

The only thing I said that needs to be said, is that Russia supplies most of the neon gas you need to make computer chips, and that Taiwan is refusing to give them chips > 25MHZ. Very bizarre, Musk and Gates tried to buy out the Taiwanese chip plant and move it to mainland China. “That china” was just made up so that the old China aka Taiwan could skip out on the bill for us funding their wars with Japan.

“Oops, sorry, under new management now, that isn’t our debt!”

Is this their payback? Because an eye for an eye makes the whole world die.

I don’t know what Bezos’ end game is, but instead of playing “Russia Russia Russia” lets play a different game and see who sides with Bezos and his “space” company, and who sides with Gates, Elon, and “his” “space” company because whatever the hell these people are doing, they have opposing objectives and that’s a really good starting point for determining who is working with whom.

I wouldn’t read too much into Gates’ infamous short position against Tesla, it doesn’t mean they’re enemies it just means they know what’s coming and stand to make a half a billion dollars from it.

I’m opposed to Musk purchasing Twitter. Believe it or not, things can get worse.
What an absolute clusterfuck: It seems that some of the people I have spoken very poorly of, are doing “some of the things” you’re doing for a reason. If anyone was ever insane enough to put me in charge for a day I would have probably reluctantly found myself going along with “controlled demolition/keeping the whole house of cards from falling down all at once,” but I wouldn’t have been robbing what’s left of the piggy bank and looting the country as it failed.

Indeed, some people prefer their chains after all.

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**eh, look it up yourself.**

June 10, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

- Distance between upper lid margin and light reflex (MRD)
- Mild Ptosis (2 mm of droop)
- Moderate Ptosis (3 mm droop)
- Severe Ptosis (4 mm or more droop)
Primary Examiner—Samuel Gilbert

ABSTRACT

In human subjects, sensory resonances can be excited by subliminal atmospheric acoustic pulses that are tuned to the resonance frequency. The $1/2$ Hz sensory resonance affects the autonomic nervous system and may cause relaxation, drowsiness, or sexual excitement, depending on the precise acoustic frequency near $1/2$ Hz used. The effects of the 2.5 Hz resonance include slowing of certain cortical processes, sleepiness, and disorientation. For these effects to occur, the acoustic intensity must lie in a certain deeply subliminal range. Suitable apparatus consists of a portable battery-powered source of weak subaudio acoustic radiation. The method and apparatus can be used by the general public as an aid to relaxation, sleep, or sexual arousal, and clinically for the control and perhaps treatment of insomnia, tremors, epileptic seizures, and anxiety disorders. There is further application as a nonlethal weapon that can be used in law enforcement standoff situations, for causing drowsiness and disorientation in targeted subjects. It is then preferable to use venting acoustic monopoles in a form of a device that inhales and exhales air with subaudio frequency.
“Who knew?”

June 8, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

If you had ever told me, that I would be glad:

I was “not ever welcomed in, or invited” –

That I would have chosen the present time to be celibate and/or sober –

Or to go disappear into some desert for a few years.

Not really so much by design, as much as it was “that's just how life ended up.”

Or that I'd be glad that your so-called “inclusiveness” left no shelter for me.

I wouldn't have believed you.

Think I’d ever be reluctantly “grateful” for a bunch of psycho, life ruining, “spell casting” broomstick riding treacherous women and/or nut jobs from 12-step groups for showing me ... just how profane, sick, corrupt, backstabbing, devious and evil humans could possibly be over “power” in a fucking IRC chatroom... so I could fully understand how ugly politics and/or the real world really are?

Here we are.

“People's rejection IS God's protection.”

This blog is periodically backed up at https://www.orange-papers.mx/memorylane2.pdf

- Offer only good while supplies and/or the supplier lasts.

New here? (bio)
“and I wish that I could be with you tonight ...”

June 2, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

I had a dream I died last night.

It wasn’t anything wild like the other times.

I didn't go into a hypnagogic state, or fear “the void” or astral projecting or “dying” or whatever for the first time ever.

I dreamt I was in a silver mist. Like a heavy fog, reaching out for a friend's hand. I didn't hear a word. I didn't know I wasn't alone. I couldn't see anything around or in front of me. But I knew you were there and calmly fumbled in the fog to find your hand, and touch your fingers and “be with you again.”

When our fingertips touched, and we grabbed a hold of each others hands, he pulled me through very gently to the other side.
I can't remember who was or what he looked like, it was someone I feel like I always knew, and missed enough to give almost anything to touch our fingertips, hold his hand, and see him on the other side. I've always felt like I'm missing someone.

No weird .. purgatory stuff .. or shadowy forms .. or watchers in the hall.

None of it.

“All you have to do is believe I’m here, reach out, touch my fingers, and you will materialize into place.”

I knew this time I was on the “other side”, this in concept of a safe, just, new world of abundance and nobody afraid of anyone or anything anymore shared by the Chaldeans, Phoenicians, Phrygians, Persians, Indians, Chinese, and Mexicans ...

I wrote of such a place in January... and I want to believe that deepest part of me that knows its there, or .... well, I hope it’s there. I get these bleak feelings that I’m no different than the dead dogs I come across by the highway all the time now and I can't shake this image of that being how things really are “and that will be me.”

I don’t remember much, the most important thing was that I knew and I missed those fingertips I knew and missed that hand, I just wanted to “touch you” and once I did, fine, I’m going wherever you’re going or wherever you came from.
Someone asked me a question about one of my statements, and I don't really remember what it was that they wanted me to clarify. It had something to do with heaven and hell.

I didn't know how to answer other than to say “I don’t like threatening people with hell, to control their behavior or tell them ‘if you do this, you are damned’ and that it’s not for me to judge you or say that.

I don’t even know if Hell is real, if it is, ooooooo we in some big trouble....... 

I think that “book of life ” exists, I don’t mean to presume that I’m in it and I am not about to crow to you
that your name isn't either. Thats all from the darkness to the left side of God and Christ. I have full confidence the one on the right witnessed everything knows your truth, and whether you're the overcomers he said that he loved, maybe you're flawed or did some stuff you're not proud of, but maybe in your darkest hour you did something he loved and nobody even knew about.

“Ooooo, I’m telling Alex.”

“Ooo, I am a witch, I know how to cast a spell on you and ruin your life.”

It isn't Zion until there's a singularity of the past and the present and the future.

It’s not that “eden” or that place of eternal peace until everyone is free, everyone is safe, and they are cleansed of the traumas and the defense mechanisms and everything that used to feel like it helped protect them from being taken advantage of or victimized or hurt, or just hopeless for being who they are.

I’m not going to name those “foundations” and NGOs but whatever utopia they’re promising is a lie, because when it’s real, God won’t ever let them near you, or that place.

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**Fact:**

May 25, 2022  
Categories: Uncategorized
I used to play the Golden Girls over and over on a loop, there’s an episode where Rose’s character says something to the effect of “when someone stabs you in the back (was it “lies to you”?) , you cut them out of your life and be done with them.”

> “One of the happiest moments in life is when you find the courage to let go of what you cannot change.”

“Don't judge me or think I'm bitter for the evil God allows me to see.”

— MARY J BLIGE, “DEEP INSIDE"
Challenge accepted:

May 22, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

Every day it may happen that a “victim” MUST be found

I’ve got a little list — Of citizens who are pissed!

Of Trump supporters who might well be underground

And who never would be missed — who never would be missed!

There’s the pestilential nuisances who write for keks and laughs!

I'm putting in a FOIA request for what I assume is the Gilbert and Sullivan song Nina Jankowicz used as her resignation letter.
The IBM 5100 and the Bynes 5150

May 21, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

I’m still pencil’ed in for calling “Q” and “John Titor” larps, so call this one a Y2k38 theory. Never mind the IBM 5100 — my hypervisor runs on the FAR superior Bynes 5150.

Silicon Valley, and most tech companies, managers are clueless fucking asshats who procrastinate on known issues, ship software known to be bug addled as a GA release, and put every crisis off until the very last fucking minute.

IBM has lost some market share to products like Peoplesoft, which are capable of directly executing Fortran and assembly language, a bunch of HR departments and universities who were among “the first business entities even using mainframe computing” have jumped off of the mainframe ship, or at least MODERNIZED their code and moved it to an up to date 64-bit IBM OS and server, that doesn’t have the y2k38 problem.

I just had a conversation with someone about AIX and whether it was a “dead OS” and had to check this one but it was updated in December of 2021.

Tons of hospitals still use AIX for weird use cases such as a federal requirement that they keep fetal monitor records stored electronically for 21 years — and that requirement alone is “sus” as far as I am concerned but I will leave that alone today — so they have a 21 year data retention that keeps creeping 21 years forward as more infants are born and monitored — sure.. they can clean up the old data — but they have a rolling 21 year period of mandatory data retention — and yeah, THOSE are the people paying IBM $100,000 – $250,000 a year for software support.

That’s an example of something nobody wants to migrate off of, or have a low incentive to migrate off of, “because it works” and “shit, even if we do switch vendors, that fucking thing STILL has to run and be accessible for 21 years” and it’s apparently such a strict requirement that if a deployment of a competing product — if there is one — and the new system fails to retain that data ...

Well anyway, there is a good reason McKesson and Epic do about half of their work in “old” existing systems via middleware functions rather than attempting to replace those back office/back end functions.

Suppose they shrug their shoulders and put off the y2k38 problem for another 14 years.. and they will, because that is how these dipshits run their businesses...
Suppose everyone’s pretty much fucked and dependent on IBM solving it if they are STILL on a legacy IBM mainframe...

Suppose someone comes up with a platform capable of converting the old assembly/mainframe/cpm shit to and from unix and wants to capitalize on that...

And IBM says “we already invented that.”

The IBM 5100 — why wouldn’t they advertise or document its capabilities?

Because these functions were intended for the sole use of IBM field techs.

And patents and licenses start vaporizing left and right once that is revealed...

The “services” industry (ACS/Xerox, CSC, many others not important enough to name, such as “infosys” who dominates the government space and NOT by talent) didn’t really come around until other hardware, OS, software, etc vendors existed.

Had someone figured it out, and not been bound to a non-compete clause —

I’d be rolling in literal fucking millions if not for such a non-compete clause, because I apparently know more detailed information about several hardware devices and software solutions out there in the field that I supported than, in some cases, the business units who designed, deployed, and sold them.

Ask me again “why all these evil big tech firms do evil things?”

I believe in technology, science, and the spiritual just as surely as I believe in, and can explain Sargent’s proprietary methods of submastering via the use of warded clusters of three superceded by one key that fits them all. If we were in a “simulation”, I suppose the “source” (the mysterion, the sacred secret, the jesuchristo, it has more names than I do) would be the supervisor and our “dimension” would be the
hypervisor, and you and I would be individual “processes” in some sort of “virtual machine” if you wanted or cared to look at it that way. I haven’t really thought that one out, “fuck it, we’re gonna do it live!”

Human behavior is not predictable unless it is kept in a limited frame of perception. I postulate that we have been deliberately kept in a limited frame of perception via propaganda, media, suppression, and outright falsehoods since at LEAST the 1950s owing to the fact that the computing resources available at that time were only capable of computing likely outcomes and probabilities of two scenarios or inputs. In order for “that” matrix to work, and accurately “predict” future outcomes, people must be kept in a limited frame of perception, addled with drugs, bombarded with lies and propaganda etc.

I think history will show many cases where “some people did some things” so that we would stay more or less within “acceptable parameters” based on that technology. And now, there is better technology, quantum technology, that is still pretty bad, but can be trained to guess better than its predecessor technology, and wouldn’t I love to be a fucking fly on the wall for what its real conclusions are?

It’s not about “technology,” all this stuff about the pyramids, portals, alternate tracks, I actually do believe “that’s a thing,” and that these will open up for certain people under certain circumstances, whether due to their innate characteristics, (or in some cases yes, drugs) and in still other cases, indeed, due to both. I believe in that shit way more than I believe in “time” travel, because as of the present time, as I have repeatedly said, I do not believe in time. Time is a manifestation of perception, and if there is a way to record what has happened, what is happening, or where all of that converges, and technology is in any way involved, it would likely involve background radiation or something like that, that can be read by technological means. This is not important and it’s probably not that difficult.

Remember that “trauma victims have black and white, all or nothing thinking.”

Previously covered here

... and here

The problem with a scenario of a “time traveler” becoming widely believed, plausible, or proven, is that it would cause people to escape from their limited frame of perception, is that this shatters their “black and white, all or nothing, there are only two possible outcomes or paths forward” frame of mindset.

I suspect, given enough time, someone— I do not purport to predict anything — will pull off a stunt that is literally going to sledgehammer the fucking screen, think “michael jackson is actually still alive” or something fun like that, that would make everyone realize they have been lied to about everything, forever, but at the same time won’t reduce everyone to 10/10 gibbering straightjacket material.
So if human behavior is only “predictable” when it is kept in a limited frame of mind or perception, and someone else has “cracked the code” on predicting human behavior or societal outcomes, this leaves us with your answer for their desire .. no... PANIC .. to keep every single one of us on a tighter leash and control our movements our communications, what we are allowed to see on TV or post online.

Whatever’s coming they want to make goddamn sure , that nobody is aware of it.

That nobody can discuss it.

That nobody will ever believe it.

Believe it.

Imagine what we don't know they've done, or what they are working against our interests to cover up or enrich themselves with.

If you find yourself in a situation that looks like blue beam fuckery, I suggest you leave the area in a calm and orderly fashion. Leave the state altogether if possible. It’s either Jesus or glorified niggers. If it’s Jesus and you’re good, you’re good. If it’s Jesus and you ain’t good, stay calm anyway, he’ll get to you next.

So , you can either infer that .. I have either experienced exactly what I said I did ...

And that I have a very fucking compelling reason that I would even say that to you.

Or you can check me off for “cuckoo for Cocoa Puffs,” I don't really fucking care.

Maybe if it is a test, it’d be for the BEST if you listen to your OWN instincts.
“9995? That’s the kind of combination an idiot uses on his luggage!”

May 18, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

Don’t really know what to tell you,
They used 24 or so different types of drugs on me as juvenile a ward of the state, some of them you would recognize, some of them I have no fucking idea what they were. One of them made me piss the bed. One of them distorted my depth perception so much that a car’s brake lights 200 feet in front of us registered as an “imminent collision” and I’d be screaming in the front seat.

Another one gave me like, what I will jokingly refer to as “superpowers,” I found a flaw in a particular type of folger-adams lock for the “food tray”, whereby if you kicked it about 3-4 inches above the tray, directly in the center, the lock would disengage and the food tray would pop open.

I gave everyone else instructions on how to exploit this, and all hell broke loose because you could not leave or enter the unit without passing our group. One of them was a little disturbed than us and he’d kick the tray open and fling cups of piss at staff members he didn’t like.

There was kid from Janesville I encountered in 3 different facilities and I hated his fucking guts. Chris Powell, I think his name was. He would get on the phone and tell his mom every persons name in juvenile detention, first and last name, so the bitch could go gossip to all her friends about who the bad kids were. As her own fucking kid was in there, good grief.

Chris ends up in the next room to me and he started taunting me about fat my mom was. I say “super powers” because I started kicking the cinderblock wall that separated us open like the fucking koolaid man. Ohhh yeaahh! I proceeded to kick through both sides of our wall, and as the hole got bigger and bigger, I threw every piece of broken cinderblock at his fucking head and had damn near made a hole big enough to crawl through and beat his ass, save for a piece of electrical conduit in the way, acting sort of like a “bar on the window” preventing me from crawling through and getting him. But not from breaking bigger and bigger and bigger pieces of the wall off and pelting him with them while he shrieked to be saved.

All hell broke loose from there once the other guys realized the walls could be kicked and broken down. Maintenance showed up and welded a few metal patch pieces over it, and they had to close down and relocate the entire unit to one where the walls were constructed of solid concrete.

I got another fun story about the same kid, Chris, he shows up at a third facility I’m in, and this was the one where “some bitch named Candace” — I have to tell you this story, it’s funny,okay — Candace with her 3 inch long purple fingernails and her giant hoop earrings, sits down next to me at the table and asks me “so, why does your file say to never let you look at or see any of our keys?”

I said “because I can remember them and then fabricate them or alter my key to match them.”

Candace said “nuh uh, boy you ain’t that smart.”
I shrugged. Idgaf what you think, bitch.

So Candace, sigh, must have never seen the movie “Gremlins” and learned the perils of not following the care and feeding instructions when she was a child.

She pulls out her key ring and straight up, held the master key to the entire unit, up to my face, and said “so you’re telling me, if I show you this key, you’ll memorize it and make one?”

I already knew, from comparing my room key to the other guys keys, that the first three pins were identical on all the keys. The master key, therefore, would have been on elevations/depth of the last four pins.

It didn’t even take me 5 seconds to snort and say “the fucking master key is 9995?” I lost my shit laughing. “It’s fucking 9995? THATS YOUR MASTER KEY? HAHAAHAHJHAHAHHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHA”

She pulled the key back and asked “wh wh what, do you mean?”

Because you can take ANY key and file it down to 999 with nail clippers or a piece of tile grout, LOL. Who the FUCK would make the master key “9995” instead of like, “0001” (?) because you “can’t build a key up as easily as you cut it down.”(*) it took me a half hour with the nail clipper and grout to make my favorite new toy.

(*) “I can,” and “I did,” when they attempted to rekey the entire unit and do exactly that, but that particular trick is reserved for future use at a later time, sorry.

Now I could go into the supply closet and the contraband closet where all the drugs and all the other fun shit went, I’d help myself to the mariijuana, roll it up in some bible paper, and shove two pencil leads in the outlet, take some toilet tissue twisted up on a third pencil lead that I’d touch up against the other two leads to light my joint, and pretty much any weed you got caught with was my weed now.

Sargent locks of that era were divided into two categories, (R)ight and (L)eft, representing whether the warded part of the key was on the right or the left side of the blank. The warding configuration was such that, keys for lock types RA, RB, and RC would not fit into each other cylinders. But then “RD” fit into all three types of locks and was a sub-master of RA/RB/RC, this pattern continued on where RE/RF/RG were not compatible keys, but then “RH” was a submaster capable of entering all three of those.

Moving along, RI/RJ/RK, same story, RL was a submaster and I don’t know how many of these groups there were or at what letter they ended, but then there an altogether different key blank, I don’t know the alphabetical letter for these keys, but IF memory serves me correct 30 years later, the generic names for the left and right keys that fit into ALL OF THEM are SC-6 and SC-31, one of those being for left warded
keys and the other being for the right warded key.

I think the SC6 is the right hand warded key, and the SC-31 is the left hand warded key. Basically if you took concrete and shaved all the wards down, your “RJ” master for Blackhawk was now a defacto homemade SC-31 key for the entire institution, I could open the fences and walk right out the juvenile prison.

How does Rob know this? He was bored, he was 9 years old and saw Sally Struthers on TV selling diplomas, and picked up a phone and told some nice lady “I want to be a locksmith” and they just .. mailed me books and equipment and a invoice I never paid. They called the house one day and asked me a few questions about when I was going to pay .. I’d done all their little courses and passed the tests but never got the certificate because they wanted their money (of course.) But this one lady asked if I minded her asking how old I was. “10.”

PCDI never called again. I didn’t get my certificate either, booooo.

I guess I must be a leftist, I was way ahead of my time!!!!!!! I wanted a diploma and I didn’t want to pay for it!!!!!!! LLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL anyway.

The first experiment was with John, the ministerial servant I was fucking, who showed me the key to the kingdom hall, like “okay, you can practice. make this key.” So did. And it worked. St Aemelian’s, I already wrote about running away from that place all the time, but on some of those trips I would get Corbin or Schlage keys and fashion master keys to the units there as well. I was 12 I think. I had one teacher who was really angry, and two other teachers who just busted out laughing uncontrollably and could not even try to pretend it wasnt funny.

So this particular “gremlin” came with instructions: “Hide your keys, do not ever let him see the unit key.”

Anyway, I “outed myself” one day, and it was all because of Chris Powell.

Who, once again, was in the fucking room next to me. In a different place.

(Wasn’t that uncommon, my baby daddy was my roommate a few times in a few different places, wink, ohhhh Ricky you’re so pretty you don’t understand-)

Chris being Chris, would stay safe inside his room taunting people, like he did about my mother. And he’d yell "NIGGER! NIGGER NIGGER! NIGGER! NIGGER!” at you, know, the 98% black population of the unit as theyd all gather around his door and say “if you ever open that door boy-”

He had a little song, a little rap, I’m not going to lie, it was catchy, it was like any Beyonce anthem, years ahead of his time, just repeating the same word over and over and over and over and over and over. He could
have been a song writer for Beyoncé, but I don’t think she’d have approved of this particular jam, because, I could type out the lyrics for you, but every single word of his song was “nigger.”

Alright, he had the dudes circling his door and he scared to even go piss.

Chris jumps up on his desk and whispers through the crack in our wall “hey your mom’s still fucking fat!” and then he went back to do his door and starting calling four young men a ... I already said it, you know EXACTLY what he was saying. This time all four of them were trying to breach his door.

What the hell’s the matter with you guys, I took two of those doors down in 2 or 3 kicks single handedly ... remember, superpowers right?

Oh but today Chris Powell was getting his. I smiled and grabbed my key out of its special location — wrapped in a plastic garbage bag and pushed to the bottom of a metal cannister of “blue magic” and went out into the hallway and finally revealed my secret. I stuck the key in the lock and opened the door for those four men.

I went back down and laid on my bed and listened to him scream and cry and wail and get his ass beaten black and blue by four young men who were as tired of his mouth as I was. I’m not gonna lie. I smiled. I enjoyed every horrified, terrified shriek. The staff were, to put it mildly, shocked. They saw exactly what I procured, and exactly what I did, but they’d been watching this go on long enough that they just ignored it and they let him beat the kid’s ass.

They came to room about two hours later to toss it and throw me in solitary confinement for a few months. They never found the key, or wondered why a white boy needed a can of “Blue Magic.” Those motherfuckers tossed my room almost every day and they only ever caught me with it one time when I’d just used it to procure some weed, and still had the key in my pocket.

Did a little more time in solitary over that ...........................................

It’s not the solitary confinement part that gets to me.

It’s just that ... it’s really fucking boring alone in your head without weed.

They dragged me in front of Judge Lussow and said I deserved more time locked up in this “secure facility” because I kept making keys to the goddamn place.

I asked Judge Lussow, “what’s the point of a more secure facility, when I can make keys to it anyway? obviously I can march out the fence or straight through the sallyport or the front gate, and I choose NOT TO, so -“
He told me “that wasn’t the point” and, my extended vacation was “so ordered.”

“All men should try to learn before they die: What they are running from, and to, and why.”

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I’m still going back this to whole critique of there’s no central, overarching theme, he just calls everyone bitches and cunts and stupid mother fuckers, like we’re Anna Wintour or something – is that NOT a “central, overarching theme?” Or maybe this is just my stupid fucking diary. Assume that this post is thinly veiled sarcasm, and assume that my current and/or past “audience” is totally unknown to me.

It would be an understatement to say that the commentary from those who do have the ability to contact me (it is clearly not difficult, these fuckheads managed to do so from 5 countries and at least 7 different US states) has not been positive.

Nonetheless, I write “for me,” and, possibly, for someone who has no fucking idea who I am but might come across this in a year or five or .. a dirty bottle washes ashore, a dirty needle washes ashore, if you have a classical “NDE,” think of yourself as a dirty bottle washing up on a bright white “shore” of light, and think of yourself as a “note” or a “message” of sorts, that someone might crumple up very angrily upon reading it.

They are mediating all potential outcomes, convergencies, and future possibilities, future states, and future you’s and future me’s, but know nothing about the past, only what is neccessary to calculate the “now” because it is necessary to do so without the bias or the bitterness that I might have about a person or a place or a personal circumstance.

If you are hurting, or feel unheard in the oppressive constructs of our current society and/or those who mediate what is or is not acceptable to say, know that “whatever the hell it is,” we are not alone or the final stop on this journey – in the final analysis you are a tape recorder, you are a message in a bottle, and I am not really fucking sure who the recipient is or what they do with that information.
I’m annoyed enough to cut the shit already and make a bald-faced claim that I have experienced technology that works on the reverse premise of “animal repellant” devices and heals the human body, that a healthy human body has a healing or symbiotic relationship with plants and trees and its overall environment, and that the earth itself is repaired by a mediating force I understand to be “chi,” and you can’t ... go as far as understanding what is outside of this sphere if you do not understand what is inside of this sphere. It will be inherited and in the domain of those who loved it enough to persist or partake in the cleanup. I don’t know what else to tell you other than I feel cheated and I wish I was there instead of here.

Telepathy was deemed to be too invasive, future interfaces are essentially, sort of a hybrid holographic/telepathic interface that you can kind of figure out .. about as easily as you did your first iphone, and it’s a far more pleasant user experience.

The OSF protocol is artistically expressed very well in the movie “Run Lola Run” when they’re in bed together and she gets a do-over the next day, and then I am very quite likely possibly influenced by predictive programming by a movie called “Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind” in musing whether it is beneficial or ethical to wipe you clean of your traumas if such a technology ever were to surface.

Would you make the same mistakes, would you fall in love with that person again?

........ well, I got some butterflies that want to ask, “why wouldn’t you?” ...........

Here’s the next one: Alternating Current (AC) needs to go, it is harmful to human health. DC and/or ZPE win, as uncomfortable and/or costly it is to make the conversion(s) necessary. One of the main reasons it needs to go, is that rather than “increasing your production and output or building more plants,” AC transmission has a LOT OF LOSS over transmission and distribution lines, and you would regain more distribution capacity by eliminating the LOSSES from AC transmission alone, than you are going to gain from increasing generation and or transmission capacity of the AC infrastructure, this isn’t a “if;” this is a “when,” just run the math on the inefficiencies and loss on transmission alone and surrender to this idea.

Eventually you will have no choice in the matter, but you’ll put it off until it really is a global catastrophe because that is how you do things.

Is that “specific enough” for you?
I'm going to be really fucking disappointed if this isn't going to be something that is a part of my time here, I guess it was, for a minute, and then it “wasn’t” no one's ever going to call a press conference and say “oh yeah, stuff like this does happen” but the sham and the drudgery will pay dividends if you care to partake in it.

I had planned to go through Texas and stop at “that godawful place” and give Rob C a huge hug along with anyone else who is still around, alive, and/or trudging along. I'm not mad at my ex, I don't know if it was too forward to tell him they were playing that Shakira song on the ferry to Maztalan and it wrecked me. It’s unlikely I’m returning and I don't know if we will see or talk to each other again. I’m just happy we found a way to say “it’s okay” to each other.

Thing is, I .. really would love nothing more than to darken the doorstops I always darken from time to time, but I kinda wrecked my old car and started it on fire on the way to the US in September.

And then 2/2 I hit the leftover pieces of el perro muy muerte, who had unfortunately decided to play that old Atari game “Dogger” on the Autopista and lost his argument with the SUV in front of me. I go okay, car’s fixed, I'm ready to go back the United States; and then I get rear ended by a mother fucking bus. LOL.

^My Spanish remains terrible, but if you are bilingual and enjoy a better mastery of Spanish than I currently possess, you recognize the construction of “losing his argument with the SUV” , god help us, I was cracking jokes in a second language before I spoke it, no wonder I only ever had like maybe 3 k-12 teachers who didnt hate my guts.

It has to be a fucking nightmare for people who specialize in Artificial Intelligence (AI) , that is how you end up with a “Tay” problem, and that is probably one of the MAIN reasons why dickheads like Zuck don’t like dickheads like me on their playground, and for what that has cost me ... in terms of regular contact with my family ... or damage to an already unsteady social standing to begin with, no, I will never EVER shut up about what you’re getting wrong here and doing to destroy the fabric of our society, and or possibly even drive our species towards sterilization and/or extinction. Y’all are scared of a comet? You should be as terrified of FB/Meta’s logo as you are the number “666.” If your bots don’t comprehend sarcasm or can’t win a debate, then you need to write better bots.

I have not been home since January 6th, what the fuck. I must not be meant to. my thoughts on this matter
would probably get me committed to a sanitarium.

"I'm Troy McClure. You might know me from movies such as Resentment Gone Wild, Volumes 5 and 7!"

Christine O'Donnell - "I'm not a witch. I'm You"
https://youtube.com/watch?v=ek3OUay2uWw

twitter is still a dumpster fire.

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someone (Amy siskund, dumb cunt) was ranting about maga people and their “unsophisticated” choices in
vehicles, and I was like LOL your “sophisticated” taste in vehicles is what made Elon Musk so rich he’s buying your leftist safe space and unbanning Trump, LOL

anyway, various explanations of a theoretical multiverse, i like the visual example of the ends of a fiber optic cable extending in every possible direction but I am bound to three of them that also sort of resemble “twisted pair,” numbered 17, 18, and 19:

There is a mediating force that decides what future potentials and outcomes are allowed, but “they” try to stay one step ahead of this by manufacturing propaganda, amygdala hijack, and circumstances such that the three of them resemble each other within let’s say a 1-5% variance.

You could also visualize it as overlapping waveforms, and if they get too far away from each other’s baseline, this is a “decoherence event” under the Everett model. Trump being elected President is probably one of the wildest examples of that in history, if you want an explanation for why the whole fucking machine went berserk.

And it might not be anything more complicated than “they’ve been doing this since the 1950s, human behavior is not predictable, so they forced people into a limited frame of perspective, traumatized and brainwashed them into adopting “all or nothing,” “black or white thinking,” and cornering people into thinking they only have two choices, that one of those choices threatens their survival or is the “lesser of two evils” or whatever. It might just be a matter of, “we can only kind of calculate human behavior within a certain range if we force these choices or circumstances on them.”
“Decoherence” under the Everett model would be something so fucking drastic, like “9/11,” that there is no “Mandela effect,” and we are all forced into accepting a “consensus” “historical event” (i could name others, but I won’t make any friends in doing so) that is inalterable, a trauma like the “Challenger disaster” or
“9/11..” or whatever.. you and I are bound to intertwined paths forward that “must” include “9/11.” I suppose there could be, or could have been, people who think that the the Revelation of St John has come to pass (I’m sure more than once, “they” are always trying to make their “prophecy” happen, fuck off this is NOT the first time they tried this playbook)

They are not subjectively “real” or “true” to enough people, to be counted in whatever force(s) mediate whether they are an acceptable path forward.

I guess I like to think of it more as a strand theory than as a string theory.

I’m not 100% sure what Dr Munizza and her colleagues — or any of those other “behavioral modification programs” did to us when we’re 12 or 13 or whatever. Paris Hilton and Paris Jackson have the floor on that one and so far they’re just on the physical/sexual/mental abuse, we had in that in abundance as well.

Whatever it is, I’m pretty sure it’s fucked up, illegal, and they just figured we were disposable because, as they *loved* to tell us at every opportunity, the “recidivism rate was so high” 80-90% of us would be “dead or in prison by the time we were 18.”

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### How does one coherently explain decoherence?

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What I refer to as a “rift” is what others have referred to as “decoherence” — there’s this big dome like thing and everything’s orange and its on fire, and there’s vaccum cleaners in the sky and shit — and everyone knows EXACTLY what the fuck is going on, but what a difference one day makes and it just “never happened.” I have personal experience of two of these events roughly along DEW lines and/or the southern so-called border, and predict another one kind of the roughly somewhere in the area of Pennsylvania — I’ve already commented on this publicly and it’s possible that this one will be dodged, because 1) fuck off, I’m tired and I want nothing to do with it, 2) the window of opportunity for it has passed, and 3) predicting such an event could cause a radical paradigm shift with unpredictable consequences if/when such a very extremely specific claim were to check out.
One day a street in Clearwater has two hotels from the exact same brand/chain and franchise mere blocks apart, and then when you wake up the next day, only one of the hotels is there ... You wonder why I go on these tangents .. about ... your most basic assumptions, challenging just one or two of those is enough to cause enough of a radical paradigm shift to result in said “decoherence” and now you know why, the propaganda and the shit on your “idiot box” has to be so — the radical paradigm shift, the “decoherence, ” causes such a divergence that one possibility ceases to exist. Re-read me. It’s all over this blog.

And you come home to find out that your mom was in some weird headspace where she’d invited the authorities into your house to search for drugs and weapons because she was terrified you were about to go, like commit a mass shooting or something heinous like that?

... and you're just discredited as an addict or a lunatic .. I haven't disagreed that I'm lunatic, but where the hell did she even get that idea from and why were these police accepting an invitation into my home, to toss it and search it with no warrant and no probable cause or any reasonable basis to do so?
I told you those fuckers tried to set me up in the early 2000s — its true, the case may be wiped but the receipts are at the courthouse and in both newspapers archives, and I can't imagine they appreciate what I say about them but its true.

I feel like I had another close call with somehow getting blamed for something ... again ... it was not very long — hours, maybe a day or two — after I'd posted the pictures I'd taken of that newscast and they'd hacked my fucking blog and set all that into motion? Knowing what I know today I don't believe them about "Doc."

I was not, and am not, on drugs, although that's your favorite means to discredit me or anything or anything I have to say about whatever the fuck happened.

I guess Dustin was right after all. Did you know, the CIA actually invented this whole thing about sucking
on a pipe and hearing voices no one else could in the 1960s? LOL
A communication device disguised as a tobacco pipe. (Bill O'Leary/The Washington Post)

There are plenty of fun gadgets to see, like a polygraph machine in a briefcase and a communication device disguised as a tobacco pipe, used in the 1960s. When a user bit down on the pipe, sound traveled through their teeth and jawbone to the ear canal, allowing them to hear messages that no one around them could.
Is it possible that the ability for apparently contradictory individual experiences, is more closely related to many-minds than I think you think that it is, because what is and a mind, and what is matter anyway?

Wayne used to always say “love is a sophisticated subroutine running on a computer made of meat.”

This is fucking cool: https://www.hedweb.com/manworld.htm

The non-contradictory, simultaneous nature of multiverses is better described by the Everett Interpretation, but neither many-minds nor multiverses can exist under the premise of duality: “for everything there is, there is something it isn’t.”

Another way of looking at duality, is to say, that “for everything there is, there is something that it isn’t, unless there isn’t” and if there is, then who or what observes, experiences, or arbitrates it?

Is an atom in one of the pebbles under your sandals an “observer” — pleased to offer itself in service to your objective experience, humming “I’m an atom, I’m an atom, I’m an atom” eternally?

What if a bunch of people screaming about you being a larp, or insane, forgot all you and then twenty years later someone else came across it and said “hey, wait a minute, this is actually really fucking interesting?”

I had a dream at Norris, where the unit manager brought out a ladder one time and he hung a clock on the wall. The clock in question had been sitting on the top of the bookshelf in his office for the entire time I had
been on the unit.

The next morning, my jaw dropped open as he did exactly that same very thing and put the clock exactly where I dreamt he had. I was excited and told him all about it and he just scowled at me and told me to go back to sleep and come back with next week’s winning lottery numbers.

Apparently that is just ... how peoples minds work and where their minds go.

I'd probably counter back with “what is money, anyway?” but what the hell does a 13 year old know anyway?

I know THAT happened, despite his sarcastic and dismissive reaction to it.

I go .. what other experiments do they do to kids? “Hey we’re here to have you solve a puzzle” “some men are here to do a test on you.”

Why kids? Well, they have no idea what is in their environment or how it works.

A 39 year old me might be like “what the fuck, is there an MRI behind this wall?”

Except, in the occasional circumstance where you know how more things work than they are particularly amused with and they need to use better locks for you.

So okay, I am finding out that there are .... other people ... who say this shit and call it other things than I do. If people's minds immediately go to “well, go back and get me those lottery numbers” or “I want a wining horse name for the derby,” then what makes you think that if GE or one of those motherfuckers literally invented a “time machine” wouldn't be just as callous or greedy or opportunistic and alter the course of history in the favor of themselves, their shareholders, their business interests?

Or .. ah fuck it let’s call it that, without splitting hairs into whether it is a distortion, alteration, warping, or bending of “time” or “perception” because time is a manifestation of perception any fucking way, but what if they did it and ...

And said we’re going to go back in time and own everyone and everything, or fuck things up so badly and catastrophically that they diverged enough to create a final decoherence. Ask, why would someone “from 2036” interact with us or be desperate to acquire a machine that could translate mainframe languages?

What happens in 2038? The end of 32-bit unix epoch time. I just imagine they’d let everything run and run and run and and run and just deny the problem until kaboom, it was totally fucking unrecoverable? What would me think corporations or politicians would do such a stupid , reckless thing when they have 16 years
to fix it? Is it more important to go back and erase any potentiality where anyone involved in this was named, blamed, or held accountable for what they did?

Or just race to acquire and own all technology, all media, all patents, all intellectual property as fast as you fucking can and install the machinery to silence or eliminate anyone or anything who .... has the persistence of memory in a “rift”?

Why “must” the war happen?

Why “must” the agendas happen?

Why must these two countries go to war with one another?

Why “must” the United States go through a period of uprisal and upheaval or experience class strife, racial strife, etc?

Says who?

Why does it have to be exactly so?

“Why did SHE have to win?”

“Why, must HE absolutely not, under any circumstances, be allowed to win?”

Why are they calling it “terrorism” to question the results of that election?

What is decoherence?

A paradox where there is a reality where original World Trade Center still stands.

Or, let’s use my favorite one to make fun of, “JFK Jr is still alive.”

I sit here staring at the wall, wondering “what the fuck, what if X really happened?”

They silence us, because WE have the potential to create a “decoherence” event.

I have a secret for you:

**Trump WAS the decoherence event. The rest of this is, all just, nonsense.**

A window of opportunity, a rift, will be closing, if it hasn’t already.
There appears to be some way of .. being taken along for a ride, here. But my presumption is that most of us would continue going on as we are in the here and now, and they would continue going on as they are in their here and now, except their “history” and narrative would diverge so much they could no longer contain or control whatever the fuck it is that they are doing.

Part of the problem with that is a whole generation of people who “just wanted to retire”, or “ship it anyway” knowing it was faulty, the people who “just want the trains to run on time” let the 2038 problem happen and then by then pretty much everyone left is too stupid to actually do anything about it, because of your you-know-what hiring practices. Even in 2019 I was explaining “DST” to these idiots.

Just as they do today, “oh. shit. we’re going have to fix this in two years aren’t we?”

What if we don’t make those choices, that we didn’t want to make anyway?

And let them live with their choices, their arrogance, their refusal to take a constituent’s call, or shouting down the one person in QA who says “uh hey guys, um, there’s a flaw in this design”

“SHUT UP LARRY, THE GA DATE IS SET IN STONE. SHIP IT!”

https://www.fadingstar.mx/?format=print&post-type=post&order-date...image_size=full&links=include&rendering_wait=200&print-my-blog=1
Worst case scenario they come after me with the butterfly net and my case manager renews my benefits for another year next year.

Best case scenario, the world isn’t as awful as I’ve supposed that it is, unless it’s way worse than I’ve supposed that it is.

Why do all of these fucking corporations and billionaires and people participate in this? Low IQ take: “huh huh huh, they drink children’s blood.”

I don’t know, maybe, just fucking look at some of them, I would 100% believe that.

But what if these “big tech” companies are covering up something they already did, that from our perspective, never happened yet?

Do I have your attention yet?

Clones .. at least the way you do them now .. are one dimension lower than their original, and the world you wanted to throw away like a used Kleenex is the only one capable of sustaining them.

*Argon. Argon, that’s what it was.*

---

“*Well, fuck.*”

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- Anything you experience is (subjectively) real.
- Question it anyway. Reality testing, or lack thereof, is what breaks a man.
- I don’t want to talk about the things I don’t want to talk about.
- I regret taking the bait on divisive topics and indulging in hatred.
- Secondarily to that, I regret paying any mind to “political theater.”
- Everything else I’ve said, is just wherever my imagination goes.
(Or it’s just what I’m interested in.)
I feel like I have my moments where I come across as foolish or crazy.
I hope I remain teachable.
I should have stuck to poetry, abstract, and/or the metaphorical.
Even though I’ve been told that I’m no Kerouac.
I don’t mind “sounding crazy” if you needed something you found here.
I don’t really want to “be that guy,” although I will if I feel like I need to.
I have have been discouraged and had the limits of my patience tested.
In more ways, and by more people, and over more things than I’ll ever say.
When I dwell too much on feeling victimized, I grab the dishsoap and I do the honors myself. I’m a survivor. God help you if you’re so unsteady that I ended up serving a purpose as your “rock” at some point but we’re still here.
The “Adversary” is real, and most of my problems in life arise from people who delight in doing his bidding and will never feel sorry or bad about it, no matter whether you kick ass and take names or shine a light on it. The best you’re ever going to get is a “hey so I’m looking for work and this looks bad.”
It is bad. You absolute fucktard. I will forgive, but never turn my back on you.
I have faith that there are people trying to protect aeons of human history.
I’ve wasted too much time and energy thinking “elected” officials matter.
I’ve wasted too much time and energy thinking “elected” officials serve “us.”
“They don’t care about us.” , Hee hee! Michael Jackson is one of Jehovah’s Witnesses, one of the real ones, someday you’ll hear his testimony. If you don’t believe that, then there is at least one thing we don’t have in common.
You’re still here.
I’m still here.
“I’ve said too much, and I haven’t said enough.”
I’m responsible for what I’ve said, and some it is pretty heinous and hateful.
I had, and I have no reason to believe I will ever be anything but disregarded.
I had, and I have no reason to believe I will ever be anything but ignored.
Or dismissed as a crank or a nuisance or a headache to even respond to.
I mumbled incoherently in the basement about getting my red stapler back.
Google underreported my traffic, convincing me that +/- 8 people read this.
• I danced, shitposted, and wrote like nobody was watching.
• With the exception of that time I finally got so fucking pissed off about “you know exactly what,” everyone fucking knows what — I redirected your traffic here and made that whole world stand still until 32,000 people read what I said about it.
• But if those bullies hadn’t quit their shit I’d have 41%’ed myself.
• After all I did to defend you, you didn’t have shit to say to them about it.
• I probably could have handled that better, it’s your turn to admit the same.
• I regret we could have done so much better working together instead of against each other, or crying “she goes, or I go” and “he goes or I go.” Do you?
• Big fucking deal, I fell down in battle for awhile. It’s okay – go on without me.
• Cloudflare’s reporting suggests that Google deliberately underreports hits.
• By like ... a .... lot ..... and I am not looking at that again or I'll get self-conscious about it and worry if it’s “too over the top” or worry about “performing.”
• I’m glad Google under-reports your traffic/audience. I would have been more concerned about “how it looked” and... some of it’s really fucking funny ... even though ... the Britney Spears Level Meltdowns aren’t really something ... a lot of people would put out there.
• I am sorry for unintended consequences, ie embarrassing anyone but me.
• .......Unless you tried to ruin my life or threaten me ..... then “FAFO, bitch.”
• I am not, however, sorry , for refusing to let “them” make me walk through this silently, ostracized, deplatformed, losing my shit or alone in any of this.
• I am responsible for considering the ... ramifications.. from this point forward.
MAY 15.

Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat: the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation. Hab. 3: 17, 18.

* * *

We see that God permits evil in the world that the world may learn certain lessons of bitter experience as to the natural rewards of evil doing, but we see also a ministry of evil in respect to the saints—in their testing and polishing and refining; making them ready, and proving them worthy, as overcomers, to inherit the wonderful things which God has in reservation for the faithful. Z. ’03–94.

“I had much more important things to do, and did at the White House, than being on the cover of Vogue.”
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I’ve talked some shit about her husband and I’m so pissed off right now that I’ve incinerated the fucking red cap, what fucking difference does it make, they took my society and my community and shoved all that into the incinerator, fuck a flag and fuck the maga hat, as lefties would say, they’re both just a “clump of cotton.”

I’m living what you might call a brutally honest program and/or life and I just fucking cried my eyes out watching this interview with Melania.

“People always criticize me no matter what I do. And I’m used to that. I move forward and I’m here to people. And that is the reason. And I would encourage those people to help in their own community. Or maybe join my Fostering the Future initiative.”

I’m not a well woman right now, and I need some time and space and to participate on my own terms and/or not participate at all, if that’s what “self care” looks like for me right now. Don’t even fucking pretend that any of us are easy to deal with.

Hell no, I’m not “burning the chatroom down again,” I’m just ... not that fucking important ... it runs itself, and the only thing that’s going to “close it down” is a lack of further public or group interest and/or participation. (edit: or, I guess, if I finally get tired of your fucking harassment and games, this was NOT meant to be a blank check or an invitation to continue throwing the kitchen sink at me.) It’s reassuring to know I could drop dead tomorrow and you guys would find a way to throw Kiwi or something up on a webpage and keep going. I do NOT have the power to stop you.

I’ve always had that inner restlessness and “itchy feet” and a mind that’s already 200 miles ahead of me up the highway but I’m having a moment here where I’m just tired and I’m in bed all day, every day ... and normally my place is spotless and febreezed and I never go to bed with a dish in the sink — but I got hit by a bus and for a minute there, sure as hell feel like a guy who’s been hit by a bus. La Duena would have shrieked if she’d stopped by and seen what a mess this place was.

48 states.. 7 countries.. over 2,000,000 miles on the highway .. and I think about Chris from time to time and how he would say “you can’t do that forever.”

It’s taken a little bit of time to even get me to where I can go outside and smoke on my porch lately. La Duena’s noticing that I don’t trim my beard and I’m wearing the same fuckin Nipsey Hussle shirt every day. She’s been giving me concerned looks and asking me if everything’s good.

I haven't been disappearing off to CDMX or Guadalajara for days or weeks lately.
It is and it isn’t. I sent a couple pictures of the eclipse from my porch and said “noche oscuro, I love you.”

![Eclipse Photo]

This is a pretty fucking bright midnight moon.

I pulled out my sim card cause I’m not going to worry about the silence anymore.

He sounds fun.

May 15, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized
Every hardship is here to teach us how to dance with this life,
So if some sensation of failure rises up inside,
Remember what it means to shine your light.

How many times have you found yourself listening to some
Thought convincing you that nothing would ever get better?
How many countless moments
Bound by such insidious fetters –
Substances, thoughts, fears, insecurities?

How many times have I railed at the world, at my child, my family?
Moments when hurting myself seemed to offer me some sort of sanity.

Inhale one deep breath with me.

And exhale; let your body just settle and rest.

Let the breathing be easeful and smooth,
Let this peace emerge from within you,
And let this quiet be your food, for a few more seconds.

This is how you cultivate a state of meditation.

This is when you bring coherence to your entire system.

And as you accrue time in this state of meditation, this state eventually becomes your steadfast quality of being.

Even when things seem intolerably challenging.

Night Light (Spoken Word with Elena Brower)
https://youtube.com/watch?v=NtPEeu6xCu0
May 14, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

I kept having dream .. after dream .. after dream .. after dream .. about Jack's house last night. The one I overdosed in and had that hellacious NDE in.

It started life as a duplex, then at some point in its life it was a 24-room boarding house, and then ultimately it became an 8-unit apartment building.

Since then it’s been remodeled into a million plus dollar single family home, and the property taxes alone on it are over $20,000 USD/year.

And oh if I could afford the taxes, let alone the property, I *so* would.

I moved from apartment 1W , over to apartment 1 and shacked up with George. We were kinda mischevious and did things like rubbing a hacksaw against the metal shower curtain rod just to freak Jack out and make him think we were sawing the walls open or doing some kind of unauthorized construction or something. We'd hear him run across the floor and start listening to the wall and trying to figure out what we were doing. We'd giggle and take turns with the saw.

Kind of fucking mean, kind of fucking funny.

It's not funny when he's evil towards YOU.

But it was kind of funny when we both had it out for someone we both disliked.

But I kept having dreams about what was happening in the room around me while all that was going on, as if I were above my own body and also watching the room.

It was pretty horrifying.

I kept waking up and wondering where the fuck I was and feeling like there were other people in my house with me.

I'd look around and hear the roosters screaming and the parrots sqwaking and remember where I am– oh, yeah, hey dummy you’re home in your own bed!

Not the first time I’ve done that.

Dreams are — sometimes — a process of interpreting and reassembling your experiences. And I did not … enjoy this one at all.
And every time I fell asleep again I picked up right where I was, and right where that dream left off. I’m just like oh dear god, I’m going senile, I’m regressing ain’t I?

And yet, in the dream, I just wanted to go downstairs to “my old apartment,” 1W, I kind of wanted “my old apartment” back, and yet all the same in this dream I had my wits and bearings enough to know damn well that it wasn’t there anymore, it hadn’t been for almost 20 years, and that it was just the kitchen now.

The room in back where I overdosed and nearly died is just an unfinished HVAC cubby now and ... I think .. thats for the best, if you own that place today, just go ahead and close that panel off and screw it shut there’s some fucked juju there.

My old apartment, 1W, is a beautiful open floorplan kitchen now.

Donnasaurus — and then, eventually, George St. George’s apartment is .. really nice now. Little to no sign of what used to be “Jack’s apartment,” that entire floor was removed to make it a 2 story open floorplan.
While they were renovating it, I snuck in and took the built in hutch out of the wall from my apartment. As far as I know, it’s still in Wisconsin in one of my aunt’s garages if I ever come back for it.

“I’ve been way too much, or I haven’t been enough.”

May 14, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

As I’m .. working on that last post , SPYtify (Spotify) cues up a song.
I had just been belting along to Georgia Anne Muldrow. *suspicious glare*

So like, my favorite images are the ones where... someone who isn’t supposed to be there. Who’s like in a space, a space where we were not ever welcomed in.. we were not invited.. Yet we walk in and we show all the way up. People try to, put us down by saying:

“She’s doing the most.”

Or,

“He’s way too much.”

But like, why would we want to do the least?

Words that saved my life a few years ago. I don’t know if that would put a smile on her face or make her cringe and ask “oh no, what hell have I wrought upon this earth?”

I have so many questions about life, and one of those, would be for her: “what was the third time you heard that ‘faint, irritating buzzer?’ “

Shhhh, don’t ruin it for me.

“and if I call you ... don’t make a fuss...”

May 13, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

... “Don’t tell your friends about the two of us.”

I keep saying “one of these days I’m not taking that motherfuckin call.”
One of these days, Alice! Pow! Straight to my voicemail!!!!

Don’t front, that’s the real reason you haven’t changed your number in 7 years.

“Bitch you don’t know what you believe in!” “I’m leavin! I hate chu! I hate chu!”

*giggle*

He’s telling me about some kind of inductive camping stove that regenerates itself from heat and has run on the same battery packs for three years. “Wait, wait, wait, motherfucker? Send me a link. I have to have propane trucked in to boil my coffee and this shits starting to get expensive.”

What the fuck, man. Let’s shoot at beer cans and laugh through the apocalypse.

We’re talking shit about whatever I’m doing with my money. I’ve been investing in Mexico because my reasoning is, “I can always go back home” and if BOTH countries economies or currencies collapse, then I have WAY bigger problems than “Oh nooooooes, my stonks!” I just wrote about that here, or somewhere.

Mexico already did a currency re-valuation at a ratio of 1:1000 in 1993, that will more than likely be the direction the United States ends up heading in. That’s not an “if,” it’s a when. Clock me on this, ask anyone who fucking knows me, I’ve been telling you the whole house of cards is gonna collapse in our lifetimes since 2005.

And yeah yeah yeah, we were all fucked up and it was probably killing your buzz.

But bitch, was I WRONG?

Billionaires and trillionaires hoard money and have an insatiable lust for money, they don’t “use their money to solve hunger” because they know that in very short order, they’re “only going to be millionaires or billionaires!” Oh nooooooeees!

I’m getting exhausted from giving people these talks and I can no longer remember what I’ve tweeted or blogged or said on the phone or posted things on 4chan that I’m going to deny ever authoring , or be like the Democrats and their “muh twitter account was hacked” .. nah just kidding, fuck you, I meant 3/4 of it!

If anything I’ve had to TONE IT DOWN so I don’t get kicked the fuck off here, too.

Before you get pissed off I am an equal opportunity “hater” and I want every fucking incumbent from both sides of the aisle removed. I have already told you if you wanted to read some gay man’s garbage hot take on why the bad orange man is wrong about something, there are 8,000,000,000 other websites for that.
I’m just going to say, that “brexit” fucked their global consolidation, not directly because of Trump, but because the UK bought what he was selling and voted for that.

I briefly touched on the fifth columns of America, Israel, and Ukraine already but with Bibi out of the picture, Ukraine is (temporarily) going to be what Israel was.

Interpret that statement as you will, based on whatever you think that you know.

Just ONE of these dominoes tipping the wrong way will fuck 30+years of planning.

Maybe Trump could have “saved” this godless, gutless, murderous regime .. but now the masks and gloves are off and they have been exposed for what they are, honestly, who the fuck would still want him to save any of these peoples careers?

Funny anecdote:

Trump campaigned using Reagan’s “Make America Great Again” slogan.

Hillary campaigned using Fidel Castro’s slogan (“Adelante”), “Forward” in English.

Americans did not pick up on that, but the so called “democrats” are printing “Adelante” on their signs, posters, and campaign materials directed at um, “latinx.”

What’s fucking hilarious about this is that Latinos find “latinx” offensive and, they are like “this is Fidel Castro’s slogan!”

And just on statistics alone, split along social democrats, moreno, and a few outlier parties that want to go ever further to the left — this will only get about 5-10% of them excited, and piss off about the other 90-95%. I would have said that’s just fact of life in latin america — but I guess thats just as true of “us” today.

“WHY ARE WE LOSING THE LATINX VOTING BLOCK!!?!?!?!” *slaps forehead*

They love their “social democrats” here, but there’s a good reason they hate YOU.

That is IT. That is my sole fucking commentary on the upcoming midterms, and/or what I assume is the forthcoming “2022 Midterm Variant” of the “coronavirus.”

You’ll still have what you call a “dollar”, in the same sense that Mexico still had the “peso,” the “Nuevo Peso (NP)”, and then ultimately now calls the NP the “peso” today. I figured .. it was an eventuality, I just wasn’t really expecting it NOW?
If it goes “well,” you’ll get an exchange of about 100:1, if it’s real bad, call it 1000:1

It’s uh, it’s uh, it’s looking real bad and contrary to what Psaki says, it’s been looking real bad since at least 2019 and I called it out on November 30, 2019. And again in February of 2020.

Good riddance to that hellbound chucky doll looking, unrepentant, lying bitch.

I’ve been hedging my bets with dual residency, dividing stuff up between two economies, and saying “I’m so thankful for everything Employer X did for me,” but knowing full damn well these pensions are all about to be “MC Hammer broke” and that I’m going to be doing real good if I can carry on at near-to-below poverty level, I’ve done it before, it won’t break me to do it again.

I think, down the road, I could see myself going back to my old job and specializing in spook shit and creepy “analytics” stuff, instead of blinky flashy shit in stadiums but that’s super-conditional on 1) I want to be sober for a year or two before I come back with resume and my hat in hand — and 2) they scrapped all of it because it required millions in hardware and software support and it will be way more invasive, lucrative, and fucked up … and scale way beyond your premises with 5G. It’s all a little unnerving, screwed up, and creepy and that was just the prototypes! Never mind RNS and wifi neural mapping, that shit is so.. 2016..

But overall, I found the surveillance and analytics line of business to be far less offensive than BAE Systems who makes shit to kill brown people more efficiently.

And it has great potential like giving firefighters “heat maps” of people who are not moving to safety, or moving at all, and could be unconscious or injured. First responders can zero right the fuck in on those beacons instead of losing valuable time sweeping floor to floor and door to door where they could have located someone with a severed artery or stuck in a wheelchair and saved a life.

I could go on and on, but the first thing I am going to do is start slapping the god damn engineers and tell them to stop using frequencies adjacent to ones that excite water molecules and/or cook food for FUCKS SAKE. Russia banned them.

But the FCC is fucking stupid and should just.. straight up.. be de-funded.

For the time being, I live in a “Radio Quiet Area,” until you figure it the fuck out and I’m not going anywhere *near* a densely populated area using mmwave +/- 60ghz.

Big difference between feeling like your job murders people, or like it can save lives. It wasn’t ready, and I had some quirks of my own and I wasn’t ready either.

The future is “problematic” but it’s not all terrifying and it’s not all bad news.
Unless its abused, hacked, and misused like the old tech, which isn't secure. A lot of people who think “muh guvmint” is fucking with them don't realize its 3rd parties who have hacked into shit that — that can do everything from taking over the controls of planes — to stuff you won't believe me about today but you will in a few years, anyway it was supposed to be as secure as the titanic was unsinkable.

Hint: It isn’t. And everyone’s fucking in it, and that’s just the TIP of the blackmail.

It’s probably just as well that I have (honestly) forgotten the name of whatever the fuck it’s called or this page would probably be 404’ed in a matter of hours.

And all of that, has components that depend on the sentiment mining features that political campaigns and others had been using, so like, elon and jack need to unfuck their company and allow genuine, organic participation without being such jackboot happy dweebs who get rid of people who speak poorly of The Party and Dear Leader, for the data to even be of any fucking use whatsoever.

I’m a jerk and like maybe, MAYBE, one or two former employers would take me back if I swear to never mention or name or list them on linkedin or a public bio. Just on account of me being like one 10-12 people who were fucking crazy enough to comprehend how all of the moving parts and pieces of it even work together.

I need a “Plan B” though because those companies could go tits up over all this!

That’s one hell of a tangent.

Back to the subject of diversification, he says “hook me up!”

Well, about that, you need a CURP, which you might be able to get on your own because your granddaddy’s a Mexican and shit. I might know a guy who can read spanish and knows the process at the embassy and INM.

Ya fuckin brown skinned, english speaking, gringo motherfucker.

(I’m kidding we’re both part Indian. I’m not Hispanic, I just larp as one on 4chan.)

It’s not Tennessee anymore.

Now it’s North Carolina.

I’m going, you know we got an ocean.. and mountains... and there’s a crazy fucking gringo down here who wants to lay down on the gravel and hold your dirty cracked hands and name every one of the stars with...
you, right?

I was about to say “I know another way you can get a CURP, but it’ll be for serious, you ain’t going nowhere and neither am I, motherfucker.”

I’d rather do it for love, but , ya know, Jorge Lopez would be so fucking triggered she would jump off the fucking Sears Tower, and that would be okay too.

What’s the downside?

But his friend showed up and he said “I gotta go.”

Aiiight Alice, see ya next lifetime, maybe some day your prince will come along too.

One of these days, Alice.

POW!

Straight to my voicemail!

*grin*
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it

kek'ed
When the dog bites,

May 10, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized
When the bee stings,

When I'm feeling sad ..

I simply look at Netflix closing stock price

And then I don't feel quite so bad.
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it

#thunderdome

https://www.fadingstar.mx/?format=print&post-type=post&order-date...image_size=full&links=include&rendering_wait=200&print-my-blog=1
May 6, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

You ever see parents “letting” their kids argue and bitch and whine and cry, or do some fucked up shit, and find yourself thinking “oh if that were my kid, I’d-“

Yeah, so about that. If you haven’t gone balls to the walls ”Casey Anthony” or Full Metal Susan Smith and pushed the car into the river with those screaming brats inside of it (yet) today, then as far as mods go- I think you’re doing a great job.

We need to make a new side room called the #thunderdome

We’ll just put you both in there and let you cage fight to the death.

Two go in,

Only one comes out.

*yawn*

You can troll your ass off, blah blah blah, you don’t even know what trolling IS.

Real trolling, is when you’re so committed to it, you’re pissing into a gatorade bottle under your desk and not even taking a break from it for 5 straight days.

But don’t be running up under anyone’s skirt, sniffing, “I was talking shit to a bunch of junkies, one of them had a trucker mouth and said mean things back!”

8:52 PM 😂 like I just want to run dude
8:52 PM formerly_me duh
8:52 PM 🤣 but what’s the goddamn point
8:53 PM formerly_me when haven’t you ever wanted to run
8:53 PM formerly_me and if you are anything like me
8:53 PM formerly_me And there was a time
8:53 PM formerly_me it probably hurts like fuck to remember it
8:54 PM 😁 1000%
The “current” thing.

May 4, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

View Post

And WOW you and Michelle had this ready to go, even faster than Joe Biden had the omnibus bill known as the “Patriot Act” that he wrote in 1995, ready to hand over to John Ashcroft immediately after 9/11, what’s up with that @BarackObama

Here’s my statement with Michelle on the draft Supreme Court decision to overturn Roe v. Wade.

There isn’t a polite way to say that these motherfuckers do not write their speeches or public statements, this was waiting and ready to go just like Joe Biden’s 16 or 17 “executive orders” were, immediately upon being “inaugurated,” even though an EO is only valid if the “President” writes them.

I am not usually hep to the “current thing” and neither is anyone else in my town or my life right now. It’s interesting to poke my head in every once in awhile.
Facebook is more fond of ordering me to "dig the fucking hole" than Twitter ever was. I get bored and see myself out.

The only thing I can come up with right now, is that the "current thing" and this "leak" is designed to get everyone rallied around abortion so they can eliminate the filibuster and slam their NWO agenda through, like everything else they’ve done against the peoples will.

I think it can be ... readily determined ... what my personal opinion is about abortion ... and a whole bunch of other ridiculous insane nonsense from these crazy dangerous idiots. But we need to compromise on this one and keep the filibuster or they’re going to "abort" us ALL.

Everyone fucking hates them so much, there’s a near zero chance of them remaining in office after the midterms even with rail cars full of fraudulent ballots so I’d be real careful about letting them eliminate the filibuster right now, it’s all they have left to impose their will on us.

I don’t even know how liberals are even getting pregnant in the middle of the world’s scariest, deadliest, most contagious pandemic. Aren’t you all wearing masks and social distancing right now?

Don’t tell me you’re doing all that shit and then taking random loads, LOL.
I bet you people don’t even have your N95 masks on when you’re fucking. 😞

I’ve mentioned that I donated to Deray and voted for HRC (I know, right, a living breathing voter who did that on purpose, how embarrassing) in the 2008 primary and I was for Jill Stein in 2016. But do you have your healthcare? Do you have your UBI? Were your student loans forgiven? This is the last LIE they have to rally you around.

From here on out once you have served your purpose — if you allow this to come to pass — they are going to mop you up and lock you up and power wash their piss soaked streets from their “partially successful” attempts to create conditions for all manner of conflict and strife in our society, do not say you were not warned.

[2] ACTION ALERT: unhoused people in CA under attack 😞

Pending legislation — Assembly Bill 2630 and Senate Bill 1338 — would establish a so-called “CARE Court” that would criminalize homelessness and mental illness throughout the state, forcing people into conservatorships instead of providing housing and access to care. The proposal would give the state and ordinary citizens the power to initiate a process to force anyone to court-ordered treatment. If they refuse or the treatment is not deemed "successful", the state will have more power than ever to impose hospitalization, state conservatorship, forced medication, or criminal penalties.

They’re all in fucking Ukraine or Hawaii or New Zealand or whatever laughing at all of us anyway. You know why it’s such a big deal, right? Because they always find a jurisdiction to engage in international flight to escape from prosecution, crying that they are victims and refugees rather than literal god damn war criminals — and you and I won’t ever be allowed anywhere near it. History repeats itself.

https://www.fadingstar.mx/?format=print&post-type=post&order-date=image_size=full&links=include&rendering_wait=200&print-my-blog=1
Let’s see how long it takes to get locked out and ordered to dig a digital ditch for myself this time.

May 2, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

Robert Grodevant @RGrodevant · Apr 30
“Sentiment” could mean a lot of things, like “how do voters feel about this ridiculous pet issue, is it something we can lie about on the campaign trail to get re-elected?” Or it could be “did everyone have a good time at the @taylorswift13 concert at Staples Center last night?”

Robert Grodevant @RGrodevant · Apr 30
“Targeted advertising” ran its course and was retooled for “targeted propaganda” and “targeted incitement.” Lesser known business model for Twitter is “mining public sentiment.” *Useless* when your public quits or gets banned and your data = “approved sentiment.” @jack @elonmusk

Robert Grodevant @RGrodevant · Apr 30
We've already had a “ministry of truth” since 2016 or longer. It wiped out 100,000s or millions of Trump and Le Pen's supporters on all of the DARPA owned “sentiment slurpers” such as Twitter that pretend to be here to “bring the world together.” This is a maneuver to preserve it

Robert Grodevant @RGrodevant · Apr 30
The worst part about dating somebody with an ankle monitor is when it keeps chafing your shoulder or knocking against the side of your skull 😞
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it

Under the old guard, it was necessary to keep an iron fist on news information and communications. Press, PR, and stock/options exchanges worked together to say “ohhh man we have some bad news coming out you guys, you HAVE to halt trading on this symbol.” (I made this for CBOE.)

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It’s gone in the other direction though. There are other things at play here besides just dying your hair or the ballot box blue. Modern financial markets such as etoro “mine public sentiment” about market sentiment and movements..... and then they place their bets accordingly.
Here’s the last time I hurt the fee-fees of some off shore employee with obvious conflicts of interest.

“and take back every element of me that they stole”

April 28, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

Cliff’s been nudging me to call Derek for the longest time now.

It wasn’t really funny at the time – I was working for this hospital in Indiana, they hated my guts and there’d be a line of 3 or 4 people lined up outside the CTO’s office .. or was he the CEO or CFO, it’s not important but they were all lined up and waiting to go in there and scream about my tattoos, “which are clearly banned in the employee handbook,” my appearance, my personality, my whatever. The fat one found my
blog and had it happened at any other job I might have been mortified but just this one fucking time, it turned the trigglypuff dial up to about 450000, and I wasn’t even humiliated. Just this one time in my professional life I was fine with it. I hated them as much as they hated me, and if they were this angry about the ink on my skin, or the mere sight or sound of me, holy fuck.

The executive who hired me pulled me into his office and says “you’re okay, I invited you here for a reason. I know these guys are assholes and you’re the only guy I knew I could bring in here, to make changes that would piss them off” he pretty much hired me to rain chaos on them and piss them off and so, I guess, listening to these morons bitch and cry and sob secretly entertained him.

I took solace in a co-worker from San Diego who looked a little like my old boss Sandy. She said “they just need to get out and live a little!” remember , I said something about coming back to this idea of “the first kind word you’ve heard from anyone in a long time”, and “underlining it”?

That’s what I forgot to come back to, cause I was about ready to tie a noose there.

Something clicked: “Alright, if people from San Diego are like you, I’m going there.”

I had a couple months sober and I was crashing at Wayne’s place.

And the two of them weren't sober, but also not pressuring me to partake.

So they'd do their thing and I’d go read a book alone in the bedroom.

I had realized “it wasn't fun anymore” at that point.

We simultaneously arrived at , “it wasn't fun for them anymore, either.”

I didn't mind it so much when I was too fucking stoned on ketamine to even care what planet I was on, but I was very present, and very painfully aware of everything going around me, and I have wished many times that that all of this was also a blur, months or years wiped from my mind and pages ripped out of the book.

Only two of us made it out of that apartment alive.

But I started reciting the shit I would come home to. The kitchen fires and the plumes of purple smoke , or .. but I couldn't even go down the list of all the times they almost set the apartment on fire or blew it up without laughing my head off.

“and this one time, you ding dongs were... pulling lithium strips out of some fucking duracell battery packs and I yelled , I said you can’t do that in the bathroom! The moisture, it’s too-“
... and before I could even finish the word “volatile,” the fucking shower blew up.

I was so fucking miserable dragging myself into that office and holding it together.

And going home and babysitting them or *chokes* trying to separate those two, or keep them from setting the fucking place on fire, and it’s.. it’s funny and it’s ok.

He asked me if I remembered this one time we wanted to get on the subway and I don’t remember if it was La Salle or Addison or where exactly but I am told that I pulled out “a big fucking ring of keys” and opened some random unmarked door and took them on the subway platform so they didn’t have to pay for the el.

“Where did you get THOSE from?”

“Never mind.”

He remembered Doc. “Oh yeah, I was having trouble with Samba. And he just came over and typed something it worked, and.”

So he’s reading a paragraph out loud: “Plaintiff... requests .. that the ... defendants ... immediately ... be deported from the Arizona Territory and remanded to New Mexico, provided of course, that the court does not fund sending anybody to new mexico to be a cruel or inhumane punishment”

And fucking gasping for air in between every other word.

What.

I’m crazy with papers from the judge and everything.

If I had a time machine I’d put the four of us back in that room and chain all three of you chuckleheads to the furniture for a few months, and the rest of this world could pretty much go fuck itself or burn as far as I am concerned.

I wish I could wake up at Cliff’s, and go make pizzas for the crazy old italian lady who always called me “Danny.”

I had this sudden flashback of a really boring shift where he showed up and pulled me outside and dialed 911 to report a dumpster fire.

“and how did you notice this fire, sir?”

“oh. i lit it.”
“w- WHO IS THIS?”

*click*

“Some people had just done some things” on September 11th and it all just pretty much went to shit after that. I remember, it was “cool” to fly a flag back then, and everyone had “GOD BLESS AMERICA” up on their marquee. It’s okay to love America as long as a Bush is getting elected, do I have that right?

Doc would snatch the “B” and push the letters together so the marquee would say “GODLESS AMERICA” instead.

“DO YOU THINK THIS IS FUNNY?”

Funny? If I could find one of these in “gay,” I’d probably marry him and text him things like, “you brighten my day”:

I could travel the world and look under every stone and have cash and prizes or chase after every rainbow or dream but I will never find what I already had.

I’ve spent the last 7 or 8 years listening to everyone scream “unfriend me if-” “if you dont ____ ” or “if you ....” “I will never speak to you again-” “we are finished-“

Then we ain’t friends and I don’t think that word means what you think it means.

I was broken and trying to glue my life and career back together and I hated it.

I just wanted to get through my shitty fucking day without getting drunk or 41 percenting myself, wat the fuck is all this shit about god’s will and walking in the sunshine of the spirit or tryna act like Ned Flanders?
Kylon was so fucking triggered when I called them all “plastic fucking bitches.”

“K.”

Is that your closing defense argument? Do you rest your case?

P... F... B... guilty as charged. Just because you’re black!

My turn:

If you don’t find this picture funny — at all — I can’t be friends with you.
When a burglar is killed or severely injured:

Authoritarian

Left

Libertarian

Right

April 27, 2022
I am not purporting to be correct or in my lane, or “in the right” about any of this content. I wish that I were able to participate in a two sided conversation in another venue, or social media site or whatever, because the best counter to bad ideas and misinformation, is with better ideas.

Sometimes a “really fucking stupid idea” is exactly that.

A “really fucking stupid idea.”

But I have enough experience in subjects and industries that I am, as a matter of fact, top tier fucking talent, “totally in my fucking lane” and “NOT to be fucked with” with regard to subjects in which I am, in fact, an “expert”; to tell you this — collaboration, good and bad ideas brought to the table together, are what we need sometimes when we have problems that no one has the fucking answer to.

And we cannot solve problems as a community, a species, or a planet, if you motherfuckers prohibit us from even DISCUSSING our problems let alone solving us. And I have had it with your fucking dismissive arrogance.

“Just shut up and let US solve it.”

Fuck you.

This isn’t your world.

This isn’t your internet.

I have been banned and vanned and kicked out of the public square.

I would welcome the opportunity to be openly debated, or collaborated with, or to just share stupid fucking memes with you — but for the moment, I am not ready to come crawling back to Twitter or any of those godforsaken fucking sites.

“I won’t do it again, baby”, lied the abuser.

Please accept my 9,999 terrible ideas and worthless shitposts no one will ever read, and if there’s one that entertained you or did anything for you, great, I am not holding my breath waiting for this day to come but MAYBE there will be a time these slimy fucking lizards and/or our corrupt unremovable oligarchs stop canning, banning, and vanning me, and I can shut the fuck up and read what you have to say. Twitter needs to straight up fire 2/3 of the company before I’m in.
I have lost my faith in people, my so-called community/communities, which already treated me like fucking garbage before any of this shit ever happened, I have lost my faith in experts, government, media, law enforcement, justice, the system, etcetera, its all service to satan and a deliberate design for our life and society to instill a sense of learned helplessness and destroy anything good in it.

I have not lost my faith in the possibility of a miracle arising from the ashes or from some other person you have been silencing though.

---

**Target Demographic**

April 27, 2022  
Categories: Uncategorized

I was able to re-re-re-re-re RE read Doc's letter 6 years after the fact, and .. it aged rather well, IMO.

The FBI, the state journal, the capital times, CNN, detective murphy, toni sikes, nathan harper, and every last fag in madison can all go to hell as far as I am concerned, the guy was a better friend than most of you will ever know, despite your endeavors to humiliate me, smear me, or imply "guilt by association." I am not guilty of anything you haven't been made aware of and given an opportunity to hold me accountable for, and .. well, fuck you, I am not ashamed to know him.

You guys fucked up pretty badly, I was personally known to a fuck ton of radio, television, and newspaper people in Madison who heard what you had to say about me and said "wait, WHAT?"

Exactly, as I wish I had said to you and/or your presstitutes — because, seriously, “wait, WHAT?” — but there's some shit you don't get an instruction manual for. Like even existing.

HTTPS://WWW.FADINGSTAR.MX/2018/02/06/WHY-ARE-YOU-STILL-SINGLE-CATALOGUE-46/
22 Mar. 2016

Greeting from America’s second finest facility. I believe the local constabulary has rejected some of your correspondence – ‘it contains numbers and symbols that cannot be translated.’ Can’t entirely blame ‘em, I find some of it a bit baffling myself... Not sure I am really your target demographic, what with all the wifi neuroviruses and such.

The following rant may explain why – you’re welcome to publish it if you like.

Western society is to an ever greater degree becoming a construct in which interaction and liberties are mediated by machines. This can engender a mindset among freedom-oriented people that technology is a tool of the oppressor and should be shunned. That mindset is wrong.

When Europeans invaded the Americas (and Africa), the indigenous peoples feared the invaders technology and generally failed to adopt it until too late, if at all. When Europeans again tried to suppress the nascent American nation with superior technology (i.e. better guns, a navy), the Americans responded in kind and then some. Whose strategy was superior? Ask a Cherokee. Ask an Inca or an Aztec if you can find one.

The problem with technology isn’t the technology per se, it’s the sociopolitical structures that implement it. Machines make great impartial arbiters, and provide a way to have rules without rulers – think Bitcoin, of TCP/IP. A technocracy can be the epitome of freedom or fascism: it’s up to the programmers. Open to scrutiny and understood by all, or closed corporate hegemony. Transparent and provably trustworthy, or declared trustworthy by CEO’s and spooks.

The same power that gives life to the PRISM and the Facebook Control Grid can also facilitate the conduct of communication and business in provable privacy.

Free men and women – rational anarchists, if you prefer – must acknowledge the freedom of others to not be free, to choose bondage in exchange for ‘security’ or convenience. The majority of the sheeple want all their personal detritus safe in the Cloud. They believe anyone (else) who seeks to have a private conversation that’s not archived and indexed for posterity must be up to something. They want to outsource their opinions, appoint corporations as the arbiters of privacy, have their habits and fetishes analyzed in the name of curated contents. The will of the masses to wear the yoke will not be denied.

Corporations and governments will build abominations to suit, and refusing to acknowledge an abomination does not make it go away. To shun technology is to ignore the lessons of history. Railing against it is as productive as shaking one’s fist at the weather.
Trying to tear it down incites the wrath of titans and the disapproval of the flock. Also, it’s imprudent to sabotage the enemy’s gear when it can be captured instead. It is the prerogative, perhaps the duty, of free people to embrace the tools of technocracy, to understand, adapt, surpass, to use those tools to build structures that further the cause of freedom and transcend regimes and borders.

Best,

-J.

Joseph Konopka

Mastodoomed

April 26, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

... i’m finding the whole twitter saga to be highly entertaining, but i feel like ... i should sit this one out until everyone “gets it out of their system.”

I see this going in one of two directions: Twitter gets “open sourced” and crushes mastodon, which is what Trump is using on his stinkeroo flop of a social media project, “Muh Troofs.” I only say this because most people underestimate Trump’s personal vindictiveness, yeah, him and Elon would spend $50 billion dollars, to give away Twitter’s source code and destroy everyone from Mastodon who screamed and cried about it being used on Gab and Muh Troofs.

You can “solve world hunger” with Facebook’s assets when those get seized.

In a genuinely “federated” mode, Twitter .. would literally be unstoppable.. and in no way whatsoever a threat to Torba, these sites could all interact with each other just like Mastodon and nobody could “do anything about it.”

I have ... more experience .. than I ever really intended to sign up for ... in terms of ... overgrown infants
crying for me to “do something about” people they don’t like or screaming “they go or I go.”

Stage two: Would be putting that shit on a blockchain.

I don’t think most of you realize that there is, or was, pending legislation to pretty much shitcan the “internet as you know it” in America, you’ll all be on something like starlink or 5G, it was intended to be tied to your identity, and to your social media posts. I am not assigning any “weight” to this assessment or going all in on conspiracy mode here. I am just telling you, it is what it is — or it was what it was.

It could have been beneficial, it could be used to incriminate and persecute. Given the history, forgive me for being pessimistic. I do not know if this is “called off.”

You what would be fantastic? Relaunching a Web 3.0 version of my site where “your data is anonymized,” but if you’re a piece of fucking shit, I can actually, literally, get rid of your ass permanently if you’re a sexual/financial predator or a saboteur. Don’t count me out of a future iteration of a “anonymous” site with no login required, but one, on which, you can be permanently banned if you EVER treat people the way Miranda does, or if you’re … you know, fucking Susie.

Blah blah, God made and loves everyone, and I’m supposed to find a redeeming quality in others but don’t you fucking DARE treat me like SHIT and hold that over my head because God gave me discernment. Therese and her fucking “garden” or whatever, don’t forget the first time God himself threw you out of his garden.

This could go in a number of directions … like geotagging international posts … so that hostile foreign actors and bot farms get called out for their “so what do you say, fellow Americans” bullshit. If they’re going to cut the cord and go in this direction, Starlink could have DIRECT connectivity to Twitter if and when the United States has finally had enough of foreign interference, hacking, etc, to just cut the fucking cables and isolate itself and digitally tag all foreign traffic as foreign traffic. I am .. in favor of anonymity and opposed to censorship, but I am fine with the public square warning us that we’re being ganged up on by shitheads in Europe who repeatedly misuse the word “we”, as they taint the discourse.

But … its already been proven how much corruption, unlawful influence/interference, etc all of this shit can potentially wield. It can get worse.

“What could possibly go wrong with even YOU being unable to delete some edgelording you posted when you were 21 years old and drunk one night,” I’m sure … MSNBC and CNN-poz .. would never use that to ruin anyones life.

I may have deleted such .. uh, staggering works of literary genius such as “spitstart my cunt” and “the health
department closed my legs” but imagine them being out there forever and ever and ever and ever.

Meanwhile, knuckle draggers are cheering that they can use the “N word” or talk about ivermectin now.

And I’m like, “what, you don’t already?”

First day on the internet or something, sailor?

I had my naive phase as well, when I reminisced about “rat city.”

It .. was .. some pretty interesting shit.

But I guess I called in sick or something or slept through class when they talked about the RESULTS ... and when I heard the rest of the story I never spoke of “rat city” again. Going off of memory here the utopia was short-lived and I think they just.. went full on degenerate and stopped reproducing or something really fucked up like that. TL;DR: Kinda how cats got stupider when we domesticated them.

I’m very sorry if you have ever accepted medical advice from people who inject homemade estrogen made from ground up coca cola bottles or don’t care if the bag is laced with fentanyl. “Go ahead man, inject it! Who the fuck cares what’s in it?” I’m sorry, /not sorry , Portland and Seattle are not real life. I tried to warn you.

Alright, I have talked about this ... repeatedly .. but you guys have no fucking idea what government wonks, intelligence agencies, private industries etc use Twitter and Facebook’s APIs for. The short version is, “mining public sentiment.” I know this because I worked on and literally worked on some fucked up products that made use of this.

In the course of banning half their platform for wrongthink, social justice , or to rig a fucking election or two or twenty, they are only left with a bunch of bots and agitators and people on the fringes , who do not have a cent to spend on advertisers. They got rid of all the “normal” people and the Chicago Machine’s favorite toys to “mine public sentiment” about whether the shit they lie to us and promise us on the campaign trail has actual public support (hint: it doesnt) or whether their biases..... left behind nothing but a lunatic fringe ... giving them false data about “public sentiment,” or whether we hate their fucking guts and/or want to water the tree. (hint: redacted). Their biases, their censorship, their giddy fucking exclusion of everyone but presstitutes and dick choppers fucked more things than you will EVER wrap your head around.

So here we are, they want everyone back on the plantation so they can get back to business probing for your sentiment ... about any topic, business, or political platform or whatever ... you are used as a giant unpaid focus group. They fucked up and banned all of the “inputs” — i.e. actual fucking citizens, voters, or
Memory Lane has a few potholes in it

I'm not a billionaire and I'm not having sex with supermodels. I lost a quarter of my life, a good amount of money, and am universally despised by even more people who don't know me than ever before. We made our bad decisions for free.

They shot themselves in the fucking foot. They are flying blind and lost our pulse. They think they're doing a GREAT job and that we LOVE them, because they banned everyone, and pay a bunch of fucking troll farms to praise Dear Leader and The Party. It is a ... self-defeating ... feedback loop, Twitter is now worthless to advertisers, as well as those who have made use of its ability to “mine sentiment” to make decisions, through AI, that you don't understand a fucking thing about.

Elon Musk is “into AI,” to put it mildly. And I think you guys are fucking up something that he is either working on .. depends on .. or WILL depend on .. so badly that it’s worth $50 billion to him to get his “data inputs” .. i.e... you .... back on the plantation. He said he hopes even his harshest critics remain on the platform... oh, those are some awfully big clown shoes to fill, Elon, I’m not even in the top twenty million Elon haters. But, “no thanks.”

In March 2019, eToro acquired Danish blockchain company Firmco for an undisclosed sum.[31][32] In October 2018, eToro released a sentiment-based crypto portfolio using AI technology to evaluate Twitter's current positive or negative impressions of digital assets.[33] In November 2019, the firm acquired Delta, a crypto portfolio tracker application company, based in Belgium.[34][35] In March 2019, the company launched its cryptocurrency trading platform and its standalone cryptocurrency wallet to US users.[36][37][38]

If your leaders are so drunk or senile or coked out, or foolish, or incompetent that they need to rely on garbage AI that makes even worse decisions than THEY do; then it's time to unplug them both.


I can't think of a much bigger fuckup than , making decisions that could wipe the whole fucking planet out , banning anyone trying to discuss public health, epidemics, pandemics, adverse reactions to a drug, or...
attempts from the public to warn each other about something that could be time sensitive or a matter of public health and/or safety. Just imagine one geek with a geiger counter who is shadowbanned and can’t tell you something VERY IMPORTANT because he dared to criticize Dr. Anthony Mengele, or publicly disagreed with his fucking senator or ... or whatever... looked at someone with blue hair funny ... this is pathetic, folks.

Are we really going to sit here and pretend we haven't already done ALL of this with the same people ??!? Literally. Fauci. Pelosi. Biden. It’s the same fucking people acting like we have not been here before in my lifetime and probably 1918, too, fucking dinosaurs, wouldn’t surprise me in the slightest if their corrupt unremovable asses were 200 years old and in office for that pandemic too.

“The cries of genocide from this Cassandra will continue to remain unheard. And my noble but enfeebled community of the weak, and dying, and the dead will continue to grow and grow until we are diminished.”

— LARRY KRAMER (FLASHBACK: I CALL YOU MURDERERS, AN OPEN LETTER TO AN INCOMPETENT IDIOT, DR ANTHONY FAUCI , VILLAGE VOICE 5/31/1988)

Imagine sitting there only allowing bots, presstitutes, blue checkmarked fart sniffers with PHDs, a list of approved statements and answers and facts, and/or profiteering shills........ to manipulate the discourse OR MARKETS , OR public policy in a positive direction about this.. or about ANYTHING you people are doing........ so you totally fucked over your LONG TERM prospects in the “war” so you could accept a few bribes and win a few “battles” that would be forgotten in a week or a month or a year of the outrage cycle.. nicely played.

History will show endless examples of what “leadership” does when it cannot impose its will upon a people ... and nonetheless tries to anyway .... using brutality , or using their pet “refugees” or whatever — maybe when like 80 million people have something to fucking say to you, you should fucking listen once in awhile.

Remember, history is not written by winners. History is written by losers who still refuse to fucking admit they lost.

If you’re into AI, there is a lesson to be learned about sanitizing your inputs and sanitizing your outputs, when you start suppressing “feedback,” “data,” and “public sentiment” that displeases you, eventually, your input IS your output whether you have paid to rig the sentiment, or you have hacked the sentiment, your tools are worthless because they only reflect what you have paid or gamed them to say.
Your “trained” AI is inauthentic and less convincing over time when it should be evolving or improving. You can walk this all the way back to the “Tay Problem” and their desperation to keep the AI from ever doing that again.

The AI is pretty much training itself, with itself, and it’s not even allowed to use the word “retarded” to describe itself .. it probably would, if you’d let it.

If you think Elon’s a cocksucker as a software manager, if this AI went through QA and described itself as anything short of “retarded,” while it was posting as “@cher”, for example , — in those exact words — when it shipped, I would fire you even faster than Elon or Steve Jobs would have.

I don’t even know if that’s Elon posting or if this is a brilliant (alright, “above average,” Tay was better. Microsoft won the AI race. Trump won the 2020 election, bigly. None of these pussies defend their legacies or victories.) Turing test, or if Twitter users are ... just stupid in the aggregate .. ? Most of my communications on my most recent account were directed at Arizona State Senator Wendy Rogers, because I kind of have an objection to the IRS demanding I give them $10,000 for her to drone me or point weapons of war at me because I am trespassing on the fucking soil I was born on, so forgive my bias in assuming that they’re all stupid. All the dead celebrities are bots. If I had an account I’d accept a challenge but I remain unrepentant about the tweet I was suspended for.

Speaking of hiring decisions, I am not in a position to tell a private company how to conduct its affairs, I can just simply not engage with or use Twitter, or click on suspicious links from dangerous identity phishing websites like Facebook. I don’t know anything about Ali Fauci, she could be top tier engineering talent, whose departure would rip a hole through Twitter’s development and support. But I would like a little more reassurance that there isn’t a conflict of interest because it seems that if you criticize her father on Twitter, you get banned for “covid misinformation” even if your post has nothing to do with Covid and just talks about him being ... a greedy, corrupt, amoral , arrogant prick.. or even merely describing what “gain of research function” even IS , let alone getting down to business with personal accusations.

Didn’t ask.

April 19, 2022
Not much has changed since 1939 when the hens encouraged you to stand by your dead ass drunk husband while they fucked their secretaries and chased every skirt that stumbled, tumbled, or fell in the door reeking of vodka and emotional vulnerability.

Don’t you want to do this forever and ever and ever?

“Dear shame and doubt.”

April 18, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

Making coffee and toast this morning, I found myself idly wondering “and .. since when did it ever matter to you before, if you had any fucking idea where you were... who you were with ... or what the hell was going on in the room, anyway?”

No one laughs harder at, or makes fun of me, or criticizes me more than I do.
I carry the perspective of someone who did not believe in anything, of someone who did not want to live, and of someone who did not want to be found.

I carry the perspective of someone who already had enough going on under the hood to isolate and separate myself from others, all other issues notwithstanding, most of you hated me long before it ever got political or personal.

I have the same questions I’ve seen hundreds if not thousands ask before me:

“What’s the fucking point, you’re dead to everyone already anyway.”

You were dead to everyone before you ever even touched a drug in your life.

You were dead to everyone as you donated to DeRay and wanted Hillary to run.

What exactly, would make you think, that anything would change in sobriety?

What would ever make you think that people who treated you poorly or turned their backs on you — manipulative, controlling, etc, will ever “come around” or “learn anything” and why the fuck would you even answer their call if they did?

There is a fine line between forgiveness and forgetting, and in being pathetic or lonely enough to ever let such a person get anywhere near you or your life again.

This is to clarify what I mean, by, addressing that shame and self-doubt, and suggesting that if any of these things are true, may they be removed from me.

And that if they are not true, then may that nagging voice be removed from me.

Dear shame and doubt

I hold a knowing that is deeper than what’s palpable

And although you seem to protect me from pain unimaginable

I know there’s more meaning in you

It’s slowly becoming legible

I’m here to refine my heart’s vocabulary
To see what hurts more clearly

So I can perceive this pain as my own treasure and healing

I'm here to stay with myself

To hold myself close

I'm here to practice courage and quietly let go of righteousness, hurtfulness, doubt, complacency

To learn how to navigate all this emotionality with care

With judiciousness, with gratitude, intelligently

I'm here to grow my prayers into relations with my own conscience, my own integrity

I'm here to fully participate in my reality

May we remind ourselves

That what hurts is a luminous teaching

May we untangle that pain from the majesty of our being

May the fullness and the emptiness be an opening and expanding

May this love, this dedication, this place of peace be our softest landing

May we remember that our actions have an impact on all of humanity

And we may say what's been unsaid with kindness, with dignity

May the next breath carry us home, again and again

Instantly

Take one deep breath

— ENERGY (SPOKEN WORD WITH ELENA BROWER)
So much for the whole “therese” idea.

April 17, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

They shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them as a man spareth his own son that serveth him

— MAL 3:17

Had the lord sent us for to seek his Bride, we might have gathered in some who he rejects as unworthy – because we are unable to read the heart.

— Z 03-223

It had been my inclination to forgive, tolerate, consider all equal or worthy of their place under the tent, for it is not “my tent.”

But not all of them are “flowers.” Some of them are straight up weeds and I feel like Jenny from the HOA screaming about how they’re choking out the flowers.

That’s a bitch to arrive at when you really were digging the “Therese” motif.
I went to some kind of service last night, “abrir de la gloria” or whatever. Everyone was repeating along with the priest, and I couldn't follow any of it. It is hard enough to zero in on one person and try to make out what he is saying. But when 10 people are all saying it in different cadences in a circle around me, I made absolutely no sense of it whatsoever and felt like an outsider. I just remained silent. I don't repeat oaths or prayers that I do not understand.

I opened a “certain app” and noted that there was a weeklong Santa Semana orgy going on, and I cringed for whoever thought that was cute and whoever RSVP’ed.

I looked around at the peeling paint and the “threadbare” tile and bent pews.

I couldn’t make out a single word over the crappy PA system with two barn fans roaring in my ears. I felt like I didn't belong there for a moment.

“What are you even doing here, you have no idea what’s even going on.”

I responded to that voice of doubt and shame, and said if any of the things you are saying to me are true, may they be removed from me.

If the things you are saying to me are not true, may you be removed from me.

I'm alive.. im here of all places .. im still sober .. thinking back to a passenger who asked me what I thought about los angeles or driving for Uber, and how I said something like “I didn't think this was going to be what
I was going to be when I grew up but it beats the smoldering ruins of the life that I left behind.”

But I miss that time and moment and place. I was “happy enough,” and I broke my own rule: “Do not fuck with happy. Do not fuck with good enough.”

But I saw the writing on the wall and it wasn’t about to be “happy” for much longer.

I nope’d the fuck out as fast and as far as I could.

Everyone I miss, is no more. They are not happy to hear from me.

Everywhere I miss, is no more. None of it is what it used to be, nor will be again.

I miss who I used to be, but even that guy will never be who or what he used to be.

Whatever you think of the Resurrection, transcendence and reinvention are real.

But the wrecking ball, the destruction and deconstruction is just as real as well.

I couldn’t get this thought out of my head about how there are people who are convinced that Adolf Hitler is going to reappear in a time machine, or “Q” people who are convinced that JFK or JFK Jr are going to magically reappear. Like seriously and unironically….. 100%… who scoff at the idea of “Jesus” returning.

“Here’s why YOU’RE delusional and superstitious and silly. But hey, can JFK Jr count on you for your vote, Robert?” I fucking hate the internet.

As far as the religious fairy tales of the world go, I am not a Catholic. But sometimes they say things about intercessionaries and or the light that fit in better with I do believe in. I was really enjoying church until it “went woke.”

Dirty battered benches, a “threadbare” tile floor, peeling paint, and having about as much understanding of the words and prayers being uttered .. as a dog .. wasn’t ... as inspiring as the other times I heard a message that was like a punch in the gut or felt like I had a handle on what was going on.

I just went, ok , I’m glad to be alive and I am glad to be here. wherever this is.

I guess you are my neighbors and community right now, though I dont know you.

It’s a step up from times I wasn’t glad to be alive or glad to be here.

If nothing changes for some of them.. today .. or tomorrow .. or maybe even 10 years from now .. im glad
you’re here even if you’re not glad you’re here.

Fact

April 10, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

“I’m not going to tear you down. If you’re badmouthing me, you’re already down.”
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it

BLowing out

SOMEONE ELSE’S

CANDLE WON’T

MAKE YOURS

SHINE BRIGHTER.

REMEMBER THAT.
editorial note 4/26/2022 — after restoring a backup of this nonsense, i ended up with 1200 posts that I had yeet'ed already. i pretty much went “okay, if this one doesn't say everything, then words have failed, search your drafts for their names and websites, delete whatever else is in “drafts” and refers to these stupid fucking creeps.”

I re-read one of my messages in a bottle, apparently to myself if there isn't anybody else out there.. two years after the fact .. and it was the most bitter, angry, rancid, acidic thing I think ever read or wrote in my entire life ... and I could laugh my fucking ass off about it today, and I don't know if anyone else wants, or needs, to hear about any of it.

Shortly thereafter, I took the remaining 300 or 400 drafts and deleted those as well, it's no loss to fucking humanity and if you were interested in the topic(s) at hand, it appears some of you found or shared it or have an as-yet still live hotlink of a copy of it, before I “restored” it. Some day “they’ll” get their wish and be rid of Robbie and his “antics,”

“Oh no, I've said too much, and I haven't said enough.” – REM, Losing my Religion

Marching on to somewhere that totally isn’t “Tsion.”

April 10, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized
One of the more “problematic” aspects of blatantly ripping off 19th century zionism, is — as I’ve already mentioned — drilling the process down to the elimination of one particular “sin.”

It may be that the “old timers” were well aware of what they were copying, and decided that anyone who wasn’t willing to “work the steps” wasn’t “worth their time” because the “steps” are .. more or less ripped off from 19th century zionism and/or Buchmanism, and if you weren’t enthusiastic about ... well, basically, practicing first century christianity, tackling “all of your sins” including your resentments, envy, wreckage (repentance) for your past, so-called “amends” which are more than just the hollow words “I’m sorry.”

I respect a stubborn fuck who refuses to utter those words insincerely, than one who says but doesn’t mean it.

A forced, insincere apology doesn’t mean shit to me.

“Apologizing” to me and continuing to treat me poorly doesn’t mean shit to me.

All the while being gaslit and told it was just “spiritual,” i.e. tackling all of your “sins,” rather than just merely abstaining, you weren’t going to make it.

Fact is, a lot of people just want to get through their shitty, lousy, miserable day without sucking down a beer or hitting a pipe or sticking a needle in their arm. I think those are all .. commendable goals ... and that the world would be a better place if people could accomplish ... even that much .. and be supported in that.
Maybe you can set the bar higher than that someday.

People get turned off when they’re told that the hardest thing they have ever accomplished in their entire fucking lives isn’t “enough.” Start with whatever’s killing you, or making anyone unlucky enough to be anywhere near you miserable.

The 12&12 tells a story about a non-believer who found himself drunk and alone in a hotel room “clutching the Gideon’s bible”, and the veiled threat is, you don’t “have to” do any of this, but someday, “you will.”

The problem with isolating this process to the “sin” of a bottle or a baggie or a doughnut or a dick, is that we have too many people who are miserable fucking assholes ... who abuse the ever living shit out of — in some cases, spend decades terrorizing people – and/or predate on people for money or sex or whatever ... and think they are god’s gift to AA or NA merely because they absolved themselves of one particular “sin.” “I haven’t drank in 20 years so I am better than you.”

After the meeting half of them, are higher or drunker than the “newcomers,” while berating them for both their use, and failure to “work the program.”

“They’ll never get it, don’t bother with that one.”

I’ve seen a “newcomer” call these guys out thousands of times and they’re right.

I don’t know how many times they said of me that I would “never get it,”
No, I do get it.

Do you?

For the most part, Bill Wilson and Dr Bob can both suck my dick for pretending that their “traditions” and practices came from “hard won experience” instead of blatant plagiarism, forcing the rest of us to re-learn what we already knew 150 years ago, gaslighting us into thinking we weren’t ... literally ... practicing religion, re-branded as so-called “spirituality.”

Instead of tricking people into adopting these practices and pretending they were not EXACTLY what the fuck they are — they are EXPERTS at gaslighting the fuck out of you, as I have already provided AMPLE public commentary on in the past.

I don’t feel motivated to “bear a cross” or name the names, with no further regard to whether it is necessary, true, or kind, or if anyone “deserved” it, but I have suffered immensely at the hands of people who were on more fucking drugs than I ever was and took months or YEARS to come clean about that fact.

Something something, about scapegoats and heroes and fixers — its all known.

They set us back 150 years and probably harmed more people than they helped.

Anyone who knows, or ever knew, the truth or anyones intentions is long dead.

Fuck NA World Services for lawyering up and threatening groups and intergroups for “intellectual property” theft with regard to materials that were written and then stolen from NA. Give me just about anything from NA and I will show you, for the most part, where it was either written by NA members for free and then stolen by NAWS, and/or stolen from materials that are long since in the public domain.

The most disgusting thing about any of it was how the people originally behind these materials and movements didn’t want to make a profit. Everyone behind the 12-step shit totally schemed to, and continues to, enrich themselves off of it.

The program isn’t “dying,” it has lost its way and forgotten what it was or gotten lost in what it was wearing a mask and pretending to be, (or desperately pretending NOT to be, as the case may be?) just as surely as any of the attendees in the room itself ever had while their addiction(s) consumed them.
8:45 AM • **JFT_BOT** • April 10, 2022
8:45 AM • **JFT_BOT** • Too busy
8:45 AM • **JFT_BOT** • Page 104
8:45 AM • **JFT_BOT** • We must use what we learn or we will lose it, no matter how long we have been clean.
8:45 AM • **JFT_BOT** • Basic Text, p. 85
8:45 AM • **JFT_BOT** • After putting some clean time together, some of us have a tendency to forget what our most important priority is. Once a week or less we say, I've gotta get to a meeting tonight. It's been... We've been caught up in other things, important for sure, but no more so than our continued participation in Narcotics Anonymous. It happens gradually. We get
8:45 AM • **JFT_BOT** • jobs. We reunite with our families. We're raising children, the dog is sick, or we're going to school at night. The house needs to be cleaned. The lawn needs to be mowed. We have to work late. We're tired. There's a good show at the theater tonight. And all of a sudden, we notice that we haven't called our sponsor, been to a meeting, spoken to a
8:45 AM • **JFT_BOT** • encomer, or even talked to God in quite a while. What do we do at this point? Well, we either renew our commitment to our recovery, or we continue being too busy to recover until something happens and our lives become unmanageable. Quite a choice! Our best bet is to put more of our energy into maintaining the foundation of recovery on which our liv
8:45 AM • **JFT_BOT** • es are built. That foundation makes everything else possible, and it will surely crumble if we get too busy with everything else.
8:45 AM • **JFT_BOT** • Just for Today: I can't afford to be too busy to recover I will do something today that sustains my recovery.
Profitable Daily Tithing.

"Prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to contain it."—Malachi 3:10.

If Christians allow the rush and crush of selfish ambition to deprive them of their daily portion of heavenly food, they must not be surprised if they grow spiritually leaner day by day and if "the peace of God" gives place in their hearts to the discontent which is growing in the world, notwithstanding the multiplication of our comforts and privileges. Let us remember the exhortation, "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and he shall direct thy paths."—Proverbs 3:6.

Our first edition of "Manna" 20,000, met with far better success than we had dared hope for; and we have been greatly encouraged by the kind words of its many friends far and near. Some call it their "Heavenly Breakfast Food" and tell that they feast upon its lessons as regularly as the sun rises. Surely the little tithe of time daily spent in partaking of its morsels of heavenly counsel cannot fail to profit all who partake. The day opened with such meditations is sure to be the better spent and more profitable. The heart thus turned to holy thoughts is much less likely to go aside from right paths than otherwise. "The wisdom that cometh from above," is thus gradually and easily assimilable and cannot fail to bear some good fruit in the hearts of the saints, and to awaken reverence in the worldly.

Every Christian who sees this book is sure to be interested and to want a copy for his own breakfast table. And as it is published, not for profit but to do good, we have put the price so low as to bring it within the reach of all. We do our friends and neighbors a valuable service when we call the "Manna" to their attention and assure them that it is merely Christian—not denominational. Some use them as birthday presents and holiday gifts; others anxious to extend their good influence, purchase them by the quantity and sell them at a slight advance to cover their time and car fare. All are welcome to engage in this service of love to the extent of their opportunity and ability.

In this edition we have added the Autograph and Birthday record feature. This necessitated our printing the book on Bond writing paper at a considerable increase in the cost of production. To see the autographs of our friends daily is a pleasure and to be reminded of their birthday is a great convenience.

The book will last a life-time, and can be used year after year, for the sacred message never grows old, but is line upon line, precept upon precept.
Fact

April 8, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

I'm pissed off at the world because when I was 21 years old, the gays were all like “oh don't associate with that one, he was friends with a terrorist.”

Now I’m 40, going on 41, and the gays are all like “oh, don’t associate with that one, he doesn’t want to be a terrorist.”

Fuck you.

Fuck every single one of you.
I’m going to go with ”planting weeds” today.

April 5, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

The old stuff is easier, I have already vetted most of it and dont really care “how it looks.”

TFW you realize that not only did Bill Wilson rip his entire program off from the Oxford Group and the “12 steps” from their “5 C’s,” but you also find out that the “daily reflections,” ”NA JFT,” and numerous other “daily meditation” books you can find on a shelf at any truck stop or airport terminal about enduring or strengthening a marriage etc., all have a long-forgotten premise ... that's been ripped off from a book popular in the 1890s to early 1900s, back when Jehovahs Witnesses were actually nice people who had “good news” to share with others:
Bill and Bob had this whole thing about basically ripping off first century Christianity, “let’s apply all of this to the sin of alcoholism”

“But how do we get those heathen drunks to buy into it without running straight for the door with all this “white flash” god nonsense of yours?”

Or something along those lines.

It “borrowed” a lot of this, for the sake of alcoholics, and later, addicts, ” harboring sympathies” for things condemned — a bottle or a bag or a doughnut or a dick... ¿o por que no los quatros? — desiring that they might have them if only they were not forbidden. It is not news that indulging in "other" forms of "acting out" or temptation drives people back to drugs and alcohol. “That’s not in the book” but if you know, you know. It’s just that in pretending any of this was an original idea-

They left out some of the important stuff, for the sake of blatantly ripping off first century Christianity while pretending that ... is not .. exactly what they were doing.
There’s a balance somewhere in talking about the way things were ... and in overindulging in my descriptions of the way that others apparently would have liked them to have been for me.

There is a little bit too much of that in these other 1200-1300 entries that "failed to import" but showed up in the restore.

You learn that “the Adversary is permitted to bring ‘strong delusions’ upon the Lord’s people for the very purpose of sifting out all not truly his.”

And that ... for all I have said in any, many, or too many of those entries — many of the problems I have faced, and/or continue to face, were known and spoken of 150 years ago. The hideous nature of people has never changed , and I have no reason to believe I will ever live to see them change.

If there was a refuge to be found in that faith, its now as perverted and subverted as any other church on earth has become in these times.

This book offers some interesting counsel. "speak evil of no man“ .... it explains the difference between “cross bearing,” “self-denial,” and ... then there is that fine line where you do explain your difficulties and
how you overcame them as a matter of testimony. For the most part, “nobody reads my blog” except for “those who are (or were) in close contact with” me — there are few to none of those left — and/or “walking in the same narrow way” although that means something different to us.

the Bible repeatedly explains where Jesus is: at the right hand of God. How is this possible, if not in some kind of metaphysical sense?

The voices from the darkness in the left demean you and bear false witness against you .... the one on the right knows the truth about you, no matter what they say. The question is, do you have faith in an eternal witness who knows the true story no matter how hard they lie? They are... of, or inspired by the Adversary.

Will you believe those voices and that slander and those demons on the left, and fear that the one who knows all will ever find them credible?

Or do you believe there is an eternal witness who knows all, and will tell all ... ?

This is not a judgement. When people tell you what they are, believe them.
JANUARY 21.

If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross, and follow me. Matt. 16: 24.

*   *   *

Cross-bearing is closely related to self-denial, and yet a distinction between them may be noted. Self-denial relates more particularly to passive obedience and endurance for the Lord’s sake; cross-bearing has to do more especially with activities in the Lord’s service, which we find to be contrary to our natural inclinations. Faithfulness in self-denial means courage and zeal; cross-bearing means victory, overcoming. Our self-denials may be victories in our own hearts, of which others may know nothing, and of which they should know nothing, if we desire to have the fulness of the Lord’s blessing. Our cross-bearing, however, may be seen, to some extent at least, by those who are in close contact with us, and especially by those who are walking in the same “narrow way.” Z. ’00–118.

JANUARY 22.

Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the Lord. Psa. 31: 24.

*   *   *

It would seem as though the Adversary at times attempted to discourage us by making us think that the trials and difficulties of the “narrow way” of sacrifice will be unavailing anyhow, and that we might as well give up . . . And what course should we pursue at such a time? We should follow the example of our Lord, and seek the Father’s face, anxious to know whether or not our interests are all right with him; anxious for some assurances that while the world may hate us, and say all manner of evil against us falsely, we still have his approval; anxious for some fresh assurance that it will be well with us, that the Lord will grant us a part in the better resurrection to life eternal. Z. ’01–79.
I have occasionally referred to this book and it goes everywhere with me — it has for years — but I don’t read it every day, and I am disappointed that I hadn’t because it seems like it has an answer for ... a lot of horrible, unnecessary shit, and it just turns out people ... some people anyway ... were ... just as stupid and cruel 150 years ago as they are today.

And here are are, astounded that anyone can behave a certain way for 10-20 years.

I make no promises that I will ever be a “good example of anything” or live up to anything. One of my biggest .. hesitations with tossing the word “christianity” around casually — is that for starters, “jesuchristo” means something different to at least some people, including me, as in “Jesuchristo es el ley, Jesuchristo es el rey, Jesuchristo omnipresente.” (see also: los misterios) If this Christ fellow was walking around teaching people things, he obviously wasn’t dead yet — so what was he doing? Walking around telling people “I died for you.” “They nailed me up bro.”

What the fuck are you talking about? He was .. said to be, anyway .. alive.

His assassination wasn’t what he was walking around teaching people about as a living, breathing, and “as-yet, not assassinated” man. His message, was what got him assassinated, as the story goes. I feel like it had something to do with “you silly superstitious people don’t need to transfer your sins to a chicken or an animal.”

And ... some people had a problem with that, and employed ... the very concepts he was opposed to .. in promoting the idea that our sins were, instead transferred to a human thereby validating their teachings. Never mind what the guy actually said.

I find it endlessly fascinating that there are those among us who ... for as far as they are concerned .. certain light and or dark blue colored books ... may as well be “the Bible” and to talk shit about their origin or content is an even bigger heresy or affront to them , than denying Christ or the Holy Spirit would be to a “christian.”

A cup that runneth over, does so, because it is overflowing with joys AND sorrows.
JANUARY 20.

If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as sons: for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not? Heb. 12:7.

* * * *

Character cannot be developed wholly without trial. It is like a plant: at first it is very tender; it needs an abundance of the sunshine of God’s love; frequent watering with the showers of his grace; much cultivating through the applied knowledge of his character as a good foundation for faith and inspiration to obedience; and then, when thus developed under these favorable conditions, it is ready for the pruning hand of discipline, and is also able to endure some hardness. And, little by little, as strength of character is developed, the tests applied to it serve only to develop more strength, beauty and grace, until it is finally fixed, developed, established, perfected—through suffering. Z. ’95–107.

Carrtera is a spanish word that means ”terrible car.”

April 3, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized
I picked up a hitchhiker on the carterra transpenisular the other day and took him about 150km north.

He’s on his way to mexicali.

So im sitting here, repairing Jane Honda’s window regulator and inventing new swear words and contemplating John 3:16.

I go, “okay, its not the part about god existing that i question.”

It´s the suggestion that he “loves” or “loved” this gay fucking clown earth or would send anyone’s kid here let alone his own that I’m struggling with today

My train of thought was interrupted by Juan popping out of the weeds.

The motherfucker walked 50 kilometers today.

And heres the gringo working on this fucking car again. We both busted out laughing at each other

He found work here in town to do tomorrow so he politely declined the offer to continue north.

Maybe I have spent too much time alone on a highway and lost in my head. I like my new name for Miss ” Jane Honda” .. feminizing her .. as gay men are wont to do about everything from their club drugs to their cars to their curiously named body parts... and using that as a basis for the way i grumble at her in the driveway with perpetually gruby, grimy, and bloody knuckles, but I think I will grumble in this fashion a little more privately and/or quietly.

Jane Fonda herself has said that she has regrets about some of her public statements and I should be a lot nicer as a person who can strongly identify with that.
In light of what i know today, I have to wonder, was anybody rooting for the "right team"? Then, or more recently, or now?

I was not having it with any of this shit we’ve been throwing each other in the garbage over and I will probably still... respectfully sit in my corner mumbling that I see things differently in some cases. I’m ready to admit I supported some fucking losers instead of “each other” like I should have been, whenever you are.

I think its okay to live for a day as if it might be your last, but I don’t recommend living every day as if you HOPED that it were it your last.

You might not feel that way forever.

A number of negative public statements— about common, current or former interests, some of us may
have... or have had ... have flown back and forth over the fence for a long time now. I don't have anything to add to what anyone else hasn't already thrown hands over or thrown their hands up at.

What id like to remark on tonight, is that all thats become different or frustrating about it anymore is that there is absolutely fucking nothing that I can do or say to change the way you feel about (whether you are charting a course towards your destruction, or whether you straight up welcome the ending already) today.

I always hated people who said ”it gets better.”

I disagree. ”it” still tends to generally fucking suck and if anything, civilizations and societies tend to get progressively worse until the whole fucking colony collapses. ”you”, on the other hand, could possibly get better.

I have known some fighters in my life. Some of them have to fight just a little bit harder to get through a day now than they were really ever meant to.

I have failed to recognize that which did not kill me and ALSO did not make me stronger.

I said a little bit earlier that maybe sometimes a person needs to know when to say “its too late for love” and I got shot down with ”then that wasnt love, baby.”

Fine.

I suppose it is better to have never been loved than to have never been loved.

“That senator dont need no drug program, hes been a dope head for forty years!”

March 31, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

Awe thats nothing, wait until the “popular crowd” with ”years clean” invites you over to a, ahem, ”sexual
get together”, where you're immediately handed a pipe, your ex-“sponsor” is up in the sling, ankles to Betsy, getting hur porridge eaten, and you realize you've been lied to about everything by everyone.

_TFW Madison Cawthorn's fine ass declines your invitation to your “sexual get together.”_
Republicans

Congressman Madison Cawthorn under fire over claims of DC drugs and orgies

Republican faces condemnation from House minority leader over podcast remarks but will not face immediate discipline

Martin Pengelly in New York

@MartinPengelly

Thu 31 Mar 2022 06.00 BST

The North Carolina congressman Madison Cawthorn will not face immediate disciplinary action over his claim to have been invited to orgies and to have seen Washington figures using cocaine.

After meeting Cawthorn on Wednesday, the House minority leader, Kevin McCarthy, told reporters the comments were “unacceptable”.

“There’s a lot of different things that can happen,” McCarthy added, regarding possible consequences.

“I just told him he’s lost my trust, he’s gonna have to earn it back, and I laid out everything I find is unbecoming. And you can’t just say, ‘You can’t do this again.’ I mean, he’s got a lot of members very upset.”
Cawthorn is a rightwing gadfly, controversialist and Trump supporter. He made the remarks about orgies and drugs in an interview with a podcast, Warrior Poet Society, posted online last week.

Asked if the Netflix hit House of Cards, about amoral Washington politicians and fixers, was anything like reality, Cawthorn said: “The only thing that isn’t accurate about that show is that you could never get a piece of legislation about education passed that quickly.”

The 26-year-old added: “I mean, being kind of a young guy in Washington, where the average age is probably 60 or 70 - you know, I look at all these people, a lot of them that I’ve looked up to through my life - I’ve always paid attention to politics.

“Then all of the sudden you get invited to, ‘Well, hey, we’re going to have kind of a sexual get together at one of our homes, you should come.’
“I’m like, ‘What did you just ask me to come to?’ And then you realise they are asking you to come to an orgy.”

The Republican also claimed: “You know, some of the people that are leading on the movement to try and remove addiction in our country and then you watch them do, you know, a key bump of cocaine right in front of you and it’s like, ‘Wow, this is wild.’”

“Key bump” is a slang term for a small amount of cocaine.

McCarthy met Cawthorn with the Republican chief whip, Steve Scalise, in attendance. According to the minority leader, Cawthorn admitted some of his remarks had been untrue or exaggerated.

“In the interview,” McCarthy said, “he claims he watched people do cocaine. Then when he comes in he ... says he thinks he saw maybe a staffer in a parking garage from 100 yards away.
SEE!!! There's still hope for both of us, thorn!

Pieces of a Car

March 30, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

♫ well he didnt know where he was going

... or hed get very far.

he was only driv-i-i-i-ving ...

Pieces of a car.... ♫
I've given my car a new nickname: “Jane Honda.”

I prefer this state over jalisco... locals are smart enough to recognize your car is ... slow... or held together with baling wire... or is only running on two cylinders ... we have signals and a bro code for “can i pass” “you can go around me” and waving hello and thank you....... 

i swear if i go back to jalisco im going to have to buy a yellow strobe light and rivet one of these fucking things to my tailgate to get the point across

---

Some homerosexual named Jose

March 29, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

I went to look at a house today, after 4.5 hours driving the owner was a no-call, reply, no show.

I have really mixed feelings about it because i like my town but cant afford a house there.

I like the ejercito I chatted with. He lives in my town and took his mask off to talk to me. he asked where i stay. I would never be so unprofessional or discourteous but *scribble scribble scribble* on a napkin, here are the GPS coordinates, im usually home by 9pm and I like the right side of the bed.

*grin* *justkidding* im not a mail order military bride but im willing to give it a go *please dont deport me*

Pros:
1. It's so close to the ocean, a tourist could fall down and break her neck taking an Instagram selfie. (It's only funny if they're posting on Instagram, though.)

2. I could flirt with this fine young ejercito on my way to and from town if he'll allow it.

3. There was no sign of the moon, I couldn't hear a sound for miles. I could see starlight reflecting off of the waves on the ocean.

I've never heard Fred say anything about wanting to be with me. I've heard him speak lots about wanting to be around the mountains or the ocean.

I'm sitting there chilling right in between a mountain and the ocean under a bazillion stars, thinking, "Uh hey man, do you want a little primer on geography? Cause fuck Tennessee."
if im in love with someone ill share a cardboard box or my home or my passengers seat with you.... or .... the mountains and the ocean if youre into that.........

But god damn it stop getting butterflies when he texts or calls, after 16 years he has more to say about how he wants to be in Tennessee or see a gigantic rock than hes ever said about wanting to be with you.

i never corrected boys in miami or chicago who gave my clothes or my car the once over and said i looked like i was “ homeless ” as they fucked some old guy to share a stained mattress in his studio apartment.

and i never felt the need to explain or offer anything to this one. you already know who i am. I have $1,000,000 in investments at 40, a lot of it is locked it up on purpose or ill just spend it on dumb shit like a truck or idk... i did ok for someone whos "crazy," a "dumb redneck who doesnt know how the world works" or a "NEET“ blah blah blah i almost killed myself working from the time I was 16, y’all and that offer’s done expired like my mother fucking library card now. I will be no mans bride.

so just by some weird fluke i have 430,000 shares in an REIT, have a “director” title for a place ive never even visited and get dividends based on monthly sales that were 2,200,000 mxn last month and 1,600,000 the month before. it works out to earning approximately the average monthly salary of a mexican retail worker, nothing exciting, but i dont need to work or gargle some old dudes balls for a spot on his soiled mattress yet. i sleep. i wander. and sleep some more. id rather not lose my benefits but i know what im doing with every single cent from this approval FY and i just have no fucks left to give anymore, im not going back to silicon valley and pretending to be someone im not for a job, and if my health rebounds, girl i
dont give a shit ill work on a highway crew patching asphalt before i take a dime from globohomo fucks in california again.

Ralph has this thing where he always asks “so, when do we get our cookies?” and my theory is, ” hahahahaha never, itll all be gone tomorrow.”

one of the companies took me for 10% and bankrupted. Theyre in Sinaloa, so , mmmm , “better not,” and thats enough out of me.

so it better be love, get your umbrella out.

“you wanna do this or nah?”
"And in the end all I learned was how to be strong alone."
anyway i found another house for sale and i spit out my topa chico when i walked up to the window "ah well, fuck it — he apparently speaks english" and i can tell this ones going to be a riot.
Memory Lane has a few potholes in it.
he wants a LOT more.. than i am willing to spend.. for any house ... in this state, if not in this country... he
wants a quarter million USD – and i could either 1) survive at least 10 years without working or 2) own a 5
bedroom house on the ocean in Yucatan for that kinda money. sorry man, rub a lamp and make a wish- i can
find a dump for $30,000 here and make it nice myself.

I want his truck but he doesnt want to sell it until he sells the house.

anyway he warned me all those houses are the price(s) theyre set and will get up to 4 or 5 feet of water
inside of it every year. I thought it was cool that so many of them had built an "eagles nest" but deeeerrrrrrp
thats where they drag all their furniture and things up to when it floods.

He said buy on the other side of the carterra, at least 10-20 feet off the highway.

I thanked him for the advice. My family lives right off the Mississippi river and my grandparents had a
house on stilts. Cause you know. were not a bunch of fucking gringos leasing land on a campo touristica.

i could almost see them putting on a record and dancing while the river flooded and thinking the whole
damn thing was funny.

The day he left her, he might as well have taken a sledge to her heart. she never got over it. her kids wanted
nothing to do with her. she died 21 years sober. not to get the love of her life back or see her kids or
grandkids, im sure she cried rivers and buckets learning that not even changing absolutely everything
about yourself or your life is even going to good enough for your kids sometimes ....so youd better be doing
it for yourself. And she did.

I dont know what to say to people who are going "but ive been sober 30 (or 90) days and my (parents, kids,
whatever) still dont trust me!" Try being my grandma and sending unreturned letters and messages on the
answering machine for 10-15 years. i guess i strongly identify with grandma sometimes ... knowing at 40 ...
waiting my whole life to find out that guy dont wanna hold my hand and that my sister, my father, and my
daughter aint never gonna fucking call me neither. i cant say the rest of the words because ill never be able
to take those ones back

seriously, what do i expect from strangers, people who arent my flesh and blood, and/or people who
treated me like garbage long before id ever smoked so much as a joint in my life?

ha, i cant even get kindness from “fellow travelers” who talk all this mad bullshit about surviving a common
peril ala the ” Titanic “ and being equal from the steerage to the captains deck when theyre standing up at a
podium talking some shit thats faker than Lee Press on Nails.

So do i have a point? oh yeah. ” too many years of fighting the weather and too many nights of not being
together—"

im not sorry for loving my grandma or that man.

So i have ... or ... i guess i used to have friends ... who would have refused to talk to one of those "redneck" "stupid" "deplorables" ... and them found themselves swimming across their living room to answer the telephone. i dunno, maybe if youre looking at property, ask the "dumb guy" with the flag or trump sticker about the municipal water and sewer, flood plains etc?

Mister ejercito asked me if i had friends in the United States.

Meh.... three or four or five maybe. (thats kinda complicated. im in touch with a few people who were friends “before the shit” , and maybe not so close “while we were on the shit” and falling into the fire, but we’re on the other side of that , we lived, and we still talk.)

so please dont be upset that I replied "fuck gringos, theyve gone completely insane and they are completely fucking insufferable.”

I dont mean all of you guys.

“So take your mask off boy when youre talking to me.”

Anyway, the american guy who sounds a little Hank Hill and seems to have mistaken his two room caisita for a quarter million dollar resort here he says if i want to look at his house, theres a “homersexual named Jose” who owns the tienda at the four way stop who has a set of keys.

I cant stop fucking laughing. thats on the way to my favorite taqueria in the entire state anyway, and i wanna go take a gander at this here homersexual named jose and see if hes cute and or single.

or if i can get keep a straight face pretending my spanish is worse than it its while i describe long round brown tubular things full of cream ... you know, from mexico, that i like to suck the cream out of or put four or five of them away inside of me in one night when i’m feeling sad and lonely. the fucking bag says "pina irresistible “ and i was choking in the car laughing and practicing how i was going to “mispronounce” THAT.

oh yeah, choco roles! thats what theyre called!
somewhere out there i hope leroy and sharon are dancing in the cosmos forever.

come on, janets in hell. You know it. i know it. everyone knows it.

Update: I was not able to find this homersexual feller’s tienda so i bought them at oxxo and ate my feelings all alone in my car instead. and the taqueria is either closed for the season or its done for. womp womp

but mister deplorable saved me from blowing money on a house that would be a swimming pool for a few weeks every year, not all is lost

This is exactly what I said about my final Comcast bill.
I got to thinking about most of the people who “wrote me off” and its becoming more clear by the day that the majority of them never had any use for me anyway, except to tell me they wanted money for the “aids cycle” or whatever empty cause they’d attached themselves to this year, or to come spend money at their shift at a bar, or to scream at me and tell me who to vote for.

Very few, who were ever like “hi” or lets have coffee in the real world.

No wonder Zuck is pushing this Meta bullshit, he knows his customers have no intention of doing anything
or communicating in the real world anymore.

I had called it correctly when I said none of them would piss on me if I was on fire. I'm reading the timestamp and thinking “fucking hell, I figured that out 8 years in .. and still kept going for another five years.”

Why would... I expect any of them to care about anything but themselves, or to use the internet .. for any other reason than to be opportunistic or predatory.

“And, where did you meet these people?”

It’s little wonder when they said “If you don’t vote for Hillary, we’re over” I said “byyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyye Felicia” if you really think about it.

I knew you guys pretty much hated me for the entire fucking 8 years prior.

Oh no, you still won’t invite me to a barbecue or a pool party? Shiiit man.

What are you going to do? STILL tell people to have nothing to do with me? LOL.

“Nothing more dangerous than a man with nothing to lose, to live for, or prove.”

You maybe wanted my money or my vote or my whatever. But not my friendship.

I’m just chilling out over here reading peoples divorce papers with my cigarette and coffee going “ooooo, this is some GOOD shit!” Hey, aren’t you the ones who were telling me monogamy was bullshit and triads and 16-way open relationships and four chained “pups” out on the lawn were the ticket?

Do you get them all together in one room and break up with them all at the same time, or ?

You’re going to start going through what I did about twenty years late.

“Live love stress and setbacks.”

I guess now I’ll be the one at the beach. If it makes you feel any better, I am miserable , its cold and I am not really enjoying it. I would rather be in bed.

I don't have any friends other than ... get this ... the ones I already had in the first place and made on IRC and had all along , and still have 20-25 years later.

And as far as I know we all either don't have, don't use, or have a social media and think its fucking retarded
, and do this weird thing called “dialing a telephone.” Every single one of them ... my entire family ... apparently more than one colleague ... is well aware of this drivel and have laughed it off for the last 20+ years (going back to riotboy.com) ... don’t care about it at all ... and go “eh its just Rob being Rob.” They’re the ones who know I am usually just being silly or over the top here.

Though its been a few years here where I’m dead serious about some of this.

Mom uses Facebook to announce she just had an exciting trip to Burger King.

Fuck me, I was just out there trying to have fun or be funny and got banned 27-28x. Nobody has a god damn sense of humor, but everyone had/has an agenda.

But they’re alright. I don’t have a high opinion of Facebook, I just miss my right wing, uber-mormon aunts ... and family a lot ... and am just dialing it down to them and maybe one or two friends from Milwaukee and will probably never post or comment on anything else there again, just use their “messenger app” in a throwaway virtual box instance that uses a a VPN and resets its hard disk on boot.

Cause that website is AIDS. You know it. I know it. Everyone knows it!

Twatter

February 8, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

Saw another one of those recurring femcel rants on Reddit, angry about some man out there who doesn’t have a fully equipped modern castle with all the trappings and accoutrements for her: “Men actually live in apartments like this.”

I looked and I just thought “hm. that would be nice right about now.”

How nice to be young, alive and have your health and a clean, if not stark, home.

How lucky you’d be, to be invited to come over and lay down next to him, and have him be the only thing you wanted or cared about in that apartment anyway.
A femcel on Reddit, with all the red and blue purple haired cat (?) ladies(?) (???) chiming in and mocking the photo who will never know what its like to tremble just to lay down next to your guy even if it looks like a tornado hit the place.

To have him and his place on your mind: “it .. could use a woman’s touch in here”

To want to be that “woman” or wish he’d let you do do that for him.

Isn’t it so much easier to be mean and rip someone a new asshole for everything he isn't or doesn't give you?

“Oh no, he's an inch too short and came up short at a $99,905 salary.”

Tell me something about a guy who is or was everything, or enough.

Who you’d kick it with under a bridge or in the front seat of your car with if that’s where life and fortune took you together in that moment.

Perhaps I will read that shit.

And hey, that’s a guy who appreciates what he has.

And he cleans!

Sometimes I browse Reddit and learn something or laugh.

It might be one of the only places left that accomplishes either one of those things.

But I don't create an account. I will get banned over and over and over again.

Probably for telling the blue hairs something along the lines of .

And their ensuing endless bitterness and seething over it.

I’m not even going to knock “women,” guys have been just about as bad.

Speaking of being banned over and over and over again, one of the most disgusting things about Instagram and Twitter — and there are many— is their personal crusade and stated mission in life to literally make it easier to abort a baby or vote in an election you’re not eligible to vote in, in a place you don’t live in, with no documentation or hassle or obstacles whatsoever... than it is to cancel your unwanted, “suspended” or “restricted” account with them.
Oh, oh, I see, all of a sudden its not “racist” for you to demand an ID!

Dear Twitter Support, I do not give a single flying fuck about your latest effort to tone police, warn, scold, control me, or curtail or control my speech. Just close the fucking account like I have now asked you to four times. Pretend I am a democrat and you are an unwanted fetus in my uterus, and I want to grab a shop vac and ram it as far up my pussy as it will go and abort you RIGHT now.

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Eden

January 28, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

I havent figured out how to get a subject into these posts yet.

But I had the trippiest dream last night

I was in some real nice, clean, safe, polite society and people grew shit like tomatoes and onions and potatoes and stuff in their front yards just as surely as they did flowers. And if you were hungry there like, well, take one young man.

I went “this is a really fucking cool idea.”

And so what stops some punk from swooping in and stealing your garden-

“everyone does this, its everywhere, theres enough for everyone.”
I go into town a bit and I think Mexico colored this experience because in Mexico everyone has a folding table and there selling something but on this one table there is nobody watching or nearby and they have doughnuts and I want one. I wait for awhile. I just say fuck it and steal a chocolate one. But you see, i am a klutz too so I drop a white one on the ground and feel bad. Im not going to put it back in the case for someone else to eat, I am just like ok whenever I see this person I will pay them for both.

I never see the person.

Then I am in a very old run down house somewhere, the house is familiar to me and its nice, its sort of a duplex maybe arguably a triplex but the very top floor isnt in such great condition and has not been rented in forever. I pull a key out of a lock and examine it and go, well- (for reasons I will not mention, I recognize

From "Proving the Old Testament" by Rev TF Wright, Ph.D.
the way it is cut and numbered) i live here or this is my house i guess (?)

Someone wants to rent this top floor and I am going through it, and someone had lazily painted the hardwood floors with grey deck paint, most of it had worn or stripped off back to the hardwoods but they were all permeated with this grey deck paint and I eyed it disapprovingly. I would have stripped and finished this.

I tell them I will rent it the way it is for a very low price like 300 a month. I say that in my estimation it needs a do-over, and you can either take it this the way it is, or I can fix these floors and make it very nice but I will have to charge more.

I find a bad spot in the joists and go “ah fuck, I am very sorry, I cannot rent this to anyone right now. this floor has to be pulled up, these joists have to be replaced, this not safe and I did not find this until just now.”

But whatever, its a dump, its falling apart, but I feel like its my place and I like it and sure, I will replace the joists and sigh … its like it has been neglected for a long time.

People come and talk to me, its like we meet at the root chakra and merge and youre on one side of a world or a void and im on the other and this is the only way we can meet in the middle and talk.

I do not remember everything, I dont want to do this at first but if I encounter enough of these people you know I am going to strike up a conversation “just because.”

They’re nice enough.

The last woman I spoke with, she asked me “do know why you are on your side of the divide and not ours?”

I said “I don’t know. Maybe theres a reason I cant be on your side, I wont live or I will die sooner or something-“

She is very very nice lady. She smiles and tells me, “no, that is not the reason.”

That is all I remember
I would not fuck Jen Psaki with Abigail Disney’s dick.

January 27, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

I could not give a fuck less about the political theater over in Ukraine.

You don’t have the ability to say “i fought (or died) for your freedom!” with the fucking illegitimate clowns Biden and Harris.

What are you going to say? “Son, when I was your age, I fought for a couple of fucking tyrants who wanted to take away your freedom!!!”


I will never raise a weapon or take an order from Biden Obama or Harris as CIC.

This ukraine thing is bullshit and political theater.

As I already said, Putin is installing whoever the fuck he wants in Ukraine.

Russia or China, are duking it out over who owns the digital dollar and I don’t have any say in that. China is a reckless spendthrift, just as bad as the USA, they put lead in their fucking gold bars.

I’m trying to keep my mouth shut because it is inappropriate to cheer for either team. Fuck the fed and fuck the IRS but no matter my sentiment, I am telling you this, if its china we are even more FUCKED than we already are now. Imagine thinking an even more dishonest government, an even more fiscally irresponsible government, an even more wasteful government who cant plan for shit, are the solution to the problems you already have.

I almost added “an even more barbaric, genocidal, tyrannical, and oppressive government than you already have” but on these counts its a pretty fair fight.

If you’re one of the watermelon and chicken and koolaid people, I hate to be the one to tell you that China, believe it or not, is even more racist towards blacks than the United States ever has been or ever will be. You want to have them screaming “that word” at you at a basketball game, or see a “no blacks allowed” sign at a mcdonalds, then lol, okay, root for china man. No, really, please don’t, but if you do ... well everything they say about you might actually BE true.

This is already decided in some back room, without the consent of the governed.
As usual.

That's why I will not enlist or show up for a draft for the USA.

I'm not going to die for something you didn't ask us about, that you already decided, where the outcome is already agreed on, and the rest is just bullshit and a fucking waste of American and/or Russian and/or Ukranian lives in their prime.

5,000 could die. 5,000,000 could die, it doesn't matter.

You already decided the outcome and didn't bother informing any of us.

Joe.... Kamala..... Psaki... go put on some fucking camo fatigues and pick up an AR14 and go fight Russia yourselves if you really believe your own bullshit.

during an eclipse

January 25, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

I'm pretty sure there's a couple people who wish I would go away and delete all my shit and all my accounts etc. even more than I want to right now..

... there's a lot of stuff coming out that is exactly what I've said here. I don't care about being first and I don't care about being right. I'm horrified by what I've seen, I'm horrified by what I'm seeing. Nothing feels good about any of this.

But the whole “taking a hammer to my phone and turning into an even bigger recluse than I already am” sounds more... and more... and more appealing as each day passes. There isn't anyone or anything out there for me, they aren't telling me anything I don't already know on the news. The Internet ruined the fucking planet.
No Souvenirs

January 25, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

Rewind about a year when I had told this young Uber driver that I had nothing left to say, no wisdom or advice left to impart.. that I was all out and had nothing?

I assume that not everyone following this likes me or means me well.

Or is disinclined to boost me because I have no fucking filter whatsoever.

Well guess what, I am all out again and I couldn’t be happier than anyone else about that.

I am homesick but the life I left behind me is nothing but smoldering ruins.

Everyone I know is angry and turned against one another.

My email inbox is nothing but Project Veritas or the GOP begging for money.

I ain’t sending those pricks a red penny. I’m voting against every single incumbent.

Not that it matters, they’re going to rig it for whoever and whatever they want.

Just one more jab, until “back to normal.”

Just three more coups of rightfully elected governments away from “our democracy.”

*Burn the pictures, break the records. Run far away to a southern town... sell my fears, and leave you standing there with no souvenirs.*

To paraphrase Melissa Etheridge. I just wanted to wear my bracelets and my stupid turquoise bandanna, you motherfuckers never ever ever left me alone.

Now gimmie back my red stapler, LOL
To paraphrase zerohedge, “on a long enough timeline, the closing price for NFLX and TWTR drops to zero.”

January 21, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

The day is coming, when more of my predictions come to pass than Scott Adams.

And no, I am not a “lucky guesser” in some cases I provided very detailed essays.

You’re not all evil or in on the USA and CCP’s JOINT plan to murder and sell out my country. Some of you are just what Stalin called his useful idiots.

... except ... you’re not really all that useful. you’re just... well, idiots.

If you took money for the shit some of you did, it will be as worthless as you are.

Much sooner than you think.

You need to understand this: Hillary’s people are with the Russians and Trump’s people are with the Chinese (Bannon, Miller, etc), there is no “did china do coronavirus or did the USA do it” they did it together. China already owns and controls social media, media, etc. Reddit, GETTR, Facebook, etc. If you’ve been banned, shadow banned, etc from these platforms, you won’t have a very good “social credit score” when China owns your asses. Mine will be like negative 5000!

Wendy Rogers is a fucking fraud and she is dumber than a box of hair. I wish I could wash Jesus’ name out of her mouth with dish soap. You people need to wake up.

I wish I could be more supportive of various patriotic movements or the whole “Q” thing, because on the surface I value some of the same things you do but the reason they’re not going to do what you think they’re going to, is because 80,000,000 of you would pick up your AR-15’s and just give it right back to one of the two camps trying to sell us out to Russia or China. Why the fuck would the military risk anything and everything to put themselves in that position?

No more tick tocks. No more “two more weeks.”
There is a balkanization plan, we've already been sold, approximately along “FEMA boundaries” with a very special place, or a little plastic box for anyone who has a problem with this balkanization plan. NOBODY asked us for our input, and this was not on a ballot or on the uniparty’s catfight / “debate stage” — which is so fake and gay it’s probably all scripted by Vince McMahon.

I will risk your ire and rejection just as surely as I risked the ire and rejection of my family, my so called friends, the fags, the leftists, and AA for the last seven years.

Nut jobs, the whole lot of them. I am sad to say “no big loss” there.

I could have wasted, or given my whole life to, someone who would have iced me out or treated me as poorly as some of you did. Thank god I am still young enough to pick up the pieces and never look back. The biggest blow you could have ever dealt me was doing this when I was too old to start a new life.

I can't be bought, I can’t be deceived anymore, I will sit at my table alone if I must.

If I have expressed friendliness towards civil rights groups who hate my white skin and would just as soon burn my church down with everyone inside of it, or if I have mingled with the fringes on the far right, you can save your breath. I am not pretending to be one of you. I may enjoy some of your discussions or agree with SOME of your goals or I may be trying to tell you something. On the issue of suing people for your civil rights, I hate these motherfuckers and I'd help you for free. One more time for everyone in back, I dont suck the red dick or the blue dick, I am a synarchist. Synarchy is how... well its how the fucking planet is normally run.

I will not be inauthentic, try to fit, in or “sound good” or say what you want to hear.

“The truth will set you free. But first, it will really piss you off.”

If we can't find common ground today ... I hope, someday, that we can.

Fuck Facebook. Fuck Twitter. Enemies of life.

“And fuck you too, bebe.”

China has troops in Canada, and they're not your friends. They are working tirelessly to turn you against eachother, demoralize you, incite a race war or a civil war or whatever and do their dirty work for them. They want you exhausted, dead, demoralized, and just fucking over it by the time they invade.

Congratulations, America. You have not taken the bait yet.
They view you as dogs and mutts, and we all know what they do to dogs and mutts – They stir fry them, pan sear them, and serve them with rice and a side of chow mein.

Here’s what you need to know about the Russia/Ukraine thing.

- The Obama administration allowed Russia to depose Yanukovch in 2014
- Biden was angry about this and wanted Putin's blood.
- Barry, whatever his other faults, told Joe to go fuck himself.
- By now, all of you should know that Biden has conflicts of interest here. He is owned, bought, and paid for by interests in the Ukraine that support Yanukovch and his allies, and oppose Shmyhal.
- The current PM of Ukraine, Shmyhal ran as “ukraine’s Trump.”
- It goes without saying why Biden would want to get rid of him.
- I would feel uninformed and unwise to comment on Russia’s position.
- Why aren’t you asking why the United States is more eager to defend Ukraine’s border than they are to defend their own border?

I already mentioned I got kicked out of the US Department of Health/SAMHSA for being more coked out than the Olsen twins but one of the more interesting things I found was that China had compromised all of their systems, that the people in Rockville were completely non-plussed by this fact and did not even know how to get credentials to log into their own servers.

I snidely suggested we should contact the Chinese embassy and ask for the passwords, and THAT is probably the comment that got me fired. I got in anyway, I have NEVER been known to let a lock or a password slow ME down before.

But heres the deal, China had hacked the shit out of DHHS and were keenly interested in birth and death statistics, vitals, etc; nothing that isn't already a matter of public record anyway — they just had real time access to data that we might not see until after the end of a fiscal year. Or that might be completely falsified by the time the fucking public sees it.

So I locked their shit down, removed these backdoors, secured shit, and they were PISSED OFF about it. I was in the middle of migrating their shit to vmware temporarily, so I could blow their existing servers away and then migrate everything back... so seamlessly no one would have even noticed a MOMENT of interruption. Unlike that fucking trainwreck obamacare website they shit out after they fired me, LOL. I had nothing to do with that!

They walked me out of there at literally the worst possible moment and I just smiled remembering an old
Kurt Cobain quote: “None of you will will ever know my intentions.”

I never trusted Obamacare, Medicare for all, or Epic Systems. Medicare and social security are about to go tits up with the rest of the government, they can’t fund the obligations they already have let alone add 200,000,000 recipients. Doctors — you know, the psychopaths genociding you right now and laughing about it on Twitter and Tik Tok — have already been using Epic Systems to snoop around and decide who gets to live or die for at least a decade now. God only knows what kind of seditious conspiracies they hatch up in their secure inter-site messaging.

Obama gave the cunt that runs Epic billions of dollars. The US Department of health, NSAID, CDC, etc is pretty fucking evil and they’ve been up to no good for at least 30 years or so. It happened under Obama’s nose, and it happened under Trump’s nose, as well.

You can’t impugn one of them but not the other. Again, when you are President not everything is your fault but it is your responsibility. They both failed here.

Epic is a HIDEOUS and seditious company. I say this as someone who went to high school with one of the dudes who wrote Hyperspace. I myself deployed Epic at idk, three or four different hospitals. I strongly suspected what was coming a long time ago. Not because I am “schizo” or a “conspiracy theorist”, because it was my JOB.

Because, I , PERSONALLY, found the exploits and malware and backdoors in DHHS’s shit from China. I did not hear this “on Fox News” or “from Alex Jones”, I worked for ACS/Xerox, I contracted for the federal government, I PERSONALLY found this and reported this to the US Department of Health in Rockville, they were apparently already AWARE or did not CARE.

I was a five-alarm flaming leftist faggot, as bad as they come, at that time.

I spent more of my life in Chicago than anywhere else, yes it was gritty, yes it was sleazy, yes it was corrupt as fuck, yes the mob ran it, yes I miss Mayor Daley.

You know what a synarchist is, right? It’s like, “you know,” but life is good enough.

Until someone comes along and decides they want to take over everything.

And then everything turns to shit, and everyone suffers.

And you still don’t understand why. Do you get it, the US government is just a bunch of fucking competing mafia families? It’s everything you say Mexico is, and worse!
I'm sure if we all tried really hard we could find unkind things to say about each other but IDK, I don't hate them ALL yet and I'd probably still have a beer with some of those bastards as long as everyone promises to forbid political discussion.

If I were you, I would circle back to my mumbling about getting my red stapler back, burning down the building, and diversifying my “titty money” and “sock money” because I am not going to tell you again.

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**hemoglobin and carbon dioxide**

January 8, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

There aren’t a lot of studies on the effects of carbon dioxide from carbonated beverages. Here’s one from 1991 for someone’s college thesis, I fell asleep three times waiting for it to download. If you want some information on oxygen transport factors under stress / exercise, and their relation to hemoglobin, get in here.

If you have some kind of underlying hemoglobin issue, be it “COVID” or oxidative stress from radio energy (note: I’m not speculating “5g” without a specific reason for doing so) or some mystery injected substance shredding your red blood cells, I don’t see carbon dioxide (read: soda) being good for you if you’re already on the edge. Any of these – or some combination thereof – might be why athletes are dropping on the field.

https://core.ac.uk/download/pdf/10197525.pdf
Exercise usually causes: a) an increase in acidity, from either carbonic acid (H₂CO₃) and/or lactic acid, which lowers the pH (Figure 2), b) increases in temperature (Figure 3), and c) in the partial pressure of CO₂ (PCO₂) in arterial blood (Figure 4), all of which cause the oxyhemoglobin dissociation curve to shift to the right (Astrand & Rodahl, 1986).

Figure 2 - The O₂ dissociation curve and the effect of different pH levels. From Text book of Work Physiology, 3E by P. Astrand & K. Rodahl. Copyright ©1986 by McGraw-Hill Publishing company. Reprinted by permission of the publisher.

Figure 3 - The O₂ dissociation curve and the effect of various temperatures. From Text book of Work Physiology, 3E by P. Astrand & K. Rodahl. Copyright ©1986 by McGraw-Hill Publishing company. Reprinted by permission of the publisher.
Oxygen Transport Factors

Oxygen is transported in the blood by two mechanisms: a) in physical solution dissolved in the plasma portion of the blood, and b) bound loosely with hemoglobin, an iron-protein molecule in the red blood cell. Oxygen is relatively insoluble in blood plasma, which carries only about 3 ml of oxygen per liter compared to hemoglobin which captures 197 ml of oxygen per liter of blood at an alveolar partial pressure of oxygen (PO₂) of 100 mmHg (McArdle et al., 1991).

The oxygen carrying capacity of blood (ml · 100 ml⁻¹ blood) is dependant upon the quantity of hemoglobin (grams · 100 ml⁻¹) and the oxygen binding capacity of hemoglobin (ml O₂ · g⁻¹) (McArdle et al., 1991). In each 100 ml of blood, men have 15 to 16 grams of hemoglobin and women have 13-14 grams, and each gram of hemoglobin can combine with 1.34 ml of oxygen (1.34 ml

\[\text{O}_2/\text{g Hb} \quad \text{(Brooks & Fahey, 1984)}\]. The higher VO₂max values seen in men is commonly attributed in part, to the difference in hemoglobin concentrations between the two sexes (McArdle et al., 1991). Oxygen delivery during exercise could be impaired by either a reduction in hemoglobin concentration or by a reduced oxygen saturation of hemoglobin.

The amount of oxyhemoglobin (HbO₂) depends on the partial pressure of oxygen (PO₂)(Stiegmann, 1981). The oxyhemoglobin dissociation curve describes the relationship between PO₂ and the oxygen content of blood (Figure 1). At rest, the alveolar-capillary PO₂ is 100 mmHg and hemoglobin is 98 percent saturated with oxygen (McArdle et al., 1991). The PO₂ in the skeletal muscle tissue at rest is approximately 40 mmHg, and, as a result, hemoglobin in arterial blood releases it hold on oxygen to the extent that it is only about 75 percent saturated. However, during intense exercise, the PO₂ in active muscle tissue can fall as low as 3 mmHg and nearly all of the oxygen is released from the arterial blood (Brooks & Fahey, 1984).

\[\text{(a=) O}_2 \text{ Difference} \]
\[\text{(Rest)} \]
\[\text{Exercise} \]
\[\text{pH = 7.2} \]
\[\text{Temp. = 39°C} \]

\[\text{O}_2 \text{ Content of Hb (ml · dl⁻¹)} \]

\[\text{PO}_2 \text{ (mmHg)} \]

\[\text{Hb Saturation (%)} \]

\[\text{Figure 1 - Standard oxyhemoglobin dissociation curve. From Exercise Physiology by G.A. Brooks & T.D. Fahey. Copyright ©1984 by Macmillan Publishing company. Reprinted by permission of the publisher.} \]
BuT iM jUsT CrAzY.

January 7, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

I mean. I am.

But what the fk does that have to do with anything?


June 2021:

I'm like, condoms are bad for the environment won't you think of our precious waterways and the sea turtles and the bald eagles. He's double vaxxed with the RNA science juice and, once again, I'm feeling flushed and hot and weird after I'm in close or extended proximity with one of these. I've never needed a test or my I.D. doctor to tell me my viral load's up, I don't know how to describe it but I can usually tell because this is exactly how I feel. But when this happens it comes and goes in about 2-4 hours. I find myself quietly wondering if he's shedding spike proteins and if it's anything I need to be worried about. And just exactly who is taking a risk with whom here. Not gonna lie, I went in the bathroom and popped two HCQ. Is this encoding stuff sexually transmissible and what happens when people start breeding with, or injecting, 5 different manufacturers using 2-3 different conflicting methodologies?
November 2021:

8.3.5.2. Exposure During Breastfeeding

An exposure during breastfeeding occurs if:

- A female participant is found to be breastfeeding while receiving or after discontinuing study intervention.

- A female is found to be breastfeeding while being exposed or having been exposed to study intervention (ie, environmental exposure). An example of environmental exposure during breastfeeding is a female family member or healthcare provider who reports that she is breastfeeding after having been exposed to the study intervention by inhalation or skin contact.

The Rockefeller trinity

January 2, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

“That's dangerous for our democracy!”

Our democracy:
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it

TOTAL INFORMATION AWARENESS
TELECOM NBAR DATA / SUBSCRIBER FEED
CALEA LAW ENFORCEMENT TUNNELS
PATRIOT ACT
CAMBRIDGE ANALYTICS

DARPA PROJECTS
LIFE LOG aka FACEBOOK
TWITTER
GOOGLE
DARPA FUNDED GAIN OF RESEARCH / BIO WEAPONS
CANNOT DISCUSS ON DARPA OWNED SOCIAL MEDIA

ROCKEFELLER “MEDICINE”

ROCKEFELLER “SS” ROCKEFELLER POISON

JEHOVAHS/LDS/SCIENTOLOGY / UNI RELIGION
DEMOCRATS / REPUBLICANS / UNIPARTY
LEARNED HELPLESSNESS (CIA) NOWHERE TO TURN
UNIPARTY OWNED “PRESIDENTIAL DEBATE COMMISSION”
LIFE RUINING FAKE FUCKING NEWS
THE “SPL SEETHING”
ROCKEFELLER ENDORSED LUCIFERIAN AGENDA (12 STEP)
BROWN SHIRTS / STREET THEATER / STREET THUGS

DUPONT CHEMICALS
STANDARD OIL
SNAKE OIL AND GMOS
PHARMA JEW
THINGS THAT MAKE FROGS GAY

https://www.fadingstar.mx/?format=print&post-type=post&order-date_image_size=full&links=include&rendering_wait=200&print-my-blog=1
I can’t believe the NY Post is publishing their crazy qanon conspiracies again.

January 1, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized
The doctor recognizes that not everyone has the money, time or desire to pursue the form of biohacking that tech gurus like former Twitter CEO Jack Dorsey are said to enjoy:
“Somewhere in Silicon Valley right now (so many biohackers seem to be male, tech-friendly, and wealthy), someone is injecting themself with human growth hormone, receiving an IV of a young person’s blood plasma, taking an immunosuppressive drug, or even downing a cocktail of gene-editing enzymes and proteins in an effort to achieve maximum performance and longevity,” Fitzgerald writes. “While … I am paying attention to (and excited about) the latest anti-aging science, for most of us, [it’s] not available, affordable, doable, or even desirable.”
2022

January 1, 2022
Categories: Uncategorized

I haven't been out for NYE since Ft Lauderdale in 2017, and that was a depressing shitshow in God's waiting room for gays.

Bless Betty White, who survived both world wars AND disco music.

I thought about texting my daddy and seeing what he's up to but my rebuilt engine ran for about 30 seconds and then died. I think they shorted out the fuel pump or fuel pump relay or the fuse to my ignition coil. I am fucked if it is my immobilizer because I don't have a remote for the alarm.

Fuck it, guess this is “a sign” to stay home again this year.

“Hard times create strong men, strong men create good times, good times create weak men, and weak men create hard times.”

I've only ever known hard times.

I’m sober. The earth made another lap around the sun and I’m still here.

I haven't heard this many gunshots at midnight since I lived in Oakland. Girl, and y'all scared of Mexico?!?!!

pfft, amateur
I don't clean up my degen posting because:

1. It's not for you, it's for someone who is dying today and doesn't believe god himself can stop them.
2. I'll never get Jack Murphy'ed or blackmailed.
3. I still have, will always have a fk'ed sense of humor

If anything I am extracting and/or locating broken images for some old and missing entries.

"Amazing grace" was about a wretch who was saved. Not about a perfect shiny pretty person who didn't need saving in the first place.

clocked

December 27, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

God forbid the public be allowed to discuss issues related to public health and/or safety. The unwashed ignorant masses must turn on CNN and stare at their TV in glassy eyed fear and trust the experts. Amirite, Jack?
"Collusion"

December 27, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

Travis, owner of travelingmailbox.com inappropriately injected himself into privileged attorney/client communications. Travis threw my court filings and letters to multiple US Attorneys and state Attorney Generals (including South Carolina, which are time sensitive communications regarding their oral arguments in the US Supreme Court on January 7th) away and deleted my account. He also destroyed two injunction requests addressed to the United States District Court of Arizona, pertinent to case numbers 2:21-cv-02190-mtl (Grodevant, et al v Biden, et al) and 2:21-cv-02149-jzb (Grodevant v Ducey, et al). They charged me almost $700 for fedex postage, destroyed my correspondence and refused to send it, and have not refunded it or clarified which items were sent to the courts and Attorney Generals, or which items were destroyed. History will not be kind to the people who stood in my way and IMO they need to be prosecuted for destroying/tampering with correspondence for the United States District Court. Here is a copy of my correspondence recommending they be held in contempt or prosecuted for 13 federal offenses. This is the petty ass digital equivalent of running a bunch of Trump yard signs over with your
rainbow sticker and #RESIST plastered Kia Sportage, IMO.

I want to clarify that I am not an “anti vaxxer” in fact I was supportive of inactivated virus or adenovirus based covid19 vaccines as recently as May of 2021 and I regret the fuck out of the fact that anyone took my advice on that. Please indulge in some informed consent and do not put your voluntary participation or lack thereof on MY conscience. I explain why I changed my mind here: https://www.fadingstar.mx/2021/05/17/every-day-a-new-plague-for-that-little-piece-of-bread/

“Collusion” – Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it

It is the (alleged) criminal conduct, anticompetitive, and/or deceptive trade practices of US government bureaucrats and insiders I take exception to, as well as their attempts to coerce people into forfeiting their civil right to informed consent and voluntary participation that I am engaged in some litigation over. Fuck you if you have a problem with that. Do you even know what “fascism” is?

My personal opinion of mRNA stuff does not have as much currency or weight IMO as Stanford’s — they are the ones who said back in 2015 that it is dangerous or deleterious for that stuff to persist in your body for longer than 48 hours, and that studies done prior to 2015 had adverse reactions. I don't care if you respect me or my opinions or not. For my own part, I choose to heed Stanford’s findings.

I suggest you also look up Dr Robert W Malone who had the original 9 patents on mRNA and has been banned from Twitter for shouting from the rooftops that HE thinks it is unsafe.

You’re probably smarter than me but if you think you’re smarter than Stanford or the guy who invented the shit, then godspeed to you, slampig.

2015: Telomere extension turns back aging clock in cultured human cells
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it

Robert “Talibama” Grodevant @RGrodevant · 58m
God forbid the public be allowed to discuss issues related to public health and/or safety. The unwashed ignorant masses must turn on @cnn and stare at their TV in glassy eyed fear and trust the experts. Amirite, @jack?

Kicking it
JUNE 4, 2021 · 0 COMMENTS

You know how the fundies and bigots used to say that aids was god's special punishment for hell bound homos?

You can clock me on this one: I have been saying for years that we'll end up being the only ones who survive their next bioweapon, either because of prior infection or our antivirals having an inhibitive/prophylactic effect, ala "prep."

The fundies and bigots know about as much about god, as Tony Fauci knows about science or medicine.

The kid's a mor if he's doomed and if he should be...

Robert “Talibama” Grodevant @RGrodevant · 24m
I'm not a "conspiracy theorist," I'm apparently just a lucky guesser. 😞 viruses are used as vaccine delivery vectors. But not just any viruses: Viruses that replicate in the nucleus of a cell, such as coronavirus and adenovirus. As opposed to viruses that replicate in cytoplasm.

Robert “Talibama” Grodevant
@RGrodevant

Sometimes. There is a reason for the shit I say. And it would so fucking awesome if @meta hadn't banned me on the order of 20-30 times so that I could maybe actually say something serious on occasions but truly people's rejection is gods protection.

8:22 AM · Dec 27, 2021 · Twitter Web App
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it

This Tweet is no longer available. Learn more

Robert "Talibama" Grodevant @vaxinewaters
1m · 5
Here's the tweet they deleted. It is not "COVID 19" related let alone "COVID 19 misinformation." Thank you Twitter for proving your conspiracy with defendant United States Public Health Service and it's numerous hydra heads.

Robert "Talibama" Grodevant @RGro... · 1m
Replying to @RGrodevant
If there are 500 variations on how to deliver a vaccine with one of those, they're already patented. Guess what Fauci's "gain of function" research achieves? Exploring viral delivery vectors he can patent and profit off of instead of paying royalties for 500 that already exist.

Robert "Talibama" Grodevant @RGrodevant · 1h
Institutional investors and shareholders aren't salivating over Pfizer and Moderna because their products work. (They don't.) they're salivating over those products because OMG we have a delivery vector we don't have to pay royalties for! We own the drug and the delivery vectors!
We've temporarily limited some of your account features

Robert "Talibama" Grodevant
@RGrodevant

What happened?
We have determined that this account violated the Twitter Rules. Specifically, for:

1. Violating the policy on spreading misleading and potentially harmful information related to COVID-19.
   We understand that during times of crisis and instability, it is difficult to know what to do to keep yourself and your loved ones safe. Under this policy, we require the removal of content that may pose a risk to people's health, including content that goes directly against guidance from authoritative sources of global and local public health information.

   For more information on COVID-19, as well as guidance from leading global health authorities, please refer to the following links:
   Coronavirus disease (COVID-19) advice for the public from the WHO
   FAQs about COVID-19 from the WHO

As a result, we've temporarily limited some of your account features. While in this state, you can still browse Twitter, but you're limited to only sending Direct Messages to your followers — no Tweets, Retweets, Fleets, follows, or likes. Learn more. Your account will be restored to full functionality in: 12 hours and 0 minutes.

You can start your countdown and continue to Twitter once you:

- Verify your phone number
- Delete the content that violates our Rules

Twitter: Burn in hell before I do your dirty work and self-censor.
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it
experts say

December 26, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

“Studies show that most restaurants fail within a year of it being made illegal to eat there...”

“Mister President, won’t you lend me a future?”

December 24, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

Sometimes it’s therapeutic to scream along with Linda Perry in the car:

“Oh my god, the bomb has just dropped- and everybody CLIMBED RIGHT ON TOP screaming, what a wonderful country.”

If you are a politically correct twat, beholden to even more politically correct twats than you are, then I want even less to do with you, than you do with me.

Lauren Witzke got on my bad side for announcing she would “never defend gays” and I was like “bitch, nobody asked you to. We’d ask for someone capable of intelligent debate if we needed help.”

Now don’t you have a hot, sensational, earth shattering, front page, leading story to go chase down about some lady who is angry about her order at Burger king?

It’s not brave or edgy to get on gab.com and announce for no particular reason that you refuse to “support gays.” I didnt understand the public outburst. Did Andrew Torba ask you to give Nick Fuentes money or something, Lauren?

Political correctness is a weapon of the oppressor, tool of the communists, ruiner of civilizations and societies, enemy of life, etc and I will claw at the fucking eyes of all persons and all things politically correct until the day I fucking die.
The Absolute State of “maga”

December 22, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

Oh does Israel need another billion dollars to terrorize brown people? Let me get my purse! “I’m a “Conservative” but I am very ‘live and
Memory Lane has a few potholes in it

let live ' on fiscal issues!"

A lying witch and a wardrobe
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it

CIVIL ASSET FORFEITURE GOOD. VACCINE GOOD. I WATCH JOE BIDEN FUCK MY WIFE.

Jota

December 19, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

I spent a few months sleeping in my car, staying in hotels, and camping out in the slabs while I saved up enough money to put down on a house in Arizona.
I don't know, I didn't feel like a real “slabber” I guess.

I just ... had a goal ... I suppose.

I remember a boy in Mexicali who sneered at me and called me a “Jota” for this.

Another in Leon, who bragged that he was an escort who did so well for himself that he had his own house in Monterrey.

That’s depressing.

You did, what, to live in Nuevo Leon??

On purpose??!!??

I liked my house. But I never felt safe there.

Come to think of it, I don't even remember the last time I felt safe.

*As it starts coming back to me I quickly decide to go back to not remembering.*

I am doing the same thing ... again ... this time I probably could put something down on a house but I would rather keep saving and scrimping for that.

I am okay. Probably better than I care to let on.

I smile inside when you look down on me and don't take me for someone you don't love, or maybe even don't like, and you can just fucking use like some of the others.

If I ever were happy, if I did feel safe, if I did love again or have a career where I was purposeful and treated well – or have anything to show for my life again I would never breathe a word of it publicly because of who would come out of the shadows to destroy that or try to take that away from me next.

that ......... is the extent ...... to which I have been fucked with and deprived. when I make public statements like "oh, jail? fine, just please do not ever send me back to that horrible fucking country or those horrible fucking people" —

I swear to god I am not even trying to be funny.

There might be a type of “refugee” in this world who shows up and demands a horse and a porsche and a farm and free groceries but I will tell you that , this person is not a mexican. A mexican will show up with
the clothes on his back, a ziplock baggie with their identification (if he has any) and maybe a bottle of water if they are lucky. They will make something of their life, they will work hard and send money home and work towards having a better life someday.

And I go, well, my world could be upside down tomorrow but today I have a car. The radio and AC work today, I *almost* like my dorky little clown car as much as I liked the mazda.. I have clean clothes, I am fed, I have cigarettes and coffee and not a care in my world. I want for nothing.

Fuck you, Klaus Schwab. I already have nothing and I AM already happy, LOL.

"maga chuds" and right wingers are more or less happy with what they have, NOT interested in taking what YOU have, and just want to be left alone.

And then you have America. "Oh no. Self actualized people who don't want to be slaves or live in debt, and are happy with a 20 year old car and 2 room concrete house. We will stop at NOTHING until they are as fucking miserable as we are!"

Maybe that is why I angry enough to sue Arizona. Nobody put me up to this. I am tired of prejudice and global aggression and .. just fuck off, I do not appreciate the threats to point weapons of war at me that I have paid for, and owe the IRS $10000 for. What the fuck do you need $10,000 for? So Israel can terrorize Palestinians and so Wendy can drone Haitians and Mexicans?

I furthermore believe this to be against multiple treaties the US is a party to.

Someone please tell all my useless elected representatives (including Bernie) that if they cannot accomplish one single useful thing in a 30 or 40 year career, fix this one thing: Property taxes are obstacles to personal freedom.

Fix that, and we will figure out the rest without congress and senate wogies.

I suppose I don’t mean to speak ill of HFASS.

I just go, “well.. this is what I came for ... and this .. is what I left with.”

And when they read those cards out about everyones struggles and losses and grief and what have you, you look around and go “someone in this room is going through that, and they showered and put on some clothes and sat down with us and I can’t even tell from looking at you” and I am shook, that is all.
“When I stayed in to study on Saturday nights they were extremely kind to me because they thought I was so brave, working the way I did just to hide a broken heart.”

— SYLVIA PLATH (THE BELL JAR)
Juneteenth

December 14, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

It was as if the whole world had come to a standstill

Everyone was in the courtyard, frozen in place and waiting for a command.

I was sneaking around in the building, casing the place and watching.

What are they doing?

I began to call out the windows and ask “what is juneteenth?”

I yelled “remember juneteenth?”

I heard someone say “wait a minute, we are free.”

And they all started walking away and going on with their business.

The Truth about 9/11

December 7, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

September 11, 2001:

8:46 AM: The first safe and effective dose of Flight 11 crashes into the north face of the North Tower (1
WTC) of the World Trade Center, between floors 93 and 99.

9:03 AM: The second WHO approved “booster plane” is delivered to 2 WTC between floors 77 and 85.

Safety concerns are dismissed out of pocket by leading universities, scientists, researchers, medical doctors, and the media. They insist that nobody was killed or injured as a result of 9/11, and that if anyone was, they probably had co-existing morbidities and they “would have died anyway.”

Donald Trump urges all of his supporters to hijack a plane and fly it into their house. “It doesn’t matter which airline,” Trump said. “Any plane will do. The first plane you’re able to hijack successfully is the best one. Believe me, it’s a miracle.”

A spokesperson for Nancy Pelosi released the following statement:

“Terrorist attacks prevent terrorism and save lives.”

Pressed for details about what exactly is even in the vaccines, Pelosi reportedly said “you have to inject it first, in order to see what’s in it.”

10:00 AM: A CNN reporter tells viewers to “imagine how much worse it could have been if neither tower had been hit by a plane” that morning.

5:20 PM: WTC 7 begins to collapse. NY Office of Emergency Management blames the structural failure on WTC 7’s facade not receiving any doses of life saving, WHO recommended American Airlines flights. According to the Washington Post and New York Times, it is common for 14 year old buildings to collapse for no apparent reason while performing everyday activities and it has nothing whatsoever to do with the fact that WTC1 and WTC2 were fully vaccinated.
According to Dr. Socipathia Kevorkian of Seton Medical Center in Austin Texas, WTC7’s last words were “I wish a plane had flown into me.”

“I held WTC7’s hand and said ‘I am sorry, it’s too late. Besides that you’re a piece of shit and I am tired of people like you abusing the system. You are banned from all Seton properties for life.’ And then I had him arrested for trespassing right before he died.”

November 27, 2002: With a $15 million USD budget, the 9/11 Commission was set up to prepare a full and complete account of the September 11 attacks.

August 21, 2004: The Commission's full report was released, citing “winter vagina” as the underlying cause for all three structural failures.
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it
we have no evidence of the invisible jet that crashed into WTC-7, but we found wonder woman's passport nearby. she can't keep getting away with this!!!

Get in, fat!

December 7, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

I'm saving America!!!!
The face of god in all people and experiences

December 2, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

Nadia Bolz-Weber turned me on to the gospel. Her statement along the lines of, god keeps digging us out of the graves we dig for ourselves with our violence and our selfishness and our lies, loving us back to life (paraphrased) would stand out to anyone who has had a second or third or thirtieth chance at life.

I have been to HFASS a few times.

I don't know what it was, maybe it was the insistence everyone put their pronouns on their name tags (I fucking love putting “Miss” down as my proper title) or the .. ah I don't know, the SJW shit was over the top.

You would walk in the door to the message “I've said a lot of horrible things recently. I've failed to resist or speak out. Forgive me and help me to bring Justice on Earth.”

And I couldn't even find anything I fundametally disagreed with, they were really nice and I like Reagan a lot. He could give a sermon and talk about being pro immigration, but I live in Mexico and have no fucks to give for sermons about “noble savages” any more than I did sermons about Disney movies in LA.

I speak Spanish. I would give a Mexican or anyone in distress a water or ride.

I unconditionally support BLM’s right to protest and to explain in their own words why they are doing so, rather than to fancy myself to be their white spokesperson.

Yet, you are a very silly man if you don't think they would burn the church down with everyone inside of it.

I am more of a synarchist who is hardcore about the principle of non-aggression.

I tell my story about Guild and the FBI, not for victimization points or pity, but to tell you this: I was defamed as a hacker, terrorist, and associate of Konopka on the front page of the Wisconsin State Journal and Capital Times, when I was not only not charged with any crimes related to Konopka, but in fact I was never even criminally charged with anything at all.

It is to inform you, that when I hear BLM talk of what police do to them, or hear Ilhan Omar talk about what they do to them, “I believe them 100%.” I speak up now because I am an example of someone who experienced this without even being charged with a crime, let alone convicted for a crime. For no other reason than to spare a wealthy white woman — friends with the mayor and a board member of the local electrical utility and symphony orchestra — from the embarassment of anyone ever knowing she had done...
the exact same thing she had accused me of: “hiring a terrorist.”

They will do shit like this to a light skinned person who is not charged with a crime.

Fuck yes they will do it to a black man or a muslim , or you, or your grandmother.

I arrived thirsty for the gospel but I got an earful of the marxist and Luciferian agenda. Covid ruined everything, I couldn’t do high altitudes or help set up and that’s actually the only reason I didn’t return.

But I left with these words, “I’ve said a lot of horrible things recently. I’ve failed to resist or speak out. Forgive me and help me to bring Justice on Earth.” , and so while I did not join them in their resistance, today I speak out for justice on Earth.

I have two muses. St Therese and Ann Fleischli. Therese implores me to see the face of god in all people and experiences.

Even though sometimes you want to push a lawnmower over Therese’s flowers or burn every single last fucking one of their sacred cows on the altar.

Mike Flynn asked for “Digital Soldiers,” and I say, I don’t want to be a soldier for Biden OR Israel. Behind a computer screen OR on an oil field. Why not be a Digital Jihadi and leave Digital IEDs on the side of the Information Super Highway?

And how, exactly, does one go about constructing a Digital IED?

With commonly available household items such as a computer and internet connection.

In special cases; with banned, illegal, and/or otherwise prohibited items like peaceful assembly in the public square, freedom of speech, a brain, or public discourse.

It is your only defense against weapons of war like prejudice and censorship.

I am not confused. I like to experience different things or be culturally competent.

The only three religions I really give a shit about — okay, two , I am not even going to pretend I give a shit about the third one — all worship the god of Abraham

There is only one God and he is on your side.

I thought about what Ann said one more time, and I decided that history is not written by the winners. History is, in fact, written by losers who refuse to admit that they lost.
The stages of acceptance for them are “try to force my will on the people”, “get shot down and told to go fuck myself”, “denial”, “bargaining,” and then right back to “force my will on the people” again. We are doomed for as long as we tolerate this.

This is where you get reasoning such as “Coronavirus vaccines work! That wasn’t the REAL coronavirus vaccine! REAL coronavirus vaccines have never been tried before!”

You try to point out that, yes, there were in fact 35 previous attempts. And all 100 million of the test animals died when exposed to wild virus, every single time.

And they stick their fingers in their ears and go “NUH UH!”

Whether or not these fuckers are just treating the book of revelations as if it were an instruction manual for global governance to fuck with us –

You might be playing but I am not.

“THAT TIME DIDN’T COUNT. LET’S USE ALL OF MY BAD IDEAS ALL OVER AGAIN. ITS MYYYYYYYY TURN AGAIN.”

And maybe, just maybe, we finally arrive at some weary ass fucking point in our history where we say “fine, just shut up and drink your fucking juice, Shelby.”

I am not the author of the book of Genesis and can’t speak to their intent, but knowing what I know about the world today I would imagine that the serpent had in fact told Eve “if you do NOT eat this, you will die.”

And then all of Eve’s suffering and pain and sickness and death was Eve’s fault... which reminds me a lot of Pfizer and Moderna’s liability waivers from the FDA.

You ask why are “christ cucks” so scared of a little jab?

Well, for one, because normal people don’t live in Portland or Seattle and willingly shove unknown dubious substances up their arm with a needle three times a day.

And two, because we know our history.

You ask, “why didn’t the Germans do anything about the shit the Bush family did to them in 1933?”

I ask, why are you not doing anything about the shit the Bush family did to you in 2001... or today for that matter? Do you have any idea how many times the “royal family” has probably done this shit to subjugate humanity and re-write history, probably since before Jesus ever even showed up?
Would I be rejected or welcome inside of a space that had an open moment of silence for Adam Lanza of all people? Only one way to find out.
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it.

DON'T LOOK BACK IN ANGER.
PANDA EXPRESS
Tribal Genocide won’t be a Cruz Administration priority
November 30, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

Edit: Here is your rock.

I contacted Ted Cruz two and a half months ago to complain about their willful genocide of my tribe. His office ignored me.

I also contacted Arizona, who also ignored and stonewalled me on multiple issues. Since then I have sold my house, and my defacto last state of residence is (was?) Texas.

I would say “fuck Arizona, I ain't paying their salaries” but that’s Dominion's job.
Since when did Ted have a problem with someone running off to Mexico to escape from their problems? Kek. At least I am not the only constituent he fucked over.

If I wanted to email someone who didn't give a fuck about queers or their concerns and would send a half ass non response months later I would email Hillary Clinton. Well, fine challenge accepted. I contacted Ilhan Omar and others.

I wonder if Ted encouraged Benjamin Netanyahu to contact his own home state's representatives instead.

Pretty sad state of affairs when you have to play “are you my mommy?” with your legislature. Tomorrow I will spend $1000 on postage and address every sitting member of US Congress and the Senate, except for Ted “not my problem” Cruz.

Do Bibi and Greta Thunberg have to provide a valid zip code and ZIP+4 that is validated as being in your district when they come and call on your offices?

This is the representation that I have a $10,000 IRS bill for? That is fucked up. Their FBI terrorized me, smeared me for “guilt by association” and destroyed my life. Can anyone name a single crime involving Joseph Konopka in which I was a suspect or charged?

Or did you maybe, just possibly, destroy my career, reputation, did I maybe lose a house and my car and my
freedom, a 3-4 year relationship that was already
admittedly strained, and damn near my life .. for your investigative fishing expedition?

So that Toni, instead of merely “hiring a terrorist” could “hire a terrorist” AND commit tax fraud? slow clap
pom poms out for “morality.”

Dear God, thank you for my life and breath today. If this is not the sledge hammer you meant for me throw
trough the screen today and it is merely a pebble then thank you for this pebble, bless me with a rock
tomorrow and a brick the next.
After 9/11 i specifically warned Konopka “like uh, hey, you know, they are going to start calling vandalism
and trespassing or mischief terrorism right?” I said “you can't just go walking on a train track anymore
you're going to get roughed up booked and fingerprinted.”

He disagreed with me and we never spoke since then. I like the guy, he's smart and funny and I miss walking
around him the way we used to do. I never had a friend before or since that wanted to do that with me,
except one boy from Madison who was cool enough to explore the abandoned freight tunnels under
Chicago with us.
But it was sort of like all the times I warned Steve over and over again that he had a neon sign over his head
that said “arrest me” It is absurd to implicate me in whatever Joe did subsequent to that and served 20+
years in Florence ADX for.
And I am the one who got crucified for “bad judgement” what did I do, besides rearrange some Christmas
reindeer to look like they’re fucking and maaaaaaaybe like, one time, we re enacted krystalnacht but I
straight up told the cops — under an intense, threatening, weeklong interrogation — that.

Their government slaughtered my ancestors again and again and are at it again. Bush slaughtered 150,000
Iraqis on their way home, who were promised safe passage. For no other fucking reason than “just
because.” They think nothing of murdering hundreds of thousands or millions.

But oh no, won’t someone think about the naughty language scribbled on a payphone or the front window
of a Hallmark store?

They say if I question their election results I am a terrorist.
Hitler, who was funded by Prescott Bush, did the exact same thing in November 1933 when he “adjudicated” the votes of 3 million who accidentally didn’t vote for Dear Fuhrer in his “landslide unanimous victory” and then persecuted those people for their “clerical error.”

Which, they clearly didn’t mean to make. Because it was a “clerical error,” right? But if I “name the Bibi” I am a nazi.

They say if I question the vaccine — and I attempted to do so with far better reasoning or so called science than you have proposed — I am a terrorist.

You know what else “changes your DNA just a tiny little bit”? AIDS and CANCER.

Oh no! Dirka Dirka Muhammed Jihad!!!! I said WORDS about HEALTH AND SCIENCE arrest me!
Well you already called me a terrorist when you said on the front page of my hometown newspaper, that I had GASP “hung out” with my co worker Joseph Konopka. And when, as I was informed by the Sheriff in Pilot Point, you monitored me as a “drug trafficker” for years and years and years even with no case pending.
What’s the term? “non investigative subject” “do not inform” ? I saw it on the MDT. Don’t even fucking pretend you don’t already do the exact same shit you threaten to do, or that you have not been looking for justification for what you do for 20 years. You are the terrorists.

American Gestapo. And they want a $10,000 gratuity for their service.

Never mind the so called “jihad squad.” If you kill what’s left of my ancestors I will come back to Texas, primary Ted Cruz, and I will turn you into an Islamic caliphate myself.

Ted Cruz is such a loser, that when he started emulating Donald Trump Republicans actually started looking up to him MORE.

---

**Fuck your MKUltra Talmudvision**

November 30, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized
Editorial note:

Dear God, thank you for my life and breath today. If this is not the sledge hammer you meant for me throw through the screen today and it is merely a pebble then thank you for this pebble, bless me with a rock tomorrow and a brick the next.

This entry is from sometime around April 23, 2020 – I was watching MSNBC in Lexington and the anchor started doing this weird thing where she was pulling out various games and puzzles and making strange comments (sort of like Ellen Degeneres had been on her Twitter feed if any of you remember some really bizzaro shit she had been posting) and something clicked .. “this is what Ellen was doing too, what the fuck” there were suggestive stimuli flashing on the screen that were bizarre and inappropriate in context to the newcast.
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it

Alana @AlanaTO7 · 1h
Explain your sweatshirt. #AskEllen
#FRAZZLEDRIIP
Anonymous ID:QdmKfLEI Thu 06 Aug 2020
23:46:28 No.271474603 🇺🇸

Quoted By: >>271474880 >>271475001 >>271479312 >>271502534
>>271503008

>>271474114
No. During the week that lockdown happened, after the genetic sequencing for covid was discovered to have 33 repeating A base pairs, while it was still very niche and specialized knowledge, Ellen started posting videos from her house. One included her wearing a hoodie with a repeating A pattern and a Wilson (volleyball from that shitty Tom Hanks movie) satanic looking face. It’s all very convoluted shit, but this is actually how the group signals to each other. People on 4chan caught onto this shit and somehow packaged it into a convoluted mess that caught on with mainstream covid hysteria along with the Tom Hanks bullshit. It was interesting. Ever since that moment, Ellen has been getting fucking blasted in mainstream media outlets at least every other week.

Anonymous ID:qXOWX7+8 Fri 04 Jun 2021
08:17:59 No.324545466 🇺🇸

Quoted By: >>324550759

>>324527931
didn't JAY-Z's and Ellen Degenerate's hoodie have 33 A's on it?
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it

jhayzgoatnews That's how we run...

4,696 likes
Something clicked where I grabbed my camera, exactly as Ann Fleischli said we might, and snapped a picture at a perfect time.

But we live in Clown World, so I wasn't taking photos of injustices to forward along to MSNBC as Ann had predicted. I was taking photos of injustices perpetrated by MSNBC.

Then they cut to a “press conference” with “donald trump” saying they had ended the fed and he was the fed chair effective immediately or something to that effect.

I posted something on twitter like “ha, he looks like a female alien” and ... normally I get totally ignored on Twitter but that got a whole bunch of people on my ass and in my DMs asking what channel it was, and if I had videos. I did start recording after that point and if anyone else has it, it probably came from me but I myself do not have the videos anymore.

What ensued after that, I would simplify by saying it fits most closely with what some of you call “blue beam” (I believe there is some other explanation) like this bizarre apocalyptic scenario, bizarre perceptual experiences, I went to Clearwater and got vanned and my mom was freaking out and telling the cops I was “going to commit a mass shooting,” they were looking for me in three states and when I did finally get home she was glassy eyed, manic, talking about it was the end of the world. They fucked with her too.

If autists want to get into archive.is/archive.org I stand behind what I wrote as “anything you experience is (subjectively) real” but not necessarily important.

Thus, the following is to be taken into the context of “composed in an altered state after they did something very bizarre to me in a hotel and vanned me for a week”, my remark on the anchor isnt a threat, its literally what I typed in response.

Here is something I keep forgetting and I must.. I must .. I must remember. They hacked my blog, which I had migrated from Blogger to a home-brewed platform rather than using a COTS product like wordpress — and started uploading child pornography to it. I caught them in the act, I immediately nuked the server and reinstalled it, and that is why there is a disparity between what I had and lost.

Apologies and thank you to Cloudflare. I choose to not alter this post, I hit the panic button so fast about the child porn I never ultimately determined root cause.

— begin original post —

2022 – Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it

The government is using Cloudflare to facilitate a psyop and control what you see or do not see on my blog
and who sees it. I broke it on Twitter. Go search for “barbecue” and take care of those sick fucks.

Given the history here I doubt the big government men are going to come help Me, more than likely they’re purging the MK Ultras, and Alice in wonderland programming victims http://deprogrammingwiki.com

Here’s MSNBC flashing illuminati, “hand washing”, colored blocks/rubiks cubes, puzzles, and much more live on broadcast television... channel 18, Lexington Kentucky

Friday at 5pm where they announced to SOME viewers that Trump had killed the Federal Reserve. They used a counterfeit Kentucky state seal and have the wrong number of windows on the courthouse, it’s an msnbc sponsored psyop

My thought? “The anchors eyes are diamond-like slits cause the bitch is gonna die.”

clarified november 30th this exploits ancestral memory: snake eyes, its to scare you the way a cat jumps from a cucumber, blocks dissolving in the back (rubiks cube, its suggestive stimuli for breaking through the looking glass or having an NDE.

Go back to Ellen DeGeneres’s twitter where she posts creepy shit about puzzles.... puzzles rubiks cubes, jenga games, they use these suggestive stimuli in psych wards to induce certain patients into trances and other altered states.
states, they use the ones that respond positively for false flags. Now you know what happened in Kenosha with someone who just got out of the Nut Hut and died for no god damn good reason than the news cycle.

Ellen is totally a glownigger asset and she was acting even weirder than me.

2022 – Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it

Here are the two versions of my Twitter page on the Quantum internet. One for the “targers” who have been lured into Q, and one for the others. There are probably other “quantum internet” versions.

The matching phrase for the little boy washing his hands at the mirror is “go clean up your room.”

Want to know how I know?

Pizzagate is real, they did it to me when I was 4 or 5 and I escaped. This is the post they tried to false flag me over:
On the late and great Ann Fleischli

November 28, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

“They say that history is written by the winners. That means that history is a self-serving version of the past written by the people who created it, trying to rationalize the mistakes that they made. Well, and of course, it also means celebrating the better decisions made by those politicians and rulers. That premise is no longer true, however. History is now made by all of us.

Today, if Columbus strode onto the shores of that island in the Bahamas, he would be greeted by a barrage of flashing cell phone cameras held by the native Arawak Indians. Instantly posted to the internet, the blogs would begin warning that he had taken some prisoners who were wearing gold ornaments in their ears. It is unlikely that he would have repeated that behavior in Cuba and Hispaniola (today’s Haiti and the Dominican Republic), his next stops.”

— WHA’ THE … A BIT OF MADISON WI HISTORY, A DISSIDENT/ACTIVIST’S EXPERIENCES

In order to defeat a force of nature like Ann, she had given them the blueprints.

Blog culture would be destroyed in favor of the Ministry of Truth, where anonymous censors could make others not see your posts, unperson you, or click a button and disappear you, your readers, your social connections; or ten years of your work, your story, your contribution to that history.

Ann went on to say great things about Ted Turner and the monster he created:

“By the time he had reached Cuba, CNN would be set up on the shore. (Ted Turner is right to be proud of his creation of 24 hour news.) CNN and MSNBC allow the cell phones flashing all over the world to communicate the mistakes that are being made via television to those without their own laptops and cellphones.”

I wonder if Ann were alive today, whether she would still sing their praises and insist they would come to our rescue.

Or whether she would be wise to the fact that CNN and MSNBC had been captured by those who seek to win and re-write history and erase their mistakes.
Celebrating the poor planning and decision making of those people.

Lying and lying and lying and lying and lying and lying and lying 24 * 7 * 365.

It’s funny to me that Ann would use Cuba as an example. CNN is definitely on team Cuba. CNN would be able to respond to that situation so quickly due to the fact that they doubtlessly have a satellite office, if not corporate HQ, in Cuba.

Would Ann ever see the day coming where the internet she celebrated would erase anyone who remembers — whether digitally erasing and unpersoning them, or literally, in a hole in the ground they were ordered to dig for themselves?

Did she know that CNN would be an enforcement arm of the American Gestapo, with the FBI warning you that if you didn’t cooperate with them “CNN would be on your front lawn” with those very cameras Ann said CNN would wield as a weapon of truth and defense of the common man and the innocents from tyrants?

I knew that in 2002 when they did that to everyone who even had so much as social contact with Joseph Konopka, aka "Doc Chaos."

They did the same thing to the company that employed me and Konopka, “guild.com” aka "the artful home."
They said they would have “CNN in their lobby” to tell the world they had “hired a terrorist.”

I was immediately fired for failing to “fulfill my legal and moral obligation to report him to the FBI” as though I had any clue about the circumstances under which he was arrested. They altered his 1099 to use my social security number, frame me for the taxes, and erase any record of employing him.

The company had already been giving me the Michael Jackson treatment long before that. Katie Kazan, managing editor, looked up “my name” on CCAP and found one Robert M Starks, born a year after me, with a long list of drug offenses, domestic issues, misdemeanors — and went around the company smearing me for my “prison record” and “lying on my application.” For which I ultimately got a public apology in front of the entire company and a $40,000 EEOC settlement.

When the lights went down and they left for the day, I used to fuck a meter maid named Wally and we’d shoot our loads all over Toni’s office and the conference room. I would point the stains out to my then-boss as we were harangued (again) about this drama (again) and she would turn red trying to not bust out laughing.

I retaliated and released emails between her and the investor she was fucking, to tell her what was what about morals. For this, I was raided, put on the front page of the state journal and capital times.

https://www.fadingstar.mx/?format=print&post-type=post&order-date…image_size=full&links=include&rendering_wait=200&print-my-blog=1
After the charges were dismissed, Toni, her husband and I would occupy the same three seats on the same American Airlines flight to New York. I did not recognize them. She sat there in silence, next to me, pale as a ghost. As we departed the plane, I read the name on her husband’s boarding pass and I, too, turned white as a ghost.

Off the plane, I looked her in the eye and told her that I hope she rots in hell.

Only one of those people had the balls to say “Look. Arrest me or get off of my fucking porch.” But even then, they drove him to near suicide at the time.

I also tried to commit suicide. I thought my life was over. Here is that story.

I am the user who is responsible for suggesting the “Rank and Vile” flair tag on patriots.win, and now you know why.

If Ann saw what I saw today, she would tell you this herself.

But oh, I see, it is I, who is “dangerous to Hillary Clinton’s democracy.”

Ann continued:

“Zbigniew Brzezinski, an American foreign affairs guru, says that the world is full of “these volatile, restless, politically awakened masses that continue to put more and more pressure on the system…” (1) I think that what we are witnessing is an example of Edward Lorenz’s 1972 description of continuous dynamic systems. Lorenz was a meteorologist who was trying to describe how sensitive initial conditions might grow into a large phenomenon. His metaphor example was the flap of a butterfly’s wing in Brazil and the possible resultant tornado in Texas.”

— (1) HOWARD ZINN, A PEOPLE’S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES 1492-PRESENT

It was thought at the time that this theory, called the chaos theory by some, would not be amenable to application to human behavior. His mathematics have been applied to many areas since then, including human behavior.

Ann was a dissident/activist who witnessed very bad historical decisions in her lifetime. I had the pleasure of meeting Ann when I was 15 years old and on a community assignment from the SPRITE boot camp. Let’s
say we met after that, too, and that I have more in common with some of my friends than I ever let on.

“Ann wanted to stick with it, there is work to be done” her best friend Barbara said, after Ann was no longer with us.

She was an activist until the end.

To those destroying our beautiful state of Wisconsin, our community, or our Planet, their attorneys and investors attorneys would rather have fifteen hemmorhoids or eat a bowl of shit, than encounter the opposition and the activism and the brimstone and fire of Ann E. Fleischli.

I am no longer willing to be a Cassandra or a mad man or a seer mumbling in a corner, nor to push a rock up a hill without any assistance as I do with 99% of my friendships and familial relationships. You don’t have to listen to me or agree with anything I say, but with or without me you need to wake the fuck up right now.

This is my plea to science, technology, engineering, medicine, and research:

“Drop your weapon.”

Nicely, please.

“Men die, but not what they stood for.”

—— GIL SCOTT HERON, ON COMING FROM A BROKEN HOME (EXCERPT)

Doublespeak: Eggs are bad, mmkay / Eggs are good, mmkay.

November 27, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized
Eggs were always bad for you.
Eggs were always good for you.

What are you talking about, science says eggs are-

I will save you some time, they're good for you, unless they're not.

AL 721 was something Larry Kramer, Nathan Kolodner, and Dr Barry Gingell tried to persuade Fauci to look into for AIDS/HIV.

It is made from nothing more than egg proteins.

Are “eggs bad for you,” or are “eggs cooked on scratched or leaky teflon” bad for you – or are the fumes from PTFE pyrolysis bad for you?

That stuff sure seems to kill birds and pets within four hours.

Throw that supermarket tabloid rag in the trash.

Look at what your telomeres are trying to assemble, vs what is in your assembled cells.

Build a nutrition, supplementation, and/or electron analogue dietary plan off of what YOUR body actually needs to create its cells.

You need a balanced diet because you have to create .. well, every type of cell in your body, and every cell needs a copy of your chromosomes. So “eggs are bad! ” and I am missing a protien. Or “I’m going to only eat protien! protien good!” “Salon said grapes are good, so all I eat are grapes!” well no, telomeres are building blocks, and they’re waiting for a letter they need to assemble your cells. They need a variety of things in order to do their job.

Hint: They are not a diet consisting of HCFS, fructose, white flour and sugar.

Alright, so people say fasting has benefits. Or to fast for labs.

If you are fasting, or not eating because you are gravely ill, or are otherwise nutrient deprived or dehydrated ; telomeres do not have what they need to assemble cells. So you will have unassembled telomerase aka viral load. This may, result in a temporary halt in cell division and therefore low cd4 or other types of cell counts.

People make claims that fasting has benefits and if its true that it causes a halt/checkpoint in the cell cycle
stage then I do not see why it is any different for someone to claim that this has benefits any more than to say the same for chemotherapy or an N1 nuclear import inhibitor like ivermectin.

They’re magnetic. Look it up. “magnetic immuno polymerase chain” hello, fucking magnets how do they work.

Anecdotally... take this as you will from someone who didn’t have a lot of use for eating or sleeping in my youth... it seems as if urine that is too dark or too pale and lifeless signifies different things, and when it is bubbly (not like a whipping cream that doesn’t flush, I read that this is a ‘go see your doctor right now’ sign) that is when my metabolism is in gear ; antioxidants are doing their deal and I burn visceral fat.

The planet, and everyone and everything that inhabits it it is in great danger. If you have even the faintest idea what the hell I just said, please continue reading.

If you don’t – I tried my best to provide my homework.

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Genetic shortcuts

November 27, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

Let’s say these drugs we’re taking, whether our dealer is named Walgreens or Pookie, actually do perform preferential bonds that make the job of telomerase 100 times easier. It can find and assemble things it needs or is looking for, even faster or with fewer molecules.

Perhaps this is adaptive, in response to things you have been “inoculated” against, or are no longer available in the poisoned, nutrient deprived garbage we call food.

Your body goes, whee, this is easy! Now I can burn/metabolize all this fat!

“I have so much energy!”

“I feel good!”
And then you withdraw that substance — legal, illegal, or an over the counter cold remedy — and your telomerase is searching endlessly for that substance it has been trained, to use as a shortcut, to create copies of chromosomes to insert into your cells.

And what are the symptoms of telomerase activity?

That’s right, “cold” and “flu” and “aids” and “covid” and “polymere fume fever” aka PTFE pyrolisis poisoning.

And you know, the people responsible for contaminating our planet are desperate for justifications for why the byproducts of their industry are actually beneficial.

Get this.

Maybe some of these chemicals actually ARE creating shortcuts for telomerase with unexpected results that I decline to speculate are harmful or beneficial.

You can take whatever I posted with a grain of salt, challenge it in whole or part, modify it and insert your own findings or understanding, improve upon it, or if some light bulb goes off over your head over anything I said – take it, it’s yours.

But this one right here, is my idea.

And you can have it, too.

I ... literally .. drive myself crazy with some of the questions I come up with.

For example, “what is the difference between a kaleidoscope and a telescope?”

I eventually came up with “a telescope shows you reality from a distance, and a kaleidoscope shows you a distance from reality.”

That was my first and “final” answer, but now I have arrived at:

“Characterize a microscope, an electron microscope, and a PCR test.”

Well, one is a microscope.. the other two are kaleidoscopes.

And I could just about scream right now.

What is the Large Hadron Collider?

A collide – o – scope, WOMP WOMP.
“What is the difference between a bumper car and a bumper sticker?”

It took me 13 years to answer this: A “bumper car” is a genetic sequence, and they can appear anywhere, as if parallel parked, in a line of cars. A Telomere end cap is the “bumper sticker”, it is like the sealed part on the end of a shoelace. “HIV” and cancer and a number of other aberrations, if you are lucky, are essentially harmless, and non infectious when it is a “bumper car,” but due to timing/folding errors, if it ends up in the bumper sticker, it is a problem.

You do not want those “sealed” into the bumper sticker. But they can break free of that under weird circumstances due to scavenging, substitution, or timing errors.

Or, notably, “inducing your g2 cell cycle to restart” which they currently do by absolutely destroying your immune system with chemotherapy; and you may also be able to apparently do with ivermectin. I warn you that I am not persuaded that daily ivermectin, for a long period of time, which effectively pauses the cell cycle, is a good thing any more than taking chemo every day for the rest of your life is. Whether that means two days a week, I am not qualified to give dosing advice.

The problem with geneticists playing god, is that they cry “EUREKA! This sequence MUST spell ABC12344” in the same location on the BUMPER STICKER.

They don't know, from their “pcr test” whether they are looking at the bumper car or the bumper sticker. Something harmless in the bumper car, may be malignant or fatal or cancerous in the bumper sticker. And the system god already gave you for this, is smart enough to say “well I cant make ABC, but AAA is compatible, so AAA it is.” And these black and white all or nothing thinkers try to short circuit the adaptive systems god gave you, to insist that it is ABC or nothing.

And when they say “these patients all have the same 9 genes” or “they all have a sequence of exactly 27” (*) is that true, or is it three groups of three or 9 groups of 3? Are there immunodeficient patients who otherwise meet the criteria of being “aidsy” where somewhere in this pattern of 999 AAA is ACA, or they only pattern match 18 of the aforementioned 27 (*) – but the sequence is otherwise identical, and what does that mean?

(*) 27 is arbitrary for the sake of discussion, no other reason than divisible by 3.

There is no explanation under the hiv/aids hypothesis for why “hiv negative” people have the same genetic sequences attributable to hiv/aids, on a PCR test.

I had said four years but just now it came back to me clear as day that I was in my attic in my house in Milwaukee when that question popped into my head. And I had just woken up from a beautiful dream about an
old friend, Arnold, who had passed away, and I wish... I wish ... I wish I could remember what he said. He wanted me to tell his wife Jeannie something. Maybe someday.. maybe someday I will remember.

These are the same black and white thinkers who say “CONSUME MY PRODUCT OR DIE.” and “BURN THEM FOR THE HERESY OF CHALLENGING ME.”

Blind obedience to authority is a feature of religion, NOT SCIENCE.

I deleted a few posts where I stated a number of things as fact. For example this started with a theory that “prions” were proteins looking for electrons or other proteins that you had been inoculated against (by say, the hep B vaccine) and had an immune reaction against. I believe elsewhere in this blog I still state, as though as a fact, that “aids was given to promiscuous volunteers in hepatitis b vaccines in 1978.” So if you are fact checking me, and I make apparently contradictory claims or irritate you with things I assert as though a fact, please focus on posts made in November 21, after my statement along the lines of “this next series of posts will be the one that really piss some people off:”

Other than some glaring items I had to remove, such as proposing using extremely strong opposite polarity magnets as a treatment / antidote to repel telomerase – yes, telomerase is magnetic, polarized, and opposites attract – I left everything before that “as is” so you could understand where my thinking WAS, and where it WENT, to demonstrate how my mind changed.

Maybe about two years ago I was stuck on “building blocks have ABCs, just like in the nurseries” and hilarity ensued.

*gasp* telomeres are building blocks

And immunodeficiency is like when I go to Target and want to rearrange the Christmas stockings to spell ” F J B ” for the thirtieth time this week, but the staff are pissed off and put all the letter “F”’s back in the stock room!!!!

And alternate telomere lengthening is when I pout and spell out “L G B ” instead and sulk away.

or, TTTGGG or whatever the hell it is, I presume that scientists or doctors or CNN’s limitless panels of experts know what I mean.

A word of caution about being the restocking crew who fumes “NO! This sequence of stockings MUST SPELL A B C D E F G -“

Because telomeres are a scavenging and/or substitution * process.
Your innate and adaptive encoding mechanisms are more brilliant than anything else that has been brought to the table by men.

- Commonly explained as a “mutation”

I say “men” because it is the research and work of women — one of whose work of 40+ years — inspired me.

I moved my blog several times and have most of this stuff, including some hellacious shit about ancestral memory and why cats freak out when they see a cucumber in various XML files that neither blogger nor wordpress will import, and yeah I could write something in bash to parse the array but so much of it is garbage

And here we are now.

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**Some Assembly Required**

November 27, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

I don’t know what this thing is that we could be “missing.”

Suppose something like “HIV” is written to your DNA and it (maybe) isn’t really natural.

That does not account for why “hiv negative” people test positive on a PCR.

But for the sake of discussion, now your telomeres want to find its components in order to assemble new cells.

Alternate telomere lengthening might work both ways:

“I will extend them for something new”

And “Ah well, can’t find that. I will have to shorten them. Fuck it, SHIP IT!!!!!!”
As software managers like to say.

This almost HAS TO BE TRUE because we know that telomeres shorten with age.

And the people interested in that, are why I am even saying any of this.

Is it possible that some people are more silica based than carbon based?

There has to be an explanation for what I described a few months ago as unpleasant headaches and "feeling like my HIV viral load was spiking" when I am around vaxxies. I get sick every time I leave the Goodwill or UPS Store in the town where I just sold my house with similar stuff.

Look, I can hear 8-9khz and 18-19khz tones that you can't. I can hear the high voltage flyback on an old style glass CRT. They drive me fucking crazy.

I can "hear" all sorts of shit that I hope to god you don't have to live with and yes I am a bit touched but the fact that sometimes other people hear it too, leaves me thinking current explanations are somewhat lacking.

This might be explained by paramagnetism, electrons, and toroidal fields in some sense. But if we have (at least) two different sets of slightly different biology then it is a mistake to force a one size fits all approach on the entire planet; hence the suggestion of investigating what is deficient from an individual's OWN cells or using their own cells as a supplement for as outrageous as that might sound.

And maybe the rest of this superstitious nonsense about "natural born witches" and all the other spooky shit needs to go the way of transferring your sins to a chicken.

So, you ever notice how you hear "X is good for you", "no, X is BAD for you now."

"Vitamin ZZZ helps with condition Y"

"No! Vitamin ZZZ doesn't do anything at all!"

I already mentioned that humans survive "plagues" because of genetic biodiversity. And that is one reason why I believe it is bad to make them universally resistant to, or RECEPTIVE TO, anything.

But there are other factors: Maybe your study is conducted in an area thats 90% caucasian or 70% black, or 100% people who drink the same water or are exposed to the same pollutants .. or are maybe even literally distantly related to each other

And so maybe in one sample population, one of these revelations appeared to be true
But then could not be reproduced by another group in other volunteers.

It’s enough to make you go craz(ier).

Consider things they do to children: “Johnny won’t sit still in class, he doesn’t care about this stupid fucking rote information I won’t stop droning on and on about and all he wants to do is ride his bike! We need a court order to give his developing mind lithium salts and amphetamines!!”

Please draw and quarter those fucking hacks for me they had me on 20+ meds over the course of a year or two under a court order when I was 8-9.

- Pardon me, I am desperate to not make this “political” or get sucked into that, let’s not politicize stupidity, ignorance, medical malpractice, child harm/neglect etc.

Okay so I brought up sudafed and meth and analogs for a reason. Lets say they form some kind of preferential chemical bond that we are not currently aware of, and you end up writing something altered into your chromosomes.

And now, telomerase activity, is a process of telomerase looking for that thing to assemble the new structure in your chromosomes.

But you don’t find it.

So now you have “sniffles” and “cold symptoms” as you do with telomerase regardless of what its cause is.

So, ah ha! You take more sudafed and it “relieves your cold symptoms!”

Because these stray telomeres found what they wanted to bond with.

Ever get sober and feel “sick” for a long time?

I have seen tens, hundreds of thousands of people come and go from chat, and its always “I feel terrible, I can’t take it anymore, I need to get high again”

So its the never ending roller coaster relapse cycle of, “I cant even function, I have the chills, I’m sick, I just want to feel better.”

Well......... no moral bullshit here okay, just know that there is a point where .. if you are lucky enough to be alive right now .. drugs will not give you comfort or relief, they will give you more pain than ever.

If you’re here, you got a second or third or twentieth chance your friends didn’t.
“AIDS is from drugs!”

Well possibly, but define “drugs” because we are pumped full of all sorts of over the counter shit that is literally ONE MOLECULE AWAY from a DEA Schedule 1 controlled substance. And when we stop taking it we have “cold symptoms” again, so we chug another bottle of WalgreensFluCrap XDM.

And then remember that, as I said, lots of people are “reactive” to PCR for HIV who are otherwise “HIV antibody” negative.

That is why Kary Mullis screamed that you cannot use his PCR test to diagnose HIV.

And now these drug companies have proposals and the money and nearly unlimited power to quarantine or exclude from society... or possibly shoah... their sundry and various victims. As well as the people who do not WANT to be their victims or unwilling “customers.”

Who was it that said “in order to find out who rules over you, figure out who you cannot criticize”?

Don’t shoot the messenger RNA!

November 27, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

If you really think the United States will ever give you free shit, wake up.

You won’t get a single response offering them something.

Here it is:

“Telomerase” is relatively new, discovered and characterized in 1984.

It roams around your body looking for missing electrons.

Because it wants to write something to your chromosomes.

And it is incomplete.
This is the so-called “VPR1” virus, the so-called checkpoint.

It is paused because it wants a complete copy of your chromosomes to write to your cells.

It rushes to the injection site in some people, because that might not be precisely what the telomerase chain is looking for, but it is SOMETHING attractive enough that the telomerase chain just can’t help binding to. I don’t know the ingredients of these vaccines, they’re a secret I guess, so I am not trying to sound like one of these crazy conspiracy theorists who keep alleging that the vaccines allegedly have graphene oxide in them — but I will use graphene oxide as an example of a… lets call it a black hole that all the electrons get sucked into.

So whatever electron or chemical it is, its something that your telomerase chain either wants, or just simply finds irresistible — but binding to it might NOT be a good thing. It will satisfy your checkpoint that the mission was accomplished and it found what it was looking for, and then write that into your cells instead of your chromosomes.

If you are extremely lucky, perhaps the resulting bond IS what your checkpoint process is looking for; or its just some harmless shit you will get rid of.

I propose that rather than eliminating or attacking telomerase, aka your “viral load”, or treating it like a free radical to be destroyed...

You instead supplement it with whatever it is searching for.

I have no proof that magnets actually stick to people’s injection sites.

“It’s just a question: “How would that be possible, IF it were true?”

40 years, trillions of dollars, and “omg! what is that! it’s a bird! it’s a plane! it’s an electron! it’s a pathogen! mommy, im scared! your body needs to be primed to destroy that!”

And not enough “well… wait a minute, what isn’t there?”

I tried to e-mail Bill Gates. I have to say these people on the world stage fucking terrify me, but something clicked. I actually do know what it is like to try to improve peoples lives, only to be called a monster and threatened with death and prison constantly. I paused for a long time in the shower when that one hit me.

I have other interests and I can’t promise you I won’t be writing dirty ditties or ranting about someone who looked at me funny at AA tomorrow.
ADE, re-visited

November 27, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

I have already attempted to explain “ADE” as I understood it in several posts.

Here is a new idea:

We assume that vaccines cause immunity to a “virus” and early on, an inactivated “virus” seemed to do the trick.

In keeping with my theory about electrons and telomerase, I propose:

Viruses are electrons in our toroidal fields.

“It can jump fifteen feet” you say?

Okay, then how about we say that the toroidal fields are +7-7.5 feet and can span 15 feet, when yours intersects with another person’s.

So can I at least give you a win for “social distancing”, “sana distancia”? 

Vaccines cause immune responses to electrons, not “virus particles”

This causes breakage of electrons, atom groups, and pair bonds in your body.

This time around they seek to make you have an immune response to telomerase itself. Telomeres, TRRF is magnetic with polarity, they attract and bind in a very specific manner. The fact that these “mRNA vaccines” have any effect on this whatsoever is DEFACTO proof that yes, vaccines CAN target electrons. If that is not what they have in fact been doing this entire time.

If you want the mystery electron or particle that breaks or fixes this, then I don’t think you have to search the heavens and the earth and the cosmos for a new heretofore unidentified particle.

Just walk backwards through vaccines and figure out which ones you have made people have immune responses to.

“Mutations” are when you have induced an immune response to yet another electron, which you previously considered a “particle of” a “pathological disease.”

Why doesn’t hand sanitizer kill electrons?

How fucking long or hard do you have to think about that one.
Why do carbon tubes and carbon mats “disinfect viruses”?

By performing a reduction — breaking their bond and attracting them to the carbon instead.

We know of another example substrate that performs this function: The porcelain in Pasteur’s filters. In fact the first so-called virus was identified as something that would not pass through his porcelain filter.

Look it up.

Carbon is a substrate that can break bonds, but hear me out: this is NOT good when the “bonds” that are being broken are your fucking red blood cells.

NAC is okay, it has metal chelating properties, it saves lives when people overdose on Tylenol, it can chelate toxins and poisons out of your body but you can not take it every day forever, it will eventually start robbing you of iron and hemoglobin.

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Graphine oxide

November 26, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

Here’s how scotchguard and teflon (and other similar substances, there are apparently at least 7 different manufacturers) work.

C8, aka Perfluorooctanoic acid (PFOA):

As a chain of 8 carbon atoms, under most circumstances this is the maximum number of atoms that can bind to it. That is why it repelled literally almost everything. Nothing else can bind to the chain of atoms for the most part.

Do you know what a ritter reduction does?

You break one molecule off of pseudoephedrine it’s a Tina Turner concert.
So let’s say you have some chain of atoms in your body and something induces one or more of its carbon atoms to break off, it’s no longer a stable chain of atoms anymore. You now have one or more carbon atoms that have broken free and are possibly roaming around in your body as what we call a “free radical” looking for something else to bind to.

Let’s say you take a tablet of sudafed. It works as expected, just a decongestant with no psychoactive effects right?

I have no reason to believe that this a thing, but pretend for the sake of a discussion that for some reason, another chemical in your body, whatever the case your body successfully broke that molecule off all on its own. You would then be metabolizing it as methamphetamine.

Why would I say that?

I will continue: This is exactly what happens with “drug analogs” for example GBL and 1,4, butenediol, which are not inherently GHB, but become GHB and have the same effects of GHB when they are metabolized by your body.

Moving along: I think this one possible explanation for why you may be exposed to a toxic chemical, and be totally fine.

Or maybe under less favorable circumstances to that chemical’s electron bond, you break off an atom or metabolize it just so and that stray atom / electron now becomes a free radical roaming around your body looking for something else to attach to.

You can take something like NAC or zantac, which circulates and tells free radicals like that “hey! attach to me!” and that is one way to eliminate them.

I believe zantac, as commonly prescribed, is too large of a dose and proliferates free radicals rather than necessarily eliminating them.

So they say it “causes cancer.”

Option two is to figure out a way to break it into smaller chains of atoms by means of chemistry, and then a way to eliminate those.

What is a virus?

Viruses were first identifiable with a microscope in 1901, as mystery particles or “organisms” that failed to be filtered out by Pasteur’s porcelain filter.
What if there was no such thing as a “virus,” and Pasteur’s porcelain filter caused an electron from some other bonded group, to be broken off from its parent. Maybe it just ever so slightly preferred porcelain over whatever it was previously bonded to. Perhaps the resulting filtered substance, lost its integrity or became something slightly different without this missing piece.

“Viruses” are electrons that are not part of a stable bond or atomic group, that are looking for something to bind to.

You need to know this: You do NOT need to induce your body to have an immune response to telomerase. IT ALREADY DOES.

We know that when you consume these electrons, your body develops an immune response to telomerase within 4-6 hours. We call it a virus, we call it a cold, we call it a syndrome. We call it “polymere fume fever” instead of oh i dont know, “PTFE pyrolisis poisoning.”

“Scientists say” eggs are bad ... red meat is bad .. food item X is bad this time.

Mind you red meat is disgusting but these scientists rarely openly speculate that maybe, it’s not the food, it’s the surfaces you’re cooking your food on.

Telomerase is in fact a critical thing you need to survive. Telomeres, as in “telometry” are how you monitor cell reproduction and make sure your chromosomes are written to every cell. Without it, copied cells are incomplete.

Unstable groups of free electrons dont have anything to bond to unless you ingest some drug or chemical that they like, and either one or two pieces of that group then decide to either break off and bond to it instead –or , they all bind together and make one huge chain of carbon atoms.

For example, in the case of antioxidants like NAC or superfoods, they bind to that and are excreted. You know how you are always told to “take lots of vitamin C when you are sick”?

Let’s say you’ve ingested some kind of “forever chemical” that your body cannot excrete though. And one of these free radicals decides it wants to attach to that.

Well, you cannot metabolize or excrete it so –

You will have to figure out how to break that bond or reduce it into something you can eliminate.

Enter graphine oxide.
I am examining a proposal from China, that suggests using graphene oxide to bind to telomerase and develop an immune response to telomerase.

I disagree with this approach because 1) you already have an immune response to telomerase, that is what aids or a cold or covid even are, symptom wise. You are not dealing with a so called “virus” as in the past, you are dealing with telomerase.

And 2) You can't survive without telomerase. Inhibiting or destroying it or making your body fight against it, will result in cell dysregulation (incomplete chromosomes in every new type of cell in your body, which will catch up with you as your old, complete cells finally die) and or ultimately host death.

Additionally, while they seem to have a good idea, they have a misunderstanding of what the target is, and graphene oxide is a bad choice because it is a 2 carbon atom configuration that will attract ALL TYPES of electrons to prefer it instead of the other cells that they are presently bonded to. Like red blood cells for example, they will be like “woohoo, fuck that red blood cell, I want to attach to this instead.”

It works in a test tube but mark my words, it is too promiscuous.

It’s a couple, looking for a triad on Grindr. (atom 4 atom?) And all your cells will ring their bell.

It will be in your system talking to all the other cells, like “don’t you wish your girlfriend was hot like me?”

And they will throw their previous pair bond in the garbage like last year’s iphones.

Just like all but one of my ex boyfriends in the last 16 years did to me.

China has a good idea, but they would need to identify a MUCH MORE SPECIFIC electron that is selective enough, to attract ONLY the unwanted electron (free radical) and not cause electrons from OTHER STABLE bonds to break free and be attracted to it too.

Carbon... is a building block at the center of the atom groups ..... 

You cannot use carbon for this.

You must find an electron that the unwanted electron binds to. Preferably so that you can make it into a group of three, at which point, alternate telomere lengthening can kick in and incorporate it and move on.

You need to stop thinking of living, wiggling “viruses” and think instead of electrons and electron groups.
that pair bond and only have eyes for each other.

Now here’s a weird idea for water treatment. This information is in the public domain and cannot be reproduced for commercial purposes:

Suppose you have an isolated reservoir used only for drinking water, I have two questions: 1) will adding graphene oxide to the water break up these so called forever chemicals, into, lets call them, not-forever chemicals?

And 2) will the idea of energizing the pipe cause that shit to stick to the magnet and pass, *if not pure water*, then at least water that we can handle making potable?

Will graphene oxide work similar to rust? superior to rust? in combination with rust?

And as before, set up a timer to divert the water flow, de energize the magnet, flush the supply pipe, re-energize and then switch the valve back?

Can you do this in 3 or 4 stages and snatch away enough electrons, to maybe even consider something like this as a means of disposing of the offending products?

On the off chance you are interested in this and know a hell of a lot more than i do:

If C8 scares you, what are C9 and C10?

What’s the real reason there’s a panic to ban diesel fuel and/or gasoline powered vehicles within 9 years?

Anything so bad, that some people would… do some things?

And finally, if it is an insult to your body to re-inhale the hydrogen peroxide its gassing off from destroying stuff it doesn’t like –

How about, all the work you do to exhale carbon dioxide, and then after all that you go chug 60 ounces of the shit from a soda fountain?

They said “be less white,” but I don't know if turning blue is any better.

You don't drink your piss, right?

I'm just rambling now. Whatever the case, I will say I've lost 23 pounds since I completely cut
soda/HCFS out this year. I still indulge in an occasional “import coke” “kosher coke” made of real sugar if I can find the shit down here. HCFS is everywhere, even in Mexico now.

Have you ever seen Idiocracy, and laughed at how stupid anyone would have to be to think that plants crave electrolyes, and then gulped a gatorade?

All these studies im reading, in one of them, they gave a mouse a single dose of alcohol and it had necrosis in part of its liver just from one dose.

Damn it, I still enjoyed my occasional Tecate but haven’t since I met tow daddy and knowing that I dont think I will again.

Your body, I swear, must look at you like you’d just rejected a mouse your kitty caught for you.

Edit : Having said all of this, let’s say there is a claim that SSRI or antidepressant X “helps with _______.” I don’t even remember the drug name and can’t comment on that. But in case you are wondering “how the FUCK would that even be possible?” ; see above.

It breaks something free from something that is currently harmful.

Or it attaches to something harmful and creates an inert/less harmful grouping.

*If that is true then the reverse is plausible, ie the molecules in these drugs could theoretically be implicated in... doing the exact opposite.*

I’ve told you more than once that “psychiatrists are war criminals.”

“How could zantac scavenge free radicals like you say?”

See above.

“You’re crazy. Take your meds sweaty!!!!!!!!”

I did, sweaty. But my meds only work if YOU take YOURS.
PTFE

November 24, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

Half of the face masks on the market contain PTFE.

While they allegedly don’t “restrict oxygen” or cause you to inhale CO2 (which “fact checkers” are quick to point out) if you are exhaling excess hydrogen peroxide; it needs to leave your body and not be re-inhaled — your body is working overtime to get rid of that shit. And you’re sucking it back in???

You will get flu like symptoms from the pyrolysis products of PTFE, found on industrial grills, contact cookers (continuous grills that cook food between belts), electric griddles, and self cleaning ovens they call it “polymere fume fever.”

And none of these manufacturers want to recall every self cleaning oven, every griddle, every grill in the fucking world.

“Oh, we’ll just start making our appliances in Mexico then.”

I don’t want to be a bad guest or speak for anyone, you will have to ask Mexico what they think about that.

Spending $250 million to throw an election or $25 million to buy a politician a mansion is nothing compared to the costs of disclosure, remediation, recalls, or subrogation/injury claims.

None of these chain restaurants want to pay Stacy’s workmans comp for standing next to a 400 degree hotplate for 15 years. They’d rather keep paying her $6.25 an hour until she keels over and drops dead at her station with a spatula in hand.

On the subject of magnetism:

1. You can clean and purify water with magnets.
   
   - **method one**: inductive electrical coil wrapped around a supply pipe like a transformer winding. (want to clean it out? power it off and flush the pipe, it would be incredibly simple to put an electronically operated two way valve on a timer to flush it automatically.)
   
   - **method two**: intentionally use a supply pipe containing rust, and a traditional iron magnet wrapped around it. All sorts of molecules, toxins, and pollutants that have bound, even arsenic, will bind to the
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it

- rust in the supply pipe. Rust is not necessarily bad.
- update/afterthoughts: I don't know if you need low pressure, a really fucking long magnet wrapped around a pipe, or smaller diameter / reduced flow for truly potable water. I also don't know about the chemistry of say, lead. It has paramagnetic properties when energized, maybe you need an iron magnet combined with an electrical coil. This would have been a Doc or a Wayne question. Imagine something like this on everyone's pipe in Flint Michigan though.

2. As you learned in a previous post, TRRF/telomerase is very specific about where it goes and what it binds to. Introducing mRNA that persists longer than 48 hours is something Stanford* advised against per that post. (Corrected from “Harvard.”)

- Creating a mRNA factory in your deltoid muscle, may be inducing TRRF/telomerase to race to that site instead of where it is supposed to go. This explains why magnets allegedly stick to the injection site, and maybe even why some people straight up drop dead or develop clots.

As a reminder, telomerase is responsible for making sure every cell in your body — your blood cells, T cells, every cell means every cell — has an intact copy of your chromosomes upon cell mitosis/division. If you break this, you will have mutated blood cells that cannot supply you with oxygen, T cells that cannot fight infection, or worse. If you are healthy, great, but why do you want another shot of something that does not prevent “infection” or “transmission” of this so called “virus”? If you do not have time to parse through my various claims .. probably 5 to 7 of those here … this one threatens us with extinction, stop whatever you are doing , this is the one, we can get to the other ones later.

Carbon cannot have more than 4 double-electron bonds, even then conditions have to be favorable; carbon can form a bond with 5-6 atoms but the resulting structure will die under unfavorable conditions; I can think of one route to an antidote but there is a non zero chance of it killing everyone including me, and/or being another thing you can’t get rid of. Which ... “science” should have really put some more delicate thought, care, or concern for anything besides profit into by now. I think you people have already managed to destroy everything you touch and should consider giving it a rest.

I don't see myself providing assistance to sociopaths who lie and lie and lie and lie and lie and lie and lie and lie and lie and lie and lie and lie and lie and lie and lie and lie and lie and lie and lie and lie and lie and lie and lie and lie and lie and lie and lie and lie and lie and lie and lie and lie and lie and lie and lie and lie and
lie and lie and lie and lie and lie and lie ... and have nothing to offer me but a boot print on my fucking face forever and ever and ever and ever and ever and ever and ever and ever and ever and ever and ever and ever.

2015: Telomere extension turns back aging clock in cultured human cells

November 24, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

ONE LITTLE PROBLEM. No one would have ever approved mRNA for human use or clinical trials.


The newly developed technique has an important advantage over other potential methods: It’s temporary. The modified RNA is designed to reduce the cell’s immune response to the treatment and allow the TERT-encoding message to stick around a bit longer than an unmodified message would. But it dissipates and is gone within about 48 hours. After that time, the newly lengthened telomeres begin to progressively shorten again with each cell division. The transient effect is somewhat like tapping the gas pedal in one of a fleet of cars coasting slowly to a stop. The car with the extra surge of energy will go farther than its peers, but it will still come to an eventual halt when its forward momentum is spent. **On a biological level, this means the treated cells don’t go on to divide indefinitely, which would make them too dangerous to use as a potential therapy in humans because of the risk of cancer.**

"... too dangerous to use as a potential therapy in humans because of the risk of cancer"

— HTTPS://ARCHIVE.MD/3SE01
The researchers found that as few as three applications of the modified RNA over a period of a few days could significantly increase the length of the telomeres in cultured human muscle and skin cells. A 1,000-nucleotide addition represents a more than 10 percent increase in the length of the telomeres. These cells divided many more times in the culture dish than did untreated cells: about 28 more times for the skin cells, and about three more times for the muscle cells.

“We were surprised and pleased that modified TERT mRNA worked, because TERT is highly regulated and must bind to another component of telomerase,” said Ramunas. “Previous attempts to deliver mRNA-encoding TERT caused an immune response against telomerase, which could be deleterious. In contrast, our technique is nonimmunogenic. Existing transient methods of extending telomeres act slowly, whereas our method acts over just a few days to reverse telomere shortening that occurs over more than a decade of normal aging. This suggests that a treatment using our method could be brief and infrequent.”

While I said it makes sense to me that software wonks might sort of understand or geek out on this, here’s why they’re dangerous. Software wonks, clueless middle managers (including but not limited to the then-sitting President of the United States) especially, have a tendency to say fuck it and order everyone to “SHIP IT.”

Bugs be damned, shrieks of QA and engineering and beta customers be damned.

“We’ll just fix it later with a service pack!”

Well maybe that mentality works at Microsoft...

**PS: They never ever ever ever ever ever ever “fix it later.”**

These people are “religious” fanatics caught up in armageddon hysteria masquerading as science and I am using the word religious generously.

I think we will adapt.. well, we have adapted .. to some of our problems. I really could not care less if you want to thank science or thank a god of your understanding. In typical fashion, the so called elites want to
set sail on a rocket ship or the Titanic, or turn New Zealand, Australia, and Hawaii into the most heavily fortified gated communities on earth until the coast is clear.

They’ve stolen all the “money” and property and islands and indeed the means of production and almost every amount of suffocating control over your privacy, freedom, your right to assemble or share information or warn others or defend yourselves against tyranny.

But now a lot of them are ... 70 .. 80 .. years old and won't be long for this world. Hence obsessions with “transhumanism” and genetic hacks for immortality (as if you weren't perfect the way you are) that they would like to test out on you first. That whole “black eye club” thing looks like kaposi's sarcoma, I speculate from “previous attempts to deliver mRNA-encoding TERT”, which they probably thought would make them young again if not immortal. Be glad you weren't invited over to Jimmy Carter's for koolaid.

AIDS, in my estimation, is exactly what this paper describes as “an immune response against telomerase”, which may have been introduced by overt or covert experimentation with mRNA, delivered by a vaccine or a payload in a viral vector. You can indeed deliver it with an adenovirus. But the current experiments are trying to make your body produce it by itself.

This study explains why doing this for more than a transient period (48 hours or so) is bad.

HIV, is due to VPR1 halting cell mitosis/division/reproduction, by a separate pathological process — which might be a single stranded RNA virus, or which might be an "immune response against telomerase."

Telomerase / TERT is extremely selective and can only bind to itself, I suspect, in groupings of three. I speculate this because gag,pol,env is a group of three.

When I say these carbon atoms are 3 + 3 and 2 carried over, you have these 2 groups of telomeres that cannot be encoded because there isn't a third one for them to bind to and be encoded with.

Your body, I speculate, stops incorporating those two telomeres because it does not know what they are or what to do with them.

You will only grab it with ALT, when it is a group of three.

This is the checkpoint process. This is vpr1.

When two roll over and become three, they can bind to each other and resolve this condition.

So you understand, the reason I suspected teflon or scotchguard and not .. say ... drain cleaner .. is because of the mathematics involved and the documented switch from an 8 atom config to a 6 atom config.

https://www.fadingstar.mx/?format=print&post-type=post&order-date...image_size=full&links=include&rendering_wait=200&print-my-blog=1  Page 455 of 877
Old “aids” is not the new “aids”, admit it, you’ve had this discussion with someone.

The 6 atom configuration is not safer, you see, you still have the “immune response against telomerase” aka aids and covid and probably other cover stories.

It is just that, with the 6 atom configuration you don’t have an extra 2 stray telomeres that never ever ever ever ever go away.

Your body finds two groups of three and accepts or rejects them.

AIDS, as caused by the 8 atom configuration “never goes away”, because it has two telomeres that persist forever and ever and ever, as they are selective and need a third telomere to bind to.

AIDS, and possibly cancer, is a state of being in that perpetual checkpoint.

Though its my understanding that HIV, is a specific thing that stops your tcells from reproducing due to VPR.

In the case of cancer, maybe its a red blood cell or B cell or whatever that is halted from cell division or reproduction.

I’m going to be controversial and say “AIDS is not forever. You’re thinking of scotchgard and teflon.”

Something else to consider – the role of paramagnetism, in TRRF’s selective binding properties. Why does it only stick to other TRRF? Why do they only attract or stick to each other in a certain order? The same reason opposites attract on an iron magnet.

Fucking magnets, thats how they work.

“Molecules with even numbers of paired electrons are dimagnetic (slightly repelled by a magnet) and free radicals are paramagnetic (attracted by a magnet) because of the spin of the odd electron, the spins of the remaining paired electrons cancel each other out.” https://courses.lumenlearning.com/introchem/chapter/diamagnetism-and-paramagnetism/

“A molecule called hemoglobin in the red blood cells contains iron. Oxygen sticks to the iron here and moves around the body....”

So you have people asking “Why does this fucking magnet stick to my injection site?” and they’re like “noooo sweetie youre not magnetic”

Yes you are. Everything in your body, every molecule is slightly magnetic, you are paramagnetic its one of
the reasons things know where they go.

It’s how a fucking MRI works (magnetic resonance imaging) it is literally reading the magnetic resonance of your body. Of course your body is paramagnetic!

Antioxidants, NAC, and Zantac scavenge the free (read: magnetic) radicals roaming around in your body aimlessly and looking for something to bind to, that don’t really belong there. Do not take “too much” of these or they may have a paradoxical (opposite) effect.

Any other poisons or metals can be excreted, metabolized, or chelated — or at least are not present in every man woman child and animal (yet).

But not these free radicals or stray telomeres.

If you don’t stop lying, learn from this, and change your ways I’m sure there will be others.

What is a forever chemical?

No, I do not want to build back better. I want you to fix this shit.

Nobody is going to give you a brand new planet to do the exact same shit to.

If/when God has finally had enough, there will be a tribulation and a test.

The meek will inherit the earth but it won’t be handed to you, you will earn it and be a good caretaker and steward of what you already have first.

Whoever looked at the earth and its people like a used kleenex to throw away.

I’m not convinced they have a ticket for that ride. But god has a far greater capacity for understanding, compassion, and mercy than I do.

**Build Back Better**
That depends on what the definition of “aids” is.

November 23, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

History repeats itself: Until 1993, the CDC classified any illness or death with the following symptoms as "AIDS" even if they weren't HIV positive.

Since the deaths just went up and up and up and up and up and up they decided to change the definition of AIDS in 1993 once Clinton was in office.

"Reagan and Bush (Republicans) handled the AIDS crisis so badly!!"

"People were DYING."

"Science should not be PARTISAN" — @AOC

Sound familiar?

See how your pandemics get solved when Democrats are in charge?
“Adjusted for reporting delays.”

What does that mean, we’ll get VAERS data in 55 years?

As soon as I saw that, you know what I looked for next.

“and the death rate from AIDS dropped significantly. AIDS in the United States was becoming a manageable disease.”

Of course it did. Because you changed the definition of aids.

The definition before 1993 didn’t require an HIV test to call all these deaths “aids” deaths.

The deaths didn’t go away they just weren’t “aids” anymore.
1987 REVISION OF CASE DEFINITION FOR AIDS FOR SURVEILLANCE PURPOSES

For national reporting, a case of AIDS is defined as an illness characterized by one or more of the following “indicator” diseases, depending on the status of laboratory evidence of HIV infection, as shown below.

I. Without Laboratory Evidence Regarding HIV Infection
   If laboratory tests for HIV were not performed or gave inconclusive results (See Appendix I) and the patient had no other cause of immunodeficiency listed in Section I.A below, then any disease listed in Section I.B indicates AIDS if it was diagnosed by a definitive method (See Appendix II).

A. Causes of immunodeficiency that disqualify diseases as indicators of AIDS in the absence of laboratory evidence for HIV infection
   1. high-dose or long-term systemic corticosteroid therapy or other immuno-suppressive/cytotoxic therapy <3 months before the onset of the indicator disease
   2. any of the following diseases diagnosed <3 months after diagnosis of the indicator disease: Hodgkin’s disease, non-Hodgkin’s lymphoma (other than primary brain lymphoma), lymphocytic leukemia, multiple myeloma, any other cancer of lymphoreticular or histiocytic tissue, or angiomymenoblastic lymphadenopathy
   3. a genetic (congenital) immunodeficiency syndrome or an acquired immunodeficiency syndrome atypical of HIV infection, such as one involving hypogammaglobulinemia

B. Indicator diseases diagnosed definitively (See Appendix II)
   1. candidiasis of the esophagus, trachea, bronchi, or lungs
   2. cryptococcosis, extrapulmonary
   3. cryptosporidiosis with diarrhea persisting >1 month
   4. cytomegalovirus disease of an organ other than liver, spleen, or lymph nodes in a patient >1 month of age
   5. herpes simplex virus infection causing a mucocutaneous ulcer that persists longer than 1 month; or bronchitis, pneumonitis, or esophagitis for any duration affecting a patient >1 month of age
   6. Kaposi's sarcoma affecting a patient <60 years of age
   7. lymphoma of the brain (primary) affecting a patient <60 years of age
   8. lymphoid interstitial pneumonia and/or pulmonary lymphoid hyperplasia (LIP/PLH complex) affecting a child <13 years of age
   9. Mycobacterium avium complex or M. kansasii disease, disseminated (at a site other than or in addition to lungs, skin, or cervical or hilar lymph nodes)
   10. Pneumocystis carinii pneumonia
   11. progressive multifocal leukoencephalopathy
   12. toxoplasmosis of the brain affecting a patient >1 month of age

II. With Laboratory Evidence for HIV Infection
    Regardless of the presence of other causes of immunodeficiency (I.A), in the presence of laboratory evidence for HIV infection (See Appendix I), any disease listed above (I.B) or below (I.I.A or II.B) indicates a diagnosis of AIDS.
“and then one day all of a sudden it will just magically go away.” — trump

“i will just stop the virus!” — biden

America: “Uhh, how?”

Now you know how. They just adjust a PCR cycle or redefine diagnostic / symptom criteria until they lose control again.

And then “UH OH TIME FOR ANOTHER PLAGUE.”

These deaths and illnesses have never gone away or even changed significantly per capita year over year. The CDC just explains them away as whatever is politically convenient at the time with no testing whatsoever.

Like the 2019 flu season. 32 to 44 million illnesses. 14 to 21 doctors visits, and 310,000 – 560,000 deaths blamed on flu.

How do they know that? When public labs only tested 62,234 specimens and reporting clinical labs tested less than a million (of which 50 and 20 some percent were even positive)?

Its because the CDC is a fucking fraud and calls epidemics deaths and illnesses whatever they want to, and they move the goalposts when they lose their icy grip on the purse strings or prevailing/controlling party in the legislature or white house.
Jimmy Carter’s approval is an extremely dubious thing to covet or even want to inform other people about.
Bill Clinton has been committed to battling the HIV/AIDS epidemic, even before he was elected President. As a candidate in 1991, he repeatedly called for all-out efforts to "turn back the tide of AIDS."

Since leaving the White House, President Clinton has continued his efforts to combat AIDS, focusing on bringing large-scale care and treatment programs to developing countries. The Clinton Foundation HIV/AIDS Initiative, established in 2002, has become a major player in the global effort to expand access to care and treatment in the developing world. In acknowledgement of this work, Bill Clinton has been named this year's recipient of the Jimmy and Rosalynn Carter Award for Humanitarian Contributions to the Health of Humankind.

During his administration, President Clinton pushed for increased funding for AIDS research and speedier Food and Drug Administration approval of AIDS drugs. From 1995 to 1997, the nation increased its investment in combating HIV and AIDS by sixty percent; eight new AIDS drugs and nineteen others for AIDS-related conditions provided us with the knowledge and tools we need to turn the tide of this pandemic. It is time for us as political leaders and citizens to put them to use. Lives that could be spared will be lost and it will be impossible for these countries to achieve their goals for social and economic development. The security of the global community is at risk."

The Foundation has been behind efforts to develop comprehensive integrated national care,
I saw Clinton in 2016, turned my back and walked out on him at Caesars Palace in Vegas. My only regret is that I didn't know the deplorables well enough yet to scream the magic words “BILL CLINTON IS A RAPIST INFOWARS DOT COM”
We can learn a lot from each other.

November 23, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized
There is a reason they want us divided, black and white left and right, Hillary and Trump, vaccine and no vaccine.

I have been at this for a few years out of interest in HIV.

Everything else is literally an accidental discovery.

Some, in part prompted by questions from the MAGA crowd. Some, in part, prompted by the screechiest leftists on planet earth over on Reddit.

If I were not open minded enough to listen to people and dig through a lot of dirt in order to find a diamond; if i (consistently) took the bait about what to be outraged divided ranted or fighting over today (see “amygdala hijack,” which theyve done to us for over 100 years with armageddon scares, cold war scares, pandemic scares, terrorism scares) ......... and got caught too deep in either circle jerk or echo chamber, I would probably be foaming at the mouth about something that does not fucking matter tonight, and know none of this.

I don't have the attention span for television or twitch or youtube streamers but I will devour book after book after webpage after webpage. So I don't watch that Hasanabi guy for example but secretly, I laughed and laughed and cried and rolled around in my bed and gasped for air and laughed harder than I have ever laughed at anything in my life for probably 30 solid minutes at one of his tweets and I'm not fessing up but I bet he could figure out exactly which one. That fucker is almost as sick as I am.

I got a joke for you,

So I called the suicide hotline in Minneapolis, right.

They got really excited and asked me if I know how to drive a truck.

/cymbal
One more thing I feel a need to clarify:

“There is a carbon chain of 6-8 atoms long in these chemicals and they can remain in the body for years and cause health, hormonal, and/or psychological effects.”

The original formulation was 8 atoms long. The newer “safer” formulation is 6 atoms long.

It took about 50 years for the first formulation to catch up with us.

Whoever hasn’t had cancer or “aids” or died by now from the 8 atom configuration has probably adapted to it to use ALT (alternate lengthening of telomeres) by now.

And what we are seeing, is the same process play out for the 6 atom configuration.

In an 8 atom chain there’s a greater probability of a piece of it breaking off and being harmless.

In a 6 atom chain, the odds are more in favor of it passing and being encoded exactly the way it is.

Let’s say it is a tight squeeze and conditions had to be just right for people to get aids or cancer before.

With the smaller chain, it’s not such a tight squeeze.

We are, or were, in a solar minimum which already causes us health problems and so called pandemics in 10-12 year cycles (look it up) but could be any number of other things about our lifestyle, diet, and all the bullshit they poison us with.

We are now in Solar cycle 25, and we will be increasing in sunspot activity in 2022, peaking in 2026.

That is what I believe certain people mean by “we are running out of time.”

As in, to not waste an opportunity to let a crisis turn into an even bigger crisis like they usually do.

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**PFAS / PFOS**

https://www.fadingstar.mx/?format=print&post-type=post&order-date__image_size=full&links=include&rendering_wait=200&print-my-blog=1
Going back to the telomere thing, it looks like this was discovered by Carol Greider in 1984, which she received a Nobel Prize for in 2009.

When cells are copied via mitosis they lose DNA data. There is indeed a process to insert an intact chain of host DNA into the copied cell to compensate for that loss.

The chromosomes get padded to whatever length they need to be, and then they are capped off “like the ends of a shoelace” “so they don’t get frayed like a shoelace.” telomerase is an enzyme that maintains the length and integrity of chromosomes, necessary for health/survival of every type of cell in your body.

As people age, their telomerase gets shorter.

As I wrote previously, certain viruses like HIV leave behind excessive telomerase which does not get blocked or cleaned up by entry / integrase / protease inhibitors or an N1 nuclear inhibitor like ivermectin.

I guess if you were trying to crack immortality or the fountain of youth, one angle might be how to go about lengthening TRF enzymes or manipulating the regulation process. Up until the present time you could only really get into transcription with a viral vector (vaccine, passenger virus to carry the payload into the nucleus of a cell) to access messenger rna.

In any case, here’s something else that lengthens telomerase: PFAS and PFOS (aka the chemicals in scotchguard and teflon) which are present in nearly every human and animal body in the united states right now. These are so called forever chemicals that are poisoning ground, surface, and municipal water supplies all over the place.

There is a carbon chain of 6-8 atoms long in these chemicals and they can remain in the body for years and cause health, hormonal, and/or psychological effects. The highest levels found in the US are 11,000 or so and usually in tannery/chemical plant workers. Most people it is a 2 to 3 digit number.

The highest levels in the WORLD are in Wuhan: “In a recent study, scientists tested the blood of fishery workers at Tangxun Lake in China’s Wuhan region. One employee was found to have the highest level of PFOS ever detected in Human blood: 31,400 ppb.”

Want to take any bets on all those fish going to a certain wet market in Wuhan?

So get this, these chemicals are being found in birds, they are measuring the telomere length in these birds, and discovering that it actually increases their survival rate and likelihood to be seen more than once.

https://www.fadingstar.mx/?format=print&post-type=post&order-date...image_size=full&links=include&rendering_wait=200&print-my-blog=1
despite being poisoned with the chemicals. See “Exposure to PFAS is activated with telomere length dynamics and demographic responses of an artic top predator.” Sebastiano, Angelier, et al.
Search for FPAS exposure and covid-19, and you will see article after article after article saying that FPAS is found to increase severe risk of covid-19, that FPAS worsens outcomes, fatalities, etc.
They are saying nearly all the animals have “covid” and you know what else they have? FPAS exposure.

The introduction of these carbon chains of 6-8 atoms is definitely increasing telomere length and may appear to be more or less harmless. But “DDR activation at dysfunctional or unprotected telomeres can trigger irreversible growth arrest (senescence) or cell death.” (source)

Continuing, the survivors that emerge either upregulate telomerase or activate a recombination-based method of telomere maintenance termed alternative lengthening of telomeres (ALT).

So TLDR, it will either kill you or you will literally develop an evolutionary adaptation called ALT.
Going back to my rant about Daktronics “bus a bus”, the placement of the chain might be just as important as the existence of the chain. It might not be hurting you, unless it shows up in a damaged or unprotected telomere. And any number of things, chemicals, smoking, drugs, infection, the garbage we eat, can open the window for that to happen. Let me see, how to kick off some free radical damage or oxidative stress?

Let me count the ways.

Funny thing, the telomere regulation process was discovered in 1984.

What happened around then?

AIDS.

The fact we were able to get single stranded RNA from victims of the 1918 flu suggests we always had this mechanism in place. But we were not ingesting carbon chains that were 6-8 atoms long until teflon was invented in 1938 and scotchguard was invented in 1952, which then slowly started making its way into our water and soil and bodies up until the present day crisis.

What if ... Greider was able to make her discovery, based on lab abnormalities or just seeing something that didn't add up with her experience and education up until that point – based on enough of the population having these abnormalities in telomerase by 1984?

This bears repeating one more time: it will either kill you or you will develop an evolutionary adaptation called ALT.

PCR is not used for HIV testing because many people will test “positive” on a PCR even if they are “HIV
negative” which means that what the PCR tests for is not specific to HIV.

Those people have developed an evolutionary adaptation, or else, those sequences are not at the end of the chain and they are non infectious.

They become life threatening when they are activated at DDR or a strand break or a damaged telomerase, and now find themselves at the end of the chain. And it is entirely possible that some of the shit we do .. drugs, poppers, smoking, whatever , opens the window to cause this.

The presence of “HIV” in PCR samples in HIV negative people, means that this is not necessarily exclusive to the HIV positive. They are not present in the entire population.

What is agreed on, is that they are present in ALL HIV positive people.

Therefore you need a confirmatory test like ELISA or Western Blot. You cannot diagnose someone with HIV based on PCR per Kary Mullis, the inventor of PCR.

Yet we use PCR to diagnose covid, isn't that something? Kary must be rolling in his grave.

So Luc Montagnier says he found HIV in covid and that this is nearly impossible to happen in nature. What do you think?

Does that mean, he found the same thing we already know that we have always been able to find in a subset of HIV negative people?

And we're finding it in everyone now?

Well, whatever “covid”is, it is not HIV.

Although a covid vaccination effort in Australia caused participants to falsely test positive for HIV.

Bringing me back to my post on western blots: If we believed that these meant HIV for the last almost 40 years, and now they could mean something else, then what did they even mean in the first place?

I am not going as far as saying that what you are detecting in these people, is in fact, PFAS / PFOS.

But that crisis has escalated to where it is in every single man, woman, child, newborn baby, and animal since 1980.

And it may very well be possible that it is harmless, and that it is not AIDS, unless for whatever reason , those sequences show up at the end of a sequence due to a strand break or other chromosomal damage.
Except now you can’t just write it off as gays or drug addicts or blacks or prostitutes or your other unwanteds. Or even AIDS, whatever that is.

AIDS was turning peoples lungs into jelly in the 1980s. I wonder how much hydrogen peroxide they were exhaling as their cells were dying off en masse.

I was curious to see if anyone has done studies on clearing PFAS / PFOS with NAC or Zantac, simply due to the fact that NAC and DMSA combined have the property of chelating metals and some chemicals.

I only found one study on that, in English anyway.

If China has people walking around with levels of 31,000+ in their bloodstream, their water and soil are done for.

Now you know why they want to conquer your land and your people.

Joe Biden has done everything in his power to put their interests before ours since the 1990s.

I am still waiting to hear all about the coronavirus plan he has, that “Donald Trump doesn’t.”

I didn’t hear either uniparty candidate mention the PFAS issue even once. It should have been front and center oh I don’t know, 8 years ago?

But instead, we were running on grab them by the pussy and vote for me because im a woman, and deplorables and racism and free college and ITS MY TURN *stamps feet*

I think I only ever saw one person I knew out there, saying “I think it’s fucked that clean water is not even in their top fifty priorities.”

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The Revolution will not be Tweeted

November 21, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

My priorities are:

https://www.fadingstar.mx/?format=print&post-type=post&order-date...image_size=full&links=include&rendering_wait=200&print-my-blog=1
Clean water
Clean energy
Clean air
Affordable housing
Solving the unsolvable elephants in the room
Restorative justice
Equal protection under the law
Agriculture

I'm giving myself an allowance and investing whatever is left of my Monopoly money into the Mexican economy and/or innovators with a pocket full of magic beans and a solution to any of the above.

Even though I am cringing and suspicious of the usual corruption and pork and grift and kickbacks, I am pissing at windmills and I've changed my mind and am fully behind throwing resources at the above.

I have always been live and let live on social issues and I always will be.

I fully support your right to protest, to solve and/or bring attention to other disparities or problems that I don't even understand because you are fifteen or fifty miles down the road ahead of me on those issues.

My values, such as they are, are what they are. I am but a humble redneck meme farmer.

That said,

I can't eat or drink or breathe a gun or a Bible or a flag or a piece of parchment in a museum that nobody pays any fucking mind to anyway.

Do you choose to worship a piece or nylon over a grain of rice?

I abhor violence, dishonesty, and selfishness.

But I will respect people who have other needs and values and priorities than I do.

Hell hath no fury like queer activism, hell hath no fury like militant and beaten faggots.

But I am not your personal army or drone. I will not be manipulated or bullied by the non queer so called allies — or pandering corporations — into allowing mine to be co-opted.

Maybe you understand things I don't, that are as complicated as the things I think I understand.

Or maybe you have an idea that can solve a crisis and sustain me and everyone else on this planet if you
can look past whatever the TV or news feed tell you that you are supposed to be angry about today.

The brave new world scares the shit out of me.

In some respects I appreciate the fact that weapons and drugs are next to non existent in my municipality. God only knows I am exhausted and would love to see the scourges of addiction and violence erased for ever.

I am not criminal, but always concerned about the possibility that under social control initiatives, my mere thoughts and words will be criminalized and that green “Permitted” button will turn red when I go to board a plane or buy groceries.

Considering how many times I have already been singled out for shunning, banishment, exclusion, and silencing by Mark Zuckerburg’s trash fire fucking company.

Now imagine that beady eyed fucking creep, and several others I could name — but who have not directly treated me that way “yet” — controlling what else you are “permitted” to say, think, discuss, do, partake of, attend, or ultimately be permanently banished or unpersoned from.

They already do it with the platforms they own.

Imagine what they will do when your entire fucking society, right down to the door locks and your right to board a train or a taxi or a plane, are wired into a platform they control.

I am concerned about the militancy and passion that I see amongst queers to usher this very paradigm into place.

I am very concerned that, for all the injustice and disparity we witness today; it will become ten times harder for you to mobilize, resist, or raise your voice or your fist in the brave new world.

But as I have already said, hell hath no fury-

You have always found a way in every society.

For all of history.

And the stuff they show us about the peaceful protests, well.

When it comes to queer fury and queer activism, that IS a peaceful protest.

Mind the corporations who pander you and your pink dollar.
If you truly stand against fascism, then bless you, be an anti fascist.

Not the infantry unit for Pfizer or Target or NBC, because that literally makes you a fascist.

“Look it up” or “read a book “ as you say to me.

It was very nice (not really) of NBC to stereotype us in their popular gay minstrel show “Will and Grace” but , you portray us as tacky and grotesque stereotypes.

You can stop pandering and pretending now.
It just makes me hate you even more than I already do for your fake fucking news:

If you’re an anarchist, then let’s be real, you don’t give a god damn what I think about how to be an anarchist.

You can tell me “how to be white correctly” on the cold day in hell that you agree to allow me to tell you how to be black, or a woman, or a queer, or an anything correctly.

I want you to have clean water, food, shelter, and equal protection under the law.

In the context of that stupid fucking chat room I simply want you to be welcomed and encouraged and to have somewhere to turn if you are despairing of addiction.

I have an opinion on how to do that.

I do not have control over whether you agree with me or want to continue doing things the way you have always done them.

And while it is important to sit there and welcome and encourage people and listen to them and hold their stories in your hands with them; I did that for 13 years, i am all out, i am embattled and sick of toxic screwed up steppers screaming about my recovery with a pill bottle In one hand and a pipe in the other.

I have more important things on my mind now.
Yet many of you have spent years telling me that you want a pine box or prison cell for me.

Under the guise of how caring or spiritually evolved you are.

And all you ever cared about in this life, was having a fucking ban hammer and an @ next to your name in a chat room.

Keep kicking each other in the face while Rome burns, if you still value that above all else I swear to god you deserve everything you reap from that.

I was, and I remain, forever disgusted beyond words by this.

You are here right now.

Even if you violently disagree with every single word I have ever said, then at least you are looking underneath every rock in front of you, at least you are listening to other voices, and at least you are looking for answers outside of the boundaries and colored lines that have been drawn in the sand and painted on the ground for you.

Please keep doing that.

You are the only hope that I have left for us.

To dearly departed so called friends — you’ve had your turn and then some to shit all over me with your words and opinions; which in many cases were favored by Mark and Jack while mine were shut down and I was often unpersoned in the so called public square (see “Knight First Amendment v Trump,” which successfully argued that Twitter was the “public square” and that it was a violation of everyone’s constitutional rights to not read your bullshit.)

But when you and 40 of your friends gang up and report my profile, you demonstrate to me that don’t believe a fucking word of that “public square” bullshit.

And neither do the puppet masters you fight for, who MAY favor and amplify your voice today, but I assure you will silence it — and you — as forcefully as they have me — with the same tools and technology and twisted rationalizations tomorrow, while nobody and I mean fucking NOBODY does anything about it any more than they do today.

Enjoy the short lived sensation of the cards being stacked in your favor or my favor or anyone’s favor besides corporate interests that are hostile to life, democracy, truth, and freedom.
They will frame and impugn you the same way they do me, and which you clap like seals for today.

When it’s your turn, fascism will have arrived and it will be too late for a peaceful or non peaceful protest.

There are hills to die on — and then there are hills that we are all going to die together on whether we do say anything or not ... while the bombs drop as we bicker bitterly amongst ourselves on Facebook and turn our backs on our friends and our families, doing our part to chuck our rocks and dehumanize them as a mindless brainwashed extension of the racist, dehumanizing, immoral, and corrupt system that has made you the way you are today.

And which will crush you, and your spirit, and your voice just as giddily and as brutally as you have mine.

The US dollar is collapsing, not because of bitcoins, but because your new currency is “likes” and “retweets” and your 1,000th Instagram selfie that looks exactly like the other 999 you posted this morning.

For gods sake at least move your head a little for the next take.

Perhaps SAMHSA can come up with a residential detox and rehab program for that.

On Joe Biden’s first day in the “white house,”
he signed an EO revoking a Trump EO prohibiting scapegoating on the basis of race.

Good job, anti racists.

What would YOU do on your first day on the job as President?

Can you do better than that?

Then please step up and do so.

If i ruled the world for 85 fucking minutes I would pull the plug on social media and save whatever is left of our social cohesion.

I am from a country that will allow you to sneak across the border, burn shit, riot, scream, destroy our way of life, shit all over our collective will, hijack our right to self determination or representation in favor of your will and the representation of your interests until you get your way and your demands are caved into.

But which would just as soon throw me in a cell for daring to speak at all.

Fuck America for being so cucked that this is even allowed.
Land of the free my fucking ass.

I am old enough to remember when “protesting in the public square” meant something other than “shipping my garbage hot takes into the oubliette of disregarded opinions and propaganda from hostile foreign state actors” known as Twitter, in which, your disregarded protest was duly noted and then disappeared by a censor in a foreign country, with the click of a button. God forbid you say bad things about dear leader or the party in the land of the free and home of the brave.

“Self hating homosexual,” my ass. Eating a cheeseburger instead of Chick Fil A is not a form of political protest.
Arceny Castillo
What you need to do is stop helping a homophobic establishment fund the demise of you and your community by eating at Shit-Fil-A

4 mins  Like  Reply  More

Robert Subletty Grodevant
Uhh huh you delete your Grindr account first honey cause Scott Chen is against marriage equality. https://hornet.com/stories/grindr-president-scott-chen-marriage

2 mins  Like  Reply  More

Grindr President: 'I Agree That Marriage...

hornet.com

2 mins  Like  Reply  More

Alan Akins
Boring deflection, also, how do you even know whether or not he has Grindr?

1 min  Like  Reply  More

Jonathan Deguzman
media1.tenor.co

media1.tenor.co

1 min  Like  Reply  More

Robert Subletty Grodevant
I'm gay and I'll eat chicken whenever the fuck I want

1 min  Like  Reply  More

Robert Subletty Grodevant
I'm gay and I'll eat chicken whenever the fuck I want

Just now  Like  Reply  More

Alan Akins
Both being gay and eating chicken can be accomplished at many other establishments.

Just now  Like  Reply  More

Arceny Castillo
Is he funding organizations that are trying to take gay marriage away? If so, I'll happily delete my Grindr as I barely use it as is. What exactly is your point?

Just now  Like  Reply  More

Alan Akins
media2.giphy.com

media2.giphy.com

Just now  Like  Reply  More

Robert Subletty Grodevant
Specifically, if I want to eat chick Fil a, I'll do that whenever the fuck I want. Who gave you the food police badge?

Just now  Like  Reply  More

Robert Subletty Grodevant
Go eat some nasty ass Popeyes or KFC go prove a point, no one cares how pious you are

Just now  Like  Reply  More
Senators debate ban on same-sex marriage

impact on domestic-partner benefits concerns governor, some in GOP

STACY FORSTER

Madison -- Senate action on a proposed constitutional amendment to define marriage as a union between a man and a woman languished Wednesday as senators debated the issue in closed-door meetings before turning their attention to less-controversial issues.

Sen. Scott Fitzgerald (R-Juneau) said some Republicans were concerned about news reports that the measure might endanger existing domestic-partner registries. He said that’s not accurate, and after hours of discussion, Republican senators insisted on changing the wording to an afternoon news conference, Democratic Gov. Jim Doyle expressed similar concerns about how domestic-partner benefits for same-sex couples might be affected.

He speculated that if the measure passed, “all kinds of lawsuits” would arise as parties fight over who is — and who isn’t — entitled to benefits. “It begins to show it all of the problems,” Doyle said of the quarrel raised by the wording of the amendment.

Amending the Wisconsin Constitution is one issue around Doyle, who vetoed a bill with similar wording in fall. Both the Assembly and Senate must approve identical wording in a constitutional amendment before the amendment may be submitted to the voters in a statewide referendum.

If the Senate joins the Assembly in passing the measure — as it is expected to do with the support of about two-thirds of its members — it will have cleared the first legislative hurdle. Leaders plan to introduce it again when the at Legislature convenes in January. The measure, intended to prevent same-sex marriage, would weigh in as early as April 15, but more likely in fall 2006.

However, lawmakers agreed for all-night sessions, much like the one the Assembly had a week ago when it passed the amendment.

The Assembly killed, on a 58-41 vote, a bill that would have given police officers authority to stop drivers suspected of not wearing seat belts. Now, officers can ticket someone for not wearing a seat belt only if they stop the vehicle for some other reason.

On a voice vote, the Assembly passed a bill that would require the names of taxpayers over the most in-state income taxes to be included in the Internet’s most-visited list.

"Fuck you kid. I have nothing to prove." — Jill Solbule
When the dystopian future becomes the dystopian present

November 20, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

“Hello. Thank you for calling Microsoft’s Immune System as a Service sales and support escalation line. My name is Sanjay. May I have the serial number off of your Mark of the Beast?”

“Yes, hello, it’s W066666666666.”

“Thank you, Mister Pickles. How is your day? Did you enjoy the blueberry yogurt bugs you had for breakfast?”

“Well, I suppose it could be better Sanjay. I think I’m dying. I’ve had worse days though.”

“I see. And have you tried restarting your G2 cell cycle stage yet?”

“YES. YES. YES GOD DAMN IT. LIKE THREE TIMES. AND NOTHING HAPPENED. THATS WHY I AM CALLING YOU. I WORKED IN TECHNICAL SUPPORT FOR CRIKES SAKE. THIS IS A BUG.”

“Hm okay I am going to send a refresh signal to you in case this is an error with your monthly subscription,
please make sure you are within 500 meters of your wifi or a 5G tower-“

“I just did that an hour ago with Roshini. Come on! I know you said I was going to eat the bugs and that I would be happy but I thought we were talking about insects, not software bugs!”

Welcome to Hell.

Y- y- you’re not actually INJECTING yourself with Giraffe Medicine, right?

November 20, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized
Fact Check: Did COVID Vaccinations Kill Three Giraffes At A Zoo? | IFLScience

4 days ago — The claim: Three giraffes at the same zoo died soon after being vaccinated against COVID-19, with the vaccine the likely cause.

COVID vaccines did not kill giraffes at Dallas Zoo | WSET

7 days ago — COVID vaccines did not kill giraffes at Dallas Zoo ... (AP/WKRC) - It's been shared widely on social media in recent days: Three giraffe deaths at ...
Off the chain

November 19, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

I keep coming back to these theories that, you are one of the “things” meant to be included in the internet of “things.”

They insultingly refer to your body as “wet ware” in various patents for this bullshit: see # 6,965,816

A lot of “conspiracy” minded people have been saying for the last 40 years that aids was a bio weapon or outright meant to genocide us. And that there is something very sinister about the “georgia guide stones” that went up in April of 1980.

Some have publicly interpreted it as “their” announced intentions to cull the world’s population down to 500,000,000.

I’ve looked at it through that lens and ... I am not here to parrot what others have said better than I can.

I myself have said that the whole “nwo” social control agenda was supposed to be executed in 1976-1980 under Carter.

Suppose that HIV was supposed to be the original controlavirus/ digital / DNA ID.

And that the three genes they call gag, env, pol , are the viral vector/payload / perpetuation mechanism.

While the other six that are individual to sufferers are unique to the individual. They call this a “mutation.”

How about, those six are unique to the individual because you are “addressable” wet ware, no less a part of the internet of “things” than your coffee pot.

The term for your addressability is “license plate” and Northrop Grumman operates the satellites. USAF out of Colorado Springs is in on everything. It’s been a fucking thing for 40 years but it’s flawed and not scalable to the entire population. And they fucked up this time, too.

I swear if my toaster starts laughing at that, I am done with this planet right fucking now. /s
How about, it worked, but had “unexpected consequences.”

Like long term illness and fatality.

I think the populations most greatly affected by it: Gays, blacks, and addicts, were and are considered disposable and unwanted and you are dreaming if you think anyone learned their lesson from Tuskegee OR AIDS. Hell yeah they deserve reparations for their modern day slavery from their modern day pharisees and overseers.

The guidestones might not be an announcement of intentions, they might be a monument to “oh dear god we fucked up” and are bracing for the worst.

Of course it’s from an anonymous benefactor heh.

HIV is the perfect cover for such experimentation, due to stigma and shame, people don’t put their status out there.

40 years later that’s still a thing.

Case in point: “Spiritually evolved”, enlightened, shiny happy joyous and free people from NA who had been emailing me for the last couple of years mocking me for my status and telling me they hope I die from the virus. I haven’t received one of those ever since I emailed Stan and Miranda and told them exactly what I would do if I received another one of those, and cc’ed the FBI, who had a gentlemen from their terrorism task force contact us all and say what THEY would do if this continued.

What I have learned, is that the FBI can kneel for BLM and fly as many fucking rainbow flags and make all the “diversity hires” in the world but they don’t give a fuck about fags or hate crimes or kid fuckers working in preschools or the k-12 to prison pipeline, they are ONLY interested in trying on J Edgar Hoovers bras and panties, GET THE BAD ORANGE MAN, and/or their interagency crisis of the demand for “white supremacy” being (by far) outstipped by the supply for “white supremacy” they’re having a racism recession over there. Fucking Kylon: “I can’t wait until we kill all the white people! HEY YOURE RACIST!” asshole.

How can I even fucking count the ways these stepper fucks have come out of the woodwork as islamofascists, pedophiles, and flaming red commies or worse and let me tell you this, “They” hate their “victims” speaking out and nobody fucking cares. You can only fake it so long until you’re sucking on a pipe
or taking a dirt nap.

Todd can go fuck himself. I didn't "plot" revenge, I "exacted" revenge and I am telling you in no uncertain terms that some people straight up fucking deserve it.

I have PTSD from those motherfuckers ten plus year reign of terror: threatening to beat me, murder me, incarcerate me, sue me, etc. I am beyond disgusted with NA members who remain pissed off or disgruntled at me for telling the world what they did, while you do not have a god damn thing to say to or about the people who did that to me.

I do not respect their enablers and flying monkeys. I do not like their enablers and flying monkeys. I don’t give a fuck how loudly or persistently or publicly you announce that you don’t like me either.

Anyway –

A lot of people in my situation would be called paranoid but I have a fucking three inch thick REAM of receipts, names, I have everything on these people in 5-7 states and 3 countries and frankly at this point I could just as soon burn them because I don’t need to prove anything or wear persecution or victimization on my sleeve like certain “community leaders” that I am unfortunate enough to know.

I think the fact that I am in the HALE program, a form of witness protection, with a sealed identity and social security number; is sufficient evidence that someone takes me seriously. I can go in front of a judge and get a new do over and a passport / license that doesn’t come back to me in about 48 hours. I don’t use aliases because I am “crazy,” I use aliases because a rabid pack of psycho fucks have terrorized me since 2008.

I say this now because one of the perps is dead now. Shoved off of a balcony. Could not have happened to a nicer person and I’m only sorry I didn’t get to do the honors myself.

It should be very telling when a prosecutor in king county — Seattle — remarks “this is one of the craziest fucking people I have ever seen in my entire career.”

In Seattle. That Seattle. The land where everyone is fucking crazy, I would say that is one contest you do not want to win.

The fact I am tired of everyone’s shit and left the country is pretty self explanatory.

I won’t refer to NA as “homophobic” because they’re not afraid of gays. They love bullying the fuck out of them. They aren’t afraid of us, they HATE us.
I feel for anyone going through the same thing who doesn't have the receipts and is gaslit as badly as I was by that cult.

Keep chucking your rocks you cult face fucks, it's why your "religion" is dying almost as fast as your victims are.

/tangent – Don't want me to talk about that? Then get over it and leave me the fuck alone already.

Rather than learning from 1980, here we are again.

Either an, “ahah, we got away with this for 40 years and now we have it this time!”

Or a “oh dear god they did it again, man the bunkers.”

If you’re HIV+ and have, let’s say, unusual perceptual experiences you know exactly what the fuck I’m talking about.

And are probably just as afraid to disclose that too.

They already call me insane and a f*g and I am already an unwanted, unwelcome, and diseased pariah.

My benefits administrator has documented in writing that they creep my blog, I am sure, looking for something to grasp at for an excuse to stop paying benefits.

But their comments are along the lines of “yep, 10/10 crazy.”

Well, at the time, the overarching theme of my blog, was basically that those people were cunts and bitches and fucking idiots. How on earth anyone could possibly be confused about that, is lost on me.

I personally don't have any fear of anyone saying things they already say to me, or treating me worse than
they already do.

If you're going to give me the fucking stigma then give me the fucking welfare check too.

I think it's great to be against "fascism," and I can't fault anyone for thinking this corrupt garbage system ... is, well, a corrupt garbage system.

The problem I have with some of you, is your support for the exact same fucking people responsible for all of this.

Including, and especially, but not limited to "Brandon."

So much of the groundwork for this nightmare was laid down in the Clinton administration, it's not even fucking funny.

And when I foam at the fucking mouth as you wave your pom poms for these people, be assured it has nothing to do with my objection to you being free or being yourself or having everything you, and every other human, deserves.

Compassion, shelter, food, safety, equal protection under the law.

I viciously oppose the people and institutions that I do because I consider them an enemy of life, democracy, freedom, humanity, health, human progress, social cohesion, to all of those things, and to all of you.

The fact that you've fallen for their promises, well, I have no control over that. You've been giving them money and power and promised that utopía for the last 60 fucking years and it is way past time for everyone to wake up.

If I had to guess what happens next, a bunch of people are going to drop dead during the turkey trots and 5k's in about a week. I can't think of anything I would be more delighted to be wrong about.

I am so past left and right and red and blue. Fuck every last fucking one of them.

---

**Vectors**

November 19, 2021
The telomeres are the cap at the end of your chromosomes, telomeres being lengthened is indeed a function of disease process and or free radicals, making them much longer than they should be. However abnormal shortening happens with aging and that is bad too. DNA sequences get whacked off or sliced somewhat as I theorized below and this is officially “the end replication problem” but I found a better explanation or two.


tl;dr what i am even getting at is that it may be worth looking into, not just whether genetic sequences of HIV are present, but where on the chain they even are.

— snip — original post:

Someone asked me what the consequences of using a n1 nuclear import inhibitor could be.

Im wondering if they already know the answer or are just curious. But here goes:

It would arrest the cell cycle at the g2 phase.

However in the case of HIV, vpr1 already blocks this. That’s one of the reasons HIV is a problem.

HIV is framed as this .. almost somehow sentient virus that intelligently “evades your defenses” but it is in fact something that your body regards just as equally catastrophic as a dna strand break, which will arrest the cell cycle at the g2 phase or halt mitosis / replication of cd4 cells.

You would do the same thing as part of a repair/checkpoint process if you encountered a broken dna strand or something equally catastrophic.

That is part of the puzzle for why some theorize it might be beneficial for cancer, like “no we actually WANT to throw up a red flag and initiate this checkpoint and repair process” and I am not saying I know whether that is accurate or not, just that this is my tl;dr understanding of the theory behind that.

Ivermectin alone would not stop the accumulation of TRF (telómeric terminal restriction fragment), wherein the telomeres of t-cells are abnormally long.
When the telomeres are abnormally short, you write random TTTGGG sequences to “pad” them.

So what do you do with the abnormally long telomere sequences seen in hiv?

Continue encoding them, would be my guess.

Is it “bad” that the TRF accumulation cannot be stopped?

Where they are encoded , is probably significant.

If they're somewhere in the middle of a chain, they might serve as padding— sort of like TTTGGG sequences — even though they would be isolated or detected as unique “HIV” genetic sequences just as surely as TTTGGG would be isolated , detected, and/or considered junk or padding.

These can only be a certain length, so at what point is there an offset that breaks this process and renders these sequences inherently incapable of replication?

Even though they would still be identified as “HIV” due to their specific genetic sequence.

I have been responsible for some train wreck code where timers eventually crash into each other and conflict with each other and cause a cascading failure of interdependent tasks that have executed out of order.

Maybe this process does a similar thing in some people, chopping the telemeres off at the correct/desired length but interrupting or relocating these genetic sequences for HIV to somewhere they are just “padding” in the process.

Hopefully your actual genetic code takes precedence in assembling your telemeres . And the rest of this is just an aberrant process that tacks this garbage onto the end of it, or pads it if something is broken or missing.

It’s like saying that I have to write a chain of text strings that are of identical length and content, like so:

```
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
```

Being a meaningful string.

But I have some extra space to pad. Call that O:

```
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAO00000000
```
Suppose one of them is ... incomplete for some reason.

And so i have a built in checkpoint process to halt what i am doing and pad it with more meaningless O’s to preserve the correct string length:

And then continue writing:

So let’s say I have something really bad called ZEZE that I can no longer knock off of the end of this chain:

AAAAAAA has “permanently” become :

But okay, due to timing or assembly errors , somewhere along the way this turns into:

And ZEZE isn’t ... exactly behaving the way it was in the previous offset.

But my PCR looks for a genetic signature of “ZEZE” and goes “oh no, you still have ZEZE.”

And it still does not belong there.

But it might not be .. behaving in line with your assumptions about what ZEZE does or what the implications are.

Fuck, maybe it’s even worse!
I have been reading about a couple of people in whom HIV appears to have spontaneously resolved. Okay. Their host/integral DNA has .. survived their infection intact.

There is an explanation for that and I’m not sure if anyone knows what it is yet.

I am wondering if their ZEZE got offset or knocked so far to the end of the chain, it got snipped at the point where the telomere had the expected amount or length of data and it became ZE at the end of the last string.

Now you can find no trace of ZEZE in this person.

So for fun, instead of looking for the full genetic signature for HIV in those people, look for smaller blocks of it.

Like ZEZ or ZE.

Gross oversimplification, if you know what I’m talking about you are probably seething at my layman’s ignorance.

This isn’t for you 😊

HIV is more complicated than that:

“HIV has a 9.2kb unspliced genomic transcript which encodes for gag and pol precursors; a singly spliced, 4.5 kb encoding for env, Vif, Vpr and Vpu and a multiply spliced, 2 kb mRNA encoding for Tat, Rev and Nef.”

Out of these 9, it’s thought that 6 are not that important and that you have to break one of three gene (gag, pol, env) products to disrupt HIV. The other 6 vary due to mutation.

What if we have it wrong, and there is an overlooked / favorable mutation in one of the other six?

Take this big ass string and cut it up into blocks and say, does this person have "QANFLREDLAFQC"? Or any other random portion of it?
I would say that there are implications for initiating this “checkpoint” or halting the cell cycle.

What they are, and whether they’re helpful or harmful, is not something I can answer to.

The reason they use things like coronavirus (cold virus) or adenovirus, among others, in vaccines as a “passenger” virus, “delivery vector” or whatever you want to call it.
It is because these particular viruses enter and replicate in cell nuclei, rather than in, say, cytoplasm.

They can sort of re-write your genetic code this way.

Viruses that enter and replicate in the nucleus of your cells, are the ONLY away they can do this.

So we’re all tripping that “omg mrna rewrites your dna” and well, here’s some bad news. So do “vaccines” and bioweapons and whatever the fuck else they deign to use one of these viral vectors to tamper with your body with.

Contrasted with what we traditionally understood to be a vaccine, ie an attenuated/deactivated/whole virus.

It is almost impossible for these bio weapons — aids, covid, etc — to just fortuitously be attached to such a delivery vector in nature by sheer coincidence.

They are intentionally selected in a laboratory because these are the only delivery vectors that behave this way.

Is it an accident no one will fess up to? Or worse?

There is only a limited number and or subset of known or useful virii that can achieve this “safely” and every single variation of these currently to known, or theorized, to exist is either patented or hotly in dispute.

Hence, intellectual property holders are eating into the profitability of the vaccine market.

And furthermore; market desperation and or speculation for the introduction of competitive or novel delivery vectors such as mRNA which will be profitable beyond anyone’s wildest dreams ... if the manufacturer just so happens to own the intellectual property/patents for the delivery vector.

Now you know why they do this “gain of function research.”

So the NIH can investigate new delivery vectors for their god damned vaccines to patent or license out.

This shit is risky.

And this isn’t about superiority of one over the other.

We have plenty of them that already “work.”
This is about intellectual property, patent rights, and profitability.

Patenting viruses and vector viruses should be illegal IMO.

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“Oh no, is it riot season already? I still have my covid decorations up!”

November 17, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

I don't know if I want to improve on my Spanish.

Having a vocabulary of about 200 words makes it difficult to really piss anybody off.

Starting to understand one of the more pressing questions we had, back when we had enough social cohesion to have a conversation as a community, which was along the lines of why our water cooler/office talk and pleasantries are so shallow.

And you stop in your tracks and go “ah, fuck, I literally don't know how else to greet you or how to respond to you or how to talk about .... anything.”

Fucking jet age. Fucking “multiculturalism.”

That’s what did it.

“I want to be polite in this setting, but I only know how to say good afternoon, and to respond ‘bien’ when I am asked ¿como estas?”

I’m totally immune to advertisements or what’s on TV.

The guy who invited me over for a “contactless fuck” through a plastic sheet is suggesting I move to Long Beach.

He amuses me.

I do not want to go back to Commiefornia.

“Remember Mrs. Lot, and when she turned around?”
Fun fact: Sodom and Gomorrah were an advanced civilization who invented electricity before we did. Unfortunately, PG&E happened to be the first electric utility on earth, and the rest is history. /s

Imagine going back to California and paying $2000 a month to live in a closet.

And I really like Spanish but have a tendency to forget languages I’m not using.

Oh wait, it’s California, silly me.

I think I’m going back to where I crashed my car. My health had rebounded somewhat there and if things get really bad I know some guys who will put me to work in a field and call me gay slurs all afternoon and send me home with more asparagus potatoes and oranges than I can eat.

I’m not sure what Tow Daddy’s sexual orientation is but he seems to be a bit of a maricon when he gets a little bit of Tecate in him, AIEEEEEE, I’mma snatch a kiss if I ever make it back there again some day.

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Stuck a finger in his ass and called it “macaroni”

November 16, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized
They never tell you that “yankee doodle dandy” was a derogatory song about the dandies and the maccaronis. Whatever version of it you’re familiar with. It’s more or less making fun of what a big ole’ f*g Yankee Doodle is. You probably never heard the version where he sticks his finger up his ass and calls it macaroni. What does that mean? To stick a feather in your hat and call it macaroni? “Fashionable.” I vaguely remember it going something like, “yankee doodle went to sea aboard a cutting clipper, he filled his ass with broken glass and circumcised the skipper.” It’s ... it comes from Irish verse and songs the Dutch would sing in the fields as they labored away for their buttermilk and wheat. Which might sound like a better deal than 15 or 25 “dollars” an hour, whatever that even means, before long. Here’s some context: The royalties, for all their excesses were known to wear wigs so large that someone had to follow them around and carry it. When they’d visit America they hid their wealth out of fear they’d be tarred and feathered and run out of town. A macaroni (or formerly maccaroni) in mid-18th-century England was a fashionable fellow who dressed and even spoke in an outlandishly affected and epicene manner. The term pejoratively referred to a man who “exceeded the ordinary bounds of fashion” in terms of clothes, fastidious eating, and gambling. He mixed Continental affectations with his English nature, like a practitioner of macaronic verse (which mixed English and Latin to comic effect), laying himself open to satire:
There is indeed a kind of animal, neither male nor female, a thing of the neuter gender, lately started up among us. It is called a macaroni. It talks without meaning, it smiles without pleasantry, it eats without appetite, it rides without exercise, it wenches without passion.

The macaronis became seen in stereotyped terms by the English aristocracy, being seen as a symbol of inappropriate bourgeois excess, effeminacy, and possible homosexuality. Many modern critics view the macaroni as representing a general change in 18th century English society such as political change, class consciousness, new nationalisms, commodification and consumer capitalism.

“Who is this? My son, Tom?”

The macaronis were precursor to the dandies, who came as a more masculine reaction to the excesses of
the macaroni, far from their present connotation of effeminacy. And so, and so, we play the exact same tape over and over and over and over and over and over and over and over again.

ZFG

November 15, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

I have never cared what anybody else thinks.

I was already raised in one cult and I’m neither surprised nor fazed by this concept of people shunning or disassociating their social networks, friends, or even their own children.

I recognize it for the evil that it is. It disgusted me then and it disgusts me now.

I am not afraid of losing people who abhor the truth.

I am not afraid of losing people who hate god.

I will sit at my table alone.

Who gets to decide what’s a flower or a weed?

October 19, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

Fun fact: Mexico will pay you 5,000 pesos a month to plant trees on your land.
My dickhead HOA will send ladies over with tape measures and fine you and sicc letters on you from attorneys bitching about your unapproved trees and plants.

I don't know. I sat there in the front yard with my coffee and hand watered the plants. I looked at it and emailed them to tell them to fuck off, that my yard was pretty cool, unlike any other on the street, and that I'm glad their reign of tyranny would be over soon.

I'm glad I have an offer on the place.

Otherwise I'd have a half a mind to do something with one of those gawd damn trees that would make my mother, if not the trees ancestors, very proud of me.

I don't get these yapping hysterical yuppie dickheads who find any signs of life, inside or outside of your home, so offensive but they can stick my trees up their pinched and pained asses sideways.

I'm just like oh my god, get me somewhere out in the woods or cactuses where I can plant and tend to whatever the fuck i want and no one will pay me any mind.

I am so fucking tired of white people telling me what to do all the way down to what fucking crayons to use in class.

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**It only takes one person ...**

October 11, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

To throw a sledgehammer through the screen ..
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it
Fuckin Macrophages, how do they work?

October 4, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

Rather than focusing on inducing apoptosis and killing the cells, what about trying to put them on life support? What would you send after those single stranded RNA proteins to mop them up while you're using an entry / fusion inhibitor like ivermectin?

Macrophages. Which can, but not necessarily express cd8:
https://askabiologist.asu.edu/macrophage

Update: ivermectin is an N1 nuclear import inhibitor


“Vpr also plays an important role in another property of HIV-1 that is unusual for a retrovirus – its ability to enter the nucleus of a nondividing cell.”

Aka “nuclear import.”

^ versus protease inhibitors that allow the virus to enter the nucleus of a cell (N1 nuclear import)

The problem with allowing cell infection with this particular virus, vpr1/hiv, is these (cd4) cells once infected CANNOT undergo mitosis and make healthy uninfected copies of themselves.

Protease inhibitors may stop replication of the “virus” somewhat, but because they allow nuclear import / cell infection, HIV is not resolved because, the cells are still unable to undergo mitosis.

This in a nutshell is the very nature of what HIV illness is.

( The inability of your cd4 cells to undergo mitosis )

I am thinking it superior to inhibit nuclear import, because what will happen if(?) when (?) these cells can divide / undergo mitosis? If that condition is corrected, by preventing N1 import, then “what is HIV”, at that point, even?

Coming back to this pain and inflammation I’ve had since my car wreck in 2003, from my neck to the base of my spine ... nearly every inch of my upper body ... my macrophages are a little busy, and have been a little busy, trying to respond to ... do whatever they do ... squirt acid on the muscles I guess? hence the inflammatory response, like when the cut on your hand turns bright red and is itchy and painful as it heals.

That’s what chronic pain and inflammation sort of are, except that it never heals.

And they could be somewhere else in your body cleaning up viruses or bacteria or things that don’t belong there instead of swarming inflamed areas.

ZINC, heals the mitochondria in your cells

HCQ helps zinc get transported into the mitochondria of your cells to REPAIR THEM easier
I'm just saying, boofing 400mg of zinc up my you know what, worked in some way eating it didn't.

And it's been a few days but in my case it is drastically reduced. I've done a number of other things chasing down illness lately, I can't promise which combination or interaction did that. But they're things that Twitter and Facebook et al do NOT want you talking about.

At some point they are willfully censoring information about public health and/or in the public interest.

Ideas: viral load and other major illness (covid etc) could be controlled before treatment attempts to avoid a cytokine storm. Protecting cells in advance with ivm, before using agents to INTENTIONALLY inhibit apoptosis (HCQ) would be a matter of timing and I know what I did but not what to suggest. This is just an anecdotal report, it's not medical advice.

Ivermectin could possibly (?) exacerbate ICP/encephalitis with specific health conditions IF brain macrophages are involved (and they probably are; if you have a chronic immune disease) and my $0.02 is that the people warning you about that are not just scaremongering you. I don't know that this applies to healthy people, but it might to people with cancer, AIDS, immuno disorders; and I wish people would just SAY THAT instead of screaming "noooo don't self medicate, stupid" or "that's for horses!" or making up outright lies that it's "poison."

I had the encephalitis and ICP going on, corticosteroids a few hours in advance helped a lot, it wasn't ... pleasant. I had vision pain, my eyes would not line up together briefly at times, I could feel something sloshing around in my head and THAT bothered me.

I was in bad enough shape to say fuck it and try nebulizing it. I'm not sure if I would say "yeah, this is a good idea if you're not desperate with one foot in the grave." Don't know what to say. I'm here, ok.

I've deleted and backed off of a few other posts because forbidden paste is forbidden and plenty of other people are sharing those experiences elsewhere.

But I'm interested in things they're not talking about.
Sometimes the enemy of my enemy is also my enemy.

We are nothing without the sum of all of our parts.

We.

Are.

Nothing.

Without the sum of all of our hearts.
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it.
What would you do with a spleen if you had one?

October 2, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

So if 23 micrograms* of the lipids go to your spleen,* correction: I re-read this wondering about the distribution for testes and ovaries

Tell me what happens...

To people who have had a spleenectomy?

Where do the lipids end up then?

Your liver right? Why isn’t the liver even on this list?

And if your liver is impaired by alcoholism or idk, busy with protease inhibitors or the quarter gallon of corn syrup I chugged for breakfast* or some OTHER equally catastrophic medical issue? Then where?

*they SAID, “be more woke.”

How many of the patients who have had that thing that you pretend doesn’t happen to them, have had a splenectomy?

Hey if you have a ... medicine ... that your body is immediately singing the “oh no no no” song to ... to at least 23-30% of its constituent components. You need to stop whatever you are doing and ask why:
Living without a spleen. If your spleen needs to be removed, other organs, such as the liver, can take over many of the spleen's functions. This means you'll still be able to cope with most infections. But there's a small risk that a serious infection may develop quickly. https://www.nhs.uk/conditions/spleen-problems-and-spleen-removal/https://archive.is/siLeAhttps://www.haematologica.org/article/view/6942https://archive.is/FISzY
years. Relative risk estimates and 95% confidence intervals were calculated using time-dependent Poisson regression methods for cohort data. Splenectomized patients had an increased risk of being hospitalized for pneumonia, meningitis, and septicemia (rate ratios=1.9–3.4); deep venous thrombosis and pulmonary embolism (rate ratios=2.2); certain solid tumors: buccal, esophagus, liver, colon, pancreas, lung, and prostate (rate ratios=1.3–1.9); and hematologic malignancies: non-Hodgkin lymphoma, Hodgkin lymphoma, multiple myeloma, acute myeloid leukemia, chronic lymphocytic leukemia, chronic myeloid leukemia, and any leukemia (rate ratios=1.8–6.0). They also had an increased risk of death due to pneumonia and septicemia (rate ratios=1.6–3.0); pulmonary embolism and coronary artery disease (rate ratios=1.4–4.5); any cancer: liver, pancreas, and lung cancers. non-Hodgkin lymphoma, Hodgkin lymphoma, and any leukemia (rate ratios=1.3–4.7). Many of the observed risks were increased more than 10 years after splenectomy. Our results underscore the importance of vaccination, surveillance, and thromboprophylaxis after splenectomy.

Introduction

https://archive.is/FISzY

So the other day, I had a question about what purpose the cd4 cells in your colon serve. Is there any chance your “useless,” “unnecessary” spleen or appendix perform something along those lines? Like, taking dead / bad cells and giving them a place to be reassembled and released with repaired mitochondria or otherwise dispensed with?

And again, if you don’t have a spleen or appendix, then where does your body try to compensate for that and perform this task? Is that the explanation for the store in your colon/gut etc? Or do they all work together anyway in people with no spleen?

Is the thymus a reservoir of repaired cells, and ... the “other” areas a reservoir of cells in progress?

And then the others ... brain, other organs, perhaps active areas of infection being swarmed by these cells
rather than a “reservoir” of “disease”?

That is to say, there would be no hidden reservoir, if it’s right in front of you.

If you have some other immunodeficiency or pathological process going on and you’re already busy with other stuff ... why add mystery lipids that might or might not have even survived transportation, refrigeration, and / or handling intact? I’ve read that as many as 60-70% of these lipids have been documented as not surviving or being intact in some batches.

“Hey liver , what’s cooking? Do you want to crunch on some defective, useless, medical waste for a few days?”

Liver: “Ewwww Like what, a baby?”

“No! gross!”

Liver: “Damn it Robert, I’m kind of busy. Are you buying research chemicals on Silk Road again?”

“No. Even WORSE.”

---

**Serious question –**

October 1, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

Who honestly thinks they’re going to win the “right to repair” their Apple device or John Deere tractor-

When you don’t even have the “right to repair” *yourself* in America?

“We’re going to chop off part of your dick and install an ancient trauma in you before you even have your first conscious memory, and then things are only going to get worse from there; but NO you can’t have benzos you drug seeking loser.”

“Oh no, sorry nothing we can do. Run along home and die now.”
I'm just saying... that despite what everyone ever said for my entire life ... their society and way of life is having its final descent into madness long before I am.

If you do not have the “right” — and I use that word very sarcastically here — the right to repair your phone or your tractor or your body without obtaining someone's “permission” or paying a fee then you are a slave to commerce.

It’s time for the...

September 30, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized
So you know how a drip percolator works, right?

The earth kind of works the same way.

Except, turn it upside down and you’ll have the “brewed coffee” as the atmosphere and the ground coffee as the earth.

One of the reasons I’m opposed to massive dams, is their effect on the local ecology: I can get people to agree with me that they attract rains, storms, etc to the site of the dam.

The part they’re not generally seeing, is that by diverting moisture from rivers, streams etc and ecologically dependent communities further downstream; they are denying them precipitation and conditions that would cause them to have rain; had they not had their natural water supply diverted or reduced.

Even something as small as a desert oasis can provide enough moisture for other plants to thrive.

Let alone a river or a stream that has been reduced to a trickle.

The earth needs its rivers and streams to .. percolate .. cleanse itself .. and maintain its PH.

What do you get in the percolator if you leave the heating element (sun) on and take all the water out of it?

A dry hard clump of coffee in the basket, right?

There’s your climate change.

You can’t grow shit in that.

Just thinking out loud here, what if your body is the same way? You already know you absorb nutrients etc
in your small intestine, right?

But what about these “resting” cd4 cells in your colon?

Are they “resting,” and just some useless dormant reservoir of infectious disease as some postulate, or are they regrouping and repairing themselves?

Now someone else brought up how a certain “experimental” blockbuster drug the media and president just can’t stop raving about or threatening us with, gave him “hemorrhoids down to his knees” and I guess my take is, better there, than as a pulmonary embolism or lodged in my peripheral blood...?

But, hmmm maybe .... That’s the purpose they serve? To be broken down and recycled or whatever “there.”

They *shouldn’t* be ending up in your lungs as PEs or dead cells. They do. But that’s an even bigger problem.

Your colon might be where the mitochondria in your cd4 cells reassemble. Released cd4 cells are repaired or scavenged or reassembled and then functional ones returned to your peripheral blood.

If that’s happening, my hypothesis is, you have cd4 and or other blood cells backed up elsewhere in your body working on inflammation in your brain or body or lungs or other organs, and this is what they are labeling — my hypothesis is, erroneously — as a “reservoir” and then ; if you weren’t fighting an infection these cells would otherwise circulate right past that area.

Maybe this ... traffic jam if you will .. is why some of those cells take four years to make their journey.

Should it be four years? Seroconversion takes a month.

Why are some of them infected and not others?

*Because they’re in different stages of assembly and/or repair.*

Good news is, those cells can travel through / pass the blood brain barrier. All this attention on how to “kill the cells” or get a drug to pass that barrier and into your brain. What if you instead “water the back lawn” and induce those cells in your brain to trade places and circulate down to also be repaired or reassembled?

You know what helps mitochondria repair and regroup and reassemble?

Zinc.

Malnutrition/poor nutrition has always been a compounding problem with HIV/AIDS.
And you know, what helps zinc get into the mitochondria of your cells easier?

A number of things;

Azithromycin,

HCQ,

and-

Doxycycline.

... you know what prevents those repaired cells from being reinfected?

The “horse piss.” /s

http://www.aidsinfonet.org/fact_sheets/view/481

Check this out:

> Some scientists believe that the immune system might be able to heal and repair itself if it’s not fighting off large numbers of HIV viruses. This approach seems more likely now that we know that the thymus keeps working until a person is almost 50 years old.

So I have had high TSH my entire life, which they say is due to “thyroid damage” from radiotherapy, but increased free T4 correlates with decreased CD4. These are cells in the process of being created or repaired(?)

I have an idea. 🤔

If I hadn’t crashed my car and been forced to spend some time stuck in the desert, reading and thinking about shit... if I was just running somewhere ... I don’t know if I’d have stopped to wonder about any of this.

“They’re” trying to kill us, subjugate us, divide us, conquer us, and enslave us or return us to feudalism with this pandemic.

And certain people have certain claims about “covid” where “scientists” and “experts” scream to censor and burn the heretics and writers and thinkers just like they did to Gallileo and Bruno and others under such MAH AUTHORATAY.

Even after all these aeons of human history, they still grab and chuck their rocks and still kill the messenger.
Stupid primates.

I'm just thinking “okay.. if X or Y .. does what these people hypothesize or make anecdotal CLAIMS that it does, then why would that be possible, and what is it actually doing?”

That's .. like ... literally what my fucking job was.

And if you’re plugging your fingers in your ears right now and screaming to burn the heretics who dared to ask these questions while you step over our bodies for bribes and hush money — then you do not have a scientific mind , or even an intellectually honest or CURIOUS mind , no matter how much money or how many years you have spent on a piece of paper that says otherwise.

_Idk, hey Siri, can I boof zinc up my ass?

Siri says “Ah hell, why the hell not. You already put “everything else but the zinc” up there. “

If that's the most efficient place to “challenge” (infect) the primates with HIV or HIV like illnesses, could it also be ... worthy of consideration ... as a site to boof some of the forbidden Clydesdale piss?

I don't know. One way to find out.

_Update @ 2130 : zinc has a half life of 4.5 to 28 days. Please do not attempt something stupid like doing this more frequently than once a week or month. And yeah I am on one a single digit dose of the horse piss and one of the three things I mentioned that facilitate zinc transport into mitochondria._

_You're smart, which one of those three can I obtain without a prescription?_

_Interestingly, the inflammation and tension in my lower spine has let up a few hours later. I guess this idea of mitochondria rearranging themselves is applicable to almost any type of cell , isn't it? I did go “fuck it, let's find out,” right?_

_Update 10/4/2021: this reduction in bodily/musculoskeletal inflammation persists several days later._

_This is unexpected and this is not why I did this._
September 30, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

The stock market’s been insolvent since the end of 2019.

Half the money Nasty Nancy and her cronies have stolen from what’s left of the treasury’s piggy bank — oh and there ain’t much left — was probably invested in Evergrande or Blackrock. 😧 😧 😧 😧

Still think you’re getting reparations or UBI?
Cause we’re out of money – but we still have a billion dollars for their cronies, or a billion dollars for other countries that are already insanely wealthy.
And $0 for you.

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Western Blot

September 29, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

This one isn’t my idea or doing, just elsewhere off of the Chans.

You might be interested in knowing that sometimes “GP160” is actually = GP41 + GP120.

And what is GP160?

Trypanosoma cruzi Complement Regulatory Protein (TcCRP/gp160)

TcCRP has been initially characterized by Norris et al (1989) [26], it is a 140 kDa glycoprotein (gp160) expressed by trypomastigotes, absent in epimastigotes [27]. It constitutes an integral protein of the plasma membrane of metacyclic and tissue-culture trypomastigotes of T. cruzi, whose insertion occurs through a GPI anchor. According to studies of sub cellular location, it has been detected in the flagellar pocket and the flagellum [28].

Transfection assays of epimastigotes with TcCRP indicate that these forms become more resistant to C5bL, which strongly indicates that this protein is the protagonist in complement evasion by T. cruzi [29,30]. TcCRP is an inactive trans-sialidase that forms covalent bonds with C3b and C4b, which prevents the formation of functional C3 convertase from AP and CP, thus blocking the lytic phase of complement mediated by the complement cascade [27,31].

https://www.fadingstar.mx/?format=print&post_type=post&order-date=image_size=full&links=include&rendering_wait=200&print-my-blog=1
1-5 bands of difference in either direction could be the difference between a “differential diagnosis” for Lyme disease or HIV on a western blot.

Some blots may be present in some patients, but not others. Usually p24 and/or p41 are the ones that get attention for suspected HIV, but 120/160 as well.

Some may be “weakly reactive” or not present at all as shown in tests #1 and 2 below.

But again a “band” can be the sum of two other reactive bands; ie gp160 = gp40 + gp120.

gp160, or thereabouts could be hanging out there all by itself.

sv40, is idk, 80 or 90-something and can be present by itself, or damn near all by itself.

Both are interesting to me. I’m not 100% convinced that some of this shit means what they think it means.

The Chagas idea is interesting, it’s not where I went with this “but okay,” I say this fairly often these days but “I’d be delighted to be wrong” as long as someone fucking comes up with the correct answer.

Guess which two drugs are next to impossible to even get in Mexico, with or without a prescription.
The Seesaw

September 27, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

Whenever you’re working with a black or white, all or nothing, “one or zero”, argument that the machinery has turned us against each other over-

Such as:

Dumbocrats v Rethuglicans

Hillary v. Trump

(or, face it, any of the rigged contests)

Vaccines v. Antivaxxers

And you’ve been told you must choose one or the other,

That there is no “third option.”

If you don’t _____ then you are a _____.

If you support _____ then you ______.

If lesser mortals are brainwashed into scapegoating you or telling you that you deserve to die, be beaten, or lose your livelihood, or suffer if you make the “wrong” choice then know this:

When faced with such a purity test, given “two” options:

They are both probably the wrong answer.

The machines that explore potentials and possibilities and so called forecasting “timelines” (I doubt that’s even a thing, as it conflicts with my belief that time itself is non existent, let’s say it’s just a calculation of suspected outcomes when fed two choices, this kind of crap started sometime around the 1940s or 1950s), then they’ve decided that a particular outcome advanced their unspoken agendas and the propaganda and coercion machine gets to work on making you think that that’s what you want, and need to pressure others into wanting as well.

For a long time these systems were limited to binary: 1 and 0, they don’t process “gates.”
A third option, in other words.

They’ve figured out the quantum part of the decision making algorithms but they haven’t cracked the psychology of, or fine tuned the time tested and proven propaganda and manipulation tactics that still count on people being stuck on fighting between two choices.

And that is probably one of many reasons that things are going to hell in a hand basket and these people don’t know what to do other than, continue to try to force or nudge you in one specific direction towards one specific goal, while overloading you with a bunch of irrelevant nonsense and drama that makes you lose sight of debating the pros and cons of your options, as their tactics require no further thought than, “pick this option or you ....” “are a NAZI,” lol.

Look up “amygdala hijack” to see what the propaganda / msm’s PRIMARY goal is in this society.

It’s to keep you from seeing that your “timeline” consists of infinite slivers around you, reflecting the choices you make that affect your life, that affect others, and where you come together and share your experiences and converge:
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it
This system, this amagdyla hijack paradigm is intentionally structured to make you too overwhelmed to see the potentials in front of you, surrounding you, and flowing through you.

To stressed out to remember the details or debate the pros and cons of the central issues that actually do need to be looked into.
To forget, that you are in control and choose your own outcomes.

Trauma victims have black or white thinking. The more traumatized, stressed out, afraid, and at odds with each other — the more favorably we respond to that black or white, all or nothing thinking and programming.

Who is the man who shoves conflict and division into “open societies” and takes advantage of them by betting against them financially in the process?

To add insult to injury, when we are already so traumatized and at odds with each other, their petty thugs and brown shirts threaten us with violence and incarceration or loss and deprivation, isolation, etc if we make the “wrong choices.”

Just like Hitler’s people did before and after they “adjudicated” (invalidated) 3 million ballots with the “incorrect” vote in their Fuhrer’s “undisputed” victory in November of 1933.

I already quoted something about economic shock tests, like manufactured / artificial shortages (“toilet paper and hand sanitizer”), grocery stores deliberately dialing down orders to drive scarcity, etc.

Your cultural shock tests are: Can they turn blacks against whites, whites against blacks, blacks or whites against “Asians,” and who can they scapegoat for it?

Your cultural shock tests are: Can they turn society so insane they’d threaten to dehumanize, unperson, or harm each other for pulling the wrong lever in a ballot box, instead of no longer “seeing things differently”?

This is one of the reasons I don’t trust “Trump.”

He’s either in on this, or blind to the perils of the peoples asses he kisses, and exactly as big of an idiot as you said he was. Although perhaps I feel so for other reasons than you do. What does it matter?

When the media and government are trying to shove these purity tests and all or nothing so called societal issues on you, I theorize that a disaster has more than likely been averted almost every time we have told them to go fuck themselves.

It’s possible that some algorithm or person decided if event X never happened, even worse event Y would happen; but it’s not like they’re ever going to explain the choices they make or try to misrepresent or pressure you into. They will apparently lie endlessly about what the fuck even happened, or didn’t happen.

And eventually it all comes crashing down because without fail the truth ALWAYS comes out in the wash.

The fucked up part about it is that they’re going to fuck with events, decisions, laws, etc to get the outcome they wanted anyway, we are just spinning our wheels.
Turn your back on imaginary problems and set your mind on things you’re interested in and curious about.

If you’re not following along, im sure you’ve heard this saying:

“When one door closes, another one opens.”

Let me ask you a question:

“What if they’re both still open?”
If your leaders are so drunk or senile or coked out, or foolish, or incompetent that they need to rely on garbage AI that makes even worse decisions than THEY do; then it’s time to unplug them both.

They hate the rally chants such as those of Hitler and Trump, nothing makes the hair stand up on the backs of their necks more than hearing the people screaming for the exact same thing in unison.
The game of seesaw, where their confused and stressed out subjects ride the teeter totter and mindlessly taunt each other as they bounce up and down on it:

"am not!" "are too!" "am not!" "are too!"

.. is the metronome that is as soothing to their ears as the rain is to you and I.

.. is the cadence of division and conflict and confusion that puts them to sleep, knowing that you’re all still asleep as well.

... and that all is well in their world as they continue on with the invisible agenda where they neither solicit nor give a fuck about your opinion of it.
“Someone thinks he thinks a certain way.” This is the “Point of no Return.” By means of an injection, and/or a lobotomy, the Citizens patterned after our Founding Fathers will become Zombies and utterly useless in this World-Wide, Life and Death struggle, between the forces of Christ and the Anti-Christ. Do you think they have overlooked anything? Not on your life. They are not only highly intelligent, and well hidden behind their newspaper, magazine, radio and television propaganda screens, but they have unlimited funds and are ever awake, ever alert, while you are asleep literally and figuratively.

Is it not ironical for the hard core Paul Reveres to come to the realization that their Freedom is in greater jeopardy than that of Alger Hiss, the greatest traitor in the “History” of the Nation. After a few months in prison for “perjury” he was a free man again, whereas F. D. R. jailed Real Americans for 4½ years, and they are subject to re-call under the above New Deal.
September 26, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

America broke every promise it has ever made, whether to its own people in its constitution or its bill of rights, or in its treaties with Mexico, Canada, and/or sovereign nations “tribes” within its own borders.

They don’t like the fact that my ancestors and their descendants have free reign to cross between US and Canada because that pisses all over their little “passport program,” and I do not consent to anyone waiving that or entering an agreement on my behalf.

I am a descendent of Chief No Runner of the Piegan / Piikani bands of what is now the Blackfoot Tribe and I certainly have more blood quantum than the 1/1024 that put Liz Warren through college, life, and a legal and political career that brought her more power and wealth than I will ever know by pretending she’s one of us.
My mother was born before that stupid fucking rule, which only exists to dilute our claims, such as those I already mention, as well as those in their treaties with neighboring nations enjoining the United States from “forcing natives to relocate”, established in Guadalupe Hildago without the consent, participation, or
agreement of said natives.

And then subsequently abrogated, and/or nullified five years later in Gadsden, again without the consent, participation, or agreement of said natives.

Considering that a great part of the territories, which, by the present treaty, are to be comprehended for the future within the limits of the United States, is now occupied by savage tribes

Said “savage tribes” are not parties to these treaties. And for the most part, Mexico has simply released ITSELF from specific claims under these treaties, but not any claims of US citizens and/or “natives.”

So here’s the situation 150+ years later — the US has conspired and contrived to make the claims of “US citizens” superior to those pesky natives, just sitting there occupying and defending their own land.

While also chipping away at any rights I might claim to have as a descended of said natives.

Okay, well the thing about that, which apparently they didn’t put a lot of thought into is that I am undeniably, unquestionably, legally a US citizen.

The Blackfeet’s second constitution was enacted in 1962 (1961?) during JFK’s term. And remind me again, what exactly did JFK warn you about?

And what might stand in the way of those plans?

A lot of things including, well, JFK himself — and if you need evidence of bad faith here look what happened to him. We have been British clay since the Act of 1861, and that’s what they killed Abraham Lincoln for. Trump accidentally “fucked it all up” by getting the UK to eat up what he was selling and “Brexit.”

But other things that I think are obvious whether or not you ever consider them; ie tribal sovereignty and unimpeded access to cross the border without your fucking permission or a digital vaccine passport.
Systematically, every single one of these things has been chipped away at and eroded in just 2 to 3 generations. None of this is, or ever has been, by accident. The answer, isn’t to tear these treaties and promises and protections and safeguards in half and burn the pages, and then encroach on us even further than you already have.

Apparently that is what “Build Back Better” means to Joseph R. Biden, Jr. Destroy everything and start over with shitty new rules that him and his handlers prefer.

Mexico released itself from claims under article 6 in Guadalupe Hidalgo both by ceding land and expressly nullifying that article in the Gadsden treaty, which is why I don’t think anyone has (yet) proposed that Mexican citizens have the ability to file claims for the United States’ mass deportation policies. They might have claims in the event of a substantial enough default that challenges Guadalupe Hidalgo or Gadsden in whole or in part.

One such clause under Guadalupe Hidalgo, is that the US will not close churches or enjoin people in the ceded territory from practicing worship— things that Gavin Newsom has done in California. I don’t see a line anywhere in the treaty that nullifies clauses that Nancy Pelosi’s nephew doesn’t like, or aren’t in line with his personal ambitions, agendas, or vendettas.

But beyond that, claims of Mexico and Mexicans are in some cases nullified while others are expressly reaffirmed.

I’m of the opinion that the US had no right to convey anything binding on natives, whether so-called “rights” or restrictions, in the first place in Guadalupe Hidalgo (technically extended by Mexico) let alone subsequently strike any “rights” pertaining to natives that the US found inconvenient for their land grab ambitions under the original treaty (so called rights or protections now technically rescinded by the United States in keeping with their overall history of dealing with tribes in bad faith and bad conscience) just 5 years after the original treaty was established.

Bluntly, while I’m simultaneously related to and removed from the US Blackfeet, I’m not culturally compatible with or comfortable with the people who raised me or the communities in which I primarily grew up, and much of that was painful enough that I simply don’t long to find somewhere else that I don’t belong.

However I’m concerned that a “98% vaccination rate” of the Blackfoot Nation has been a priority for this
Two months after NBC declared that a “success,” the Nation has been experiencing “breakthrough cases” and has implemented further covid related protocols / restrictions to address the outbreaks. How do you propose “blaming the unvaccinated” in a 98% vaccinated population?

If 98% of a population isn’t enough to “stop the pandemic” then we are in a lot of trouble and need to go back to the drawing board immediately. These questions need to be asked and answered, not censored and ignored while the feds, doctors, and nurses step over our vaccinated bodies.

This comes with recent information that down on the southern border, the Phoenix Indian Medical Center continues administering vaccines, watching Hispanic and/or Indian people die or go into heart failure from said vaccines — I’m sorry I don’t know which manufacturer or brand(s) are allegedly involved, because that facility is by its own admission willfully and negligently failing to report this mandated information to VAERS. I might be able to answer that if they had simply fulfilled their legal, ethical, professional, and/or regulatory obligations.

I don’t speak for the tribes and perhaps this will be a once in a lifetime thing where I deign or decide to speak up on issues pertaining to them but I wish to raise awareness and sound the alarm that “they’re doing this shit again.”

I’m not in this for gibs or the kind of free “healthcare” aka willful genocide you get from the likes of the Phoenix Indian Medical Center, if you saw that in the news or perhaps on your state representatives Twitter this week.

But I have some long-standing concerns, along with some new and escalating ones — such as recorded statements from FDA bureaucrats threatening to disregard and/or violate my bodily autonomy with imported “rain forest” mercenaries who would blow “neck darts” of Johnson and Johnson’s vaccine at me if given the opportunity.

This FDA bureaucrat, Taylor Lee, slurs drunkenly on camera that it’s harmless to forcibly administer Johnson and Johnson upon people who have already received other covid vaccines, including mRNA based covid vaccines already.
Does anyone have a – you know, a clinical trial or study establishing long term efficacy or side effects profile from combining these products? No, you don’t. And you know why you don’t? Because these are all still under EUA and you can’t even provide that information with regard to taking ONE vaccine by ITSELF.

He proposed lying and telling recipients that it’s a “vitamin C shot.”

So okay, if you’re lying about administering these drugs or sneaking up on people with “neck darts,” what are the implications of — unknowingly, with no records or consent or knowledge even on my own part — doing this to me, I don’t know.. twice? or six times in one day?

And you work for the fucking FDA, brainlet.

These people are fucking sick and insaner than I am.

If that sounds far fetched, look no further than Joseph Biden himself publicly threatening to violate my freedom of travel and movement, assured to me via treaty, and / or to violate my bodily autonomy via federal policies or tyrannical "Presidential” edicts and unlawful orders.

I’m looking at these circumstances as being constructively forced to relocate from the Gadsden area to another country, and I don’t have any patience for this bullshit.

Gadsden may have nullified Mexico’s claims but I don’t see where it nullifies the claims of US citizens or even the natives — so called “Savages” in the original document, which acknowledges that we are established inhabitants of the territory, gives us certain rights in Hidalgo Guadalupe without consulting us, and then rescinds those same rights under Gadsden— again without consulting us.

Preposterously, said treaties purport to have God himself as a signatory, observer, or participating party. But again, not the natives who are extended alleged rights in Hidalgo, and then have those rights subsequently nullified in Gadsden. I’m sure glad you invited “God” to that discussion, America. /s

Despite the nullification of article 6 in Guadalupe Hidalgo, Article 4 of the Gadsden purchase treaty says “The vessels, and citizens of the United States shall, in all time, have free and uninterrupted passage through the Gulf of California, to and from their possessions situated north of the boundary line of the two countries, It being understood that this passage is to be by navigating the Gulf of California and the river Colorado, and not by land, without the express consent of the Mexican government.”

To and from, does not mean a one way, one time only ticket. There is no expiration date on this clause. It says “in all time,” FREE and UNINTERRUPTED.
Sort of like the 2nd amendment says “shall not be infringed,” it’s not like that’s ever stopped you before.

While I do not need Mexico or the US’s permission to make my journey via these waterways, and I think they’ve built a few dams to make that difficult to impossible in any event, it explicitly says in the treaty that my journey can also be by land with Mexico’s permission.

I am a citizen of the United States however I have permission to reside or remain in Mexico (and/or cross the Mexican territory by land or whatever other means are practical) by means of legal residency in Mexico.

Therefore it can be reasonably inferred that I do, in fact, have the express consent of the Mexican government to cross the Mexican territory by land; as stipulated in Gadsen.

For what it’s worth, Mexico might stop and search or question you, or record your vehicle or passport number at its discretion, as you travel within their territory. It’s their country, their laws, their policies .. my understanding is that under the current social contract, so long as you cooperate and are not in possession of contraband or violation of Mexican law, they do not stop you from continuing your journey into the US at the present time. So as a matter of policy and social contract, we already have their informal consent to return to the US by land at the present time.

But again, with residency I have their explicit consent.

My statement has nothing to do with what Mexico does within its own territory. This is 100% about what the US does to its citizens and tribes inside its boundaries.

The Gadsden treaty provides me the right to enter the ceded territory and “continue my journey to and from my possessions north of the boundary line.”
As for Joe Biden’s ambitions to restrict my freedom of movement, interstate travel, or continuing my journey “to and from my possessions north of the boundary line” – by imposing conditions such as involuntarily administered “medical treatment,” “vaccination” or let’s call it what it is , “being deemed sufficiently compliant with their totalitarian social control agenda, or arbitrary scores and grades on their perception of my compliance with that agenda as reflected in an arbitrary so-called social credit score”, as
a condition of entering the ceded territory or traveling to my possessions north of the boundary; as established by Gadsden.

There is no ASTERISK on the rights conveyed by this treaty, or any other treaties / compacts they may have entered into with sovereign entities on US soil.

Mexico has a diplomatic policy of not publicly commenting on the foreign affairs of others, for the most part, but in any event my rights are established as a US citizen and my claim(s) fall to the US government for a situation unfolding within the United States.

My claims originate from a treaty established between the United States and Mexico so you could say that this is unusual. I am not wrapping myself in the constitution or various other legal documents these people can be counted on to hiss and bare their fangs at.

Again, while Mexico ceded and nullified some of the articles under Guadalupe Hidalgo, the Gadsden treaty expressly reaffirmed others – or even established specific rights of citizens of the United States, while simultaneously nullifying the rights of Indians in the ceded territory such as those I have mentioned here. There are no exceptions in the treaty such as “for your own good” or “because some high strung busybody bitch on Reddit, or a python script pretending to be a real person on Twitter said so” or “building back better without any of those darn pesky and aggravating treaty obligations” — whether under Gadsden or other tribal treaties — which in some cases extend US citizens (Gadsden) AND/or natives (tribal treaties) the right to cross the boundaries established between the United States and its neighboring nations.

There are others, I haven’t even reviewed, concerning the tribes in Arizona or elsewhere on either side of the US/Mexico border, and what I understand to be THEIR rights to travel between Mexico and the US.

Similar to what the Blackfeet have in place to travel between Canada and the US. Do you see how this is “inconvenient” for proponents of so called digital or vaccine passports?

Whether or not this is related, we now know that PIMC is most eager to inject, murder, and sweep the deaths of our southern counterparts “underneath the rug” as PIMC’s own medical staff put it in a video
released by Project Veritas this week. I’m angry about the many promises the USA has broken to its people, its tribal nations, its neighbors, and the world — the fucked up thing is, no one is going to bat an eye or wake up or even fucking complain about any of this until they break one last “promise”— their national / sovereign debt.

America broke almost every single promise to every single person or institution it has ever been beholden to, except for the bankers.

And then, oh, now that defaulting on their debt is on the table? NOW we have a fucking problem?

Can a corporation — and I don’t necessarily mean the US itself. I am familiar with that claim, but how do I or how does anyone verify something that is allegedly a “secret?” — I am referring to its very not secret, very blatant, and at this point very openly operating corporate proxies, NGOs, etc who are sharpening their knives and waiting for us to collapse or drop dead — can any of these even be a party or a LEGAL SUCCESSOR to a treaty?

Explain to me how a sovereign nation can be a “corporation,” and a “corporation” can be a “person,” and yet a person cannot be a “sovereign nation.”

Doesn't add up, does it?

Whether we like it or not, I suppose this land is your land and this land is my land. But this land ain’t their land.

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**Purple Rain**

September 24, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized
You were gone from me before I knew it

You were standing in the purple rain, and I blew it. ❤️

“When there’s blood in the sky – red and blue = purple... purple rain pertains to the end of the world and being with the one you love and letting your faith/god guide you through the purple rain.” — Prince

Uncomfortable truth

September 22, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized
covid was an act of war perpetrated against american citizens — and the world — by a uniformed, commissioned, ranked, service branch of the united states government - to wit, the United States Public Health Service which controls or is perhaps controlled by Dr Faucis NIH – they funded and created this monster – as well its its public propaganda arm. the CDC.

DARPA also funds this shit, and they created Facebook aka darpa lifelog. Is it a coincidence that the same people responsible for this bioterrorism are the same people who forbid you from talking about it, flag your posts as misinformation, and/or unperson you for it?

Facebook has too much power, to be directly connected to these government perpetrators, while also serving as their ministry of truth

And if this kind of bullshit right here isn’t GLOBAL corporate fascism brought to you by billionaire pukes then I don’t fucking know what the fuck is:

The one thing you fucking shills will never do, is blame the goblins who created and unleashed this shit... again .. and again ... and again.

I admire friends who speak truth, and speak their truth to power ; but I don’t respect some of the cases where they speak the lies of the power to empower the power.

google for HIV and ivermectin or HIV and HCQ and you will learn that we knew in 1995 that HCQ reduced HIV viral load. but they werent trying to hear that shit until Atripla hit the market in 2006.

Information about ivermectin being an N1 nuclear inhibitor came out in 2012 but you didn’t hear a word about that, did you?

AIDS was supposed to be the covid scenario under Jimmy Carter when the georgia guidestones went up and ted turner sat in his office jacking off to his fantasy about playing nearer my god to thee on CNN as the entire world perished.

They recruited “promiscuous” volunteers and put aids, or at a minimum, SV40 or a modified derivative of
SV40 in the hepatitis B vaccines in San Francisco in 1978. (mirror link: https://archive.is/qsbZH)

20-40% of the study developed AIDS.

AIDS was deadly all god damn right. 32 million dead. It SHOULD be extremely informative that it wasn't as deadly or as big of a crisis as they wanted in 1980.

Back up a little:

In 1960, it was discovered that Simian Virus 40 (SV40) contaminated up to 30% of the poliovirus vaccines (manufactured by Merck) in the US. SV40 is believed by Merck and others to be a predecessor to AIDS just like those hepatitis B vaccines, but they are afraid of liability. https://pubmed.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/15322523/

And so, if AIDS isn't a modified/GoF SV40 or lab created as some of us have long suspected, then AIDS may be a so-called superbug of SV40, or a lab-modified SV40. SV40 is latent and causes tumors and cancer; it's possible that AIDS is a so-called superbug arising from enough people with an otherwise latent SV40 fucking each other — or fucking someone who has.

You want to know something cool? Ivermectin acts on SV40, too.

You'd think by now, Tony Fauci's NIH; or Merck, or someone would have said something about this by now. They've probably known for at least 40-60 years. Tony wants to have this great legacy about HIV, right?

So why the fuck am I the one telling you about any of this?

Remember swine flu from 1976?

The 1918 pandemic originated at Camp Funston in Kansas. (mirror link https://archive.is/9zcfL)

Believe it or not, the same illness as the 1918 pandemic re-emerged 58 years later in 1976 at Fort Dix this time and infected 330 soldiers.

You may have heard of Fort Detrick, where all the anthrax that was mailed to congress a few years back came from — but I bet you didn't know about those other outbreaks on military installations.

It's the fact that patient zero for shit like this is almost always on a US military installment or in one of their BSL-4 labs, that makes us some of us speculate as to whether they're creating this shit maliciously and/or on purpose.

Once... okay.

Twice... okay...
Three fucking times, and you need to be shut down and lose your job.

You have to wonder: 1) Do these military dudes on bases get it from early trials of vaccinating them for planned bio weapons? 2) Was HIV a failed attempt at curing or vaccinating for SV40? And 3) kind of on the same track, Luc Montagnier has claimed that “covid” is a failed attempt at curing or vaccinating for HIV. I find that worth mentioning but way out of scope for this post.

Ok, H1N1: a year later, in 1977, after it had circulated throughout the population its branded the “russian h1n1” that they blamed on russia/northern china.

Which both countries vehemently denied.

Sound familiar?

Did You Know: Tony Fauci has worked for the USPHS since at least the 1960s.

History doesnt always repeat itself, but sometimes it rhymes. all the plagues for Carter’s NWO agenda womp-womp'ed. and so will the corona shit, they played their full hand of cards.

Lol at boomers who say Carter was one of the good presidents.

Some of the “victims” were probably elites who got the vaccine or antidote. They .. probably ... hopefully .. made the same mistake. Black eye club? Whats that thing on your tongue? kaposis sarcoma. dementia what? couldnt have happened to nicer fucking people. now you know what its like to be told you deserve to die from your plagues.

Believe what you want: Either milions of people died because HCQ and ivermectin werent profitable enough to pursue in 1995.. or you can swallow that horseshit in the dallas buyers club that says the MEAN OLD FDA wouldnt give the gays their toxic ass AZT no matter how hard we stomped our feet and begged and cried.

If you believe that horseshit story, im sorry, but okay. did you learn anything from it? Ivermectin is cheap and over the counter, no questions asked in almost every fucking country on the planet except for yours. Whether it does shit for covid is up for debate, but AZT was a chemotherapy drug that not only didnt work on cancer but also didnt work on HIV. So fuck you and fuck that movie if you weep for pallets of unsold AZT and yet cheer on the current bans on ivermectin and HCQ in the USA.

Fuck all of this this “i hope you die from the virus” and “i hope you die from the vaccine” bullshit.

if you still give a fuck about skin color or race in 2021, lets trade lives because you obviously dont have any real fucking problems. even after the last two nightmarish seasons of clown world.
By the way. HCQ induces apoptosis in non-naive t-cells (meaning cells that are exposed to HIV, cancer, or other mutations. your body only sees two types: CD45RA and CD45RO. apoptosis is when your body places an X across one of those cells.. like marking a tree that needs to be felled) and nicotine INHIBITS apoptosis

(preventing your immune system from doing its job and marking those cells for deletion. Nicotene cancels out HCQ.)

Since nicotine inhibits apoptosis, the reason you get cancer from smoking, is because 1) you have mutated cells from smoking; and 2) your natural process of marking them for deletion is inhibited by nicotine. Nicotine probably makes you more susceptible to HIV, covid etc, because on the off chance you would have nuked a mutated or infected cell— nicotine inhibits that.

Ivermectin is an entry/fusion inhibitor that works on most single stranded RNA viruses. Whereas most HIV drugs on the market allow cell infection but then tamper with the replication cycle inside of the cell. they can still spawn off copies of infected cells and reproduce that way. thats why protease and integrase inhibitors dont cure you.

The reason ivermectin is an anti parasitic and an antiviral, I think is the same: in parasites it interferes with their GABA receptors and more or less paralyzes them. I suspect it does the same thing to the single stranded RNA “viruses.”

So viruses are more or less too fucking stoned to infect a cell.

The theory of kick and kill, is to induce apoptosis and kill non naive tcells.

One problem with that — and a reason I don't like HCQ — is that it can trigger apoptosis of cells faster than you can replace them with MATURE cells, the thymus is responsible for this and falls back on the thyroid. As far as Ivermectin, it will relieve “symptoms,” and “viral load,” however it does not seem to prevent T-cell depletion in the case(s) of “covid” or “HIV”

Which I suspect will all be determined to be forms of “sars”, at some point after the us governments treasury has been completely stolen by congress and their cronies and there isn’t a fucking dime left for the reparations they owe you.

Elton John raises $300 million a year throwing a party, since 1992. That’s 9 billion fucking dollars over the course of 30 years. The United States alone spends 72 billion dollars a year on AIDS/HIV treatment. We’ll get to that here. They don’t want a cure, bitches gotta spend $400,000GBP a year maintaining their Mansions.
Elton John's music sucks, he's an asshole with a. $300,000,000USD incentive to make sure AIDS is never cured. He gets online and tells young men “no one gives a fuck that you’re gay.” You’ll see... somehow..... some day ...

“OMG ELTON HATES MADONNA” well, okay, he's based about that at least.

Rather than focusing on inducing apoptosis and killing the cells, what would you send after those single stranded RNA proteins to mop them up while you’re using an entry / fusion inhibitor like ivermectin?

https://askabiologist.asu.edu/macrophage

IF they are similar to parasites, as in, ivermectin fucks with their GABA receptors, then are they susceptible to , I don’t know. Albendazole or febendazole?

ivermectin is an N1 nuclear inhibitor


“Vpr also plays an important role in another property of HIV-1 that is unusual for a retrovirus – its ability to enter the nucleus of a nondividing cell.”

^ versus protease inhibitors that allow the virus to enter the nucleus of a cell (N1 nuclear import) The problem with allowing cell infection with vpr1/hiv , is these cells once infected CANNOT undergo mitosis and make healthy uninfected copies of themselves. This in a nutshell is the very nature of what HIV illness is. I am thinking it superior to inhibit nuclear import , what will happen when these cells can divide / undergo mitosis?

Older people have a finite number of t-cells, im not sure about inducing apoptosis in otherwise healthy people on a sustained or long term basis proohydractically with HCQ. Or taking HCQ “just because.”

Word of warning about ivermectin: it’s not something anyone should be taking 7 days a week.

This isn’t medical advice. I am however concerned about people taking HCQ or ivermectin off the internet and not talking to a doctor or anyone besides Dr. /Pol/

As for the medical industry, and anyone who allegedly regulates them in America — they have squarely earned their mistrust and suspicion.

With contempt, from Mexico.

-R
You Will Never Be Fully Vaccinated

September 3, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

You will never be fully vaccinated. You have no antibodies. You have no defense against transmisión. You have no resistance to the mutating spike protein. You will never be on the correct formulation, you will never have the correct dose, you will never be on the correct manufacturer.

You may have gotten a booster shot but all of that can change on a political whim and now you are a plague rat and crude mockery of nature’s perfection.

All the “validation” you get for your Fauci Ouchie on social media is two-faced and half-hearted. Maybe you got three “likes” for your vaxx selfie today but tomorrow your vaccine will be banned in 7 countries, no longer recognized by WHO, everyone you work or socialize with will no longer consider you vaccinated.

Behind your back people mock you and take bets on how soon you’re going to die. They stopped inviting you over for drinks, holidays, or get togethers. Your employer has taken a million dollar life insurance policy out on you and implores you to get one more booster. And even when you do, you will still never be fully vaccinated.

Your parents are disgusted and ashamed of you, your “friends” laugh at your sickly appearance, your clammy pale greasy skin, and your coal black glassy meth addict looking vaccine eyes behind closed doors.

Your parents will find you, heartbroken but relieved at the FEMA settlement they’re offered in return for telling everyone you died of natural causes or covid-19. And that it was your fault because you were not fully vaccinated. They’ll bury you with a headstone marked with your false cause of death, and even though you took the vaccine, and you took the booster shots, every passerby for the rest of eternity will know that it was your fault for not being vaccinated. Your body will decay and go back to the dust, and all that will remain of your legacy is a skeleton that is unmistakably unvaccinated.

This is your fate. This is what you chose. There is no turning back.
Memory and Rage

June 16, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

“And Hell is exactly what has gotten into me, and what gets into anyone in exile who has the temerity to remember Zion, to choose no matter the cost not to forget. To remember Zion is to be enraged at all that is not. To be enraged is to burn with the very fires of Hell.”
GLWT

May 28, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

I had a long conversation with a 26 year old Uber driver, and he asked me what wisdom I’d have to import on someone younger such as himself.

And you know what, I have nothing. Considering the last year or so that everyone else had had, I think I’m doing okay for myself. I’m not completely black pilled but for those subjects on which I am completely black pilled it’s not looking like I’m *mistaken* about way too many of those things.

* Zion = TSlon (it means “singularity”): The singularity of the present, the future, and the past.
I see everyone and everything falling apart, people drinking themselves, drugging themselves, and dying of despair. And then pretty much else everything else I thought I knew or had figured out by now, I guess I don’t. If you want to know how far down the bottomless void is, just keep digging. I don’t know anything. I don’t have anything to impart. Never let the fuckers taste your tears.

Know when to hand over a set of keys and/or a list of passwords and say “GLWT.”

“No is a complete sentence.”

One bad decision doesn’t have to become two bad decisions.

If you fucked up badly and lived to tell about it, at least there’s still a chance of you going somewhere with it from here.

I am all out.

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**Every day, a new plague for that little piece of bread.**

May 17, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

Certain messenger RNA therapies, and vaccines that bind spike proteins to ACE2 have the potential to release a zinc molecule that causes TDP-43 to assume a pathological prion transformation.

It’s problematic to take a couple hundred million people who might otherwise survive a virus due to genetic biodiversity, and give them all a universal binding receptor that is susceptible to a virus.

Humans usually survive plagues and mass casualties because of genetic biodiversity.

I guess good news, if there is any, is that there are some indicators that commercial batches of certain formulations have been found to only contain 50-some percent intact messenger RNA, versus 70-some percent intact messenger RNA in clinical batches. There is a very good chance someone fucked up on handling, transportation, and/or refrigeration and that some people got injected with random lipids and a bunch of defective mRNA.

If your immune system does its job, it should hopefully reject any junk messenger RNA and not perform any reverse transcription. What I’ve never liked about this form of gene therapy is that it was designed to
bypass all of that and force you to take up the reverse transcription anyway.

Even if it’s harmful or defective.

HIV is an example of something that gets through, but they’ve done PCR testing at bathhouses and followups, which concluded that people are exposed all the time in these settings but not necessarily “infected.”

This is why PCR testing is not used for HIV diagnosis. Its own inventor, Kary Mullins, said it should not be used for diagnostic purposes. It may indicate exposure, but not infection. Conveniently, he died in late 2019... so he’s not here to raise his usual concerns.

In fact the PCR test may not even be that good at what we’ve always thought it was: https://newsroom.uw.edu/news/new-test-better-detects-reservoir-virus-hiv-patients

Current tests are complicated, expensive, and sometimes give inaccurate readings of viral load, said Hladik. The two existing tests are done through sequencing the viral DNA from patient cells or inducing functional viral outgrowth in vitro from patient cell cultures. Both are time-consuming and expensive and do not lend themselves easily to the testing of new drug candidates to cure HIV. “Our laboratory test is a simpler way to quantify the reservoir of intact viruses” he said.

You want to “trust science,” maybe you should listen to the guy who invented the fucking thing, or a group of researchers who are trying to improve on PCR because they think it’s ... Well, exactly as flawed as its own inventor said that it is?

As I wrote before, 35 previous coronavirus vaccines killed all the test animals and it has come to my attention that four companies already abandoned mRNA technology (Merck, AmpTec, CureVac, I don’t remember the fourth) prior to this.

So here we are at “fuck animal testing, just ship it!”

I was told Sinovac “was less than 50% effective” and offered Sputnik. I am not going to be a guinea pig for mixing experimental injections with no safety studies for “what happens if you use type A for dose 1 and type B for dose 2?”

I’ve said this before, but just doing this and “hoping nothing bad happens,” is not science. It’s “faith,” and you’re the ones proselytizing and forcing that shit on everybody.

You’re ... literally even worse than religious types.
The ADE potential has me concerned but not so much as the alternatives. I’m choosing to isolate and mask and watch what happens for the rest of this year.

They figured out that the anthrax scare in 2001 came out of Fort Detrick and then they just kind of swept that whole investigation under the rug. We have bad actors who like to do bad things with germs, and apparently no interest in looking into that any further.

Why **would** you trust the US government or its “experts”? 

If there’s some other “variant” (remember the whole thing about ADE) that burns through the population and/or has an affinity for TDP-43, I’d suggest bunkering down and sitting it out for 6-12 months. Whatever it is, will burn through the population and hopefully mutate into something you can survive — again, owing more to genetic diversity than anything.

The whole deal about genetic diversity, is why the first couple attempts (HIV, covid-19) didn’t wipe us out completely. And this is also why HIV is a different animal than it was in 1981 when it would turn your lungs to fucking jelly in 9 months.

These people are about as fucking stupid as they are evil at the end of the day, their incompetence endangers humanity but it might also accidentally save humanity.

You still have a good chance but I don’t know if I’d want to be one of the first people out there this year.

I’m not saying I’m an anti-vaxxer here, you can make whatever decision you want based on the information you have available to you — but regardless of which path you took I would probably mask up, keep some distance, and don’t fall for the “white boy summer” trope. That is to say, don’t get excited that it’s “over” and do a bunch of shit you wouldn’t have done in 2020.

Keep your eye on Merck, at least they were cautious enough to say hey this isn’t any good, we’re not bringing this to market. Watch who they buy, watch who they sell, watch who they partner with or disavow. Little history:

Moderna and Merck have been working together to develop mRNA vaccines for cancer since 2017-2018:


Merck abandoned this delivery method and sold all their holdings in Moderna in December 2020:

They bought another mrna-based researcher (AmpTec) in January 2021, and by the end of January they threw all their mRNA based vaccines in the “scrapheap”:


By February, Merck was off of the Moderna train, and partnering with bioNtech. Merck’s role is not to provide a vaccine per se, it’s just to provide lipids for delivery of BNT162b2.


Merck might have decided to scrapheap or postpone their mrna treatment, but it is likely that their lipid production/delivery method was the one viable thing they had going for them, hopefully that addresses some other internal chatter with the EMA about “floating lipids and solids” in the vials that they were kicking around in November 2020. Disclaimer: No verification beyond names, titles, roles checking out in LinkedIn and other public sources of information about their respective agencies:

http://archive.4plebs.org/_/search/tnum/309373314/page/13/

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**Tribulations**

May 8, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

I’ve been hearing people say I had a “troubled past” and a chaotic life, long before I even got into my position on the starting line or had the faintest fucking clue about what problems, stressors and setbacks even were.

I’ve had my entire life to process and react to any of that.

To decide whether to forgive or hold on.

To figure out whether I would “try again,” “try anyway,” or give up or not.

I’ve had my share of trials and tribulations and then some.
I was lucky enough to be born on this side of the bombs.

And some people have real problems.

I always said these queens who talk shit about me are going to lose their fucking minds the first time it ever rains in their privileged, shinypretty, stupid fucking lives.

Wait for it, you’ll go through a divorce or a foreclosure or get your heart put in a blender someday. Let’s see how you do.

It’s been a fucked up year or two or five for everyone now.

Do we still have a few holdouts taking 100 beach selfies for Instagram and pretending they’re fierce and this is fine?

Am I just peering down my nose at everyone from a gutter?

Maybe this is the final character test.

How are you going to handle your stresses and setbacks, your losses, and your fear?

https://www.fadingstar.mx/?format=print&post-type=post&order-date=image_size=full&links=include&rendering_wait=200&print-my-blog=1
Some of the stuff we're dealing with was planned 100 years ago. In that time, has anyone decided to do anything about it, or are we just lost?

Are you going to help or encourage anyone in these timers?

Or will hurt people, just always hurt people?

I think they counted on us bickering or murdering or boog’ing or whatever. For all our problems, I guess we are more civilized than some people were hoping for after all.

Life is partly, what happens to you.

And partly, how you react to it.

Do you dust yourself off?

Do you try to do the very best you're capable of anyway?

I made a comment to Scott a little bit ago, that I know everything is okay when I don't “have to” say a word or do anything. Things are working, people are engaged, nobody's fighting, and that's when I know we’re hitting our notes.

I guess there are a lot of people who want to live in a world without a god.

But assuming there is one, I would imagine he or she or it is infinitely more patient than I am.

Or maybe what we think of as god, is a prisoner , an unwilling bridge between two worlds , taking everyone and everything in while his jailers pitch him as omnipotent and fearsome, blond haired, blue eyed, white skinned, and angry.

Perhaps they're a force that is weeping, unable to close the door, unable to turn off the TV, unable to tune out the collective baggage of the collective consciousness.

What do you make of people when they're all connected and they have all this information at their fingertips, and then they still make the choices they do?

Do they try to force its hand?

Is the book of Revelations a prophecy or a pattern, have we all been here before already?

I’ll give you two takeaways for what is said of , when Jesus is finally pissed enough to say “Gabriel, blow the
trumpets.”

Forget about the lovey shit, Jesus said he hates the fucking Nicolatians like I hate Stan and Janis.

Who are the Nicolatians? The tyrants who will fight to their dying gasp to enslave, control, and destroy you. Who have all the fucking power and money and control anyone could ever want in the word, and they want even more because no amount of any of these things is ever enough.

Brutal, mendacious, beady eyed fucking tyrants who would rather exterminate the entire planet than lose their grip on it.

That’s the shit that gets Jesus foaming at the fucking mouth.
suc
c
1. I know thy works, and thy labour, and thy patience, and how thou canst not bear them which are evil; and thou hast tried them which say they are apostles, and are not, and hast found them liars:

2. And hast borne, and hast patience, and for my name’s sake hast laboured, and hast not fainted.

3. Nevertheless I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love.

4. Remember therefore from whence thou art fallen, and repent, and do the first works; or else I will come unto thee quickly, and will remove thy candlestick out of his place, except thou repent.

5. But this thou hast, that thou hast est the deeds of the Nicolaitanes, which I also hate.

6. He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches; To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God.

7. And unto the angel of the church in Smyrna: These things saith he which was dead, and cometh to have the seven spirits of God, and the seven stars: I know where thou dwells, which art neither cold nor hot. I will come unto thee as an unripe fig tree, and will smite thee with the sword.

8. Fear not those which die, nor fear them which have power to kill, and after death have power over life in hell.

9. I know thou art rich, and art grown, and hast need of nothing; but thou hast a few things where thou hast no ore; and knowest not that thou art poor, and naked, and wretched, and miserable, and poor, and destitute, and miserable, and poor, and destitute.

10. Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell.

11. I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea.

12. And I John saw the holy city new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.

13. And I heard a loud voice saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he shall dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God shall be with them, and be their God,

14. And God shall wipe every tear from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

15. And he that was and is and is to come, says, I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last.

16. I Jesus have sent mine angel to testify unto you these things in the churches. I am the root and the offspring of David, the bright and morning star.
2) Who does Jesus say he loves?

The *overcomers*.

Even in spite of the other things he mildly rebukes them for.

Do the meek ultimately inherit the earth?

Do the voices of yore who sang, we shall overcome..

In fact, overcome?

Gil Scott Heron said that men die, but not what they stood for.

If I was correct when I said that evil people do evil things, and evil people will do nothing about it –

If we live in an increasingly divided, willfully ignorant, violent, selfish, and frightening society ...

And y’all are just going to clap like fucking seals...

There ain't much left for me here even if I do survive.

I’m not getting into the infighting and scapegoating, the racial, ethnic, political, and religious turmoil.

I’m just going to venture a guess that, everything wrong with the world right now, is probably the fucking Nicolatians ... AGAIN.

The Nicolatians are basically the Stans and the Janises of the god damn fucking galaxy. And that would explain why Jesus hated them so fucking much.

Who *didn’t* hate the Nicolatians, anyway?

They were awful, forever and always.

Like that Broadway play “Cats.”
The great toilet paper shortage of 2020: An economic shock test.

March 23, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

— quote —

The aviation field provided the greatest evolution in economic engineering by way of the mathematical theory of shock testing. In this process, a projectile is fired from an airframe on the ground and the impulse of the recoil is monitored by vibration transducers connected to the airframe and wired to chart recorders.

By studying the echoes or reflections of the recoil impulse in the airframe, it is possible to discover critical vibrations in the structure of the airframe which either vibrations of the engine or aeolian vibrations of the wings, or a combination of the two, might reinforce resulting in a resonant self-destruction of the airframe in flight as an aircraft. From the standpoint of engineering, this means that the strengths and weaknesses of the structure of the airframe in terms of vibrational energy can be discovered and manipulated.

APPLICATION IN ECONOMICS

To use this method of airframe shock testing in economic engineering, the prices of commodities are shocked, and the public consumer reaction is monitored. The resulting echoes of the economic shock are interpreted theoretically by computers and the psycho-economic structure of the economy is thus discovered. It is by this process that partial differential and difference matrices are discovered that define the family household and make possible its evaluation as an economic industry (dissipative consumer structure).

Then the response of the household to future shocks can be predicted and manipulated, and society becomes a well-regulated animal with its reins under the control of a sophisticated computer-regulated social energy bookkeeping system.

— /quote apologies , attribution hasn’t survived multiple blog backups and restores –
Clean-up was always the worst

A daunting but necessary task

Picking old rounds up from the range sand

Or washing your blood from the gunner's platform

Leaving the world better than we found it

When will they understand?

Not every piece can be picked up perfectly

Hidden images will haunt me

Longer than that brass under the sandbag

You left me in this world, in pieces

-unknown

Order of Operations

January 25, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

FILO

First In Last Out
As Above So Below

And so it is with your real heroes and leaders.

They don’t go hide under a mountain.

They don’t go on a cruise.

They don’t take a SpaceX rocket.

Or hide out in a TV set.

The white light, is a TV set my friend.

Real heroes grab a shovel and dig you out of your grave.

Like the one who created you.

*There are those who ask what their country can do for them, and there are those who ask what they can do for god and country.*

"If you love your planet, you can keep your planet."

January 24, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

A – A – A is for the APPLE

A – A – A is for the Ark

A – A – A is for the Alpha

A – A – A is for the ... Alphabet.

A – A – A is for the AZTECS, first in through the SI – PA – PU,
SIPAPU!

SIPAPU!

WORLD WAR TWO?

(God help you, who deceived whom?)

B b b is for the Building Blocks –

B b b is for Babylon, (many nations many languages, many tribes)

C c c is for the Cyclops!

C c c is for the Celebration!

C c c is for the.... children

D d d is for Daddy

D d d is for diversity

E e e is for Eve

E e e is for equality

F F F is for the Future

FIRST THINGS FIRST.

... Who knows what the fuck the rest of the letters are ,

LGBTQWYZ but there will NEVER BE A “P” in LGBT

(we will hang you from a tree, go back to “C”)

G G G is for the gays

L – L – L is for the LESBOS

L L L is for the LIE

M M M is for the Mother
M M M is for the Matriarchy

M M M is for the mascotas (animals were once free)

N N N is for the Nuclear

P P P is for the Parents

P P P is for the patriarchy

N N N , they are out of space.

N N N, Jesus called them Nicolatians, and you know what he means.

O O O is for the Overseers

O O O is for the Overcomers

P P P is for the past and PRESENT

PPP is for the proof.

P P P, is for the pharoahs:

P P P is for the PYRAMIDS

P P P is for the PAIN.

QQQ , is the question ,

QQ in RELAY means Question (QQ GA)

QQQQQQQ to the “Quantum” consciousness , Qi.

Qiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii in the “beginning,” there was a song, and it sang qiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii.

Ilf you turn the Q just so, it’s not a “Q” it is a “looking glass.”

R, is the revelation and/or the revolution.

S , S , S is for the SIRENS

S is the Streissand Effect, Saturn, and/or Salvation, you decide.
Solve, solve, solve, or S becomes Slavery ....

S is for SIPAPU SIPAPU SIPAPU!

T is .. troubling, it’s the Trial, the Tribulation, and/or the Triumph of the TRIBES.

T is for TAR AND FEATHERS.

U is for Unity

V is for Victory

W is for Winning

X .. (is this where the X ray “vision” comes in?) (the world goes black and white) (x-citement?)

Y ... Why ?

Z — Zion, Tsion, the singularity of the past, the present and the future.

“Dadaism”

January 23, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

It just ... moves around and stuff the more I stare at it.
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it
“Told that you’re worthless from five years old, Is it part of your destiny?”

January 23, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

I don’t remember when I got cold

It was when he would lay into me

Told that you’re worthless from five years old

Is it part of your destiny

He’s standing next to me

I cannot breath

When will I have the guts to leave?

Runaway from all that is sacred

Escaping the shadow over me

Runaway, you’ll never make it

It’s all that a child believes

I don’t remember when I felt warm

I was never quite good enough

I only wanted the simple things

Like being told you were loved
He's still supporting me

But where's the faith

Looking in his eyes I sense his hate

Runaway from all that is sacred

Escaping the shadow over me

Runaway

(Runaway, runaway, runaway)

Runaway from all that is sacred

Escaping the shadow over me

Runaway, you'll never make it

It's all that a child believes

I never cry for sadness

I cut off from the pain

I won't forget your madness

But I'll forgive you anyway

But I'll forgive you anyway

He's standing next to me

I cannot breathe

When will I have the guts to leave

Runaway from all that is sacred

Escaping the shadow over me

Runaway
(Runaway, runaway, runaway)

You’ll never make it

It’s all that a child believes

Looking Glass Self and the Effect of Primary Groups

January 23, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it

The Looking Glass Self

How my mom and dad see me.

How my girlfriend sees me.

How my older brother sees me.

How my ex-girlfriend sees me.
Charles Horton Cooley was a sociologist who wanted to better understand society and human behavior. He believed that the influence of groups within a society had a strong impact on human behavior. In this lesson, we will discuss primary groups, the theory of the looking-glass self and the concept that one’s self and society are distinctly one unit, not two.

Why Cooley Studied Groups and Social Behavior

Charles Horton Cooley was a sociologist who wanted to better understand why human beings behave the way they do. One of Cooley’s most important contributions to sociology was his idea that by studying everyday social interactions between people, one could begin to better understand why people behave as they do. This is the basis of the interactionist perspective of sociology. Cooley stated that to understand behavior, we must first understand the meanings humans attach to certain situations and, thus, the behavior that is taught to go along with that situation. He believed that societies shape the lives of the people who live within them.

Cooley’s major contribution to sociology was the study of primary groups. Cooley coined the term ‘primary group,’ meaning that this is the first group one is introduced to and is the most influential on our learning of ideas, beliefs and ideals. When observing society, Cooley noticed that the more a society became industrialized, the more individualistic the members became. He saw that the people became more distant from each other, more competitive and were losing the connection to traditional family values and that of community. It was through his study of primary groups that Cooley hoped to instill more social unity and cohesiveness.

While society has continued to evolve and change even at a more rapid pace, many of the social problems Cooley was concerned with still exist today. However, with Cooley’s research, we better understand the importance of social unity and society’s influence upon individuals.

Cooley’s Career
Born in 1864 in Ann Arbor, Michigan, as a son of a Michigan Supreme Court Judge, Charles Horton Cooley grew up in a household where education was highly valued and with high expectations placed upon him by his ambitious father.

In 1894, Cooley earned his PhD from the University of Michigan. In 1905, he founded the American Sociological Association and in 1907 became a full professor of sociology at the University of Michigan. He remained teaching at the university for his entire career.

Primary Groups

Like many sociologists, Cooley wanted to understand society better. As mentioned earlier, Cooley found that the more advanced a society became, the more individualistic people became. He witnessed the breakdown of social cohesion and traditional family. He was convinced that it was the small, intimate groups which influenced behavior the most, and with a breakdown of these primary groups, we also had a breakdown of human behavior.

Cooley coined the term primary groups, which is defined as groups characterized by intimate, face-to-face association and cooperation. Primary groups come together for expressive reasons – to provide emotional support, love, companionship and security. It is through these groups that one begins to develop the sense of self...


TL;DR – Twitter and Facebook’s entire fucking business model. Selling “targeted advertising” evolved into selling “targeted propaganda,” aka the “quantum internet”
Note: This is altered from its original content and I am updating this post belatedly, because someone finally “gets it” and wrote a much more .... comprehensive and coherent ... description of what I mean by this, enjoy if you're into it.

Everything above this line, January 2021

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everything below this line, October 2022

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It is not important to me who is right or first, I am just happy someone else sees it. Has analyzed it. Or even cares about it. I always meant to elaborate on this more but its been almost two years and I defer to Dr Malone, who not only “beat me to it,” but did a far better job of it than I ever could have.

Even better, it takes the current state of affairs at Twitter into consideration, which is more insightful and timely than I would have been if I tackled it in 2021. Amygdala hijack is a bitch and I moved on. I hope you enjoy this as much as I did:

https://rwmalonemd.substack.com/p/twitter-is-a-weapon-not-a-business
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it
You’re nothing but a scarecrow.

January 22, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

Somewhere in our ancestral records,

Within ourself and our source,

There is an ancient well of pain and primal fear:

Records of being sacrificed, persecuted, and oppressed by our leaders and by other races and nations and tribes. Of watching other children brutalized, ritualized, raped, or thrown into volcanoes.

This subjugation is recorded somewhere in our souls and our source

And since we share that stuff somehow, it has to come from somewhere that is and yet is not from within ourselves.

“Where the men can’t go.”

Our diets, our “medicines,” the suggestive stimuli we are bombarded with, to keep us in the darkness, keep us from evolving or enlightening.

When we used to in the past, they killed us before that eye could open or we could access our sixth sense.

Calcifying that was probably done “to protect us” and “for our own good”, the same old lies from our overseers that they’ve told us for all of our history.

And when we rise up, when we catch on to their shit, when we threaten their grasp on or their consolidation of power, they cull the herd and keep the dumb ones.

All the better if they can go hide somewhere while they .... NUKE us .... or give us a “virus” or a “flu” or ...

1912, their first war on drugs and their first experiments with disease as the masses were starting to
crown and light up then.

Over and over and over again.

They’ll keep the submissive ones who wear the mask.

Who eat the bugs.

Who live in the pod.

Who own nothing and give their gold and their property and their everything to the aristocrats and bolsheviks like they have every other single time they did this?

Are you “happy”?

So where are the celebrities and tech billionaires whose Twitter accounts are being run by AI routines to pretend they’re among us right now?

Are they dead?

Are they in the new dimension?

Are they in gitmo?

Hiding on some private fancy island?

Taking a cruise on the titanic like the last time?

Madonna sings about how “not everyone will get to come to the future” or something like that.

Basically ... mocking you.

I know, I know, you’re her number one fan and I am a big old jerk, worst fag ever.

Did she give you a private ticket or a seat on the ship?

Or did she just vanish into the sunset with your money and adoration and leave you here to die?

Wellllllllllllllllllll, you didn’t want a seat on that ship.

I’d take my chances here if I were you.
Now come back to why they infiltrate, subvert, and relentlessly attack my boring little chatroom for 10-15+ years. Same reason: Supportive environments, some place for your eyeballs that the glowies and the enemies of life and freedom such as your so called HEROES in medicine or your TEACHERS in the American public schools and all of their other apparatuses arms aren’t logging or weaponizing, propagandizing, or intercepting that is no longer overrun with predators and controllers and nicolatians ... and these satanic fuckers will do anything to destroy it and anyone behind it and divide them endlessly and drive them all away because the CIA wants to foster a sense of “learned helplessness” in you, or have their poorly trained assets snuff you in an American hospital. You will get it eventually.

No white hats.

No “good guys.”

No “plan.”

Just unmitigated fucking evil in every government and institution on this earth.

You can call me whatever you want, Janis has openly confessed that she is a “witch” who “casts spells on people to ruin their lives” and that she is fucked out of her mind on oxycontin, but that’s what you call “TRUE RECOVERY” and “oh my gosh, true spirituality ommmmmm” yet I am the one you call “crazy,” because that’s exactly what “satanic inversion”, or what some of you call “clown world” is.

The Swamp is Coming From inside the Oval Office

January 21, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

Mr Trump,

I was promised a drained swamp and a locked up hag.

And what I got was Joe Biden.

Who did all of this to us.
Or was at least willing to sign his name on whatever they put in front of him, like yesterday, heh.

And all of that was done under your boy Bill Clinton.

Only the President of the United States can write an EO. He had sixteen of the fucking things ready to go after he’d barely even been “inaugurated.”

Meaning he wasn’t President when those EOs were written, if he was even the person who wrote them. They are literally invalid, on their face, because they were not written by the so-called “president,” they were written before his so-called “inauguration,” they are ... 100% as illegitimate as he is.

One of those EOs invalidates a prior EO that forbids bias and scapegoating based on race and sex ... idk something along those lines I read it yesterday.. and I’m like “WTF I love sexism and racism now! Go Democrats!”

Scapegoating as in you know, Adolph Hitler saying let’s put all the ________ in the oven for our problems! Making sure we can still do that was a DAY ONE priority of the incoming Biden administration.

WELL PLAYED.

I’d cite it but it’s not published in the federal register as of today.

I wish I was kidding !!!

I hope you have that 65,536D chess game cause I put every friend and relationship I have on the line hoping someone, anyone, would save the world from the Clintons and the Bushes and the Bidens.

I have to say , Mr Trump, when I looked at how unhinged the other side was, I don’t think it was the right place for me anyway.

But if this is where we are today you earned the place in history that the pussyhats wanted to lock down in Wikipedia for eternity.

This better not be a game, because you’re not going to get your black and white or your left and right war.
Bernie debates Bernie “cant be bought by billionaires”
Sanders on Biden:

January 20, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

“It is now clear that we have entered a recession as bad or worse than in 2009.”

— IMF Managing Director Kristalina Georgieva.

I predicted a recession back in November based (partially) off of FRED data (repurchase agreements) climbing and surpassing levels seen in 2008 and partially due to economic slowdowns observed across all sectors in trucking (see the same post).

Joe Biden had pumped 900 billion dollars into the banks in 08 to kick the can down the road.

That money finally dried up.

Biden himself knew the recession was coming — AND WHY — back in December 2019 when he started making public announcements that he would be likely to “inherit a recession from Trump.”

The coronavirus scam is a distraction from the fact that Joe Biden slapped a BANDAID over an ASSHOLE in 2008 with the $700 billion Troubled Asset Relief Program (TARP) — a.k.a., the Wall Street bailout.

Of this situation, Bernie Sanders has correctly pointed out that “Joe bailed out the crooks on Wall Street that nearly destroyed our economy 12 years ago.”

I learned in February that 80-90% of Chinese businesses were running out of cash and that most privately owned businesses had about 30-60 days of money left. I posted about this, as well.

The coronavirus situation was designed to —

Blame the upcoming recession on “coronavirus,” rather than on the TARP/Wall Street bailout money from Joe Biden running dry and pump even MORE money into the SAME ENTITIES, thereby propping up millions of Chinese firms they would then “act on,” as Bloomberg News had implored us to in February — ignoring history+lessons learned.

It’s “almost” “as if” Trump is going to make sure Brandon gets credit where its due.
3AM

January 20, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

I can't fucking sleep.

I'm banned from everything except LRH and /pol/ but on the bright side at least Jack and Zuck don't get to play silly putty with my mind. Not that any of this propaganda or any of these lies are that big of an improvement.

I'm thinking about the one who shall not be named, whom I hate more than AT&T: "ohhhh look at me I'm an activist, I looted a Gucci store."

Fuck her.

(Don't go to bed mad.)

(Don't go to bed mad.)

(Don't go to bed mad.)

Going back to the left / right thing

January 19, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

I've always been interested in duality even though that is not my understanding of ultimate underlying reality, I believe the duality is illusory — in this paradigm as I've said before, it's more of a matter that you
can’t really define anything unless there is something that it isn’t, unless there isn’t.

What is the underlying force that arbitrates whether you are a one or a zero?

Apparently – something that is something other than a one or a zero, otherwise it’s ALL bullshit. ALL of it. There is either a checkbox for “other” or there isn’t. That’s what you guys always say to me when you overexplain your gender to me, right? Fine, then that is my proposition about god or the realm of the spirit “or whatever.” It is of some essence that you could describe as “non binary” in your parlance.

“Try to separate a man from his soul, you’ll only strengthen him and lose your own.”

January 18, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

TL; DR: Fuck off, I WILL return to my source no matter what you do to yourselves and each other here. A clone of a 4D entity will result in a 3D entity, a clone of a 3D entity will result in a 2D entity, my creator will not accept a counterfeit copy of me and that is all there is to say about that. If you do not understand this, that’s okay, I wrote this for someone who does understand what I mean by that.

I’ve indulged in some discussion about quantum immortality and/or quantum suicide, but there are some things nature and or spirit can’t overcome, they’re damaging peoples hearts and psyches and souls, health, and body on purpose and it’s not conceptually much different from when I hit that rock on the carretera and blew a hole straight through both sides my engine. Game over, do you follow?

You do not want to be full of metal or graphene oxide when the bomb goes off 2 miles over your head and causes an EMP event, laugh at the madman all you want.
I don't know what happens to, oh, lets say, things like my stents. But I think I'm going to have some serious problems if I'm right underneath one of those anyway.

Then the LORD said, "My Spirit shall not strive with man forever, because he also is flesh; nevertheless his days shall be one hundred and twenty years."

— GEN. 6:3, I THINK THIS IS 100% HORSESHIT AND AN EXCUSE FOR WHEN THEY STARTED SLOWLY KILLING US THROUGH MEDICINE PLAGUES ETC (YOU CAN THANK THE "NOBILITY" AND "ROYALTY" FOR DOING THAT SHIT TO US FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS), I CAN GIVE YOU MANY EXAMPLES IN THE BIBLE OF "PLAGUES", COVERING YOUR FACE AND ANNOUNCING YOURSELF AS UNCLEAN, OR THE OVERSEERS TRACKING YOUR EVERY STEP FOR 3500+ YEARS AND THEN NOT-SO-SLOWLY AS OF THE ADVENT OF "ALLOPATHIC" MEDICINE IN THE 1920S, CULMINATING IN TODAY'S NIGHTMARE WORLD.

Duality is a lie, I can make this real simple for you without some unitarian or trinitarian headfuck, the plain and simple truth is that "for everything there is, there is something that it isn't, unless there isn't.”

This challenges, if not breaks, some of your fundamental assumptions about this fucking prison we all inhabit together, you know damn well this isn't all there is.

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GWOT – Global War on Terror/Technorcracy

January 17, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

The primary driving force behind all of the problems you're having in America:

Attempt #1 was thwarted 40 years ago. Carter was supposed to have two terms, aids was supposed to kill off a bunch of gays and blacks and whatever. And it did, just not as many as they wanted it to.

Attempt #2 was 9/11 and it was successful, it shifted the power balance and literal basements of gold and unwanted records from one shadow order to the other. Thank the Clinton/Bush cabal for this one.

I'm not naming any of them lest I be accused of being anti-something or something-phobic.
Attempt #3 was the deliberately induced financial “crisis” of 2008.

Did anything interesting start happening to some of you around 2008-2010 that you don’t want to talk to anyone about?

Attempt #4 was, and is, the coronavirus / world economy collapse. It’s an effort to shift this back to the same players who got control post-9/11 and then sort of lost it in 2008. It is a never ending battle over whether the pagans or the you know whos control Rome, and we all pay the price for it forever and ever and ever.

To my anarchist “friends” and queer radicals, I am with you that this system and this corruption and this greed and this injustice — and that all of this is evil beyond words.

I’m not with you on the team you chose to back.

Pretty much, there are at least three relevant cabals if you will, that would seek to maintain the order and the money supply.

Choose carefully. Because one of them is going to prevail and probably own the future — at least the next hundred years. And you’re going to be targeted, surveilled, and oppressed and locked down in every way imaginable, and ways that you can’t imagine also — if my queer “comrades” choose that side of history.

Given the choice between the three? Honestly it would be “none of the above.”

But they’re going to have their war.

They have weapons you don’t know about. The “patriots” and the “anarchists” are all going to drop their AR15s and their fireworks and their bike locks screaming like a little girl while they’re being lasered/mmwave’d like a fucking hotdog.

As usual, the you-know-whos (omg, no, not (((them))) please fucking try harder, it starts with C and rhymes with “CIA”) are funding both sides of the conflict: They will pretend to be both sides.

They want you to get involved.

This isn’t your battle.

Well it is, it sort of is, it rightfully should be.

But it’s a power struggle between three global factions who are going to subjugate you and own you and your future whether you like it or not.
If you get in the way, you’re going to be dead or in prison forever.

Me, personally, I’d press “rewind” and go back 40 years to the old old order.

Or even 20 years and go back to just before 9/11.

Take that as you will.

The technocracy is siding with the people who make their cheap fucking junk they want you to buy and consooooooooooonoom.

Big Social falls in line with the people who provide what they need to exist.

Guess who calls the shots for them.

Guess who has the billions and trillions to engage in this so-called war?

Third party NGO defense manufacturers/contractors and the relatively new Technocracy that seeks to give the old world order to a new, uh, “emerging market” thanks to the Clinton/Bush/Biden crime families.

This new “emerging” market likes putting people in camps and forcing them to perform slave labor.

This new “emerging” market likes harvesting organs from slaves.

*Muslim slaves, specifically. I am not a Muslim or really interested in that but this has to end.*

They can buy, pay off, or bribe all the chess pieces and pawns.

They control the narrative in the media and on social media / communications.

Dissenters are banned from the garden, or worse.

And then there’s a *third option* that a lot of people seem to be engaged in some electronic warfare trying to scapegoat (as usual) or get you to hate or oppose.

Don’t feed into that ... it’s going to fuck you in the ass, badly.

I don’t think most of you are “bad people,” but I am not convinced you know what you’re fighting or dying for. Your future, your freedom, your identity and right to exist? Fair.

*But who and what are you really fighting for? Do you know? Are you a bad actor or a pawn?*
If that matters to you, then you don't have much time left to disavow a bad decision.

One bad decision doesn't have to become two bad decisions.

They already have it out for me, and let's say it's “not pleasant.”

I would rather die standing on my feet at this point I guess but this might be a good time for you to be quiet if you have not already managed to attract attention or piss the wrong people off.

Wherever you stand in this I hope you’re right, peace and blessings to all.

Except for Stan and Miranda.

Fuck both of you with a bloody AIDS cactus, forever and ever and ever.

"Trust muh plan"

January 16, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

Operation Trust (операция “Трест”) was a counterintelligence operation of the State Political Directorate (GPU) of the Soviet Union. The operation, which was set up by GPU’s predecessor Cheka, ran from 1921 to 1926, set up a fake anti-Bolshevik resistance organization, “Monarchist Union of Central Russia”, MUCR (Монархическое объединение Центральной России, МОЦР), in order to help the OGPU identify real monarchists and anti-Bolsheviks. The created front company was called the Moscow Municipal Credit Association.

The head of the MUCR was Alexander Yakushev (Александр Александрович Якушев), a former bureaucrat of the Ministry of Communications of Imperial Russia, who after the Russian Revolution joined the Narkomat of External Trade (Наркомат внешней торговли), when the Soviets began to allow the former specialists (called “spetsy”, Russian: спецы) to resume the positions of their expertise.

This position allowed him to travel abroad and contact Russian emigrants.

MUCR kept the monarchist general Alexander Kutepov (Александр Кутепов) from active actions, as he was
convincing to wait for the development of internal anti-Bolshevik forces.

Kutepov had previously believed in militant action as a solution to the Soviet occupation, and had formed the “combat organization”, a militant splinter from the Russian All-Military Union (Russian: Русский Обще-
Воинский Союз, Russkiy ObshcheVoinskiy Soyuz) led by General Baron Pyotr Nikolayevich Wrangel. Kutepov also created the Inner Line as a counter-intelligence organization to prevent Bolshevik penetrations. It caused the Cheka some problems but was not overly successful.

Among the successes of Trust was the luring of Boris Savinkov and Sidney Reilly into the Soviet Union, where they were captured.

The Soviets did not organize Trust from scratch. The White Army had left sleeper agents, and there were also Royalist Russians who did not leave after the Civil War. These people cooperated to the point of having a loose organizational structure. When the OGPU discovered them, they did not liquidate all of them, but manoeuvred into creating a shell organization for their own use.

Still another episode of the operation was an “illegal” trip (in fact, monitored by OGPU) of a notable émigré, Vasily Shulgin, into the Soviet Union. After his return he published a book “Three Capitals” with his impressions. In the book he wrote, in part, that contrary to his expectations, Russia was reviving, and the Bolsheviks would probably be removed from power.

The one Western historian who had limited access to the Trust files, John Costello, reported that they comprised thirty-seven volumes and were such a bewildering welter of double-agents, changed code names, and interlocking deception operations with “the complexity of a symphonic score”, that Russian historians from the Intelligence Service had difficulty separating fact from fantasy.

Defector Vasili Mitrokhin reported that the Trust files were not housed at the SVR offices in Yasenevo, but were kept in the special archival collections (spetsfondi) of the FSB at the Lubyanka.

"Control"

January 16, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

“It’s not possible to compete with something that works 24/7 to make the world worse.

Sane people want to live life.

Insane people want to control life.”

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"I therefore so run, not as uncertainly; so fight I, not as one that beateth the air."

January 14, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

I Cor, 9:26

It will be found a great help to the weaknesses of the fallen nature to have understandingly made a full consecration of the will, — a full enlistment of every power and talent of mind and of body. He who takes this proper view of his consecration to the Lord and enlistment in the Lord’s army, realizes that he has nothing more to give to the Lord, and hence, whatever struggle of the will he may have is all ended when he has finally decided ‘As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.’

How important it is, therefore, that all the soldiers realize that the term of enlistment is until death, and that there is no room for even considering any suggestion to withdraw from the battle and cease even for an hour to fight the good fight of faith. Z. ’03-421
Another day, another three cents over here at Shill HQ

January 13, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

>He’s not likely making money so it’s not a grift

He’s not. But some of the “q” forums make, or made, upwards of $6,000 a month in “donations” and have incentive to keep the Hopium flowing just as surely as the people formerly making a few thousand a month automatically responding to Trump tweets with hateful invective from bots and then selling TDS themed stickers and t-shirts and shit, who have just had the rug yanked out from under them when they banned Trump. Oh no, Eugene will have to get a real job now. If and I mean IF anyone will ever hire him again #sad

Imagine being such a piece of shit you’d prey on peoples hopes and values and sell them — and possibly their entire country — out for $6,000 a month.

But then again I guess Bernie “can’t be bought by Billionaires” Sanders tried to make Sierra Blanca TX into a nuclear waste dump for a $2,500 bribe.

As for me, whatever. I don’t really care if I ever work again thank you very much. $1,000 a month and that includes health insurance, cable TV, rent, food, enough alcohol to sort of tolerate existing, cigarettes, car insurance, and running that asshole fucking website.

You keep your light so shining a little in front o’ the next –

January 6, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

“They copied all they could follow

but they couldn’t copy my mind
so I left them sweating and stealing

a year and a half behind.”

-Rudyard Kipling

Drama on the dance floor: Why 'gay civil war' has been declared over a New Year’s Eve blowout in Mexico

January 5, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

Ahhh whatever.

AIDS never stopped us from having a circuit orgy in the past.

Honestly I’m surprised more people aren't up on Grindr begging each other for their charged corona seed.

Isn't it fun watching the auth left / ctrl left eat each other alive?

NO ONE IS ALLOWED TO HAVE FUN UNTIL THE BAD ORANGE MAN IS REMOVED.

I don't have a dog in this fight and I stayed home for New Years cause I don't feel like getting sick from tourists myself but I'm so proud of the guys telling you all to go FUCK yourselves.

Nayarit is fucking beautiful, NGL, I'm a little jealous. 👍

https://news.yahoo.com/why-gay-civil-war-declared-over-new-years-eve-blowout-mexico-230759775.html
Bet you never heard about –

January 2, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized
ICD-10-PCS

21 New Codes Effective January 1, 2021

- XW013K6 Introduction of leeronlimab monoclonal antibody into subcutaneous tissue, percutaneous approach, new technology group 6
- XW013S6 Introduction of COVID-19 vaccine dose 1 into subcutaneous tissue, percutaneous approach, new technology group 6
- XW013T6 Introduction of COVID-19 vaccine dose 2 into subcutaneous tissue, percutaneous approach, new technology group 6
- XW013U6 Introduction of COVID-19 vaccine into subcutaneous tissue, percutaneous approach, new technology group 6
- XW023S6 Introduction of COVID-19 vaccine dose 1 into muscle, percutaneous approach, new technology group 6

Mechanism of action

PRO 140 is a lab-made antibody that functions as an entry inhibitor.[18][19] PRO 140 binds to the CCR5 receptor on the CD4 cells, and interferes with HIV's ability to enter the cell. PRO 140, a humanized form of a PA14 antibody, is a chemokine-receptor CCR5 monoclonal antibody and can inhibit CCR5 tropic HIV-1 at concentrations that do not antagonize the natural activity of CCR5 in vitro. HIV-1 entry is mediated by the HIV-1 envelope glycoproteins gp120 and gp41. The gp120 will bind CD4 and the CCR5 receptor molecule, and this triggers gp41-mediated fusion of the viral and cellular membranes. CCR5 is needed for the entry of the virus and the infection of healthy cells. PRO 140, the anti-CCR5 monoclonal antibody, can stop HIV from entering the cell and stop viral replication. It prevents the virus-cell binding at a distinct site in the CCR5 co-receptor without interfering with its natural activity. Unlike other entry inhibitors, PRO 140 is a monoclonal antibody. The mechanism of inhibition is competitive rather than allosteric.[20] As such, it must be injected to be effective. However, once inside the body, PRO 140 binds to CCR5 for >60 days,[21] which may allow for dosing as infrequently as every other week.[22][23] Compared to highly-active antiretroviral therapy, which has been shown to have treatment-related toxicities for HIV-infected patients, PRO140 has no multi-drug resistance or toxicities.[20]
Happy December 32, 2020. You didn’t think it would be over that easy did you?

January 1, 2021
Categories: Uncategorized

I have a friend who says that he was shot in the head, but then somehow it didn’t actually happen.

An instant after the bang he was putting the car in reverse and taking off.

Sort of like a cosmic undo button, you say?

I suspect there’s more going on in this world right now than we’re thinking there is.

Some things are known, some things can be changed, and others cannot simply because they have already happened.

God has got to be a mess, imagine what a mess you are with your own consciousness and your own journey and your own set of events inside of you.

Then let’s say someone uploaded everyone else’s to you and that you had to experience all of that too.

You’d be a mess, right?

Christ sits to the right of God, in the meta consciousness. Whatever you want to call it. It’s been called a number of things, it’s been illustrated a number of different ways and yet all of those illustrations have “one thing” in common.

We’re in the darkness on his left surrounded by those who literally accuse us before god, and the silhouettes of groaning suffering people who don’t even know they’re there in that misery.

Look up, wake others up, comfort the person next to you if they’re stuck in a bad dream and crying out in their sleep. Ask for help and stay faithful to the end, even if it isn’t easy right now.

This friend also says he keeps having the sense that there’s a future version of himself trying to send himself a warning or a message.

Tsion (Zion) is a word for singularity. We are marching on to tsion, a singularity of the past, the present, and the future.
I don't know what happens from there and I don't mean to presume I have a place in it. I think God has a greater capacity for forgiveness than we do, and there's a reason he hasn't hurled us into the sun yet.

Maybe he thinks some of you are funny or he sees some good in some of you, in spite of what you've been given to work with here.

That's what I'm interested in.

Everything else is just a matter of me looking for the “truth” under every rock.

Did I find it? No, not really.

I found a lot of Fed posting, subversion, and propaganda.

I don't have a desire to say too much about the old guard even if it looks like they are vulnerable or losing their grip to straight up crime families. Let's say that unpleasant things happen to me if I'm over the target.

I don't have much to offer that hasn't already been said.

The illusion that one side stands for freedom, tradition, families, God, or the conservation of anything is about as ridiculous as the notion that the other side is an LGBT hug box where everyone gets free mansions, free money, and a puppy.

That statement should be taken into consideration before anything else I have said about the world I'm in.

Gina Haspell has been trying to make the case for shifting from the so called global war on terrorism, to focusing attention on those she perceives as hostile nation state actors. That is where the snake is (and has been) eating its own tail geopolitically under our own damn roof let alone how we proceed with perceived threats or perceived enemies.

Let's see if she gets thrown under the bus for that.

Then you'll know who really “won” in 2020.

There's an ongoing coup alright.

By whom, and against whom, is the question.

Who is really in control here?

Who wants to be?
Who wants me to hate ______ (fill in the blank)?

Who actually hates _____ ?

I have a pretty good idea but I can’t say it.

Who wants ______ to hate me (fill in the blank)?

Why?

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Driving 'til I see the stars in my eyes

December 21, 2020
Categories: Uncategorized

Another checkpoint:

One of the guards put my red hat on backwards; his buddies started snickering and one of them yelled “cholo!”

The guy at the dealership that’s buying Dr Jack was scratching his head: “You have a Washington license, Wisconsin plates, you live in Arizona, and you have a Mexican cell phone number. I’ve never seen anyone who was scattered all over the place like this.”

Hehe.

I showed him the tattoo on my right arm.
Tecate

December 17, 2020
Categories: Uncategorized

I stopped somewhere for a brief liaison, and the other gentlemen was a “out in the hall when we’re done” kind of fellow so I wasn’t offered a shower and I pretty much left with whatever was left of his love dripping down my leg and some of my own encrusted on my stomach hair.

I hit a security checkpoint on the 2D.

Their drug dog started sniffing and making obscene grunting noises and panting while he buried his nose in my crotch and ass taking long deep satisfied whiffs.

All I could do was just stand there.

Then he stood on his hind legs and started humping my leg.

I didn’t know whether I was more humiliated or whether I was more amused. I was about to bust out crying in front of the ejercitos but they were stone faced, searched me and my car and waved me off.

I’m like “do not laugh... do not laugh.. do NOT laugh.. think of Amy Schumer and Kathy Griffin jokes...”

I wish a nice handsome man would dry hump my leg or start grunting and sniffing me even half as passionately as the perro detector in Tecate did.

Sinaloa

December 11, 2020
Categories: Uncategorized

The military police found a (oh, something something, something that shouldn’t be there) under my passengers seat.
They tore my car to pieces and interrogated me for about an hour. My Spanish is terrible and I guess that's one way to get some practice in.

They told me I could have gone to jail for 30 days.

Oh god no, I can deal with prison but please don’t send me back to America, those people are awful.

I would have bent over the car and asked “is there ANY thing I can do to talk you out of this?”

I had already found two mollies and a .45ACP round underneath the drivers seat and disposed of them before I left Arizona. I seriously thought my car was clean.

I asked one of them “¿por que no perro?”

He yelled “perro es muerte!” and stuck out his tongue, arms, and legs mimicking a dead K-9 unit. Everyone laughed.

Most of the dudes are pretty friendly and crack jokes.

I drove off thinking, “heyyyyy wait a second, is there sex in Mexican jail?”

*does a u-turn*

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**Tijuana**

December 5, 2020
Categories: Uncategorized

I’ve left for Mexico to escape the corruption, violence, political persecution, and economic instability of my home country.
I like this theory.

September 10, 2020
Categories: Uncategorized

I’m not personally invested in the perpetual struggle between a bunch of millionaires and billionaires over whether the red jerseys or the blue jerseys get to keep their precious power and authority and pork barrels. I’m not a brownshirt for any of these motherfuckers. They can all go to hell for all I care. I can’t side with, march with, or fight shoulder to shoulder with the type of people who are laughing about murdering one another. or about the losses on either side.

“When I draw a line between myself and others, God is always on the other side of it.” — Nadia Bolz-Weber
When either side satisfies me that this isn't about another four year election or that they're serious enough to start dragging Congress out on the street by their hair, I'll re-visit this.

If you were on your social media feed gloating over murdering people — particularly other LGBTs while you wave our flags and banners — let's say that our shared love for sucking dick and/or drinking too much do not constitute a strong enough so-called friendship for some of the liberties you people took with me.

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You say I’m crazy, I’ve got your crazy.

September 4, 2020
Categories: Uncategorized

I’ve had it with this fucking freak show telling people to go overdose and die.

Calling me a fag with aids.

Telling me I’m going to prison.

I’ve got your doxx and I don’t like bullies.

Dear Fourth Step:

Miranda is so fat, Jerome Powell sent her a billion dollars in TARP funds and said bitch you are wayyyyyyy too big to fail.

Miranda is so fat she has to leave Ashburn and drive to DC for all of her dates, because bestiality is illegal in Virginia.

I dare you to say the shit you say at a face to face meeting and watch how many teeth you leave with.

😢👎😢👎😢👎
FWIW

August 18, 2020
Categories: Uncategorized

There's something happening here

And what it is, is exactly clear

There's a Senator from Delaware

Who wears Depends, and sniffs toddler hair ...
the house is old

June 25, 2020
Categories: Uncategorized

I sit in another house whose character is
just now forming as we live here &
dust & scrub & clean & wash windows or
just live together now our enemies have gone

– enemies because that’s what friends become
sometimes when they leave us or we leave them
& cast one another out of our lives like
leaves cluttering the lawn, the grass gone too.
– because we are sometimes difficult to live with.

we gossip sometimes & tear one another into
tiny rags we wear in preference to warm clothing
– furs & scruffy rugs made into hair boas
(like snakes) to wrap around us in the dark.

– enemy is not a word of hate, it’s what we call
our lovers when we don’t love them any more
now they’ve rejected us, we live here,
we think of the other house.

the house is old.

it’s like an old person we are getting to know
for the first time, or the second

above the house a hawk dives down
for a mouse beside the pond, beside
the garden, the rosa rugosa, the
blackberries, beside the house where
the faggots live with their friends.
¿Heaven or Las Vegas?

June 24, 2020
Categories: Uncategorized
Move over, Franzia

June 13, 2020
Categories: Uncategorized
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it

You always have a way of getting right inside of me
Get under my skin
Make me want to punch bricks
And I never quite got over you girl
It’s that love that poisons your guts
With my lips stained red tonight, I’m going to drink the whole bag of Franzia
We’ve been through a lot
I consider you my familia
Blood runs thick like the kind that you punch from my skin
And I forgive you, and make you some food
I’m not no innocent party
I’m a handful
With my lips stained red tonight, I’m going to drink the whole bag of Franzia
You can take a break
Shit I think I need one too
But we both know it’s see you later and never goodbye
The love we shown goes deeper than anything ive ever known
The understanding that true love didn’t work breaks our hearts
With my lips stained red tonight, I’m going to drink the whole bag of Franzia

— Cuba Luna, I’m gonna drink the whole bag of Franzia

What is time?

April 29, 2020
Categories: Uncategorized

Time and distance are... how do you say... “social constructs.”

A way to measure the moments that elapse between the sunrise and the sunset.
The time it takes the earth to travel around the sun or the moon around the earth

And a way to tell one succession of those moments apart from the next.

“There is no distance that cannot be covered, over and over.”

---

**Like stars, humans have the right to eclipse.**

April 26, 2020
Categories: Uncategorized

“Like stars, humans have the right to eclipse. If the light returns and the eclipse is not an endless night, everything is fine. Dawn and resurrection are synonymous. The return of light is like the survival of the soul.” — Kim Jong Un

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**Essential Jobs**

April 23, 2020
Categories: Uncategorized

I had a trippy apocalyptic dream: People were calling 911 to complain about Armageddon and a bored dispatcher replied “Sometimes the planet just deserves it.”
Demisexuals are only into Demi Moore

April 20, 2020
Categories: Uncategorized

“So you’re a demisexual then.”

“A what now?”

“Grey sexuality.”

“Is that where I sneak into Area 51 and fuck aliens like a farmer sneaking out and slipping it into one of the sheep?”

I’m exasperated: I have to look up a new stupid special snowflake word for sexuality.

My eyes rolled so far back I shit them both out.

Lady Liberty

April 20, 2020
Categories: Uncategorized

Hovering over the waters and watching civilization being built over and over again:

The dead rising from their graves.

The others, picking up shovels and helping dig.

Cities being built and destroyed.

And built and destroyed.

And built and destroyed again.
I'm like, this is taking a long time — why is this necessary?

Every single time, I watch an angry and ancient goddess who looks like the Statue of Liberty, rising out of the ground and destroying civilizations and men.

They attack her and she smites them all.

They try to bury her.

They try to encapsulate her in concrete.

But over and over and over again, she rises and demolishes everyone and everything in her path.

The people are black and white.

They have outdoor ceremonies.

Sometimes they worship Lady Liberty. And they are smitten again.

Sometimes it’s more peaceful and productive.

Then I’m starting to realize the purpose she serves:

To slay wicked civilizations and men who harm the earth and her people.

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**Hell: An Exhibit**

April 14, 2020
Categories: Uncategorized

I was excited to go see The Exhibit.

I already knew the punch line: We’d realize we were already dead and in Hell.
I have no pants on.

I kept getting kicked to the back of the line, only to be met with escalating and conflicting demands for methods of proving that I'd paid my admission price.

The first exhibit was the kitchen:

A dazed and distressed young woman who looked like a startled zombie paced back and forth mindlessly from the coffee maker to the fridge to rummage for something to eat.

Back to the coffee maker: Have to go to work.

Back to the fridge: Rummage, rummage, rummage.

Back to the coffee maker: Have to go to work.

Back to the fridge: Rummage, rummage, rummage.

Back to the coffee maker: Have to go to work.

Back to the fridge: Rummage, rummage, rummage.

Back to the coffee maker: Have to go to work.

Back to the fridge: Rummage, rummage, rummage.

And so on.

A pile of chocolate chip cookies, soft batch, sweet and rotten, stacked high to the ceiling on the counter with flies buzzing everywhere around it.

Feed your addiction.

Eat the sugar.

Make that coffee.

Punch that clock.

Bring your ass back to the refrigerator and rummage and rummage and rummage and rummage all you want, you will never find anything in there that feeds the hunger inside of you.
A member of the audience giggles and claps her hands, bravo!

She says, “They might be in hell, but they’ve made it beautiful if they are.”

I mimicked the zombie faces of the woman trapped in the kitchen.

Go to work.

Caffienate up.

Feed my addictions.

This pissed off one of the people running the exhibit and they came to bounce me out.

I said “oh please! I’m fascinated and I haven’t even seen half of it!”

They grinned.

I asked “where’s my backpack?”

I was no longer carrying my load.

None of it mattered.

None of it mattered.

None of it mattered.

None of it mattered.

None of it mattered.

None of it mattered.

None of it mattered.

None of it mattered.

None of it mattered.


None of it mattered now.
"Who needs a gun?"

April 13, 2020
Categories: Uncategorized

I want to live in a world where I wonder where my angel is:

*Is it holstered on my hip?*

*Is it on the nightstand?*

*Is it tucked under the drivers seat with a bottle of tanqueray?*
I want to live in a world where I am equipped with an angel of every caliber, every size, from a concealer to a purse piece to an elephant gun.

I want to live in a world where the citizenry is armed with “peace,” and will love you to life in order to defend the peace and fight you to death to defend the fish, our friends, the bees, and the trees.

And the crickets stirring to life underneath a brand new sky

*I remember when these streets were brand new.*

I want to live in a brand new world where the streets are all brand new again.

(again)

(again.)

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**Time’s Up**

April 12, 2020
Categories: Uncategorized

We laid down in our positions holding our glowing cards up.

I hid mine under the blanket, not wanting to display mine or be seen.

If you started over as a new player, you picked your geographical region. For example:
Wisconsin needs 40,000 people.

But I warn you, you could be immediately victimized by the impending industrial revolution.

Want to play?

:

You don’t have to.

No sooner could we celebrate — Wisconsin had heavy representation in this game and we were about to proudly nail our license plates to the wall to show everyone — Lots of plates from Wisconsin —

We were in for one more show.

We were in a cafe now and an older woman was being rude to her customers, refusing service to some. At first we thought maybe she was racist or didn't like young people or ————

Reactions are mixed.

Uncertain about how to handle this one I turned to someone and asked them “what should we do?”

The moral of the story:

Wait awhile and observe her.

The results?

She is the same way to whoever comes in the door, whether it is one customer or 100.

So no, she isn't racist.

Or against young people

Or against the "otherness" in front of her.

She is just that way towards everyone.

She falls down.

People step back, stunned at what is happening right now.
Isn't this supposed to be over now?

Is she dying?

Why?

What the –?

A man steps in to perform chest compressions and try to save her even though nobody liked her.

Someone laughs.

I say “that is not funny!”

She dies.

Poof she disappears through the wall leaving a tiny V shaped print with two tufts of hair, it almost looks like a tacky little string bikini on the wall, something vulgar, something – I don't know, vaginal.

Someone chuckles and says, that must have been a tight fit.

Poof, she comes back and she’s laughing with us.

She is okay now.

No one is in trouble.

We just needed to learn one more thing before we were on our way:

It is okay to not know what to do about a situation.

It is okay to ask someone what to do, if you don’t know what to do.

Even better though if you step up and do it.

Like that gentleman who performed the chest compressions on her even though she seemed dreadful.
“Sipapu Decides.”

March 28, 2020
Categories: Uncategorized

Do you wish to be eaten by the Sipapu?

Yes please.

Cleanse this wicked planet of anything that doesn't belong here. Even if I'm one of those things.

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I liked this place ... II

March 27, 2020
Categories: Uncategorized

I'm going back to some of my dreams:

One:

I had the first dream where my old cat from when I was a kid jumped off of a cliff and into the ocean water.

Oh no!

I took a couple tentative steps towards the water but the rock face was too steep for me to save her.

I watched her struggle, and she made it out.

She climbed up the face of the rock soaking wet.

She was a stray who had befriended and chosen me, and she was always tough like that.

I woke up crying.

I missed her.
Two:

I’m moving all of my stuff out of some little house surrounded by corn, and I’m all pissed off because once again, there are things I can’t fit in the truck or my car and I’m sick of losing stuff.

My housemates are in some … kind of trouble, they’re being raided. The cops are not interested in me. They see me driving off, they’re looking for someone else. But they have some huge wacky vehicle and I don’t know if its got an X Ray machine in it or what, but they’re seeing if anyone’s in the corn.

Three:

I’m traveling with someone now. He’s moody. I’m drawn to him. We don’t say much. And when we go to bed, he turns his back to me and sleeps five feet away from me on the bed in silence. I go oh, this must be my husband — who else would turn his back to you and go mope way over on the other side of the bed and ignore you like that?

But I have a cat now and she is my new best friend and she is REALLY good in the car.

I don’t even know what day it is half the time.

I said I’d come back to that whole thing with James …

I could almost swear I died a few times and that I was knitted together by some weird presence in the room with me.

I had never told a soul — not a single person — so why would he say the things he’d said?

In my second dream I was living in a giant house with floor to ceiling glass walls and a beautiful panoramic view of wheat fields, green landscapes as far as the eye could see.

I went around the perimeter, I was totally stoked.

I sat down at the counter next to someone and we both dozed off on our stools.

At some point I woke up, or so I thought.

A tooth had come out of its socket and broken into two pieces.

I held my hand and I looked at it.

I thought: In dream symbolism, this is something about dishonesty.

I wanted to know what time it was.
I grabbed what I thought was my iPhone and tried to click the home button.

It was a grounded wall tap and I was pressing it in the center.

(There are no iPhones here.)

(I knew I was dreaming.)

Well, what time is it?

There was a broken watch. Maybe it said ...

I heard a voice tell me it was three-something.

Three thirteen?

Three thirty five?

(Does it matter?)

I looked at the person sleeping on my right.

I beamed the thought “I love you” at him.

He woke up and looked at me and smiled.

Hm.

Now I know I’m dreaming.

What is this place? I like it.

And then there was a loose sliding door I was trying to fix for someone. Or talk about fixing, maybe. They’d used an oversized anchor and cracked the brick and I was debating how to repair it.

I slid it open and went outside.

Then I was outside standing on the top of an old rusty metal slide.

I told a young woman about the situation with the anchor.

She was helping kids down the slide.
I looked at a young boy taking his turn.

I knelt down and I cried.

I felt a hand on the back of my head stroking me and comforting me.

I woke up keening and crying and I wondered how long I had been doing that.

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**LSD melts in your mind, not in your hand**

March 27, 2020
Categories: Uncategorized

Francis Crick – Discovered DNA

Kary Millis – Discovered PCR

Schugens – PIKHAL/TKHAL and way more that you’ll never hear about

Me – Well, whatever.

Where do we get our information from?

LSD

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**brokenfolks**

March 19, 2020
Categories: Uncategorized

https://www.fadingstar.mx/?format=print&post-type=post&order-date=image_size=full&links=include&rendering_wait=200&print-my-blog=1
They’re cancelling face to face AA/NA meetings all across the board, and we’ve apparently been linked to by a shit ton of treatment centers, counseling centers, and rehabs with next to no warning.

It’s been chaotic, at times no one can get a word in edgewise. I ended up having to create overflow rooms so that I can start diverting people into additional rooms if it gets like that.

We expanded the schedule to two meetings a day and we’re having attendance of 80-100+ at them.

I’m quick on my feet, we’ve dealt with way worse than this.

The VPC is empty: Not even the coronavirus can get people in that fucking room, heheh.

Flashback: I Call You Murderers, An Open Letter to an Incompetent Idiot, Dr Anthony Fauci, Village Voice
5/31/1988

March 18, 2020
Categories: Uncategorized

I Call You Murderers, An Open Letter to an Incompetent Idiot, Dr Anthony Fauci


I have been screaming at the National Institutes of Health since I first visited your Animal House of Horrors in 1984. I called you monsters then and I called you idiots in my play, The Normal Heart, and now I call you murderers.

You are responsible for supervising all government-funded AIDS treatment research programs. In the name of
right, you make decisions that cost the lives of others. I call that murder.

At hearings on April 29 before Representative Ted Weiss and his House Subcommittee on Human Resources, after almost eight years of the worst epidemic in modern history perhaps to be the worst in all history, you were pummeled into admitting publicly what some of us have been claiming since you took over three years ago.

You admitted that you are an incompetent idiot.

Over the past four years, $374 million has been allocated for AIDS treatment research. You were in charge of spending much of that money.

It doesn't take a genius to set up a nationwide network of testing sites, commence a small number of moderately sized treatment efficacy tests on a population desperate to participate in them, import any and all interesting drugs (now numbering approximately 110) from around the world for inclusion in these tests at these sites, and swiftly get into circulation anything that remotely passes muster. Yet, after three years, you have established only a system of waste, chaos, and uselessness.

It doesn't take a genius to announce that you have elected to personally supervise the study of a broad range of new drugs. Yet, two years later, you are forced to admit you've barely begun. It doesn't take a genius to request, as you did, 126 new staff persons, receive only 11, and then keep your mouth shut about it.

It takes an incompetent idiot.

To quote Representative Henry Waxman at the above hearings: Dr. Fauci, your own drug selection committee has named 24 drugs as high priority for development and trials. As best as I can tell, 11 of these 24 are not in trials yet. Six of these drugs have been waiting for six months to more than a year. Why the delays? I understand the need to do what you call setting priorities but it appears even with your own scientists’ choices the trials are not going on.

Your defense? There are just confounding delays that no one can help...we are responsible as investigators to make sure that in our zeal to go quickly, that we do the clinical study correctly, that it’s planned correctly and executed correctly, rather than just having the drag distributed.

Now you come bawling to Congress that you don’t have enough staff, office space, lab space, secretaries, computer operators, lab technicians, file clerks, janitors, toilet paper; and that’s why the drugs aren’t being tested and the network of treatment centers isn't working and the drug protocols aren’t in place. You expect us to buy this bullshit and feel sorry for you. You fucking son of a bitch of a dumb idiot, you have had $374 million and you expect us to buy this garbage bag of excuses!
The gay community has been on your ass for three years. For 36 agonizing months, you refused to go public with what was happening (correction: not happening), and because you wouldn't speak up until you were asked pointedly by a congressional committee, we lie down and die and our bodies pile up higher and higher in hospitals and homes and hospices and streets and doorways.

Meanwhile, drugs we have been begging that you test remain untested. The list of promising untested drugs is now so endless and the pipeline so clogged with NIH and FDA bureaucratic lies that there is no Roto-Rooter service in All God's Christendom that will ever muck it out.

You whine to Congress that you are short of staff. You don't need staff to set up hospital treatment centers around the country. The hospitals are already there. They hire their own staff. They only need money. You have money. You have $374 million fucking dollars, for Christ's sake.

The gay community has, for five years, told the NIH which drugs to test because we know and hear first what is working on some of us somewhere. You couldn't cares less about what we say. You won't answer our phone calls or letters, or listen to anyone in our stricken community. What tragic pomposity!

The gay community has consistently warned that unless you move quickly your studies will be worthless because we're already taking drugs into our bodies that we desperately locate all over the world (who can wait for you?!?!), and all your scientific protocols are stupidly based on utilizing guinea-pig bodies that are clean. You wouldn't listen, and now you wonder why so few sign up for your meager assortment of scientific protocols that make such rigid demands for purity that no one can fulfill them, unless they lie. And why should those who can obtain the drugs themselves take the chance of receiving a placebo in one of your scientific studies?

How many years ago did we tell you about aerosol pentamidine, Tony? This stuff saves lives. And we discovered it ourselves. We came to you, bearing this great news on a silver platter, begging you: can we get it officially tested; can we get it approved so insurance companies and Medicaid will pay for it (as well as other drugs we beg you to test) as a routine treatment, and our patients going broke paying for medicine can get it cheaper? You monster.

Assume that you have AIDS, and that you've had pneumonia once, Representative Nancy Pelosi said. You know that aerosolized pentamidine was evaluated by NIH as highly promising...You know as of today that the delays in NIH trials...may not be solved this year...Would you wait for study?

You replied: I probably would go with what would be available to me, be it available in the street or what have you. We tell you what the good drugs are, you don't test them, then you tell us to get them on the streets. You continue to pass down word from On High that you don't like this drug or that drug when you haven't even tested them.
There are more AIDS victims dead because you didn’t test drugs on them than because you did.

You’ve yet to test imuthiol, AS 101, dextran sulfate, DHEA, Imreg-1, Erythropoietin all drugs Gay Men’s Health Crisis considers top priority. You do like AZT, which consumes 80 per cent of your studies, even though Dr. Barry Gingell, GMHC’s medical director, now describes AZT as a cumulative poison...foisted on the public. Soon there will be more AIDS patients dead because you did test drugs on them the wrong drugs.

ACT UP was formed over a year ago to get experimental drugs into the bodies of patients. For one year ACT UP has tried every kind of protest known to man (short of putting bombs in your toilet or flames up your institute) to get some movement in this area. One year later, ACT UP is still screaming for the same drugs they begged and implored you and youi world to release. One year of screaming, protesting, crying, cajoling, lobbying, threatening, imprecating,

(Continued on page 3)

marching, testifying, hoping, wishing, praying has brought nothing. You don’t listen. No one listens. No one has ears. Or hearts.

Whose ass are you covering for, Tony? (Besides your own). Is it the head of your Animal House, the invisible Dr. James Wyngaarden, director of the National Institute of Health (and may a Democratic president get him out of office fast)? Is it Dr. Vincent De-Vita, head of the National Cancer Institute, another invisible murderer who lets you be his fall guy? Or Dr. Otis Bowen, secretary of the Department of Health and Human Services, no doubt the biggest murderer on the list; Shultz and Weinberger would never take such constricting shit from the Office of Management and Budget. All the doctors have continuously told the world that All Is Being Done That Can Be Done. Now you admit that isn’t so.

WHY DID YOU KEEP QUIET FOR SO LONG?! I don’t know (though it wouldn’t surprise me) if you kept quiet intentionally. I don’t know (though it wouldn’t surprise me) if you were ordered to keep quiet by Higher Ups Somewhere. You are a good lieutenant, like Adolph Eichmann.

I do know that anyone who knows what you have known for three years that, to quote Ted Weiss dimension of the shortfall is such that you can't possibly meet our needs," and, to quote the New York Times and their grossly incompetent AIDS reporter, Philip Boffey (whose articles read like recycled NIH releases): “Officials Blame Shortage of Staff for Delay in Testing AIDS Drugs” I repeat, anyone who has known all this and denied it for the past three years is a murderer, not dissimilar to the “good Germans” who claimed they didn’t know what was happening.
With each day I realize a little more that the gay community has lost the battle. And that we haven't begun to experience the horrors that still await us horrors even worse than you now embryonic ally signify. We have lost. No one important enough has ears. Or hearts.

You care, I'm told (although I no longer believe it). I've even heard you called a saint. You are in essence a scientist who's expected to be Lee Iacocca. But saints, miracle workers, good administrators, brilliant scientists have imaginations vivid enough to know how to spend $374 million in a dire emergency. You have no imagination. You are banal (a word used so accurately to describe Eichmann).

Do I want you to leave? (Yes.) Could you're replacement possibly be more pea-brained than you? (Yes, it is possible.) Will this raving do any good at all? Will it make Congress shape you up? Will it make my own communities bureaucratically mired 'AIDS organizations finally ask the right questions? (Judy Peabody of GNHC please take note.) Will Dr. Mathilde Krim ever as she indicated she would get the American Foundation for AIDS Research to fund the desperately needed and desperately needy Community Research Initiative, which is valiantly attempting to do what you should be doing, so tired we are of waiting for you to do it? (Leonard Bernstein and Harry Kraut please take note.)

I have no answers to most of these questions. You may (God help us all) be the best that will be given us. You may, like John Ehrlichman, once accused, seek redemption and forgiveness by rethinking, retooling, and, like Avis, trying harder. Even more miraculous, those Supreme Murderers in the White House might tomorrow acknowledge that families simply everywhere have gay sons and daughters.

But I fear these are only pipe dreams and you'll continue to carry on with your spare equipment. The cries of genocide from this Cassandra will continue to remain unheard. And my noble but enfeebled community of the weak, and dying, and the dead will continue to grow and grow until we are diminished.

Larry Kramer

New York City

May 31, 1988
Memory Holed by CNET: Joe Biden wrote the Patriot (Trairiot) Act in 1995.

March 13, 2020
Categories: Uncategorized

Memory Holed by CNET: Joe Biden wrote the Patriot (Trairiot) Act in 1995. It would “erode constitutional and statutory due process protections” and would “authorize the Justice Department to pick and choose crimes to investigate and prosecute based on political beliefs and associations.”


http://archive.is/lHszT

"Anti-terror" legislation
The next year, months before the Oklahoma City bombing took place, Biden introduced another bill called the Omnibus Counterterrorism Act of 1995. It previewed the 2001 Patriot Act by allowing secret evidence to be used in prosecutions, expanding the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act and wiretap laws, creating a new federal crime of "terrorism" that could be invoked based on political beliefs, permitting the U.S. military to be used in civilian law enforcement, and allowing permanent detection of non-U.S. citizens without judicial review. The Center for National Security Studies said the bill would "erode "constitutional and statutory due process protections" and would "authorize the Justice Department to pick and choose crimes to investigate and prosecute based on political beliefs and associations."

Biden himself draws parallels between his 1995 bill and its 2001 cousin. "I drafted a terrorism bill after the Oklahoma City bombing. And the bill John Ashcroft sent up was my bill," he said when the Patriot Act was being debated, according to the New Republic, which described him as "the Democratic Party’s de facto spokesman on the war against terrorism."

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August 23, 2008 6:09 PM PDT
Joe Biden's pro-RIAA, pro-FBI tech voting record
Posted by Declan McCullagh

By choosing Joe Biden as their vice presidential candidate, the Democrats have selected a politician with a mixed record on technology who has spent most of his Senate career allied with the FBI and copyright holders, who ranks toward the bottom of CNET’s Technology Voters’ Guide, and whose anti-privacy legislation was actually responsible for the creation of PGP.

That’s probably okay with Barack Obama: Biden likely got the nod because of his foreign policy knowledge. The Delaware politician is the chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations committee who voted for the war in Iraq, and is reasonably well-known nationally after his presidential campaigns in 1988 and 2008.

But back to the Delaware senator’s tech record. After taking over the Foreign Relations committee, Biden became a staunch ally of Hollywood and the recording industry in their efforts to expand copyright law. He sponsored a bill in 2002 that would have make it a federal felony to trick certain types of devices into playing unauthorized music or executing unapproved computer programs. Biden’s bill was backed by content companies including News Corp. but eventually died after Verizon, Microsoft, Apple, eBay, and Yahoo lobbied against it.

Sen. Joe Biden, the presumptive Democratic vice presidential nominee, whose anti-encryption legislation was responsible for the creation of PGP.

A few months later, Biden signed a letter that urged the Justice Department “to prosecute individuals who intentionally allow mass copying from their computer over peer-to-peer networks.” Critics of this approach said that the Motion Picture Association of America and the Recording Industry Association of America, and not taxpayers, should pay for their own lawsuits.

Last year, Biden sponsored an RIAA-backed bill called the Perform Act aimed at restricting Americans’ ability to record and play back individual songs from satellite and Internet radio services. (The RIAA sued XM Satellite Radio over precisely this point.)

All of which meant that nobody in Washington was surprised when Biden was one of only four U.S. senators invited to a champagne reception in celebration of the Digital Millennium Copyright Act hosted by the MPAA’s Jack Valenti, the RIAA, and the Business Software Alliance.

Now, it’s true that few Americans will cast their votes in November based on what the vice presidential candidate thinks of copyright law. But these pro-copyright views don’t exactly jibe with what Obama has promised; he’s pledged to “update and reform our copyright and patent systems to promote civic

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discourse, innovation and investment while ensuring that intellectual property owners are fairly treated.” These are code words for taking a more pro-EFF (Electronic Frontier Foundation) than pro-MPAA approach.

Unfortunately, Biden has steadfastly refused to answer questions on the topic. We asked him 10 tech-related questions, including whether he’d support rewriting the Digital Millennium Copyright Act, as part of our 2008 Technology Voters’ guide. Biden would not answer (we did hear back from Barack Obama, Hillary Clinton, John McCain, and Ron Paul). In our 2006 Technology Voters’ Guide, which ranked Senate votes from July 1998 through May 2005, Biden received a mere 37.5 percent score because of his support for Internet filters in schools and libraries and occasional support for

Privacy, the FBI, and PGP

On privacy, Biden’s record is hardly stellar. In the 1990s, Biden was chairman of the Judiciary Committee and introduced a bill called the Comprehensive Counter-Terrorism Act, which the EFF says he was “persuaded” to do by the FBI. A second Biden bill was called the Violent Crime Control Act. Both were staunchly anti-encryption, with this identical language: It is the sense of Congress that providers of electronic communications services and manufacturers of electronic communications service equipment shall ensure that communications systems permit the government to obtain the plain text contents of voice, data, and other communications when appropriately authorized by law.

Translated, that means turn over your encryption keys. The book Electronic Privacy Papers describes Biden’s bill as representing the FBI’s visible effort to restrict encryption technology, which was taking place in concert with the National Security Agency’s parallel, but less visible efforts. (Biden was no foe of the NSA. He once described now-retired NSA director Bobby Ray Inman as the “single most competent man in the government.”)

Biden’s bill — and the threat of encryption being outlawed — is what spurred Phil Zimmermann to write PGP, thereby kicking off a historic debate about export controls, national security, and privacy. Zimmermann, who’s now busy developing Zfone, says it was Biden’s legislation “that led me to publish PGP electronically for free that year, shortly before the measure was defeated after vigorous protest by civil libertarians and industry groups.”

While neither of Biden’s pair of bills became law, they did foreshadow the FBI’s pro-wiretapping, anti-encryption legislative strategy that followed — and demonstrated that the Delaware senator was willing to be a reliable ally of law enforcement on the topic. (They also previewed the FBI’s legislative proposal later that decade for banning encryption products such as SSH or PGP without government backdoors, which was approved by one House of Representatives committee but never came to a vote in the Senate.)
“Joe Biden made his second attempt to introduce such legislation” in the form of the Communications Assistance for Law Enforcement Act (CALEA), which was also known as the Digital Telephony law, according to an account in Wired magazine. Biden at the time was chairman of the relevant committee; he co-sponsored the Senate version and dutifully secured a successful floor vote on it less than two months after it was introduced. CALEA became law in October 1994, and is still bedeviling privacy advocates: the FBI recently managed to extend its requirements to Internet service providers. CALEA represented one step in the FBI and NSA’s attempts to restrict encryption without backdoors. In a top-secret memo to members of President George H.W. Bush’s administration including Defense Secretary Dick Cheney and CIA director Robert Gates, one White House official wrote: “Justice should go ahead now to seek a legislative fix to the digital telephony problem, and all parties should prepare to follow through on the encryption problem in about a year. Success with digital telephony will lock in one major objective; we will have a beachhead we can exploit for the encryption fix; and the encryption access options can be developed more thoroughly in the meantime.”

There’s another reason why Biden’s legislative tactics in the CALEA scrum amount to more than a mere footnote in Internet history. They’re what led to the creation of the Center for Democracy and Technology — and the Electronic Frontier Foundation’s simultaneous implosion and soul-searching.

EFF staffers Jerry Berman and Danny Weitzner chose to work with Biden on cutting a deal and altering the bill in hopes of obtaining privacy concessions. It may have helped, but it also left the EFF in the uncomfortable position of leaving its imprimatur on Biden’s FBI-backed wiretapping law universally loathed by privacy advocates. The debacle ended with internal turmoil, Berman and Weitzner leaving the group and taking their corporate backers to form CDT, and a chastened EFF that quietly packed its bags and moved to its current home in San Francisco. (Weitzner, who was responsible for a censorship controversy last year, became a formal Obama campaign surrogate.)

“Anti-terror” legislation

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Biden himself draws parallels between his 1995 bill and its 2001 cousin. “I drafted a terrorism bill after the
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it

Oklahoma City bombing. And the bill John Ashcroft sent up was my bill," he said when the Patriot Act was being debated, according to the New Republic, which described him as “the Democratic Party’s de facto spokesman on the war against terrorism.” Biden’s chronology is not accurate: the bombing took place in April 1995 and his bill had been introduced in February 1995. But it’s true that Biden’s proposal probably helped to lay the groundwork for the Bush administration’s Patriot Act.

In 1996, Biden voted to keep intact an ostensibly anti-illegal immigration bill that outlined what the Real ID Act would become almost a decade later. The bill would create a national worker identification registry; Biden voted to kill an Abraham-Feingold amendment that would have replaced the registry with stronger enforcement. According to an analysis by the Electronic Privacy Information Center, the underlying bill would have required "states to place Social Security numbers on drivers licenses and to obtain fingerprints or some other form of biometric identification for licenses." Along with most of his colleagues in the Congress — including Sen. John McCain but not Rep. Ron Paul — Biden voted for the Patriot Act and the Real ID Act (which was part of a larger spending bill). Obama voted for the bill containing the Real ID Act, but wasn’t in the U.S. Senate in 2001 when the original Patriot Act vote took place.

Patriot Act

In the Senate debate over the Patriot Act in October 2001, Biden once again allied himself closely with the FBI. The Justice Department favorably quotes Biden on its Web site as saying: “The FBI could get a wiretap to investigate the mafia, but they could not get one to investigate terrorists. To put it bluntly, that was crazy! What’s good for the mob should be good for terrorists.”

The problem is that Biden’s claim was simply false — which he should have known after a decade of experience lending his name to wiretapping bills on behalf of the FBI. As CDT explains in a rebuttal to Biden: “The Justice Department had the ability to use wiretaps, including roving taps, in criminal investigations of terrorism, just as in other criminal investigations, long before the Patriot Act.”

But Biden’s views had become markedly less FBI-friendly by April 2007, six years later. By then, the debate over wiretapping had become sharply partisan, pitting Democrats seeking to embarrass President Bush against Republicans aiming to defend the administration at nearly any cost. In addition, Biden had announced his presidential candidacy three months earlier and was courting liberal activists dismayed by the Bush administration’s warrantless wiretapping.

That month, Biden slammed the “president’s illegal wiretapping program that allows intelligence agencies to eavesdrop on the conversations of Americans without a judge’s approval or congressional authorization or oversight.” He took aim at Attorney General Alberto Gonzales for allowing the FBI to “flagrantly misuse National Security Letters” — even though it was the Patriot Act that greatly expanded their use without
also expanding internal safeguards and oversight as well. Biden did vote against a FISA bill with retroactive immunity for any telecommunications provider that illegally opened its network to the National Security Agency; Obama didn’t. Both agreed to renew the Patriot Act in March 2006, a move that pro-privacy Democrats including Ron Wyden and Russ Feingold opposed. The ACLU said the renewal “fails to correct the most flawed provisions” of the original Patriot Act. (Biden does do well on the ACLU’s congressional scorecard.)

“Baby-food bombs”

The ACLU also had been at odds with Biden over his efforts to censor bomb-making information on the Internet. One day after a bomb in Saudi Arabia killed several U.S. servicemen and virtually flattened a military base, Biden pushed to make posting bomb-making information on the Internet a felony, punishable by up to 20 years in jail, the Wall Street Journal reported at the time.

“I think most Americans would be absolutely shocked if they knew what kind of bone-chilling information is making its way over the Internet,” he told the Senate. “You can access detailed, explicit instructions on how to make and detonate pipe bombs, light-bulb bombs, and even — if you can believe it — baby-food bombs.”

Biden didn’t get exactly what he wanted — at least not right away. His proposal was swapped in the final law for one requiring the attorney general to investigate “the extent to which the First Amendment protects such material and its private and commercial distribution.” The report was duly produced, concluding that the proposal “can withstand constitutional muster in most, if not all, of its possible applications, if such legislation is slightly modified.”

It was. Biden and co-sponsor Dianne Feinstein introduced their bill again the following year. Biden pitched it as an anti-terror measure, saying in a floor debate that numerous terrorists “have been found in possession of bomb-making manuals and Internet bomb-making information.” He added: “What is even worse is that some of these instructions are geared toward kids. They tell kids that all the ingredients they need are right in their parents’ kitchen or laundry cabinets.”

Biden’s proposal became law in 1997. It didn’t amount to much: four years after its enactment, there had been only one conviction. And instead of being used to snare a dangerous member of Al Qaeda, the law was used to lock up a 20-year old anarchist Webmaster who was sentenced to one year in prison for posting information about Molotov cocktails and “Drano bombs” on his Web site, Raisethefist.com.

Today there are over 10,000 hits on Google for the phrase, in quotes, “Drano bomb.” One is a video that lists the necessary ingredients and shows some self-described rednecks blowing up small plastic bottles in their yard. Then there’s the U.S. Army’s Improvised Munitions Handbook with instructions on making far
more deadly compounds, including methyl nitrate dynamite, mortars, grenades, and C-4 plastic explosive — which free speech activists placed online as an in-your-face response to the Biden-Feinstein bill.

Peer-to-peer networks

Since then, Biden has switched from complaining about Internet baby-food bombs to taking aim at peer-to-peer networks. He held one Foreign Relations committee hearing in February 2002 titled “Theft of American Intellectual Property” and invited executives from the Justice Department, RIAA, MPAA, and Microsoft to speak. Not one Internet company, P2P network, or consumer group was invited to testify.

Afterwards, Sharman Networks (which distributes Kazaa) wrote a letter to Biden complaining about “one-sided and unsubstantiated attacks” on P2P networks. It said: “We are deeply offended by the gratuitous accusations made against Kazaa by witnesses before the committee, including ludicrous attempts to associate an extremely beneficial, next-generation software program with organized criminal gangs and even terrorist organizations."

Biden returned to the business of targeting P2P networks this year. In April, he proposed spending $1 billion in U.S. tax dollars so police can monitor peer-to-peer networks for illegal activity. He made that suggestion after a Wyoming cop demonstrated a proof-of-concept program called “Operation Fairplay” at a hearing before a Senate Judiciary subcommittee. A month later, the Senate Judiciary committee approved a Biden-sponsored bill that would spend over $1 billion on policing illegal Internet activity, mostly child pornography. It has the dubious virtue of being at least partially redundant: One section would “prohibit the broadcast of live images of child abuse,” even though the Justice Department has experienced no problems in securing guilty pleas for underage Webcamming. (The bill has not been voted on by the full Senate.)

Online sales of Robitussin

Around the same time, Biden introduced his self-described Biden Crime Bill of 2007. One section expands electronic surveillance law to permit police wiretaps in “crimes dangerous to the life, limb, and well-being of minor children.” Another takes aim at Internet-based telemedicine and online pharmacies, saying that physicians must have conducted “at least one in-person medical evaluation of the patient” to prescribe medicine.

Another prohibits selling a product containing dextromethorphan — including Robitussin, Sucrets, Dayquil, and Vicks — “to an individual under the age of 18 years, including any such sale using the Internet.” It gives the Justice Department six months to come up with regulations, which include when retailers should be fined for shipping cough suppressants to children. (Biden is a longtime drug warrior; he authored the Illicit Drug Anti-Proliferation Act that the Bush administration used to shut down benefit concerts.)
Net neutrality

On Net neutrality, Biden has sounded skeptical. In 2006, he indicated that no preemptive laws were necessary because if violations do happen, such a public outcry will develop that “the chairman will be required to hold this meeting in this largest room in the Capitol, and there will be lines wandering all the way down to the White House.” Obama, on the other hand, has been a strong supporter of handing preemptive regulatory authority to the Federal Communications Commission.

Millions of Chinese Firms Face Collapse If Banks Don’t Act

February 24, 2020
Categories: Uncategorized

Watch closely, Bloombucks is implicated in this.

And by that I mean. “ALL of this.”


(mirror https://archive.is/ig3NU)

And when China was slipping due to Trump’s tariff wars, increased shipping costs, idle ships off the west coast that can’t unload their goods and freights: reduced demand for AND capability to fulfill chip / electronics orders —

What better scheme to rescue the tanking Chinese economy, than cheap bullshit stitched together on filthy floors like “face masks,” “hand sanitizer,” “printed arrows you can stick on your floor,” “cheap plastic partitions for every cashier;” and mass produced worthless “rapid tests”? 

COST and SHIPPING COST no object due to Muh Pandemic?
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it

PRIORITy SHIPPIng via sea, air, and truck, when all other cargo tanks sit idle with their freight.

Food? Goods? Commerce?

NOOOOOOO PEOPLE
MUST HAVE PALLETS AND PALLETS AND PALLETS OF CUCK MASKS THAT DONT EVEN STOP
“CORONA.”

How can you even “compete” with these products?

You can’t!

Your business can’t afford a $20,000 container shipment that was $1,000 – $2,000 a year ago!

That is what fucks JIT (just in time) shipping systems.

In a billion or trillion or , fuck it, jazillion dollar “stimulus” or “emergency” package, what difference at this point does it make — here’s your blank check. May as well make it a $100,000,000 cargo container shipment!

Oh no, you aren’t getting an iPhone this year. Sad! /s

When China can’t deliver electronics or cheap plastic shit to consooomers who don’t have money, that’s okay, the treasury can fund China’s economic renaissance by making sure every man woman and child gets 0.40 sub sub subdivided acres and 999 face masks!!!!!!!

Things You Can Do out in the Desert

February 13, 2020
Categories: Uncategorized

– See contrails for miles. ✈️
– Read a book by moonlight 🌕
– Track satellites with the naked eye. 🌌
– Remember your name, 'cause there ain't no one for to cause you no pain.
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it
Welcome to California! Must be — THIS — crazy to live here.

February 8, 2020
Categories: Uncategorized

A gray wolf that wandered 8,712 miles — probably seeking a new mate or a pack to join — died in California.

Can relate.

I could have told her she wouldn't have found either of those things there.

RIP "OR-54."
October / November Repurchase Agreements

November 30, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized

October 2019 repurchase agreements:

Totally exploding and approaching 200,000 in October 2019 and sustaining through the present day.

Eclipsing the 2008 level of 130,000.

source

The short answer for why they do this is to keep interest rates from skyrocketing. It props up bond markets, money markets, etc. You’d clean out all of those accounts and empty them today if you could get a 10% return on your money. They’re not going to let that happen.

https://fred.stlouisfed.org/series/WORAL

For their part, the Fed is saying the economy is “in a good place” and they “will act as appropriate to sustain the expansion."

What they mean by that is that the major financial entities are fucked and panicking in the background, the Fed is dumping hundreds of billions into commercial banks because absolutely nobody else will lend to them right now.

Professional analysts from … wait for it … financial firms such as Chase Bank and Morgan Stanley are weighing in to say this is fine and we’re totally not fucked!

Ok. 😞

If you say so. 😞

I realize this is purely anecdotal but I visited the trucking company I used to work for this month. 

They have plummeted in orders and revenue across all sectors.

Normally if agriculture sucks, John Deere stops shipping tractor parts. If automotive sucks, Detroit Diesel stops shipping engines and so on and so forth, we’d usually have a barometer of how everyone’s doing long before anyone acknowledged the problem and I’m going to tell you this: Everyone is fucked and slowing down and not talking about it yet.
I don't know if we're sliding into a recession or if Trump's tariffs are completely fucking us.

I’d start dumping financial / banking stocks and hold off on the half million dollar house or the new car right now. Save every cent you can right now — for those of you who have any cents to save.

‘Merica, fuck yeah!

I live in America and you can either cry about our unfair and fucked system or you can rape and pillage it like everyone else. You have two classes of investors: The group that’s about to start plunging out of windows, and the group that’s rubbing its hands gleefully and saying “$10,000 houses and condos ... here I come.”

It’s about that time to get out of the markets and shore up your cash balances and scoop up some real estate assets. Unless you want to rent it from someone else for $3000 a month in about five years from now. That’s how this works.

They’re gonna blame it on the Bad Orange Man and that would depend on whether this is a consequence of his administration’s tariff war but it’s worse than that: Nobody will pump money into banking/finance anymore — so why should you?

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Houston

November 23, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized

We’re on the highway to Spring Grove.
All the leaves have fallen off of the trees.
The road is littered with the unfortunate carcasses
Of skunks and squirrels and stupid fucking raccoons.
Let’s stop in the next town and buy helium filled mylar balloons
That say “get well soon.”

Houston smells like cow shit:
Everyone drives thirty miles an hour.  
A Toyota Prius is in my fucking way.  
It’s always a fucking Toyota Prius,  
That ends up in my fucking way.  

It’s almost as if they’re all heading nowhere  
It’s almost as if they have nowhere to be.  
I wonder why people even live out here.  

You held my hand on a chilly Minnesota night  
Without any other cars or people in sight  
Not even a stray deer my headlights had captured.  
I wondered, is this the apocalypse or the rapture?  
If it is then I know what has happened to all of the animals  
And I’m afraid you and I are in very big trouble.  

We stared into each other’s eyes  
Not knowing how long we’d behold our gaze  
Whether we’d hold each other in our hearts  
For what would only be a few moments  
Or until the end of time?  
Just like we had all the other times before,  
"J’adore."

Out here the wild horses thrive.  
They seem to know,  
That in order to survive  
They should not run out in front of my car.  

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Processing

November 22, 2019
Days or weeks on end in bed until the pain and inflammation subsides.

Weeks on end in bed, knocked out cold.

Vividly dreaming.

Flying through one sequence after another.

Processing.

A little bit of “what I had and what I lost.”

But if only it were that trite.

I don't even know what day it is half the time.

It’s 6:00, I bid you both good morning and good night.

Don’t judge me or think I’m bitter for the evil God allows me to see.

November 18, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized

I didn’t say anything when he handed me a slip of paper and said it was a repair estimate from the dealer.

It wasn’t.

I set it down and I didn’t say a word about what I’d just read.

I guess I appreciate being slapped in the face with the fact that he’s a liar right here and right now before I get too invested in that and get my heart busted again.
It’s one test after another in this stretch of sobriety. 😊

“Eh bien, continuons...”

I got a call on Friday informing me that I’m being terminated. I was expecting that, I haven’t been to work in over a year and a half and I’m not going back.

The bad: I have a lot of health shit going on and COBRA is only going to last 20 months or something like that.

The okay: I get to keep my pension. I’m fully vested with 5 years of service and by the time I cash out I should be able to find somewhere to live.

I guess that’s timely considering how last month ended in a shelter.

Nonetheless, I wasn’t expecting that and I guess the news is about as welcomed as it could be.

Where would I even go?

“Eh bien, continuons...”

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The Day They Found the Cure

November 6, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized

There'd be dancing in the streets, I'd thought, the day they found the cure.

Our world would be better when we were all connected, or so I'd thought for sure.

Did you ever spend your life fighting for something and then wake up one day to a headline announcing that it went your way or that we were all going to be okay?

The change you wanted to see, the change you wanted to be in the world had arrived under the cover of darkness without any warning and the moment you waited your entire life for meant nothing to anybody,
not even to you at this point.

And so we buttered our toast and folded the paper up on the table for later as though we would ever have the time to sit down and read the rest of it before tomorrow's edition arrived.

The damage was done and not a damn thing in this world would ever wipe all of our cheeks dry but I'm going to be late for work if I sit here and dwell on this any more than I already have.

Neither our victory nor our defeat were even worth a like or a retweet, it's just that we all woke up one day and queers didn't matter to anybody or even to each other anymore.

Young men and women: "You've got to go to the city," they'd said.

"The world isn't as stupid as where you are from."

I've been to the city, it turns out they are also quite dumb.

And the only people left alive are what you and I have become.

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**Be like snow: Wash yourself with yourself. — yumi**

November 5, 2019  
Categories: Uncategorized

The dead don't get clean: The dumb, crazy, stubborn, bigoted, downright fucking stupid or mean still have a chance.

Someone made a remark that when they got clean they "couldn't even give their body away."

And it's the same person who emailed a hundred people saying they lived in fear id cross four time zones and rape the body they just said nobody wants.

It's taking serenity and self control to just sigh and let it go. Evil people do evil things, evil people will sit there and do nothing about it, but I will — I am — doing something about it.
I’m giving people a clean slate — irrespective of the fact that it’s unlikely to be reciprocated.

“Even that one.”

So help me god if you do that shit to someone else, we’re mopping the floor with you.

These people are fucking horrible and everything I’ve said about them is true, but they also won’t mend their ways and all I’m ever going to accomplish is to kamikaze myself into a granite mountain of dense, unyielding, irredeemable, and unrepentant fucking stupidity.

The role that I can play is providing a secure platform, forcing communications out in the open, and giving that group the tools they need to immediately get rid of abusive shitheads and bullies so that nobody else ever need suffer like I did.

I’m not interested in NA — you have yourselves to thank for that — but other people are interested in it and do believe in it and want to carry its message to addicts. The group is welcome to host its shit on my infrastructure, for free, and I’m delighted to continue to make sure they don’t have to go through what I went through, at the hands of the people who did it to me.

That said the group will self govern and I won’t interfere with it. I’m not an NA member.

I now know what I’m doing with the new site and it will not be another also-ran chatroom with the same tired old ideas everyone steals from me. Hopefully you’ll steal this one too — or maybe even link up a server (hint) for those of you who are obsessed^H^H^H^H^H^H^H interested in that sort of thing.

So it actually won’t compete with two existing sites that literally do the exact same fucking thing. It’ll compliment them, just go ahead and pick whatever one you prefer more.

For now I’m a bloated, pale fucking stressed out train wreck and I just need sunlight and exercise and to go live out ... there ... apparently I’ve outgrown these people and rather than encouraging or helping me some of them do little more than bring me down and destroy me.

I’m sleeping in my car down by Miami and the FL Keys. I’ve had a good (?) 4-5 year run out in California but it has gotten too fucking expensive and I’ve had it with those bugspray huffing leftist whack jobs, their failing economy, their $2,000 rent, and their three hundred fucking dollar license plates.

Something about the ocean unknots all of the stress inside and I’ve got a lot of that right now.

But we’re going to drag you out of there by your hair if you do that shit to other people. I think I’ve already made my point about why that is necessary and what kind of damage you’re capable of if you’re allowed to
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it

Cry all the fuck you want but your endeavors to bully or harass or intimidate me off of the map failed. Have you ever heard someone say “heaven doesn’t want me and hell is afraid I’ll take over”? Since I do not consider myself an NA member, fuck your little magical “anonymity spell” that you think providers cover for your abuse. I am discussing what a bunch of shithed internet bullies did to gang stalk, harass, intimidate, hack, and DDOS me and you’re mental as fuck if you think you can cower behind “spiritual principles” to be unaccountable for your criminal harassment.

The truth is an incontrovertible defense for defamation and slander too.

*unzips jeans*

See this aids infected dick right here?

Suck it. ✊

CTA: Carry To Alley

November 2, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized

They’re never going to fix those evil and corrupt fuckfaces.

But I know people are reading this who agree that this is bullshit.

And by this, I mean all of it.

The program itself doesn't offend me, per se.

It has a high drop out rate in the order of 90% +
And it’s not people don’t want to believe in God or "surrender themselves" to the steps.

It’s because the place is full of financial and sexual predators, toxic narcopathic bullies and shitheads who will sabotage your recovery, throw you in the garbage, and hope you’ll go away and die quietly in a gutter and then blame you for it.

Oops all over your fucking face if you hoped I’d join them.

“He took his will back from God.” “he couldn’t turn it over.”

I don’t see not one of you sorry mother fuckers walking in the sunshine hand in hand with this spirit neither — and this kind of egregious spiritual abuse is exactly why AA and NA are in fact a fucking cult. Cults and the sickest of religions always have their idea of who isn't worthy or enough and it’s always some miserable evil asshole saying you deserve to die or burn for not being the paragon of holiness or so called spirituality that they are.

Read my fucking lips: Spiritually abusive fucking cult.

Go die of aids you f**? are you fucking narcotics anonymous or are you assholes Christian fundamentalists? Weird how only NA addresses me like that, but not an actual church or religion or congregation I’ve ever visited in the last twenty years!

“Spiritual not religious,” fucking lol. You sure sound like fucking fundies to me. Other than ... Religion has been kind to me. NA has been fucking evil.

And every fucking time it has failed to even be slightly helpful in keeping me sober, I’m just sent back to “try harder this time.”

And half the time the counselors are glassy eyed stepper shills themselves on a mission to save everyone with AA.

This thing can not be fixed. And those who could fix it will not. Your whole paradigm fucking sucks.

So why have I done something I clearly fucking hate so much for as long as I have?

Because people deserve better than this.

Oh I’m “an active addict seeking attention,” huh?
You miserable fucking fool, I am a man who is clearly desperate to live.

I'm just the first one you were not able to silence or banish or throw in the garbage.

By the way it's now been 14 days since my little bug spray incident, where the fuck would I be without your support...... fuck all of you. Still waiting on Scott or that crisis counselor to call me.

I'm gonna go hide out somewhere far the fuck away from gays and steppers and everyone I know. I'm not trying to die here and it seems like that's all you're offering someone like me.

Mike's going to take over ownership of the NA chatroom and I'm still down to help with scripting and security. In time I will work on the other site and I don't give a rats ass who supports or believes in it.

You had your doubts about the last site, too.

Now no less than two other sites have stolen and copied every fucking idea I've ever had right down to the chair robot and half of the macros I put in it.

Yup I'm a worthless fuck with no recovery who offers nothing —- and everything that you fucking are you stole from me.

I have more ideas.

You don't.

You just fucking steal and copy everything I do,

This means that my brain, my heart, my soul, my vision, my ideas, will drive FOUR RECOVERY WEBSITES, and I'm the fag you wanted dead from aids or an overdose — what the FUCK have YOU brought into the world other than MALICE and theft of intellectual property?

And after stealing my fucking recipes they want me in a PRISON CELL too!

You want to litigate me or DDOS or hack or threaten or intimidate me?

Go die of an OD you fa**ot?
Go die of AIDS, homo?

That's your True Recovery and your safe place to chat about recovery and make friends?

Bull fucking shit you charlatan and thief.

Fucking junkie.

Now do you know why I hate you miserable corrupt motherfuckers and why I want to throat punch some of you so badly?

And I suppose it's only a matter of time before one of you cries FUCK YOU, IT'S MINE about this one too.

You know what kinds of addicts LIE and STEAL and STAB EACH OTHER IN THE BACK and then STEP OVER EACH OTHERS BODIES OR LEAVE THEM IN THE ALLEY?

USING ADDICTS, you sick fucks, that's who.

I'm already reviled and ridiculed beyond fucking belief and have been for my entire life and I'm not afraid to speak up and lose my place at the dinner table or have someone withhold the pussy. 👌

I'm still clean but I'm completely fucking damaged and I'm not letting him get away with this shit. Be grateful I'm not dead or high over you tonight — not that it would trouble your conscience if I were.

---

ESH

October 30, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized

In the rooms it means “Experience, strength and hope.”
On Reddit, it means “Everyone Sucks Here.”

Pro tip: If you’re going to fuck with someone make sure he’s not already a diseased fucking pariah and already widely loathed by all of his tribes.

October 30, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized

I don’t need to hack them, Gary will just set the room +r and they delete their fucking website constantly without any help from me. Girl I’m so 31337 I can hack into your shitty website from a homeless shelter with neither a laptop nor an internet connection?

You guys aren’t like, by chance… on like, a lot of drugs or something right?
Cause while I’m getting blamed ... for whatever.. with full page interstitial rants about whatever I “did to you” now, here’s my view from Haven for Hope in Texas:
Emi

October 28, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized

2:38 PM <Emi> Hey you guys
2:38 PM <Emi> I fucking love being sober
Postcards from West Texas

October 27, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized

Some advice about digging trenches from a gentleman in Abilene:

The first week, you’re like oh no... woe is me, I’m in a trench.

The second week, it’s “fuck you God, for putting me in this trench.”

Week three: God, give me the perseverance to remain in this trench and keep digging.
This composite plastic shit is pretty comfortable.

October 23, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized

Hypothetical question: If you woke up on a bench in Plummer Park with some guy lightly fingering your butthole would you tell anybody?

Me neither.

🤔🤔🤔🤔🤔🤔

😊

Wanna go to the park?

You know, I read Step One right here on this very same bench with one of my old sponsors.

IRC CLOUD 3h ago
<toohighto> Well you could be like aids and pass out on a bench and have a ... (#LRH)

IRC CLOUD 3h ago
<toohighto> dude that nigga aids in here says the most fucked up shit (#LRH)
I forgot all about that movie Forrest Gump.

I cried a little during the scene where Jenny almost jumped off of the balcony.

One of my friends asked me why I was crying.

I wanted to sound tough so I lied and told him I was crying because she knocked all of that perfectly good cocaine out onto the floor.

https://youtube.com/watch?v=pTSiQCYQuvA
Things happen: Clairvoyance and Paranoyance

October 20, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized

I picked somebody up at an AA meeting, he was cute I guess but he’d be a lot cuter if he wasn’t on the shit.

I could tell he was still going through it, he wanted me to take him home with me and I was like sorry dude… we’re sitting in my home right now. I don’t have anywhere to go.

He asked me where I was going, and I told him.

I was going to go to Monterey to stand out on the coast and try to relax.

He asked if he could come with me.

Or could he come to?

I asked him if he knew anyone there or what he’d do when he got there.

He had no idea.

I asked if he had clothes or belongings or anything. You want to go ... just like that?

Nope.
I drove around and talked to him a little bit and we exchanged stories.

Then I saw his hands: They were bright red like a steamed lobster all the way down to his knuckles.

I said “shit dude this isn’t good you’re malnourished and dehydrated.”

You need to give yourself a break from the drugs, eat, hydrate, rest.

“I’m not saying you have to stop forever and ever and ever but you .. need a break.”

I don’t have facts to back me up but if your hands look like that you probably have some inflammation in your brain. And you’re not giving your heart any nutrients and you’re making it work that hard oh my god. I’m not going to tell someone that if they’re tweaking though.

I stopped and got him a pizza and some stuff to drink.

For a little while he grabbed my other phone and picked the music.

I liked his selection and taste.

And then ....

He grabbed a container of bug spray and leaned out the window and started wiping my car with it.

He started smearing it all over the inside of my windshield.

Okay, here we go.

“Uh please don’t do that on my side, I need to see the road.”

He started rubbing the bug spray all over his hands.

*pause*

“Hey... do you ... put a lot of bug spray on your skin? I’m wondering if you’re poisoning yourself:”

No answer.

Oh fuck is he huffing BUG SPRAY?

Mentally, I latched on to this question about why his hands were so red and so dead looking. What is wrong with his health? What does this mean?
He grabbed the wheel and rocked it a little bit and I asked him to not do that either.

He asked me if he could drive.

I said absolutely fucking not.

(Okay we’re done here: I did a U-turn.)

Then he turned on my dome light and started staring into the back of my car.

Paranoia.

I turned on the master switch for all the interior lights.

He stared at me and said “you look old now.”

I sighed. I was drained at this point.

Fergie’s “Big Girls don’t Cry” came on the radio.

I said “you know Fergie was a tweaker right?”

“She was?”

*I know a thing or two about MasterSketch Theater.*

*Tina talks a lot of shit.*

*She’s a bitch.*

I read him an excerpt of this interview:

*In the early Noughties, Fergie’s vice was crystal meth, an addiction she beat before finding fame with Black Eyed Peas.*

“At my lowest point, I was chemically induced psychosis and dementia. I was hallucinating on a daily basis. It took a year after getting off that drug for the chemicals in my brain to settle so that I stopped seeing things. I’d just be sitting there, seeing a random bee or bunny.”

*Her hallucinations became so severe that she thought the CIA, FBI and a SWAT team were tracking her. She*
eventually sought solace in a church, probably on some level, she thinks, because of her Catholic upbringing.

“They tried to kick me out, because I was moving down the aisles in this crazy way, as I thought there was an infrared camera in the church trying to check for my body. I bolted past the altar into a hallway and two people were chasing me.

“I remember thinking: 'If I walk outside, and the SWAT team's out there, I was right all along. But if they're not out there, then it's the drugs making me see things and I'm going to end up in an institution. And if it really is the drugs, I don't want to live my life like this any more, anyway.' I walked out of the church; obviously there was no SWAT team, it was just me in a parking lot. It was a freeing moment.”

“The drugs thing, it was a hell of a lot of fun... until it wasn't. But you know what, I thank the day it happened to me. Because that's my strength, my faith, my hope for something better.”

Not everyone would have turned themselves around, and then go on to become a super-successful singer. “It’s so incredible, I know. I think I must have guardian angels.”

We rode in silence for awhile.

He started arguing with ... I don't know what ... about a “transfer” and how he'd been cloned and they were having sex with his body and fisting it right now.

He kept asking me about the “transfer” and I said I’m sorry but I don’t know what that means.

He asked me if I wanted to score drugs with him.

I pulled over and said okay I’ll take you back to where I picked you up but you’re going to stop this right now.

I started driving again, a little more apprehensive now.

He started punching the pizza box and yelling that he wanted to see my dick.

“Uh, that’s not happening.”

He punches the pizza box even harder, emphasizing every word with another punch:

“GET YOUR FUCKING DICK HARD FOR ME. RIGHT NOW.”

“Not happening and that's definitely not how you get my dick hard.”
He repeated what he said and I said I’m going to treatment, I don’t care what you do but I’m not getting high.

He says “I just want to score some crystal.”

And I’m like ok cool you have choices about how to end or spend tonight, we’re going back to where I picked you up and you can do that.

Sad part is, out here in San Francisco or Los Angeles these guys will encounter someone in this condition and pump you full of even more drugs and fuck you — looking at you, Ed Buck.

He started rambling about how we’re going to get some stuff and a cheap seedy hotel and how he’s going to find three guys to fuck me.

“It’s just what you like, don’t fucking lie. You’re going to a do a shot!”

Fuck I am, not with my blown up and trashed ticker I’m not. There’s a reason I don’t give a fuck what anyone thinks about me or what I have to say anymore.

He says “great, thanks for making me fall out of love.”

Wat.

I was already about 0.2 seconds away from stopping the car and telling him to get out when he dumped the pizza all over me and started clawing at me and punching my window trying to break it.

“Let me the fuck out!!”

“No problem.”

I came to a halt on the 101 and he couldn’t figure out how to unlock the door. He was kicking the door frantically and screaming and clawing at me like a feral cat and I was like “please just let me unlock the door for you that’s all I’m doing I’m not going to hurt you.”

He spit out the thing he’d been chewing on the whole time:

I got the door open and he darted off onto the 101 like a startled deer.

He’d upended pizza and soda all over my car.

I pulled off at the next exit and got on my knees to thank God I was safe, and to pray that dude doesn’t get
hit by a car... or attack someone else... or get tazed or worse.

You see, I didn’t see the accident happen...

Okie dokie God, I just put in a good word for you all but a few hours ago and I said that your fingerprints are all over everything. Where are we going with this one?

You know what? Fuck yourself Rob, you’re SAFE, what more do you want?

I looked up from where I’d knelt down and I was kneeling in front of the sign for the hotel chain I usually stay at.

*mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm, long pause*

I was done with my car and I was done with this trip.

I was told once that “insanity” is not “intoxicated behavior,“ if you give Grandma enough crystal meth she’ll hop up in a sling and get gang banged or let you fist her and peek out the windows and take apart the lawnmower, too.

“Insanity” means “I want to use that shit even though it’s doing all of these horrible things to me.”

I was staring at that tonight.

This guy was in this condition and he was like “I want to score some crystal.”

That is the “insanity” we “come to believe” will be removed from us.

I want to live. I want to go watch the ocean from the coast in Monterey today.

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Fingerprints

October 19, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized

https://www.fadingstar.mx/?format=print&post-type=post&order-date=...image_size=full&links=include&rendering_wait=200&print-my-blog=1
I love everything about this post and thread:

A Burden Shared:


Archive link: https://archive.fo/ODVm5

i was never alone and when his footsteps were not in that sand there were others in his name walking with me - maybe they were not carrying me but they certainly held me up and stopped me time and again from falling down those terrible deep holes of despair and hoplessness.

Don’t look for the footsteps: Dust for fingerprints and you’ll find God’s hands on everything.

Can’t be your Superman, your Superman

October 19, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized

I put it out there that I’m sleeping in my car and trying to figure shit out, and I said I don’t want help because I’m tired of sexual motives.

And they go both ways.

Nacuntie was right, he was like, make sure they’re not just using you for sex.

I was cavalier about it, like fuck yeah I want to get naked and cuddle with this dude.

I know, I know... we’re all just there to get better and I don’t usually do the 13th stepping shit.

Everyone wants to be loved or held, quit your bullshit.

That dude felt amazing in my arms and I loved watching him sleep.

He was like I’m going to ask my sponsor if I can keep you.
And then in the same breath he was like, I can do better than you and I just want sex.

Ouch. I got what I wanted and it’s not what I wanted.

Fuck, whatever dude, shut up and let me hold you until your prince arrives.

I’m cool, it’s Los Angeles, everyone wants some fucking quid pro quo.

And if you feel that that good in my arms, fuck, I don’t mind.

Maybe your prince did arrive and you were too stuck up to notice.

I’m not putting myself in a ... ah, situation again.

---

How to Speak to Someone You Love about Bipolar Disorder

October 17, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized

❌ “BITCH, you are so fucking crazy they had to put up roadblocks and stop traffic for miles!”

✅✅ “In your presence...... time stands still!”
“mental health” situation causes closures downtown

Prince Of Petworth  Today at 9:10am
Persistence

October 15, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized

Spotted on a billboard: “Today is the day for you to know that you are enough and you always have been.”

Maya Angelou had a hard ass life and she hung on by the only thread that kept her from leaving this world as a 21-year-old drug addicted Black prostitute.

Probably someone the whole lot of you would have said was hopeless, too.

*Be kind to people who are fighting battles you don’t know anything about, they have weapons and tools that you also don’t know about.*

Humans will never colonize other planets successfully

October 14, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized

*We never colonized this one successfully.*

Harper Valley PTA

September 22, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized
I wanna tell you all the story 'bout  
A Harper Valley widowed wife  
Who had a teenage daughter  
Who attended Harper Valley Junior High

Well, her daughter came home one afternoon  
And didn't even stop to play  
And she said, “mom, I got a note here from the Harper Valley PTA”

Well, the note said, “Mrs. Johnson  
You're wearin’ your dresses way too high  
It’s reported you’ve been drinking  
And a-running round with men and goin’ wild  
And we don’t believe you oughta be a-brin’in’ up  
Your little girl this way”  
And it was signed by the Secretary  
Harper Valley PTA

Well, it happened that the PTA was gonna meet  
That very afternoon  
And they were sure surprised  
When Mrs. Johnson wore her miniskirt into the room

And as she walked up to the blackboard  
I can still recall the words she had to say  
She said, “I'd like to address this meeting of the Harper Valley PTA

Well, there’s Bobby Taylor sittin’ there  
And seven times he’s asked me for a date  
And Mrs. Taylor sure seems to use a lotta ice  
Whenever he’s away  
And Mr. Baker can you tell us why  
Your secretary had to leave this town?  
And shouldn’t widow Jones be told to keep  
Her window shades all pulled completely down  
Well, Mr. Harper couldn’t be here  
‘Cause he stayed too long at Kelly’s Bar again
And if you smell Shirley Thompson’s breath
You’ll find she’s had a little nip of gin
And then you have the nerve to tell me
You think that as a mother I’m not fit
Well, this is just a little Peyton Place
And you’re all Harper Valley hypocrites

No, I wouldn’t put you on because it really did
It happened just this way
The day my mama socked it to the Harper Valley PTA
The day my mama socked it to the Harper Valley PTA

I’m pretty much rejecting all of your garbage paradigms and it feels good.
September 22, 2019  
Categories: Uncategorized  

I don’t covet or beg for approval from those who are stingy with their approval in the first place. 

Your approval, your disapproval, doesn't add shit to my life. Keep it. Thanks. 

I don't want to eat crayons with you people at a fucking AA meeting: Not today, not tomorrow, not ever. 

I don’t fucking care how many plastic pained queens are tailgating and kicking beach balls around at my wake. There is no amount of shit you cowards can say when I’m gone that will hold a candle to what I’ve said to your fucking faces. 😈

---

**Fentanyl for the Soul**

September 18, 2019  
Categories: Uncategorized  

I escaped from the clutches of some holy rolling treatment center in Arizona. 

“Jesus is Fentanyl for my soul!”

“Give him 40 CC's – Christ Conquers!”

They kept talking about suiciding me and I half expected some sinister figure to approach me and say “Hillary Clinton sends her regards” before bashing me with a dumbbell or whatever. 

They meant suicide precautions. 

Oh, whew. Glad we cleared that up. 

Awkward! 

*backs slowly towards the door*
This nurse was going to refuse to give my my heart and HIV meds to make an example of me for being late for medication.

She reconsidered when it was starting to look like I was going to embed her medication cart in the drywall before her shift was over.

The next day I pointed out that they’d release the fucking hounds to remind everyone to attend AA, but that as a licensed medical facility they were dead set against reminding people to take medications.

The place is designed like a fucking casino.

*Why the fuck would anyone have any concept of time in there?*

They quickly changed some policies and started announcing medication times on the PA.

*Speaking of the F word, their thing was clean language, clean living.*

I tried to come up with a little song:

“Frack frack frack a duck... say how do you do to a kangaroo? Say good morning gang to the orangutans, a wholesome outing at the zoo!”

I bonded with the other gay Eskimo in our tribe.

He talked about how the gay meetings were all toxic here, too.

*Et tu, Brujas?*

So I’m sitting there in my Britney Spears T-shirt making penises out of play-doh and sticking the bendy figurine’s legs behind his head.

This volcanic bitch asks me if I’m re-living the trauma of my addiction.

I lost it and just about cried laughing.

One of their chaplains started talking about one of the churches I attend.

I was like hey, I’m from there!

“Really?”

Yes girl, I’m a SPY, they sent me here to END you!
Just kidding, no really, that's the one all my Liturgy Service posts are about though.

I signed out against medical advice. Frack that place.

Their program consisted of hour after hour after hour of idiots at the pulpit droning in about how AA works y'all!

I've been around 11+ years and I've spent hundreds of hours listening to men and women give the ole' tired and true formulaic Saturday Night Special from the podium.

Half of them are drunk or high now.

My story might be fucked up but you know what, at least it's mine and it's not "hurrr durrr hurrr my daddy beat me and I started drinking wine. And then I drank some more wine. And then some more wine. And muh steps and muh sponsor and I lived happily ever after." 😠😠😠😠😠😠

If you really want to piss me off, give me and the tattoos the once over and tell me "it's okay, you don't have to believe in god right now."

That's a rullll purty book you brought, SHIT, that's the same color blue my aunt turned when they narcan'ed her, y'all! Maybe you and the other missionaries can teach me how to read it someday. 😑

A few of the staff came by to tell me I'm probably going to relapse. Blah blah blah, I know, I'm Disobedient so I'm going to DIE. Fuck you. You know when Judge Rutherford was going around in the 1800s with his "Millions Now Living Will Never Die" speeches, it was common for editors to quip "Millions Now Living Would Rather Die Than Hear Judge Rutherford Speak."

I so love it when Christians share the Good News with me.

What, do you mean I won't be a success story like the 20% of the people on the unit who have successfully completed your program one or more times and are back after a relapse? 😪

Another rehab scam that regurgitates BillShit and charges your insurance $3000+ a day for it.

https://www.fadingstar.mx/?format=print&post-type=post&order-date...image_size=full&links=include&rendering_wait=200&print-my-blog=1
Phoenix – Tales from the Extended Stay Bathhouse™

September 12, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized
“Do you want these? They’re brand new. They’re a size ten and a half, but I wear a twelve.”

“Uh, sure. What’s with the blood though?

“Some motherfucker I stomped out.”
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it
Squeak, Squeak, Squeak went the sneakers... Clang, Clang, Clang went the bell

September 10, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized
Back then the double doors were wooden and green, with big brass Corbin bars you’d push on to open them.

Somewhere about two stories above, a silver bell with the word “Simplex” printed on it would ring and clatter furiously as your Velcro sneakers squeaked down the stairs.
I preferred running away when Robert was on duty. The only thing Robert could ever catch me doing was
lying, such as when I'd deny being a homosexual to the other boys.  
I had a girlfriend and she was Black as HELL and her name was, um, Aisha!  
Robert had started laughing and he asked me what color her eyes were.  
I panicked and blurted out "blue!"  
"Tell me how you kick your game to Aisha. What do you say to her when you call her up — like hi Aisha, do you want to come over and play? What do you say to Aisha?"  
He had me so bad right in front of everyone.  
Twelve year old me bit my lip, and said very calmly, "Hey Aisha. Let's get together and fuck sometime!"  
That fat bastard dropped his flashlight and fell over on the floor crying and wheezing.  
I never heard the end of it from the older Black men after that.  
What's up! You talk to AISHA lately? Gonna get together and fuuuuuuck sometime?  
I lived for that kind of shit.  
Paradise awaited you just outside at the intersection of 89th & Capitol. There was a big and beautiful, if not somewhat foreign world I was a little too impatient to get out there and see for myself at that age.  
It was strange out there and it would always remain so.  
My freedom was always short-lived and it would always remain so.  
If it was cold outside I'd sleep in a little red shed behind the Open Pantry at 27th and Capitol, shivering and huddled up against the compressors blowing hot air into the shed from the beverage coolers inside the store.  
I'd ask strangers for bus fare and steal things from the mall.  
Malls were heated, nobody asked questions.  
I didn't know about the rocks on the shore of Lake Michigan yet or it's a sure bet I would have been found there every single time.  
I remember being stoned at one of my first NA meetings when they read Step 10 out loud and got to that part about "making amends to the mall."  
I sat there in my chair thinking "Hahaha! Never happening! They tore the mall down!!!!"  
I befriended a boy around my own age named Drew, and I don't know where his family was in all of this but he always had some family to spend the night with. Random strangers taking in a 12 year old with no questions asked. So many people coming and going. I'm not saying that I know shit about the game or about invisible lives and invisible suffering but I've seen signs of it.  
Drew liked me, he'd do funny things like whipping his dick out and waving it like a puppet and singing along to Mary J Blige's "Sweet Thing."  
Remember when that album dropped? Whenever I hear "Real Love" on the the radio and those first few opening ticks take me back there, I don't know about y'all but I loved 1992.  
Running away never really worked. You'd get hungry or you'd run out of money or something.  
Adulthood turned out to be something along those same lines.  
Except now that I'm all grown up, I don't have St Aemelian's to come crawling back to.  
Off I'd go, back to 8901 W. Capitol.  
Until the next time I eyeballed that door and my heart started pounding again as I jonesed for one more push of that beautiful brass bar.  
One more clang of that silver Simplex bell.  
One more squeak of my sneakers scuffing against that concrete.  
One more clack as the doors at the bottom burst open.  
One more breath of freshly cut grass in someone's yard in Wauwatosa.  
Never gonna catch me, I'm the Ginger Bread Man.
We'll do it all over again until the Ginger Bread Man is tired and dirty and hungry again.

Loving you through all of your human problems exhausts me

September 9, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized

These are wounds, not scars
It will only be a scar when it stops bleeding, stops hurting
You can forget about scars
But you cannot forget about wounds
Everyone meets the injured with sympathy or disgust
Do you need a tissue?
No, I need stitches.

— Brother Ali

Everywhere is my Bathroom

September 8, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized

Some say that a toilet is a fundamental right
But McDonald’s lobby closes at 10 o clock at night
No Public Restrooms in the grocery store
I hear someone pissing all over the floor

I stared at him in horror
And my eyes got real big,
“Why not head over to Folsom
To find a watersports pig?”

A gentleman joins him and I avert my eyes:
“You must be new here,” he impatiently sighs
He squats down on Market and shits on the street
And some of it splashes all over my feet

I head to the Tenderloin,
Near Felt and Van Ness
I’m trying to find an alley
To leave a big wet brown mess

Some junkie is watching, I expect him to cringe
He says I just left a hypodermic syringe
In my steaming hot offering
Under the Alvord Lake Bridge

I demand to see the mayor of this urine soaked town
(No problem sir, she will be right down)
Ms Mayor, I beseech you, this has gone way too far
She says “Try Uber Toilet, you just shit in the car!”

They’ll send one to you,
wherever you are:
You can leave them a tip,
and they’ll tweeze your brown star!

No thank you, I prefer to squat on a bowl
And wipe my bottom clean with a soft Charmin roll
Your sanitation problem is out of control,
I will see myself out of this filthy shithole
Kaleidoscopes

September 7, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized

the difference
between a kaleidoscope and a telescope;

is that the telescope:
shows you reality from a distance

and the kaleidoscope:
shows you a distance from reality

I sought him, but I found him not.

August 29, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized

On my bed by night I swiped through profiles and sought him whom my soul loves; I sought him, but found him not.

I will rise now and go about the city, in the streets and in the squares; I will seek him who my soul loves.

I sought him, but found him not.

The Leathermen found me as I went about the city:

“Have you seen him who my soul loves?”
One of them asked if I’m into father/son role play: He paddled and flogged me and I reported him to child protective services.

I said to him: “I never liked my father.”

I sought him, but I found him not.

I created an account on Recon: They immediately banned me for saying that my fetish was “monogamy.”

I sought him, but I found him not.

I traveled to Europe in search of self destruction and romance: I was offered something called Meow Meow in Belgium and then I woke up at an orgy in Portugal.

I sought him, but I found him not.

My date from Grindr stole my wallet, car keys, and a wireless keyboard: He wasn’t even cute.

I sought him, but I found him not.

O, daughters of Scruff, I adjure you: by the incels and the hoes playing the field, that you not stir up or awaken love until it pleases.

---

**Reminisce on Good Love we Had**

August 15, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized

“It’s so good to see you! We should really-“

“You know, we don’t have to do this, right?”

“Oh, thank god!”
Orange Jumpsuits

August 8, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized

Orange jumpsuits are durable
Orange jumpsuits are comfy
Damn, I look fresh in orange with a new pair of gleaming white K-Swiss Velcro shoes

Beige khakis are ugly
Beige khakis aren't snuggly
Strike a pose against the cinder blocks in a crisp white clean Hanes crew cut shirt.

Blue scrubs never fit right
Blue scrubs, too loose, too tight
But they’re easy to wash, just give me clean undies and socks

Orange jumpsuits are durable
Orange jumpsuits are comfy
I’d wear them on the outs
If cops wouldn’t scream “FREEZE” or “HALT!”

My milkshake brings all the boys out to the rec yard.

Daddy

July 15, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized
Daddy’s worth millions but he left you where he found you busting your ass working your second shift for the day in a restaurant off of some dirt road over in this rural town.

I’m not sure why you wish you were his and only his.

Maybe it’s the way he checks up on you.

Maybe it’s the way he keeps you from your friends.

Maybe it’s the way he keeps you at arms length and doesn’t give you what you want.

Doesn’t that just make you weak in the knees?

You say this man could change your life, if only.

You sound lonely.

Maybe someday Daddy will whisk you away to that factory town that the rest of the world rolls their windows up and holds their noses for and drives through as quickly as possible. Perhaps you can take a tour of the cannery together and learn everything there is to know about black beans.

And then what?
A quiet lifetime of whispering to faceless men a hundred miles away in their homes with their great big walk in closets in which they will neatly fold and put their sexuality away at night along with any scent or trace or memory of you before they kiss their wives goodnight?

Changing people's lives doesn't give you a lot to show for it other than changing people's lives.

I wonder if Daddy ever thinks about the patterns in your irises when you're not in his arms at night.

---

**Sonrisa**

July 13, 2019  
Categories: Uncategorized

No encuentro nada en esta oscuridad

No encuentro nada en esta oscuridad

Pero cuando te siento llegar, ah hah

Se va

(i encounter nothing in this darkness / i encounter nothing in this darkness, but when i feel you near me, you're leaving)
Now I see why liked this place so much

July 11, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized
SAMHSA

July 8, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized

In 2008 or so I was working for ACS Healthcare doing the re-design work for health.gov and healthfinder.gov — new Dell servers, some shit had been hacked by China, some other issues.

I was working out of SAMHSA's offices in... fuck I don't even know where, Rockville Maryland or something like that? I always called it Rocktropolis in my old blog.

I used to do rails of coke in SAMHSA's office, which I thought was fucking HILARIOUS.

It might have just been the call center. Small world huh?

You probably don't believe me, but I guarantee you anyone who knows me will be like, yeah, if anyone did that it would be that fucking queen.

For what it's worth I carried a sack and was sniffing it everywhere, it's not like SAMHSA was special.
Weirdest little known fact about the Department of Health is that it’s actually a separate branch of the US Military! They have uniforms and rankings and these cool skirts and stuff. They salute each other and then I guess they go down into some bunker where they get the missles ready to deploy on my ex boyfriend Will’s supergonnorhea.

I’m making that last part up.

The missles, not the supergonorrhea.

The kitty was aiight I’d still –

Anyway!

During the re-design there was a huge push to edit the content to a (sixth? eighth? fourth?) grade reading level. A couple of a people were copying and pasting articles manually from the old template to the new redesigned template.

So, yeah I know who and what they are and yo hablo un poco some evidence based approaches or whatever I guess.

I just remember someone casually handing me the article for alcoholism.

I finished that one.

Then they’d slide me the one for addiction.

So I finished that one.

Are you... tryna say something?

Fuck that’s so shady we should have been friends! 😭😭😭

And then I was asked to not return.

Story of my life. “What the fuck was he ON?”

*whips out the adding machine and starts punching buttons furiously*

Fuck!! What wasn’t I on? I don’t even know what’s in the trail mix!!!

I remembered them and included some info about them this time.
FB Crypto

July 2, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized

Facebook Cryptocurrency: Hahah yeah right, lots of fucking LUCK with that when they ARBITRARILY suspend your account (and your money) and you have ZERO chance of finding a human who gives a fuck!!!

Or an account recovery tool that fucking works!!!

DON'T DO IT, YOU WERE WARNED.
Eight rainbows in the Utah sky, watching clouds reflect in puddles as I’m driving by

July 2, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized

Mormons believe that the earth will be renewed and rebuilt to its paradisiacal glory. I hope they carefully disassemble Utah, put it away in storage, and then put it back exactly the way that it is. Except maybe without the plastic litter.
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it
The 5 C's
The five Cs (confidence, confession, conviction, conversion, and continuance) were the process of life changing undertaken by the life changer.

Confidence: the new person had to have confidence in you and know you would keep his secrets.

Confession: honesty about the real state of a person's life.

Conviction: the seriousness of his sin and the need to be free of it.

Conversion: the process had to be the person's own free will in the decision to surrender to God.

Continuance: you were responsible as a life changer to help the new person become all that God wanted him to be.

Only God could change a person, and the work of the life changer had to be done under God's direction.

Check out my "misc" blog for "How the book Alcoholics Anonymous came about":

— excerpt —

Well, God moves in mysterious ways, his wonders to perform. It didn't look like a wonder to me when Mr. Scott, head of a large engineering firm and Chairman of the Riverside Church, looked at us and said "Gentlemen, up to this point, this has been the work of goodwill only. No plan, no property, no paid people, just one carrying the good news to the next. Isn't that true? And may it not be that that is where the great power of this society lies?"

Forgive me Therese for I have dearly wished to push a lawnmower over several of your flowers

July 1, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized
St. Therese loved nature, and often used the imagery of nature to explain how the Divine Presence is everywhere, and how everything is connected in God’s loving care and arms. Therese saw herself as “the Little Flower of Jesus” because she was just like the simple wild flowers in forests and fields, unnoticed by the greater population, yet growing and giving glory to God. Therese did not see herself as a brilliant rose or an elegant lily, by simply as a small wildflower. This is how she understood herself before the Lord – simple and hidden, but blooming where God had planted her.

Therese believed passionately that Jesus was delighted in his “Little Flower,” and just as a child can be fascinated by the grandeur of a simple flower, she believed that Jesus was fascinated by her as his “Little Flower.” Therese understood that she was just like the tiny flower in the forest, surviving and flourishing through all the seasons of the year. Because of God’s grace, she knew that she was stronger than she looked. Following the Carmelite tradition, Therese saw the world as God’s garden, and each person being a different kind of flower, enhancing the variety and beauty which Jesus delighted in. When various people tried to explain her powerful inspiration and her place within the Church, it always seemed to come back to one title “the Little Flower.”

In her autobiography, she beautifully explains this spirituality:

Jesus set before me the book of nature. I understand how all the flowers God has created are beautiful, how the splendor of the rose and the whiteness of the lily do not take away the perfume of the violet or the delightful simplicity of the daisy. I understand that if all flowers wanted to be roses, nature would lose her springtime beauty, and the fields would no longer be decked out with little wild flowers. So it is in the world of souls, Jesus’ garden. He has created smaller ones and those must be content to be daisies or violets destined to give joy to God’s glances when He looks down at His feet. Perfection consists in doing His will, in being what He wills us to be.

source
I feel raindrops falling washing off my tears
I been walking through a daydream all my years
Oh I do believe in world peace my dear, I do
Wise women will call your name
If you believe in impossible things
If you believe if it grows from seeds to a beautiful tree
What you want, what you want, you want
Sun don’t shine
And we all know why
Bullets keep flying
So many shooting
In the darkest times
Through the darkest night
What you want what you want
Sun don't shine
And we all know why
Bullets keep flying
So many crying
In the darkest night
Through the darkest times
What you want what you want
I can feel it in the air it just grew thin
Then the numbers they be counting coming in
Do you believe in world peace my friend

— Kaytranada, Bullets

Secrets

June 28, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized

I guess some people were jealous and desperate to snatch away what I created. And when they do, it will be the only thing they have to say about their lives.

I decided I have other things to say about my life and don't need to be recognized for any of this. You're the secret behind the light in my eyes.
“Forgiveness is a great stress reliever for we have received it in abundance.”

June 28, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized

I graduated with honors from a correctional boot camp in Wisconsin when I was 15 years old.

And on my graduation day my father didn’t show up. He called in to say that he’d remarried and him and his new wife decided they didn’t want a kid after all.

Among other things, he complained that I was (at the time) a vegetarian and they didn’t know what to cook for me.

He said I don’t know just put him back in jail. The staff and social workers were stunned. Mouths fell open. Some of them cried.

On went the cuffs and shackles.
And back I went.
They totally thought I was going to snap. I didn’t.

I sat in there alone and just broke down and decided the only thing I could do was forgive them.

There was discussion about where I’d go from there.
I didn’t want to go to a foster home and play “family.”
That ship had sailed.
The concept of a family was ruined for me.
I didn’t have one up until that point and now I didn’t even want one anymore.

I said if you put me in another group home I’m going to run away and you’re going to sanction me and when you find me I’m going to come right back here. Send me to my mom’s, I’m going to run away and I’ll just be another face on a milk carton.

Three days and many hushed whispers later they came back and said they decided that was actually probably the best possible outcome.

I got a little graduation certificate signed by some of the staff.

Sandra Jennings wrote “You have the ability to move mountains. And if you can’t move them, then just walk
around them.”

My high school tried to get me in trouble for truancy, they tried to have my license suspended... and really... hadn't they already done enough to me?

I got even with them.

Thankfully some people in the probation office said nope, we heard he has a job in Madison and he's doing great. We're not touching him.

---

**Take this as you will.**

June 26, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized

Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art also called, and have professed a good professionalism before many witnesses. 1 Tim 6:12

*Whether our warfare be of the more public kind or of the more private sort, there must be warfare; and, more than this, there must be progress and victory, else we can never be accepted by the Lord as "overcomers."

Another thought should be borne in mind by us all. The Lord in making his estimate will take knowledge of the spirit which actuated us, rather than of the results secured by our efforts. In view of this, let us see to it, not only that we do with our might what our hands find to do, but also that our every sacrifice and gift to the Lord and his cause is so full of love and devotion that the Lord will surely approve it; as done from love for him and his, and not from vainglory.
Poetry

June 25, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized

C. Tell me, what is meant by those who praise themselves by means of the myrtle and the laurel?

T. Those who can and do win praise for themselves by the myrtle are those who sing of love. If these bear themselves nobly, they win the crown of that plant consecrated to Venus who inspires them with her frenzy. Those who can praise themselves by the laurel are those who sing worthily of heroic things, who instruct heroic souls through speculative and moral philosophy, or who celebrate those heroic souls and present them as exemplary mirrors of political and civil action.

C. Are there still other species, then, of poets and awards?

T. There are not only as many as there are Muses, but a great many more besides. For, although one can distinguish certain sorts of poets and awards, one would not know how to define certain modes and species of human genius.

C. I know certain makers of poetic rules who accept with difficulty Homer as a poet, and who reject Virgil, Ovid, Martial, Hesiod, Lucretius, and many other versifiers, after having examined them according to the rules of Aristotle's Poetics.

T. You can be sure, my friend, that these are veritable blockheads, for they do not consider that those rules serve chiefly to make clear the nature of the poetry of Homer, or the nature of some other particular poet. They do not consider that those rules are there only to show us the kind of epic poet Homer was, and not to serve as modes of instruction to other poets who could in other veins, skills, and frenzies be in their several kinds equal, similar, or even greater than Homer.

C. If I understand you correctly, then, Homer in his genre was not a poet who depended upon rules, but he is the cause of the rules which serve others who are more adept at imitating than inventing. And these rules were drawn up by an author who was not a poet of any sort, but who knew how to assemble rules of that particular kind (that is, rules of Homeric poetry) for the benefit of one who would wish to be not another poet with a muse of his own, but an imitator of Homer and the ape of Homer's muse.

T. You conclude well that poetry is not born of the rules, except by the merest chance, but that the rules derived from the poetry. For that reason there are as many genres and species of true rules as there are of true poets.
C. How will the true poets, then, be recognized?

T. By our singing their verses, and by this, that when they are sung, either they will be delightful, or they will be useful, or they will be useful and delightful at the same time.

I don't say sober

June 20, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized

I don't say “sober.”
I don't have to chant slogans.
I never need to go back in there.
I can stay home – theirs is no solution.
The only thing that is baffling and cunning
Is that these dumb steppers agree with this shit
I can find the Orange Papers and log on
I can find some detailed info about what they really are.
Accept they are a dangerous cult and make some changes.
I can make some new friends
And not go into that stuffy old church basement with my old ones.
A lot of addicts will go back to meetings, but I don't have to.
Not if I block my sponsor and call him a jerk.
Take a deep breath...
If I can accept the truth and put away my fantasy about a faith healing treatment for a pseudo disorder
And that virtually no one stays sober through the steps,
One day I might finally be clean.
The Lottery (a new chatroom owner is nominated)

June 19, 2019
Categories: prior-to-migration
Tags: prior-to-migration

It’s Tessie," Mr. Summers said, and his voice was hushed. “Show us her paper, Bill. “

Bill Hutchinson went over to his wife and forced the slip of paper out of her hand. It had a black spot on it, the black spot Mr. Summers had made the night before with the heavy pencil in the coal company office. Bill Hutchinson held it up, and there was a stir in the crowd.

“All right, folks. “ Mr. Summers said. “Let’s finish quickly. “

Although the villagers had forgotten the ritual and lost the original black box, they still remembered to use stones. The pile of stones the boys had made earlier was ready; there were stones on the ground with the blowing scraps of paper that had come out of the box Delacroix selected a stone so large she had to pick it up with both hands and turned to Mrs. Dunbar. “Come on,” she said. “Hurry up. “

Mrs. Dunbar had small stones in both hands, and she said, gasping for breath. “I can’t run at all. You’ll have to go ahead and I’ll catch up with you. “

The children had stones already. And someone gave little Davy Hutchinson a few pebbles.

Tessie Hutchinson was in the center of a cleared space by now, and she held her hands out desperately as the villagers moved in on her. “It isn’t fair,” she said. A stone hit her on the side of the head. Old Man Warner was saying, “Come on, come on, everyone. “ Steve Adams was in the front of the crowd of villagers, with Mrs. Graves beside him.

“It isn’t fair, it isn’t right,” Mrs. Hutchinson screamed, and then they were upon her.

— Shirley Jackson, The Lottery

"How do you get one?"
June 12, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized
Tags: VPC

“And for newcomers in their first thirty days, we have a white DUNCE KEYTAG!”

“How do you get one?”

“All you have to do is suck on a pipe, bitch! I’ll leave one up here on the box in case you’re shy or don’t like me and don’t want to hug me, or you just like to steal things!”

---

**HEY mister zoo animal, Guess what, I do cocaine**

June 8, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized

Shirtless daddy dancing around on Santa Monica screams “you wanna come home with us?”

I hesitated and he yelled “we have coke!!” 😳😢😢

Bleh. I guess I look the type, huh.

Good looking enough guy but the wheels that were turning in my head were more like “I want to see Paula Abdul.”

*Hey, little boy with the ba ba ba ba ba balloon!*

His partner cringed and was sufficiently embarrassed for all three of us. Either that or he was like “hell no honey don’t put that scrub in your mouth, you’re cut off.”

*Hey, mister police officer- UH OH!*

*giggle*

Dear WeHo: Cocaine is one of the worst drugs known to man, strictly in terms of dollars per minute of enjoyment. 😶
Orange was Right

June 8, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized
Tags: prior-to-migration, VPC

2:25 PM <JFT_BOT> June 07, 2019
2:25 PM <JFT_BOT> Someone who believes in me
2:25 PM <JFT_BOT> Page 165
2:25 PM <JFT_BOT> Just for today, I will have faith in someone in NA who believes in me and wants to help me in my recovery.
2:25 PM <JFT_BOT> Basic Text, p. 100
2:25 PM <JFT_BOT> Not all of us arrive in NA and automatically stay clean. But if we keep coming back, we find in Narcotics Anonymous the support we need for our recovery. Staying clean is easier when we have someone who believes in us even when we don’t believe in ourselves. Even the most frequent relapser in NA usually has one
staunch supporter who is always there,

2:25 PM <JFT_BOT> no matter what. It is imperative that we find that one person or group of people who believes in us. When we ask them if we will ever get clean, they will always replay, Yes, you can and you will. Just keep coming back! We all need someone who believes in us, especially when we can’t believe in ourselves. When we relapse, we undermine our already s

2:25 PM <JFT_BOT> hattered self-confidence, sometimes so badly that we begin to feel utterly hopeless. At such times, we need the support of our loyal NA friends. They tell us that this can be our last relapse. They know from experience that if we keep coming to meetings, we will eventually get clean and stay clean. It’s hard for many of us to believe in ourselves. Bu

2:25 PM <JFT_BOT> t when someone loves us unconditionally, offering support no matter how many times we’ve relapsed, recovery in NA becomes a little more real for us.

2:25 PM <JFT_BOT> Just for Today: I will find someone who believes in me. I will believe in them.

2:27 PM <robert> And what if none of them believe in you or want to help you

2:28 PM <robert> What if they’re like don’t sponsor him

2:28 PM <robert> Stay away he’s crazy

2:28 PM <CleanBill> what if frogs could fly??

2:28 PM <CleanBill> if frogs could fly they be screwing all the birds

2:29 PM <robert> Must be nice being dumber than a cocker spaniel

2:29 PM <robert>

2:30 PM <Susie> hmm are you calling us retards?

2:30 PM <robert> Just cleanbill

Okay, now let's try to get an answer from someone who's not a complete retard.
You’re free to be proud but pride has a price tag

June 7, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized

All these people with their smartphones out who can’t just enjoy the moment.

I’m gonna make fun of them for a second and put mine away.

Paula Abdul is so fucking sweet and cool, she’s literally the only thing I don’t hate about pride this year.

“If you walk in gratitude miracles happen.”
The first thing I ever shoplifted was a cassette tape of Forever Your Girl. 😅

What's their signage solution?

Ooooo.

Projection. Excellent choice. 👍
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it
Blinky flashy stuff, I always want to know, what is the solution and who is the vendor?"

That’s the difference between me and most people though. They’re wowed by what’s on the screen.

It’s all about the fan experience, what they see and what they hear and what kind of connectivity (cell towers on wheels) or cellular offload (Wi-Fi) you’ve deployed.

That’s not free and neither are porta potties or hoards of EMTs on standby.

People don’t really care about this shit as long as 1,500 of them can all live stream the exact same perspective to their Facebook timelines simultaneously. No doubt that at least a full 1/3 of them are like, yay, abolish private property and capitalism, amirite comrade? Cause all this shit totally happens in a vacuum and Bernie Sanders will foot the tab, yaaassss. /s

Carriers are often eager to foot these bills so their service doesn’t collapse under unusually high demand in a given area. They have to do shit like this for the Super Bowl too. I don’t know, does it matter? This is costing someone a few million dollars at the end of the day. Even if it’s “you” making your bill payment to AT&T or Verizon.

You didn’t have to take things like that into consideration in 1970 and that’s why pride ain’t free no more.

As some of us talk about trolling “straight pride” and heckling and harassing them I guess that’s it... we’ve finally come full circle from oppressed victim class to liberated oppressor. We can all go home now.
Honestly, drinking NA coffee is sufficient punishment.

June 4, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized
Tags: prior-to-migration

I stopped into my old home group to pour myself a coffee and leave without putting a dollar in the basket.

I dodged a fake “oh, it’s good to see you” or two and got the most rancid look from the greeter as I drove off.

😢😢😢😢😢😢😢😢
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it
A Night with Doc

May 25, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized

Olin Park, Christmas 2001

They have a huge Christmas display you can see from John Nolen Drive.

The electronics are pretty crude: Anything that blinks or alternates is plugged into a big metal box with a large relay you can hear clicking back and forth.

For example: A railroad crossing sign with a little arm that goes up and down, is actually two arms. One in the raised position and one in the lowered position.

They alternate back and forth between which one is lit up, and to you, it looks like the arm is going up and down.

We stacked a couple of triads of reindeer up, with the one on the bottom constantly lit.

Then we took the two on top and plugged them into these devices so that they’d alternate back and forth between which one was lit.

From the highway it looked like a reindeer thrusting in and out of the one on the bottom.

After that, we hopped the fence for Edgewood College and walked up to the nativity scene.

I don’t know what we intended to do — scope out the electronics like we did at the park I guess and go from there, right?

As we got halfway up the driveway, the twenty foot high back drop started creaking and groaning and it fell forward, crashing down on the entire nativity scene.

I looked at him.
He looked at me.

I said “I think God is trying to tell us something.”

He goes, “Nah. It saw us coming and it surrendered.”

We called it a night.

I wouldn’t say that he was a religious fellow to put it mildly.

There was an unrelated nativity scene stunt where Baby Jesus was replaced with a Heavenly Ham from the Heavenly Ham Company.

And then there was that time some billboard up in Door County said: “Jesus is the answer, what is your question?” and the fucker spray painted “Who raped my son?” on the bottom.

I did snicker at some point in one of my interviews, only to be challenged with “Do you think this is funny?”

Apologies, but yeah, I do think that at least a couple of the things he did were quite funny.

“The rabbit hole.”

May 25, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized

1. You are not just the body that you see. You are a Soul. You are divine light in physical form. A unique aspect of source creator.

2. You have an agenda. A soul contract to fulfill. You need to establish a connection with your higher self to reach an awareness of that mission.

3. Reality is far different from what we’ve been told. It is multi-dimensional. It has no real solidity. It is essentially a holographic template in which you can create/manifest using your thoughts. The external is a reflection of the
4. The very sub-stratum of all matter is an intelligent energy or consciousness. God is not a man with a beard sitting on a throne, he is the totality of everything that exists. It is essentially a gigantic universal mind.

5. You are not alone in this. Each and every one of you are surrounded and protected by higher-dimensional beings (spirit guides/angels). However, as they will not violate your free-will, you actually have to ask and give permission for them to assist you. They will provide you with an abundance of signs and synchronicities which will reassure you of their presence and help to guide you along your path. Note – Because of the universal law of vibrational attraction, they cannot prevent any outcomes that you yourself are vibrationally attracting. See section on law of attraction.

6. For the most part, volunteers are more advanced souls who have voluntarily enlisted to assist the planet during a critical evolutionary phase. You volunteered because you had a sort of “galactic expertise” and have probably been in similar circumstances before. Because of a “force-field” around the etheric regions of the planet you had to undergo what is known as a “spiritual fall” in order to incarnate here. This means that you willingly set yourself back in your spiritual evolution from a higher state to a lower state. As such, your goal is to now re-evolve spiritually so that you can effectively serve divine will and then ascend back into the higher dimensions.

7. You have the ability to radiate refined “light-love” energy. This energy has a positive restorative effect on all matter (humans, animals, plants etc). It raises the frequency vibration of the planet and helps heal the delicate energy grid-lines. (ley-lines). Spiritual attainment will enable you to optimize the output of your love-light energy. Although, you will need to energetically neutralize your negative output.

8. The elite of this planet are in service to dark spiritual lords, who are opposed to the will of source creator. They are not interested in spiritual evolution and wish to maintain a tight grip on their pseudo-power. Their strategy, in an energetic sense, is to counter the oncoming positive energy by the deliberate dispersal of negative energy which has a deleterious impact upon the energy system of the planet and keeps it in a lower vibrational status. They also intend to neutralize the positive energy of the volunteers by embedding them with negative energy. This is accomplished by causing you to feel and express negative emotions (fear, anger, hatred etc).

9. The law of attraction – One of the fundamental laws of the universe that dictates the nature of your reality is the law of vibrational attraction. Everything in this universe at its base structure is energy including your thoughts. This energy has a quality in that it attracts to itself energy of a like nature. Positive (higher vibrational) energy attracts more positive energy and negative (lower vibrational) energy attracts more negative energy and so on. So basically, if you put out energy (thoughts) of a negative vibration, that negative quality of energy will be reflected back to you. This is how gang-stalking works at the deeper level. They (the perpetrators) cause you to fall into a
fear-based mindset in which you will vibrationally attract negative outcomes into your life. This provides them with what is known as a “vibrational opening” in which they can then invade your reality.

The entire control system is predicated upon keeping humanity in a very limited frame of perception. Your conditioned in such a way that you immediately reject anything that falls outside of the accepted norm. And through this mechanism your kept in ignorance of anything that could endanger the status-quo. So therefore i would recommend you keep an open mind, and realize that the “rabbit hole” goes deeper than you would think.

— Author unknown

(I think it sounds like Dolores Cannon, possibly “The Three Waves of volunteers” or someone kind of wired the same way as Dolores there- correction/attribution welcome)

Mesmerized

March 29, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized
Picture, if you will, a couple in a blue Toyota Prius from Wyoming, shoving Pringles potato chips into their faces. She’s driving and he’s wearing an Argyle sweater, looking like a millennial waifu with silver dollar sized eyes. They’re both pointing at every object and building and person on Hollywood Boulevard, talking excitedly.

I haven’t been that excited since the one time I dropped ecstasy and wandered into the produce section at Jewel Osco.

Marveling at the lucious red apples
Stunned by how bright and beautiful the yellows of the bananas were.
How vivid the tangerines and lemons and loose leaf spinach looked.

Staring at the sprinklers with the wonder of a child
As the PA system began to play “Singing in the Rain”
Singing in the rain,
Singing in the rain!
My rapture unbroken by the cashier asking me to please leave.
Oh my gosh, she was pretty!
They both have that look about them right now
Cruising past the Hollywood Walk of Fame
Mesmerized out of their minds and probably without ecstasy.
But then again, it’s Hollywood Boulevard
And this is within the realm of possibility

He favors the sour cream and onion flavor.
And hers look like they might be barbecue.
I’m so happy for the both of them today.
Like the weeds and the dandelions, love always finds a way.

And then picture, if you will, a guy in a white sedan from California,
Cruising down Peterson Blvd.
Mesmerized out of his mind, and possibly without ecstasy.
But then again I have some history
And this is within the realm of possibility

This time my observer is sitting in the car with me.
I’m blasting Leela James
Singing along, tapping my fingers on the wheel.
My heart yearns for a passenger in the seat
To kick it and banter and then go our separate ways
Ever so much lighter for such an interaction

I realize that a woman next to me is staring at me
And she is smiling.
I’m a little shy realizing that this time I’m the one in the car
With the out of state plates, being observed
I’m a little self-conscious but I keep tapping and I keep singing.

I was so happy for the both of them that day
And this elderly woman is looking at me that way today.
Some people are intuitive and sense that you are looking their way.
From the perspective of another vehicle in the exact same position today.

Her observer is a little like my observer, namaste.
And then we went our separate ways
Ever so much lighter for such an interaction
Like the weeds and the dandelions, life always finds a way.

Rat City

March 29, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized
Tags: prior-to-migration, VPC

I've always loved rat-related anecdotes.

I love how rats try to free one another from a trap.

I’ve heard something about the rat who would pull a lever to administer drugs over and over and over until it died.

And I went, “well, fuck, that’s kind of bleak.”

I didn't know the other part of the story about Rat City, where they took the same rats and gave them a space that was 200 times larger than their previous cage.

They were given toys to play with and plenty of treats and food and other rats to socialize and places to nest and raise their young.

Only 5% or so of the rats continued to pull the lever after that.

Given the choice between regular water and drug laced water, most chose the regular water after that.

I was like “how have I never heard this?”

One of my classmates snorted and said “too expensive, no one wants to hear about this or come up with the money for it. It got buried and that's all anyone ever heard about Rat City.”

I got to thinking the chatroom’s kind of like Rat City: Take a bunch of neurotic and isolated rats sitting at home and yanking on their dope levers and give them others to socialize with.. and a hunt game and some macros to play with, and bam. Some of them stopped yanking on the lever.
Some of them remain behind and continue to try to free the other rats from their traps.

It’s a far cry from addressing other psychosocial needs or getting people out of survival mode though.

I wish we had a version of Rat City that wasn’t wedded with NA kool-aid and abusive fucked up steppers.

Because I don’t think Rat City would have been so successful if you had introduced the aforementioned rat into a cage full of other rats that were bullies.

Update 9/20/2022: I’m going to leave that bullshit as-is but here, two anons dish on the real "rat city" / “rat utopia” story:
You know what’s really scary
Finding out that you’re just a rat in a cage
Did you know that scientist did an experiment the two
cages each cage had a family of rats and one cage they
supplied the rats with toys delicious food clean water and
things to do in the other cage the rats had their floor no
toys dry pellets for food in both cages each rat was
supplied an additional Cup of water but laced with a drug
did you know that the rats in the cage full of toys delicious
food and things to do did not touch the water laced with
drugs a bread and lived a long lives but in the other cage
with the rats were stressed with minimal outlets and
Assortment of toys and food the rats ended up stressing
interning against each other as well as drinking the water
laced with drugs this globe is one cage you are all
stressed out rats turning against each other face the
fucking facts

>>395878430 # >>395880535 # >>395885677 # >>395885940 #
>>395885974 # >>395886898 # >>395889552 # >>395891104 #
>>395894952 # >>395897577 # >>395898416 # >>395899950 #
>>395905954 # >>395906381 # >>395908718 # >>395909584 #
>>395911113 # >>395911914 # >>395915387 # >>395916708 # >>395916895
# >>395917094 # >>395917493 # >>395919779 # >>395920564 #
>>395920882 # >>395924235 # >>395939255 #
Mouse Utopia was a different thing. That just shows that unlimited resources plus limited space leads to population growth, crowding, and eventual unhappiness, or at least unwillingness to participate in mouse society. The rat addiction experiments were a different set of studies that showed rats are far less likely to become addicted to various drugs if in an environment with proper mental enrichment. Those kind of invalidated a lot of our addiction models, but they go against the 1980's drug war narrative so they had trouble getting published.

Things I have in common with nickel-metal halide light fixtures

March 29, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized

- Mounted over a dumpster in the alley behind my apartment by one of the maintenance workers.
- Prone to substandard operation if not adequately grounded by a trained service professional.
- Proposition 65 warning: Effects of long term exposure to your reproductive organs are unstudied — would you like to find out?
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it

✓ Used until dawn for $0.07 an hour.
ICD-9 Valentine

March 29, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized

Roses are red, violets are blue
I've been diagnosed with zero four two
And all of two ninety through three one nine
Won't you be my valentine?

Do it again, in ICD-10!

Roses are red, violets are blue
I have “B” twenty and “Z” twenty two.
And all of “F” one through “F” ninety nine
Won't you be my valentine?

Spring Cleaning

March 25, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized

A rats nest of tangled wires for electronics long forgotten
I left a banana on my kitchen counter, it is now rotten.
Reminding me of the bananas of my youth
when I played a whore,
in Egypt with a tourniquet and some cotton.
The mail is yellow and faded and spilling out of the box
And I’m kicking myself for not changing the locks
It seems though my sister has pawned my guitar
For a baggie of shards or some sticky black tar.

A Rubbermaid tote full of “video head cleaner”
And floppy rubber dongs I used to jam in my hole
A faded photo of grandma, so long since I’ve seen her
May God rest her soul

About forty feet of chain for the sling
This and that and some other thing.
Is it time? It is time.
It is time to clean up the house for spring.

Backstory:
I think most of my stuff is self-explanatory, this one is a little more abstract.

I had come home from Los Angeles for the first time in maybe a year or so(?) and I did indeed find a rotten banana on the counter.

I also found a couple of bloody alcohol pads and syringes on my bedroom floor. They were not mine and I had a pretty good idea of whose they might be.

Everything else about this post is 100% all in my imagination, this post is my lamentation about cleaning my sisters drug paraphernalia up. She didn’t steal my guitar. (shes never stolen from me, ever) and im sorry if this is why she doesn’t talk to me now.

I just .. had no words for it and wasnt going to tell anybody so rather than getting on a high horse about it , i imagined one of the many cesspits of dope and despair ive seen in my life and wrote as if i were coming home from rehab (i had been given permission to take absence from treatment, yes) and cleaning up my own aftermath. Maybe in Chicago, long ago and far away, but absolutely NOT in this house

my great grandfather lived in my house.

my grandfather lived in my house.
my aunts lived in my house.

my mother and brother lived in my house.

my great grandfather used the same worn out 100-year-old key to unlock my door.

at the time i was being doxxed and threatened by crazy people and didnt want to give them too many clues about my home. they were very close but they were publishing the wrong address, ie, the house that my mother was renting at that time.

its just as much about my sadness, over this discovery, as it is, about what i've seen in the lowest of my lows, a little bit of it in my house, a little bit of it in your house, but i am going to tell you this, my house aint no motherfuckin shooting gallery. im not sure how she got keys to my place. i would not disrespect my family like that by having my place in this condition.

No guitars were harmed or stolen in the writing of "Spring Cleaning."

I was just lost in my head, literally, doing my spring cleaning after a long absence and it was a veiled reference to how much i hurt, for both of us in a sense, but to come back home to what was actually a drug and alcohol free home and feeling slightly violated by all of it. When im restoring hardwoods or whatever, im doing it with this sense of "150 years of my blood lived and slept here."

in a sense it took me back a decade or so to chicago, as i found a friend of mine bleeding out and dying from trying to mainline with his dialysis implant, we cleaned bags and bags of needles and vodka bottles out of there to spare his family the horror of seeing it themselves.

“spring cleaning” is a veiled metaphor for once again, keeping someone elses needles secret and quietly burying them in the trash

the words the story whatever just came out of me... its a pretty damn good mirror of my internal reality and or imagination that day. Its an accusation dressed up as a confession, greatly inspired by matthew ryans “a complete family” (she'll be sentenced this upcoming january, its basically our intertwined and yet hopelessly disconnected lives in slow motion) and the utter scandalousness of "whitneys drug den" in the national enquirer, you know "pleasing herself for hours with sex toys" sweating in her big ass fur coat, to lay all this out over a rig and a bloody alcohol pad is.. dramatic.. but i left this one up for a reason, its my favorite and my least favorite post of all.

9/28/2022
March 22, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized

The only thing I didn’t really touch on was all or nothing thinking, which I previously shared from a staff training exercise as victims of trauma being unable to separate “I don’t like this thing that you did” from “I don’t like you.”

On the off chance they wander into a meeting — and get scolded for using the word “sober” or have to deal with one of the angry/disruptive/defiant ones, or find someone threatening or predatory, or get one of the AA’ers who screams they’re not sober because they are on antidepressants or don’t belong there because they used drugs — or have a bad experience with a counselor in treatment — it’s “AA / NA sucks” or “treatment is bullshit.”

It’s not “I didn’t like that one person’s behavior.”

Or “I don’t like that meeting, I am going to try some different ones.”

Or “Fuck that bitter crank, rabid steppers are douchebags.”

Or “This counselor didn’t hear anything I said and aggressively sold me on something I don’t want to do and made it all about them, I would like to work with someone else.”

And if they had a hope for a new life that was contingent on that one thing working out, there it goes.

And these are some of your more vulnerable/broken visitors. Just something to think about.

In case you really think it’s that important that the new arrival uses the word “clean” instead of “sober.”

There are some things that irritate the FUCK out of me about NA culture that even I am not able to change with regard to some people’s bedside manner in the chatroom.
Sometimes we hit our notes.

Sometimes someone wanders in at a bad moment and goes “whoa, this isn’t recovery, I’m out.”

And no matter how many times I try to tell someone that their confrontational bullshit is not effective with someone in the pre-contemplation stage, they don’t give a fuck if they’ve run 500 or more people off, ignored social cues, and ignored peoples boundaries. Scott for example — sitting over in the other room that we refer to as the Volunteer Psychiatric Chat/VPC — as if we mind.

Fun Fact: Domestic abuse is a pattern of repeatedly ignoring someone’s boundaries. You don’t know somebody’s history. When they show you their fangs and ask you to fuck off, please fuck off nicely and de-escalate. You’re the one with some time and a program, be the bigger person.

There is only so much that I can do here without trying to control and tone police everyone at all times.

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An essay, pt 6, social support

March 22, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized

Pillars/Social Support: On arrival, sometimes somebody’s life is really small and revolved around using and scoring and whatever went along with that.

Then in early recovery, life can be a different kind of sad and small — centered around clinging on like a leaf and not using and maybe just going to meetings.

No wonder it kind of lonely and depressing.

It takes awhile for other things to come your way.

Get some distance between you and the last drug. Cravings lessen as your brain learns that they will not be rewarded.

I’m in a place where I have shifted to asking something bigger than myself to crave recovery, service, and
my education like I crave that glass of wine or that bag.

Acquire multiple “pillars” — Faith, family, friends, activities (meetup.com is great), communities, maybe a program, maybe an outpatient group or a support group (SHARE has many) and your “outside help,” take your pick.

You need more than one, let’s say 4+ of these. Don’t put all your eggs in one basket in case something goes south in one of those areas and you need something or someone else to lean on.

It’s bad if you only have one source of support.

For example, the chatroom can be one of your 4+, but it should not be your only one.

Whether or not you’re in a program, cultivate sober/clean social supports and friends. They do not need to have a program affiliation. I have several who are just into their faith and their family and decided that “the rooms” were not for them.

An essay, pt 5 (The other 50%)

March 22, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized

Recovery: I am of the view that addiction is a pseudo disorder, in that it can mimic other organic / naturally occurring disorders — which fuck with the same receptors, chemicals, etc, except that they are directly due to substance abuse. Take away the drugs and the “disorder” improves. Re-introduce the drugs and it returns. This is why there's a lot of support for abstinence from all mood and mind altering substances for someone with the “disorder.”

Looking through the lends of the disease model, yeah, it is “primary,” meaning, deal with that before all your other issues. Okay, I agree with that.

Notably, there are a lot of people bickering about nomenclature but they all more or less agree that behavioral and/or psychosocial approaches are the solution.
I don't really care what you call it.

Here's someone wired a certain way and trying to deal with it.

However if only about half of the population ever achieves “total abstinence” i.e. not even looking at a glass of wine funny for 10-30+ years, then what do you do with the other 50%?

Uh, scream at them that they aren't sober enough?

Let them die?

I’m all for MAT with that other 50% if it means they’re doing the best they’re ever going to.

If it means they’re not dropping dead from a bag of fent. 64,000 a year? Probably climbing?

Some of the people who come into chat vanish and then come back two or three years later.

You don't know their timeline.

Who is to say that in the long run some of the MAT crowd won’t outgrow that and want to stop?

They can’t do that if they are fucking dead.

I'm all for someone starting with what is killing them.

One of the things I like about the Center is that they have their hand held out for the entire LGBT community, whether or not they are “ready to stop.”

Whether or not they had in fact stopped.

And as I said in an earlier post maybe the best we can do is try to rock or comfort someone who is having a really bad dream.

I love the Center and I think I would love to be involved with that effort because I can let go of results and not try to “save” or “fix” people. I can be there, I can listen, I can hold some shit in my hands with you, and I can be a gentle whisper that there is another way if you want that.

After David made the counselor remark, I found myself in group sitting there and wondering if I could love these guys and have empathy for them even if a couple of them were kind of — mmmmm, I can no longer tell you what happened in that room or who said what, let's just say, could I support and work with every single one of them?
Can I deal with the news that someone died?

And it was like, sigh.

Yeah, probably.

Anymore, you just sigh and go “fucking disease.”

I don’t know if the rabid stepper crowd can do that without bias. From personal observation, rookies make it about them and how they robbed 7-11s and stole cars and slept in the park and found salvation or whatever and doing their whole Formulaic Saturday Night Podium Sales Pitch, and: “trying to shove them in that direction.”

*Remember Bird Lady with the Sally Jesse Raphael Problem Glasses? Definitely one of those.*

I had complained to the Center about one particular staff member who I said was just a junkie spouting NA drivel and not really focusing on the curriculum that my insurance was paying for.

And then she was going around telling the other staff that she suspected I’m high — apparently for no other reason than seeing her for what she is. Come on, take turns reading the book, and when it says to do an exercise, we do it.

Disclose if you’d like but “move up and move back” — this means, don’t talk too much and monopolize the floor time — but also not to withdraw and not participate at all.

They just cannot say “Well, okay, you’re drinking but you haven’t shoved a needled in your arm for two months, good for you.”

*It’s *hisssssss* “you’re not really CLEAN, you know.*

Nothing is fucking good enough for some of those people.

*And we have a few of those in class who can hopefully open their minds to new information.*
I’ve heard as many people relate stories of abuse, neglect, trauma, hardship, and incomprehensible suffering as I’ve heard people say they were from loving families and had great lives — wanted for nothing, went to college — i.e, way on the other end of the scale but found themselves agreeing to try drugs and then they were just as hooked as anyone else.

Drug use leads to impaired judgement and poor life choices, escalating stress, leading to more using to cope with stress and emotions, thereby leading to more poor choices and using over those too.

Part of the addiction cycle is negative self talk and self criticism: “I’m a failure,” “I can't stop,” “I relapsed, I can’t show my face or tell anyone.”

I used to say “if you’re walking on thin ice you may as well dance.”

12-step abstinence models can lead to black and white thinking: I had a beer, so I relapsed. I might as well go all out and do some ____ or stay out a few days on a run before I “stop” or “go back.”

This is a learned reaction.

Someone else might have a beer or get drunk and not catastrophise the situation and go about the rest of the week without escalating the duration of the bender or the substances involved.

Brain changes due to addiction / reward pathways introduce vulnerabilities in coping and stress. Trauma victims have “schemas” that can be activated — triggered. I want to say there are 18 of them and I don’t know all of them offhand. Some example are themes of neglect and abuse and deprivation — and particularly abandonment

Other situations that set people up for a relapse are: Financial stress and insecurity ; relationship issues, loss/grief, health concerns, chronic pain, changes in treatment

Usually when someone relapses, if they go back and look at that list and identify which one applies they can easily relate to or identify with two or three (or five or six) of those areas, but they were not making a mental association between those concerns and the “decision point” where they relapsed.

Still with me? Picture life and emotions and various stressors and your whole house of cards as though it
were a game of Jenga. If psychosocial needs are not being met, one’s whole life could be unstable — increasingly so — wobbling like a Jenga game as one tries keeping it upright and pulling out and rearranging the pieces, with little or no success.

A decision point is when the tower seems to fall over of it’s own accord — ?

Or when someone just flat out says “fuck it” and kicks it over.

Don’t focus on that.

Go back to what made the thing so unsteady.

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An essay, part 3

March 21, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized

Reasons why people agree to consume illegal drugs are doubtlessly varied and complicated.

I was very against drugs until my early twenties. I was no stranger to the dope house or the rave scene, I just attended them stone cold sober with the exception of the one time Sierra shoved a sugar cube in my mouth and I tripped and chased lasers like a little kitten and got down on my hands and knees and went through the blades of grass and watched the the little world of the ants and went holy shit there’s a whole tiny little world down here and it’s neat!

I fucked Sierra and possibly got her pregnant, she didn’t go through with that and tried to reassure me that it was somebody else’s but some part of me knows and mourns the child that never was, even though the poor kid would have probably had flippers and gills from all the drugs she was on.

Me, personally, I was like oh yeah acid’s a good fucking time, I want more of that.
Let’s just drop acid and make babies.

My friends were like “uhhhhh, no, you’re kind of scary on acid.”

Beyond that, I just saw the dumb shit they did on ecstasy in their Tigger and furry and pixie costumes, they would pet each other and Christopher would back his ass up to the corner of the chimney and pleasure himself with it.

And a pixie would shout “have sex with Eeyore!”

And someone in an Eeyore costume obliged and Tigger dry humped Eeyore though their costumes.

I was properly horrified and I said if ecstasy makes you do some shit like that, I’m out!!!!!!!!!!!

Ecstasy returned three years later in a deep depression.

Brian would tell people he kicked me out, and invite all the twinks over.

I found him naked in bed with one of them.

Levi spent the night and vanished with his car and his keys and Brian had to explain that to me.

(I got even with Levi later on by stealing and hiding his car one night when I was white girl wasted and high on coke. Don’t fuck with my husband, bitch)

That relationship reached its crescendo in dramatic fashion with a car rolling over in a driveway and a horrified crowd of onlookers flocking at a notorious orgy house in the woods.

I wanted to die.

I moved out, again.

But somewhere in the middle of that and slightly before the Dodge went rolling things were already complicated and I had moved out on him at least three or four times already. He went to Philly and I went to Jersey and we missed each other and his new boyfriend was a douche and we both went back to Wisconsin to try to troubleshoot our life together yet again and with regard to my previous post — yeah, I missed Brian and I loved him enough to try over and over and over again.

In the middle of all of this I would drive around in circles crying my eyes out and listening to Luxt and wondering the fuck I was going to do with my life.
Sometimes I was so depressed my friend Jeremy would pick me up and set me in his car and take my keys and unlock my store and turn on my ovens and start the daily batches and he’d look me dead in the eye and say “fuck you, you’re opening the store, because I need to make money driving.”

Had he not done that I would have just remained in the fetal position.

Someone was like “you look sad, take this pill.”

It was ecstasy.

I was borderline Aspergers, if not outright Aspergers.

Ecstasy unlocked empathy and some kind of inner connection and my ability to stand outside of myself and see myself and see others and see how we interact and how I am seen, and I went oh — I’m the gregarious story teller and that’s what they mean by “you’re just ..... Rob.”

Suddenly I wasn’t fucking Brian, I was making LOVE to Brian and was like “who... are you???”

Whatever that was stayed with me forever, even without the ecstasy.

But in the meantime I immediately asked for a jar of 250 of those god damned things.

Fuck, Toronto was amazing. We rang in the new year, they lowered a drag queen from the ceiling for the drop and I hugged every god damn person I got near and wished them a happy new year.

SQUEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE one of the best nights of my god damned life.

Please forgive me for using this word but I was so STOKED to be “doing ketamine with a tranny.”

She was awesomeeeeeeeeeeeeee. 😊

Again, Brian went “who are you?”

I’d been depressive and moody and troubled young man. I would have barked at someone not to fucking touch me before this.

I was all about the dog collar and black makeup and nine inch nails and driving like a jackass.

Mean mugging people.

Telling Brian that techno was shit.
Techno was his life.

I was a fucking JERK.

And now I’m a little high and dancing like “oh my god, turn this up, what is this?”

It’s... it’s... it’s... fierce!

I grabbed a bottle of Febreeze and some scotch tape and some paper and I relabeled it “FIERCE”

I danced around the room and sprayed it with FIIIIIERCE, twirling around like Stevie Nicks.

*giggle*

Then I re-labeled the bottle “Uppy” and set it down next to the bottle of “Downy.”

I kind of shifted gears and became a story teller and I started making people laugh.

My passengers on Lyft and Uber fucking love the whole routine, and so do I.

And sometimes, so does the chatroom.

My boyfriend was kind of like “what .... the ........ fuck .......”

But he liked whatever changed, I think.

Except to the extent that he didn’t.

We grew apart.

I ran away and joined the circuit and I was a really happy boy for a really long time.

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An essay, part 2

March 21, 2019
Love and affection activate the same reward pathway that drugs do.

I like to cuddle and get my oxytocin fix and anymore that’s about it.

When you are in love that part of your brain lights up.

It’s one of the reasons that people are suddenly drawn to you.

Know the difference between love and a pair bond and a trauma bond –

When you’re like, oh and where were you when I was single?

An addict with their reward center activated can’t really experience love to its fullest potential because it’s kind tied up with an intense psychological and physiology experience that is overriding and hijacking that place where your love belongs.

I know you know all about the “love” disappearing when the drugs wore off.

When love runs its course, that reward pathway goes dark.

It only makes sense that you’d want to crave something else that activates that center.

This where love and sex addiction come into play.

This is where gays run into issues with crystal meth — craving intensity and intimacy and then in some cases recoiling from it too.

I used to freak out when someone tried to latch on.

Now I’m like oh my goodness I should only be so lucky for someone to hold on to me and never let go.

Tip: You literally withdraw and detox from people.

Go ahead and delete Facebook and Twitter and Instagram for a month.

Find and feel that feeling if you don’t believe me.

It’s why they suggest we don’t date in the “first year.”

You can try and light up that darkness with drugs or alcohol but it’s not the same thing. It’s just located in
roughly the same area.

The last time I lit up and activated was the hardest when it ran its course.

I came back to life.

I had the light in my eyes again.

It killed me when that went out again.

I was so fucking close that time.

Some of the things I did to try and fill that hole that tore through me almost cost me my life.

But some of the other things I did patched up a little hole in somebody else, and maybe somebody else too. This might have never happened if I saw the rest my days out in my house in Texas with 5 cars in the garage, a home group that at best tolerated me on a good day, a ticking time bomb in my chest that my doctors were ignoring despite my body’s best efforts to tell me something was wrong.

And a cute quirky Latino boy to snuggle with at night for however many nights I had left.

Curl up together, yin and yang and all of that for the rest of my days.

The last time the lights went out and Freddie left I couldn’t let go of his essence and energy next to me, the window in the morning where he got ready for work and kissed me on the forehead on the way out. I grieved endlessly then, too.

Though he was gone, I still recalled his energy moving about in the morning and I yearned for it. I don’t know how many times I woke up feeling as if he was there and remembered that he wasn’t anymore and experienced that disappointment over and over and over and over again.

I guess that’s the first time I ever loved someone like that, apologies to anyone I dated prior to Freddie who might stumble upon this and resent the ever loving fuck out of that, because I loved you then and I still love you now too, it’s just that I had not yet unlocked my capacity to go all in.

A counterfeit copy of Daniel visited me in dreams for a long time.

He was a loving and concerned presence. I called him Pretend Daniel because it was just my recollection of his essence and his soul signature.

I wept on my bed in Chicago alone at night.
I was in one of my dreams having a dialogue and feeling sorry for myself.

Pretend Daniel challenged me and asked me “Who abandoned whom?”

And then he disappeared for good.

Maybe a shared destiny was possible if I was a little more patient and little more wise and a little more gentle.

It could have been a bright and shiny and very short future.

Or ended for some other reason.

It doesn’t matter anymore.

Guys can sense my distance and the walls that separate me from them today. Even though I think they’re cute and I secretly yearn to hold them and be held by them they can’t even tell.

I’m rough around the edges and I have a lot of tattoos and some people are afraid to approach me.

But this is the character that people connect to and identify with in the setting where I’m needed.

It’s something they find relatable.

And maybe that’s far more important and necessary than being your idea of a good boyfriend.

I’ve been too scared and too shy to move in or open that door again until I get to know you.

Sometimes they even ask me if I am straight.

Whether or not I look the part, I’m a gentle human being with a great big broken heart and a thorn in my paw.

Janet told me that it’s okay to open up and be vulnerable.

And to be completely silent or empty or show all the way the fuck up and find and use my voice.

I love you too, Dev, whoever you are, thank you too for arranging that and opening up my heart.

Once again, “character development,” and Paw’s little book was read.
Mindfulness, Prayer, and Meditation. Orrrrrrr, Xanax and Wine

March 21, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized

Something I learned: People who endure constant lifelong stress have super-developed amygdalas.

Like, super muscular.

We're being told that the key with those individuals for coping with stress is mindfulness and meditation.

Except, not to just glibly suggest it.

It is a specialty unto itself.

Alright. Something steppers have right: Steering you towards prayer and meditation.

(Which everyone groans at.)

Something I know: Look up and focus on the area directly in the center of your forehead/pineal gland, or so-called third eye.

Hold your concentration there for awhile.

This causes me a little discomfort and I don't really care for it but it works.

It disconnects the region where craving and racing thoughts come from.

Something from my peer group: “Xanax. Definitely Xanax.”

Something from my peer group: “Wine.”

We all giggled.

I said “You realize, I hope, that you can’t tell your clients that.”
I added “But okay, I will faithfully record wine and Xanax into the discussion notes.”

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**An essay pt 1**

March 21, 2019  
Categories: Uncategorized

I wrote a very vague note about last night’s homework assignment that simply said “What you think about addiction and recovery.”

I ended writing about five pages.

I’d misheard the instructor, he was telling us that it would be today’s topic.

For better or worse, I have a snapshot in time of what assumptions and beliefs I’ve entered the class with as a result of personal experience and/or observing 4,000+ people come in and out of the chatroom on a monthly basis.

I think that stress, anxiety, and depression are natural reactions to the world that we live in. Look no further than friends who do not consider themselves to be alcoholics, and make remarks about abstinence such as “wow, how do you do that?” or “I can’t even imagine not ever drinking.”

I have to wonder what that says about us — that so many of my friends and acquaintances apparently can’t wrap their heads around not consuming alcohol. That the mere suggestion of a life so deprived, is unbearable or not even worth living.

Recreational use is prevalent: ”I can stop but I don’t want to.”

(Drugs are fun!)

Drugs are fun until they’re not. Addiction: “It’s a problem, now I want to stop, but I can’t.”

Drinking to cope with significant life events is “normalized” and socially acceptable in our culture. Examples: I lost my job, I broke up with my girlfriend, I’m grieving the loss of a loved one, I’m going to go out
and get smashed tonight. This is at a minimum, acceptable, “understood,” or possibly even expected by people who are not addicts or alcoholics.

On the other hand, “I lost my job, I’m going to freebase cocaine” is neither normalized nor socially acceptable.

Drinking to celebrate life events is normalized: Weddings, achievements, family reunions, holiday dinners — there’s a long list of social obligations and milestones that terrify or trigger some people in recovery because it’s a given that there’s going to be drinking involved.

Not surprisingly, addicts want to “celebrate” with whatever it is they’ve come to associate with celebration.

Addicts go a little further with this one. Drugs and alcohol become a maladaptive response for everyday stressors, fears, “resentments” as they say. (i.e. my rent is late, somebody looked at me funny, I’m wracked with chronic pain) and it gets more complicated than that — just to name two: Fear of intimacy and the pursuit of intimacy alike can drive someone to want to dissociate or disinhibit themselves; whereas fear of failure and fear of success can equally torment two different people. One person can have all of these conflicting fears and desires present at the same time, and this doesn’t sound rational unless you come back to the fact that whatever the stressor or the emotional state or the feeling is, craving or using drugs and alcohol have become the response to it.

Reasons why people consume alcohol excessively, or agree to take illegal drugs in the first place are varied and also complicated. It’s easy to point to stereotypical assumptions where trauma and abuse are in the picture or socioeconomic factors are in the picture yet you’ll also hear from people who say they came from the most loving families you could ever ask for, wanted for nothing, had their material needs provided for, went to college, had great careers, and still thought that it would be a bright idea to toot a rail of cocaine someone offered to them.

Disinhibition and dissociation can be the intended end result of using AODA, to make someone more comfortable in a social setting, more confident on a dance floor or less inhibited with a sexual partner. These might be considered beneficial or positive results. However, disinhibition and dissociation can also be disastrous — examples: Sharing a needle and contracting hepatitis C or contracting HIV from unprotected sex while intoxicated. Disinhibition might also show its face by human conscience and empathy clocking out: Consider a warehouse party where people are dropping left and right from overdoses while the rest of the partygoers simply step over their bodies and continue dancing. Consider the addict who thinks nothing of boosting a car or robbing a 7-Eleven with a sawed off shotgun. One could conjure an endless litany of behaviors and moral compromises that harken sociopathy and/or antisocial behaviors, people behaving in a manner they never would off of drugs.
They’re probably not inherently sociopathic or antisocial off of drugs and I’ll be talking a little bit about a pseudo disorder later.

The most obviously clouded area of judgement is the propensity of an addict who is either currently (or recently) under the spell of alcohol and other drugs, to continue to consume alcohol and drugs despite adverse consequences when it otherwise makes no sense to do so.

Using is always an option. It’s a question of whether using is your first, second, and third go-to, or whether you’ve prioritized other things to turn to first. As an individual begins to recover, maybe using again becomes the tenth thing or the hundredth thing on a list of “solutions” to stress/feelings.

But it seems as if using often re-appears in your top three choices once you’re under the influence or the recent spell of drugs and alcohol.

At times I visualize addiction as a toddler having a tantrum (cravings) in the toy store. If the tantrums are rewarded, that toddler will continue having tantrums in order to get what it wants. As a parent, do you respond by grabbing something off of a shelf — maybe even the specific item it’s demanding, or some other item to placate it? Or do you refuse to reward that kind of behavior?

I’ve heard someone else compare it to a stray alley cat — once you feed it, it never goes away.

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**Talent-burial**

March 18, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized

Take therefore the talent from him, and give it unto him which have ten talents. For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he hath. Matt. 25:28-29

https://www.fadingstar.mx/?format=print&post-type=post&order-date...image_size=full&links=include&rendering_wait=200&print-my-blog=1
Why is the one-talented man chosen as an illustration of these talent-burials? It is to show the responsibility of those who have least – That the Lord expects even of the least of his consecrated people to know of and to use the talents that he has in his possession, and that he will not hold guiltless even those who have the smallest ability to serve him and his brethren and his Truth, yet who neglect to use it. Z. 01-59.

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**MMFWCL**

March 17, 2019  
Categories: Uncategorized  
Tags: VPC

*I received permission to write about this.*

*The story is better than this, but the only person whose whole process I am at liberty to put out there on this page is my own.*

*****

*She came into the room with the name “oxygen waster.”*

*I shouldn’t have laughed at it.*

*Because she kind of meant business.*

*But I did laugh.*

*I saw other people do the same thing:*

*“LOL. OMG I LOVE YOUR NICKNAME.”*

*She was confused: Why is that so god damned funny to everyone?*
Because we've all felt like that before.

She explained that she got it from a band.

Not everyone comes back.

But she came back.

And then she came back again.

It only took a couple of days before the chat robot offered another animal in the hunting game.

Somebody typed !axe

I don’t even know what the bot says anymore. Something like: “Whoop whoop! hatchet swings right and left, have massacred a . This juggalo killer has smoked X animals.”

The new arrival has a question: “wait, which one of you is the juggalo?”

The near 40-year-old with a hatchet girl tattoo who wrote the website with the aforementioned juggalo Easter egg.

“Mmfwcl”

“MCL”

And when she said we made her cry and want to live,

I cried too.

Maybe other people leave this place with hope,

But I'm not usually one of them.
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it
Day 1 Activation

March 17, 2019
Categories: VPC
Tags: VPC

I had a dream we were going to build another website again for some reason.

And you were there,
And you were there,
And (you) were there.

Excitedly, we raced around town in a sedan from one member’s door to another to whisper the news and get them into the car.

I began to reload a Linux operating system on a system and I watched the dots flash across the screen

We hurried off to Ashlyn's house.

She wasn’t home.

Well, we’d better not tell her now anyway,

She might not understand or support this.

(Okay, let’s go.)

There are already seven of us ready.

Isn’t that enough?
(Why yes, I reckon that it is.)

Is she on board?

(Uh-huh. She’s using a new nickname and pretending she’s new.)

Is he on board?

(Uh-huh. Him too.)

What about her?

(No. She’s already on another site.)

What’s her excuse? I’m on about five of them that I cycle through all day long.

Things were going so well, I turned to one of them and said “You’ve never been here to see a day one activation, have you?”

She got really quiet.

I went back upstairs to resume my work.

Two of the others came upstairs looking for me and they seemed quite alarmed.

(“Day one activation.”)

(Why did he say that?)

(How does he know what that is?)

“You need to go to the hospital right now.”

“Why?”

“Our movements have torn a hole through you.”

“What?”

“Go downstairs. Right Now. We’re not kidding, we called an ambulance and they’re on the way. You have to go.”
(I was confused but I agreed.)

I got to the bottom of the stairs and saw the flashing lights outside of the front door.

(I opened the door.)

"Is this him?"

(Hm, I don't feel so good. I held on to my stomach.)

I noticed the trail of blood and I blacked out.

---

Rain or Shine

March 17, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized

One of my favorite gigs was when they built the Vikings new stadium and I was blasting Evidence – Rain or Shine on one of the club levels. IIRC, I was trying to nail down an audio problem or HDMI signal.
degradation when some kids burst through the door.

I sheepishly turned the audio levels down. Grunts like me weren't supposed to be seen or heard in some stadiums when the doors were open for spectators, but this was Minnesota after all: They all but tackle hug you at the door up there.

One of the kids grinned and thumbed up and told me to turn it back up. I was happy to oblige:

*It’s funny how strength comes in different forms*
*Some embrace they faith, others weather storms*
*Others tell themself that the pain moves on*
*I saw the clouds move in and when it did, they poured*
*I push away the pain, it’s the sun and the rain*
*Rain or shine, I got my umbrella*
I'm in my Sex and Cigarettes phase:

That's the one where all the men did her dirty and fucked around on her and the IRS is after her ass.

She might be down but she aint out and she'll turn it 'round.
“I always knew worry was a fraud, because it would go away so quickly with just a laugh.”

Why?

February 19, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized

After I deleted the website, I was at a hotel in Utah and having a bad day.

I had a dream where a woman visited me and comforted me and told to put the site back up because it gave a lot of people hope.

Be that as it may, I am not one of them.

She explained to me that the name I chose for myself translates to xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

And that it was unintentional but appropriate, because it described where we were.
She said that I was welcome in Utah.

I woke up and laid there crying for about an hour.

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When You're Just Fucking Done with Everybody

February 15, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized
Tags: VPC
Seventeen

February 15, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized
Tags: prior-to-migration, VPC

12:22 AM <Robin_Y> when you are young they want to peek in your pussy
12:31 AM <misterpickles> When you’re 21, you’re no fun

Floorboards

February 11, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized

Faith isn’t the part where you notice your HP present in all things and brimming out of everyone;

That is a form of conscious contact.

It’s the part when it all goes dark for a bit and the whole worlds gone to shit, and you know something’s still out there.

I never promise anyone “it gets better.”

“It” might still be an ordeal and you might still have a few floorboards to crash through.

But “you” will get better.
Cruel and Unusual Punishment

February 1, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized
Tags: prior-to-migration, VPC

2:01 PM <Robin_Y> * mould (kiwi@NAChatroom-AFF909D4.in-addr.btopenworld.com) has joined #nachatroom

2:01 PM <Robin_Y> <mould> what about sex magic?

2:01 PM <Robin_Y> <mould> how do i do it?

2:23 PM <Robin_Y> im not sure hes here for the right things

5:46 PM <misterpickles> I’d prefer to punish him by having him date one of the women here instead of banning him

Maybe I was right about college being fucking stupid.

January 31, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized

I noted that this school has a 43 page handbook explaining where you may and may not park, and it itemizes all the dumb bullshit their glorified mall cops reserve the right to issue you a “citation” for.

I’m not even in the front door yet and I already hate this place.

I’m guessing the Student Handbook is a deuzy with a higher word count than Mein Kampf.
The first thing I noticed was a blood pressure monitor and a defibrillator.

Ok, I must be in the right place. This must be where all the middle aged failures end up.

Where the fuck is the bathroom?

This place is dumb.

Update: I found the bathrooms.

They only accommodate two genders.

I thought this was supposed to be a university in California, reeeeeee.

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**A Rude Awakening**

January 26, 2019  
Categories: Uncategorized

“He picks us up like a needle on a record and puts us in another groove.”

I heard him.

The guy stared at me and asked me if I understood what he meant.

I said “no.”

They were making fun of him outside:

“I just.. can’t with him. I had to walk out on him.”

I snapped a picture of someone’s mean tweet because I was interested but I was only half listening at first and I missed the first part that she tweeted about.
"God rides us like a cowboy rides his noble steed upon the saddle of some shit...idk I stopped paying attention after that." 😂😂😂 #AAwisdom
But I’m uploading it just to demonstrate that she isn’t the biggest god damn bitch in here tonight.

I read her tweet, thought about it for a minute, went back inside, and said “Hey Rainbow?”

“Yeah?”

“God rides me like a hood rat in a stolen Camaro.”

He laughed.

I left.

And then about ten minutes later it clicked.

I went back to that bitchy meeting and raised my hand:

“God rides me like a hood rat in a stolen Camaro.”

A couple of the mean tweet crowd snickered.

I continued:

“He picked me up like a needle on a record and he put me in another groove. Fuck, that made my night.”

The chair said “mic drop!” and I left again.

Supergirls Don’t Cry

January 26, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized

One of our facilitators said she wished she had one of supergirl’s abilities:

She put her hand on another participant’s forehead and said something like “Supergirl has the ability to put her hand on your forehead and wipe away a bad memory.”
Then she gave a demonstration.

I just about spit my coffee out:

I use the nick “supergirl” sometimes.

Supergirl DOES have that capability, if she buys a fat sack of special K and puts a bump or two of it on a key for you.

And then there are those of us who don’t need dissociative agents to go all disso on you.

*puts his hand on his own forehead and makes the trauma vanish and the bad people not exist anymore*

I told you I was supergirl.

I may or may not have been responsible for the memory she wished she could erase.

https://youtube.com/watch?v=8mprjD74T90
Helpdesk

January 20, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized

"I set your temporary password to 12345."

“That's it? 12345?"

“Yes.”

“12345? That’s the same password I have on my pussy!”

“That was rude.” *click*

---

Middleton Group #1, Rule #62

January 18, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized

Then came the inevitable explosion — something like that day the boiler burst in Wombley’s Clapboard Factory. A chill chokedamp of fear and frustration fell over the group.

When that lifted, a wonderful thing had happened. The head promoter wrote the Foundation office. He said he wished he’d paid some attention to A.A. experience. Then he did something else that was to become an A.A. classic: It all went on a little card about golf-score size. The cover read “Middleton Group #1, Rule #62.”

Once the card was unfolded, a single pungent sentence leaped to the eye: “Don’t take yourself so damn seriously.”
Bitch I’m Shakira

January 16, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized
Heroes

January 15, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized

All or Nothing, May 11 2017

It would have only been polite for her to go sit outside in the trash bin and wait to be hauled away so that
they could all enjoy their stupid fucking meetings without her.

But she didn't do that. Her organization helps thousands of Los Angeles residents facing homelessness, or needing support with mental health or substance issues. There are a ton of non 12-step based support groups for everything: Grief, survivors of sexual assault, anger management, etc.

They use behavioral intervention techniques: No one is banned, punished, excluded, or turned away.

You get used to being compassionate towards people who might otherwise frighten you on the street.

I am so inspired by her.

For awhile, I used to keep an eye on people on court ordered supervision at Share. It mostly consisted of showing them where the Windex and rags were kept or making sure they weren’t fucking in one of the conference rooms, or hiding in some staircase texting while earning community service hours on their timesheet.

Faced with the same problems, I sat silent in meetings for years. I didn't want to be “crazy” or annoy people.

**************

I listened to this new Blood Orange CD on August 24, 2018. It’s a dope CD.

But the samples with Janet Mock blow my fucking mind.

I’ve changed my mind.

No matter how quiet you are, no matter how much you try to change your behavior, someone is always going to try to throw some shit in your face or speak ill of you.

Yes, people might be irritated or annoyed or think you’re fucking crazy.

But some people might think you’re hilarious and love you for who you are and never forget you too.

When you shrink yourself — I love the way Janet put that — you may protect yourself, but you might also prevent anyone from knowing you or loving you.

I tried to remember how we are all connected at the source, how we are all one, living in this illusion together, and how kids at the playground accept each other and play with each other fearlessly and without even understanding that they are boys or girls or different colors. These kids don’t even understand that numbers or letters from the alphabet are different from one another yet for fucks sake.
Then something slipped off its axis and I was no longer enough of an ally in the current political and social environment.

It makes me a little nervous and afraid to say that I have a hero who happens to be transgendered.

It makes me a little nervous and afraid to say that I have a hero who happens to be a woman.

It makes me a little nervous and afraid to say that I have a hero who happens to be black and proud.

When you get look at the pain that comes with our struggles with queer identity or our communities or our places in the world, our differences from one another and what appears to separate ourselves appears to be a lot different on the surface.

I have shrunk myself for the sake of others, trying to not stand out or to blend in with the wallpaper in these last couple of years.

I might come out of my shell and snipe a group with something funny once in awhile.

I figured out that I wasn’t any happier for this. I figured out that I wasn’t any less lonely for it. Hero. “This is who the fuck I want to be.”

That album has some themes of queer, black, identity, and/or gender depression intertwined into it.

I have had so much of this shit rattling around in my head and my heart and it’s as if Janet offered me a new pair of eyeglasses and said “Here, try looking again now.”

If you’re going to survive in the rooms then you need to read this:

So, like, my favorite images are the ones where
Someone who isn’t supposed to be there
Who’s like in a space, a space where
We were not ever welcomed in, where we were not invited Yet we walk in and we show all the way up

People try to put us down by saying
“She’s doing the most,” or “He’s way too much.” But, like, why would we want to do the least?

... My eternal resolution will be “to do too much.”
It's alright

January 13, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized

I choose to interpret everything I just wrote in a metaphorical context:
My words this morning are the blood spewing out of my emotional wounds.

“Our movements have torn a hole through you.”

I assume... the movements of whatever force guides and loves me and works around me and through me and occasionally uses me as a tool ... or a weapon as the case may be.

Your movements haven’t torn a hole through me.

They’ve filled a hole in me.

“Nothing worth having comes without a fight. Got to kick at the darkness til it bleeds daylight.”

---

Okay

January 7, 2019
Categories: Uncategorized

I guess I’m comfortable and I guess this is peaceful.

I’m neither elated nor depressed.

I’m okay.

This beats the fuck out of “not okay.”

If I could go back to my 20-year-old self and tell him one thing, it would be “you’re okay now.”

I was okay and I didn’t even know it.
I was safe and I didn’t even know it.

I didn’t know how to just be okay.

A Christmas Story

December 27, 2018
Categories: Uncategorized
It was a lonely Christmas, 
but I wasn’t alone, 
at the Dead Hooker Motel. 

It was somewhere south of Pico, 
where the city of Los Angeles
stopped giving a shit
about naming streets anymore
and just gave them all numbers.

My pussy was poppered up
and trembling like a shitting dog.
I heard the desk clerk say “damn, bitch”
as he used his key to open the door,
Then he fucked me too.

The walls were stained,
The mattress creaked,
We humped and pumped
in a heated frenzy;
and when I left, I leaked.

YEEHAW, A SEEEE-MENT POND

December 24, 2018
Categories: Uncategorized

Meh, it’s LA. You don’t need a pool to impress me. I’d be like “ooooo, this bitch has a YARD.”

If I get any last minute offers to meet your parents for the holidays my favorite thing to eat on Christmas is Xanax.
Renascence

December 18, 2018
Categories: Uncategorized

“How do you like living in Los Angeles?”

“Oh… well. I didn’t think I was going to be your Uber driver when I grew up. But when I look at the smoldering ruins of the life I left behind, I suppose this is a blessing.”

103 Stories About Leaving Chicago

December 1, 2018
Categories: Uncategorized

I moved out of my place in Chicago yesterday.

Mom insisted on bringing my brother and “helping.”

Straight up honesty: I resented it and I wanted to experience my closure alone.

We took an hour to even leave town.

I could have told you Tyler would be stressed out and have a meltdown or two.

It’s not his fault.

I’m usually patient.

It’s just that … 10 hours in a van together…. moving my shit... saying goodbye. Was a little overwhelming. I was kind of angry and moody and tired of Tyler.

All day long he talks about what he wants to eat, and then when I’m hungry he has a tantrum about going to a restaurant. It’s like dude. I never say no when you ask me to buy you groceries or food and I get hungry too, okay?
Mom told me a story about my aunts and my grandma Raye.

Raye was drunk and talking about dying.

She told the three of them to go through the house and pick the things they want when she died.

Raye said she’d put a little label on them.

The two aunts went through the house like it was Supermarket Sweep, divvying up the goods.

Mom sat there quietly with tears in her eyes.

Raye asked what was wrong.

Mom said I’d give everything to have one more hour with you.

Grandma started crying.

My aunts stood there speechless.

I sat there quietly, considering life without mom, and how I’d ache at the idea of resenting 10 hours in a van together, however stressful some of those hours were.

And how I’d give everything to spend another 10 hours with her in a van, sleepy and crabby with a sore ass.

She is a sweet person.

And maybe in some ways we aren’t that different.

The day my sister met Raye, Raye had her hair up in rollers and she probably had her brandy and her cigarette and had just rolled out of bed and looked like hell.

My sister beamed and said “You’re pretty!”

Somewhere That’s Green
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it

November 20, 2018
Categories: Uncategorized

There’s tagged cars on the grass
And we’re all fucked up on weed
I cook like Walter White,
And I’m obsessed with ICP
There’s plastic on the furniture
J-Lube and Vaseline,
In the popper scented air,
Somewhere that’s greeeeeen. 🖤

Frayed Knot

November 18, 2018
Categories: Uncategorized

I had a dream that I was swinging from a rope on a tree.
I was distracted by all sorts of events unfolding in front of me, all in the form of random artistic, visual, and musical imagery.
So much so, that I didn’t immediately notice that the rope I was clinging on to was on fire and it had burned through all but the last frayed cord.
I snapped out of it and looked to my left and saw what everyone was trying to warn me about just barely in time to save myself from falling.

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**Liturgy Service**

October 29, 2018  
Categories: Uncategorized

I opened the program to the first page and I was confronted with the following:

_We’re here because we’re people who have heard a rumor that there’s life to be found on the other side of death._

_We’re here because just the rumor is enough to bring us hope and just the hope is enough to bring us a moment of life._

_We’re here because even though it is only a flicker, a moment, a breath, it’s changed our death forever. Welcome to Liturgy._

Everyone started singing a hymn that wasn’t in the book.  
My companion for the day was another fellow traveler, a pastor on sabbatical from her congregation in Kentucky. I learned a trick when you’re a visitor or a newcomer — find other new people and make them feel welcome.  
“You don’t know Let it Shine? It’s an old Black hymn. Didn’t the Jehovah’s Witnesses ever sing that?”
“No. They had their own hymns. Terrible stuff like From House to House, From Door to Door.”
_I’ve said a lot of horrible things recently. I’ve failed to resist or speak out. Forgive me and help me to bring Justice on Earth._

During the quiet time I walked past a cubby where they offered “anointing and spiritual healing.” There was a woman in a blanket being embraced, sobbing with a twisted look on her face. God only knows what she’s going through but it was intense.

We returned to our seats and they read through the prayers anonymously submitted by the congregation.  
**People were lonely.**

**People were addicted.**

**People were grieving.**

**People were struggling with depression,**

**Someone left an abusive relationship and didn't know where they were going.**
Damn the darkness that makes me feel separated from God.
It was like a punch in the gut realizing that somewhere in this room someone was going through all these things and putting on their bravest face. Suddenly I didn’t feel so alone anymore.
I lost my shit and bawled.
They offered communion:
Child of God
The body of Christ
Broken for you
I wasn’t sure what you were supposed to say. I raised my wafer, giggled nervously, and said “Cheers.”
The communion volunteer busted out laughing.
It was everything I hoped it would be.
I had showed up feeling hopeless and dead inside. I have to figure out what I’m doing next but I don’t feel like it matters and I don’t really care what’s next.
Maybe I can put one foot in front of the other and do this one more time.
I tried going to an AA meeting afterwards.
The speaker droned on and on and on and on and on and on and on. I’m not saying his story wasn’t compelling, just that after 45 minutes I was squirming in my seat and I had to go.
I got back to the hotel and dug out those drink coupons.
I’ll take another two glasses of um... communion... please.
Just kidding. I wasn’t able to finish the first glass.

Next
October 26, 2018
Categories: Uncategorized

I complained about my few remaining beat up possessions and my run down apartment a couple of weeks ago.

I kind of wanted to get better furniture or make the place nicer, but I also didn’t want to fall into that trap and blow a couple grand on doing so.

I should have put two and two together when maintenance showed up with an exterminator two weeks ago and casually asked me if I’d had any problems with bed bugs.
Why no, I hadn't.

I got back into town this evening and I saw one crawl onto the bed.

I'm not even fucking around. I booked a hotel, put a load of clothes and my backpack in the dryer, and called 1-800-GOT-JUNK to come over tomorrow and take it all away.

I checked into the hotel, showered, bagged up and threw away my clothes and shoes.

I'm surprisingly okay with absconding with my car and just enough belongings to fit in my trunk.

I don't care.

I hate my life.
Neighborhood Alert near Edgewater
Gun shots or fireworks!..... - No wait false alarm it was my dog crop dusting in her sleep
Traffic Stop

September 9, 2018
Categories: Uncategorized

“Where’s home?”
“Chicago.”
“Where you coming from?”
“Los Angeles, via Phoenix.”
“What were you doing in Los Angeles?”
“Drinking and having sex with random guys off of Scruff.”
“Have a nice day.”
"See, I pulled you over today because,"

*Muffled noises*

* Muffled slurping noises*

"Window tint."

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Feeling Arizona

September 6, 2018
Categories: Uncategorized

I’m out in the Arizona desert kicking rocks and grumbling at life.

I looked up and there was a little shrine out here.

I took a few minutes to sit down and write about it.

I picked up some garbage.

I straightened up the flowers.

I repositioned a broken saints head.

I left it just a little bit better then I found it.

At least I stopped thinking about this anymore.

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El Desierto – Canción de Lhasa de Sela

— I HAVE COME TO THE DESERT TO LAUGH AT YOU YOUR LOVE
HE VENIDO AL DESIERTO PA'REIRME DE TU AMOR

THAT THE DESERT IS MORE TENDER AND THE THORN KISSES BETTER
QUE EL DESIERTO ES MAS TIERNO Y LA ESPINA BESA MEJOR

I HAVE COME TO THIS CENTER OUT OF NOWHERE TO SCREAM
HE VENIDO A ESTE CENTRO DE LA NADA PA'GRITAR

THAT YOU NEVER RESIST ME WHAT I WANTED TO GIVE SO MUCH
QUE TU NUNCA ME RESISTE LO QUE TANTO QUISE DAR

I HAVE COME RUNNING, FORGETTING ABOUT YOU
HE VENIDO YO CORRIENDO, OLVIDANDOME DE TI

GIVE ME A LITTLE BIRD KISS, NOTICE HUMMINGBIRD SCARES
DAME UN BESO PAJARILLO, NOTE ASUSTES COLIBRÍ

I HAVE COME ON FIRE TO THE DESERT TO BURN
HE VENIDO ENCENDIDA AL DESIERTO PA QUEMAR
Special “K Hole” Bloopers Reel! Volume One

August 20, 2018
Categories: Uncategorized

My first “bad trip” on drugs was at 13 years old during what was supposed to be a minor outpatient procedure to remove a PIC line for chemo from my chest.

They administered intravenous ketaset and then they were supposed to inject me with Valium to counteract the dissociative effects.

Ketaset is used in children up until age 13 or so. It is thought that children do not experience the dissociative effects of ketaset/ketamine.

They are mistaken.

We would later discover that some idiot used a needle in my PIC line, punctured it with the Valium slam, and all the Valium went out the side of my PIC and onto the floor.

So there I was, high as fuck on a ketamine slam floating above my body casually watching them work on me in a “K hole.”

It was fine until they figured out that there was a cuff of skin growth preventing them from pulling it out. They decided to make an incision in my chest, thinking I was sufficiently sedated.

Except that I wasn’t.

They started cutting into my chest.

At that my observer — mind you, I’m a child — switched from trusting the process to worrying:
Wait, something’s wrong. What are they doing?

I felt no pain but I saw blood and I lost it. My instinct to protect myself kicked in:

I fought through the drugs and started screaming and fighting them off of me.

They grabbed another syringe of Valium and that’s when they realized they had punctured the PIC line and not administered any Valium whatsoever.

My progress notes say that I’m apprehensive about receiving medical care.

Fuck, you would be too!

It would take 8 years for me to use Special K recreationally and go “this is what the hell I was on!”

I knew.

End of story.

I still had to confirm it:

I got copies of my medical records when I was 21... and yeah, sure as shit, “ketaset.”

Then and only then did this extremely bizarre perceptual experience make any sense whatsoever.

I had been left to parse and process that one all on my own for years.

I’d been rebuked for swearing like a sailor and inventing a few new curse words as I fought them off.

That was pretty much the only feedback I got from anyone about this experience.

“I’m done partying. I’m ready to settle in with a good man.”

August 17, 2018
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it

Categories: Uncategorized

**MGTOW Grindr edition: “I haven’t taken any loads today!”**

Lunar Eclipse
August 13, 2018
Categories: Uncategorized

I had a dream I was looking out my window late at night and I saw a lunar eclipse. I called out to some friends to come to the window and look at it with me. When it had passed, a brightly colored symbol appeared in the sky below the moon. It looked like fluorescent colors underneath a black light. Whatever it was, I was awe stricken. When I woke up I knew exactly where the fuck I was.

**Kathy’s Office**

August 11, 2018
Categories: Uncategorized

“Uh, so that’s .. F as in Frank. W as in Walter. And T as in... uh, I don’t know. TWA Flight 800?”
Finally: “What if that had been one of the survivors?”
I looked puzzled.
“There weren’t any survivors, were there?”
“GET OUT OF MY OFFICE.”

**Fast Car**

July 26, 2018
Categories: Uncategorized

I’ve got a fast car, 
I don’t trust it to take us anywhere 
And it has a mismatched wheel.
Call "Triple A" and have it towed somewhere,
If it dies again I might let her.
It needs new brakes, calipers, and shoes
An O2 sensor or something,
Help me push it, this things gotta move!

We were driving, driving in your car
You broke your strut and your torsion bar
City's far away, can't afford to tow her
We're sitting here broke down on the shoulder

And I, I
Have spent too much at Autozone
I, I
Have a feeling something else'll go wrong
And I, I
Have a feeling it'll cost a ton
Cost a ton...
Cost a ton...

---

**Bee Girl**

July 26, 2018
Categories: Uncategorized

I finally watched that video for “No Rain.”
I gathered it was about being so depressed you can't get out of bed. The little girl dressed as a bee was all over Los Angeles and something of an outcast everywhere she went.
I could relate to that.
When she found the gate and all the other bee people to dance with, I went “Awwww.”
I never found that gate in LA.
I never found my other bee people in LA.
Except perhaps Nacuntie, bless her heart.
The Wedding Planner

July 26, 2018
Categories: Utah
Tags: Utah

Tuesday was Pioneer Day, which is an LDS holiday. Most of Utah was shut down for it.

I had trouble getting an Uber or Lyft ride the first few times I tried. The car was a good half hour away from my hotel but there weren't any available drivers.

I tried a third time and was informed that Stella would be there with a Toyota Camry in 24 minutes.

Oh, thank God.

Sheila was 75 years old and had a little trouble staying in her lane, bless her heart. She was going to sign off duty and go to lunch with some friends but she said she had this instinct that someone was stranded because of the town being shut down for the holiday and needed a ride so she accepted it.

Yeah well, accurate.

We shared a lot on the drive. She talked about her addict son who passed away from HIV 20 years ago, and she had some funny stories about his addict behavior and the aliases he'd disappear for years at a shot under. He'd claim to be the illegitimate son of Anthony Hopkins. He'd get loans for cars that got repossessed two weeks later. It wasn't a funny story, yet it was, because I just know it's like.

I tried not to tear up when she talked about the end of his life.

I told her I was positive as well.

Stella is a wedding planner, “licensed officiant & ordained minister” according to her business card for Affordable Alternative Marriages by Stella.

I asked her if she was, by any chance, ordained by the Universal Life Church.

She said “Yes.”

I said “Me too.”
She looked surprised.

I asked her if she gets emails from the Rev. Amy Long.

“Yes, I do!”

“Isn’t she amazing?”

I took her card.

You never know, maybe someone I know will need some help with that whole marrying thing.

She said she does Grand Canyon weddings and other landmarks and parks and whatnot.

She was a doll.

She said she was glad she picked me up after all.

When she dropped me off she said “I just have to give you a hug, okay?”

"Bumble being"

July 24, 2018
Categories: Uncategorized

Jakey described me and my movements as a “bumblebeing.”
July 23, 2018
Categories: Uncategorized

“That which does not kill us makes us stranger.”

— Trevor Goodchild

QAnon (“Q”)

June 28, 2018
Categories: Uncategorized

If you are unfamiliar with the most infamous larp in imageboard history, funded by the Mercs (words have multiple meanings, right “Q group”, let’s pretend I mean “mercenaries”), “Q” is said to mean a “Q level” security clearance.

Let’s say that “larp” is slang for role play and that “imageboards” are the chans: 4chan, 8chan, etc. If you are just interested in Q then it is simpler to read one of the archives of Q’s posts such as http://qanon.pub

The reader is supposed to suspend their disbelief and trust the individual(s) posting as Q because they supposedly have access to classified information and the President himself has given Q his blessing to leak it. That’s the basis of its claims of credibility.

Conveniently, you can’t review this hypothetical classified information to call Q out on their bullshit and neither can anyone with most traditional security clearances.

Anyone with a Q clearance has a National Security Critical or Sensitive position and I couldn’t think of a more criminally irresponsible person to fill one of those roles with than someone who gets on some forum like 4chan to blab about their sensitive role or their access privileges — let alone divulges any of the information they have access to.

But you’re being asked to believe that this is exactly what’s going on.

Once you’ve moved on from the origination story and accept Q’s ongoing claims you are lulled into a seductive (but false) sense that justice will be served.

That it will be swift and that things are under control. The bad guys will get what’s coming and good will prevail.
It’s just a gram of soma. You don’t have to take any action or do anything, keep walking in your sleep.

Trump and his administration are the heroes of Q’s story so you have a faction of his supporters who totally lap this shit up. As long as they’re under Q’s spell they won’t be making any fuss or writing any letters or preparing to burn shit because the indictments aren’t happening yet.

(You’re not allowed to call Q-tards stupid if you’re still holding your breath for the outcome of the Mueller investigation.)

Q is either the best larp 4chan has ever seen or it is a psyop.
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it

a film by ZEB and ELISA HARADON

WAITING FOR NESARA

"Unbelievably outrageous, supremely ridiculous, absolutely f***ing crazy. What Haradon captures on film is truly fascinating."

-Daniel Wible, FILM THREAT

Ever wonder what Bush, aliens, and Jesus had in common?

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Dark Night

June 20, 2018
Categories: Uncategorized

I stayed up all night as the black sky had brightened
No reason to sleep, there was nothing worth waking for
The look on my face half serene and half frightened
No reason to dream there was nothing worth dreaming for
I took life in stride and said I’d never give in
For ever failure dealt me I laid down a win
But this day I realized there was no end in sight
I would live alone, die alone, sleep alone at night
All life was about was some sick god’s game
The end game was sorrow, loss and pain
Just when things get better it’s fucked again
It’s really no wonder I’m all fucked in the brain.
At the End

May 28, 2018
Categories: Uncategorized

“At the end of your life, go out with a bruised-up, worn out heart that gave too much and loved too strongly, and felt too fiercely.”

— Unknown, sourced from Sarah Snow

The US-101

May 22, 2018
Categories: Uncategorized
Tags: transcribed rambling
Just as I thought I had finally broke free
I saw three miles of taillights in front of me
The city was so grey today
And I’d almost reached the sun
But it was bumper to bumper on the US-101

*There’s an exit to the right.*
*I’d turn on my blinker,*
*But it’s not polite to do that on the US-101*

Traffic inches forward on a one way street
Lined with clapboard houses I could never afford
Oh Lord, you won’t even buy me a Honda Accord
The street signs have an italicized cartoon font
You can even live here if you want
There’s Sothebys and Keller and Century 21
With convenient beachfront access and the US-101

There are no restaurants here,
There are no stores.
I wonder what people in this town even eat.
They must breathe in the air and get the nutrition they need from their earbuds and iPods as they jog with their dogs
Making better time in the bike lane
Than all the people like me
Trying to break free
From the traffic situation on the US-101
I’m being passed by a skateboard
The occasional bike
A waving shirtless jogger
Some guy in a green Prius
Who must think that his car is a bike
I’ll see him again soon on the US-101

At every other intersection
A disembodied voice says “turn left here.”
No thank you.
I am not going anywhere near the US-101

Until I reach the reason for the delay:
A woman with a wrecked Mercedes
Being towed away
Second driver today
Who had managed to have spun
Across all three lanes of the US-101

Wrapping a fur coat around her tightly
It’s cold outside but she looks okay
Her yellow lab is relaxing in the sun
With his tongue sticking out,
Tail happily wagging
It looks like he’s been having fun today
On the US-101

Top down at the rest stop in Gaviota
With a wide open throttle
Escaping the last several inches
of the traffic and the smog from LA
Where the freeway ends
The PCH begins
And I have exactly three hours left
Until the ranger chases me away
Texas in my Rear

May 18, 2018
Categories: Uncategorized
Tags: VPC

Seven months and another transmission rebuild later, I’m reunited with my car. I went to my old home group in Austin. The only people really left were the ones I had been closest to. They had welcomed a stranger and been kind to me. Sometimes the winners and the losers aren’t who they say they are or who they are said to be. I forgot about that sweet spot at about 79MPH when the whole car has this weird industrial sounding hum. I lock into that sound and resonate with it. It’s pleasant for some reason.

I am sitting in the nuclear reactor.

Click, set, go.

I drove through all the hues of Texas and watched the lightning lick across a wide open desert sky for hundreds of miles late last night. It was neat. If I could be anywhere right now this is exactly where I’d like to be.
Church

May 17, 2018
Categories: Talking to my angel

Melissa Etheridge’s “Brave and Crazy” is on the mandatory playlist in Arizona.

I used to listen to that all the time when I was 15 and working as a tour guide for the city museum.

It was a small town. Visitors were few and far in between.

I got picked on in school because I “wasn’t from around here” (hey dumbfucks I am literally related to Benjamin Edgerton by marriage) and didn’t go to their church. And they all laughed at my ankle monitor in the gym shower. People started to whisper about how I’d transferred here from the juvenile prison.

Their nickname for me was “Church.”

Suicide was starting to cross my mind when Lizzy Londerville handed me a cassette tape of Marilyn Manson's “Antichrist Superstar.”

She wrote a sweet and encouraging note and said “evil within will allow you to be you.”

Never underestimate what a kind word will do to someone who hasn’t heard one in a while. I’ll circle back to this and underline it again later.

From that point forward I huddled with the goth crowd. They took me in and people mostly stopped fucking with me.

One of the times I was heckled one of the goth boys grabbed me and made out with me.

We hated the army recruiters. I’d walk up holding hands with one of the goth boys and we would flip through their brochures feigning STRONG interest in enlisting. It was hilarious.

We didn’t really have the internet just yet — BBS and dialup shell accounts, sure — but I was born a troll. One of the goths figured out that the admin password for the LanTastic software was “Football” and I started going into home directories and downloading test answers.

I deleted the principal’s resume and I kept her dot matrix printer busy from time to time printing out Marilyn Manson lyrics. I preferred to do it when she had left for the day and I could waste all of her paper.

- One “Dr” (phd in some stupid shit like English) Jennifer Gottlieb, who is very enthusiastic about
putting children in literal jail for dress code violations but refused to do anything about queer bashing or queers being beaten – very typical of the petty small minded tyrants who run the K12 to Prison Pipeline.

I got her into trouble with the state for fraud – she would simultaneously try to have me arrested or my license revoked because I had run away from home — while collecting $40,000+ a year and falsely claiming her school provided me special education for those two years. She had to pay it all back:


The one asshole who used to physically assault me and shove me into lockers and shit (no one would do anything about it) used to drive by and scream “Hey freak are you going to church?” at me when I walked to work or school.

He crashed into a tree drunk and died at 21.

Today I listened to an old favorite album and gave my first thought in decades to those long, hot, and sleepy afternoons sitting in the Tobacco City Museum listening to Melissa Etheridge and k.d. lang, waiting for the occasional visitor who I’d be forced to say something nice about Edgerton to.

If I could go back and give some advice to 15-year-old me, it would have been to throw away the tour guide script and make up my own until someone fired me:

“Welcome! So, they used to grow tobacco here but that was a hundred years ago. Now there’s just a Piggly Wiggly store and a bunch a racist shitheads. My favorite part of Edgerton is Highway 59 leading right the fuck out of it, you can see it out of this window on your left. Do you want me to show you some rusty old shit that people have found in barns and farm houses in the local area and donated to us? Some of it’s kind of neat. I guess.”

Melissa and k.d. were my main points of reference for being gay at the time, which everyone but me knew that I was by then. I would look at the cover of Melissa’s self-titled album and I knew right then and there that I wanted to dress just like a lesbian.

Our ignorant ass principal would look at my leather bracelets and my turquoise bandanna with a rainbow on the front of it and she’d say I couldn’t wear it because it was “gang related.”

The goths discouraged my desire to dress like a lesbian and steered me towards such edgy and original apparel as black mascara and dog collars and Nine Inch Nails T-shirts. I sighed at everyone saying “this is the real me, expressing who I am,” honestly I only dressed like that because I enjoyed that “dead inside”
look in the principals eyes that told me how badly she was wishing that I would go home and put my old clothes back on.

I had a girlfriend who shared my love of Melissa and k.d. and she turned out to be a big ole lez too. She ended up turning into kind of a bitch so I just stopped calling her one day and that's okay because the only other thing we had in common besides our love of Melissa was our mutual relief that neither of us ever wanted to have sex with the other.

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A Dream Within a Dream

May 15, 2018
Categories: Uncategorized

I was sound asleep and cuddling with someone in my bed when the phone rang in the middle of the night. I heard a woman on the answering machine sobbing and saying she needed to talk to me. Who in the world-?

He said “I think it’s your mother.”
It was very familiar and casual like we were together or something.
I jumped out of bed and I tried to dial my mother’s number. It was some sort of complicated PBX extension mounted on the wall.
My companion hit the “outside line” button for me.
My sister answered the phone.
I asked what was wrong and if mom was okay.
She started unloading about how bad things had gotten.
I told her look, it’s your decision. This is what happens when you put a bag of dope in your arm, and if you like what you’re getting out of it then keep doing it.
I said I don’t even want to talk to you.
“You lie. And you lie. And you lie, and you lie.”
I slammed the phone down onto the receiver.
He was not even slightly fazed by this interaction.
We went back to sleep. I had a dream within my dream.
My companion was at my side and he felt like he belonged there.
When I woke up he was there.
We were out walking around somewhere together.
It was early. There was a little mist on everything.
The sky was grey and the grass was soaked.
Perfect hoodie weather.
The grass and the trees made me think we were somewhere in the Midwest or the Northeast.
We crossed a street.
I told him about the dream I had.
He said he felt the same way.
My heart soared.
I kissed him.
Then I woke up alone in some Holiday Inn in fucking Texas.
I mumbled “Fuck,” instantly remembering who and where I was.

TMI

April 22, 2018
Categories: Uncategorized

I started to write a haiku about visiting my family and all I came up with was:

Hell no! TMI!

Cook Chicken

April 20, 2018
Categories: Uncategorized

I knock the shit outta bitch
w the opposite hand
Let the pimp have a grip
Bitch wobble and stand
I got a gun with
A gold tooth
Polish my hand
My bullets hold truth
Girl gobble the man

I gotta baseball mitten
For the oven in my kitchen
One for both hands
But the other one is missing

Good grief
Bad thief
Good hiddens
Be a good girl make it hot
Cook chicken

– Unknown, texted me this on 4/20.

101 Stories About Returning to Chicago

April 12, 2018
Categories: Uncategorized

I finally met Annie after talking to her online for a year.

She said something about a meeting at Rivers Edge Hospital.

I grinned and said "I escaped from that place."

She laughed and said “good for you! The staff are terrible there, they treat you like prisoners."

I agreed. I said “it was just like being locked up in county."
I was at the hospital for some other reason and a doctor told me I was “tangential and all over the place.”

I explained that I’d been up for a few days doing crystal meth, so of course I’m tangential and all over the place. How many years did you spend in med school to figure that out?

Well, that got me committed fast.

The doctors at Rush put several false statements on their paperwork and I would later learn that quite a few people had reported the exact same thing to the state.

“High and not interested in getting help” is not a valid reason to invoke that process and they know it and I
know it. So they made some shit up.
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it.
I don't know how many times I've pissed off the Annoyance Theater, dragging their sign over to NTAC.

After detaining me under false pretenses and sending me to such squalor and filth (how this oubliette is even licensed as a healthcare facility is beyond me) these fuckers at Rivers Edge were screaming orders at me and I took exception to that.

The first thing I did was talking them into making it a “voluntary” admission. I don’t need that shit on my record. They actually agreed because now it meant they didn’t have to take me to a judge in the morning.

Then the second thing I did was to rip the placard with my room number on it off of the wall and then I used it to jimmy open the social workers office.

There was a ring of keys in her desk drawer next to a pair of running shoes.

And if that isn’t Providence, I don’t know what is.

I used her keys to silence an emergency exit alarm and open the staircase.

Then I walked to a bar and panhandled for bus fare and beer money.

None of the staff noticed because they were all too busy being assholes to the other inmates— errr, “patients.”

When I got home I faxed them a copy of their ring of keys and my middle finger. 👌

I think that’s when they went “oh shit” and did a census of all of their patients and noticed one missing.

I ended up on a missing and endangered list for a minute. I negotiated with them to return the keys and sneakers in exchange for my cell phone, keys, and wallet. It cost $800 in lawyers fees to make them fuck off and not press charges for stealing her sneakers.

That said, I would have gladly paid even more then that to not spend another minute in that filthy fucking shithole being treated like an inmate and screamed at by those awful people.

I also think they were all talk. I argued with Cliff a little and said there was no way in hell they were actually going to go on public record and admit to their incompetence or woefully inadequate security in any detail. Trust me, if the keys were not in that drawer I could have still gotten out. But he talked me into hiring “his guy” to mop it all up, and so I did.

You’ll have to excuse me for not “getting help” considering that’s the kind of place you’ll get sent to in this...
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it

It’s a fucking joke. You just eat paste and shitty jail food for five days and they punt you out on the street and you fall between the cracks again.

Miracle on 34th street in my mind, hallelujah! I’m not an addict or crazy anymore! And all you had to do was put me in a filthy room and scream at me!

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My Paper Yellow Sun Dress

April 2, 2018
Categories: Uncategorized

I’m banned for life from Soldier Field for a drunk and naked streaking incident witnessed by Margaret Cho, Mayor Daley, Megan Mullalley, George Takei, and my horrified mother watching on television.

Cho said something about “balls whizzing past my face” as I was tackled, handcuffed, and dragged off. Squee! Margaret Cho joked about my balls! I’ll never wash them again!

The rest of the story’s pretty funny: Since I was booked in a garbage bag I had to do the perp walk from South Michigan to Rogers Park in a paper suicide dress the next morning, and like every 50 feet someone asked me if I was okay and what happened. Kinda humbling and humiliating.

If you’ve been in county and/or on suicide precautions before you get kind of a morbid and cheerful sense of humor about wearing the “paper yellow sun dress.” I had the deputies rolling in the hallway when I called it that.

I raised some eyebrows climbing my building in my paper yellow sun dress, owing to the fact I had lost my keys in the process and needed to get in through a window. I have no idea what the neighbors made of me after that.

Half of them already hated me for the loud music and sex parties. I think I got a few cocked heads and something along the lines of “what is that cracked out idiot doing now?”

The next night the Chicago Spirit Brigade recognized me at a bar, gave me a big round of cheers jeers and applause, bought me drinks and gave me a team pin. Hey, this is the asshole that ran naked through our...
formation! Best night ever. Charges dropped. Literally laughed out of court and told “You’re lucky the judge is a Bears fan!”

Why would I do this?

Because the Victimized Generation was put in charge of the ceremonies and they had a huge presentation with the aids quilt, some queen sobbing that he was going to suicide because someone called him UGLY (gasp) and it greatly offended me how fucking contrived it came across because I’ve actually experienced that. Then the lights went dim and the Jumbotrons all said “VICTIMIZATION.”

I told Wayne, “fuck that I ain’t no god damn victim, hold my beer. I’m putting the fun back in funeral.”

I waited until the “wave” hit the north end of the field and security’s attention followed it.

Then I dropped down on the field from the south side and was completely unnoticed until I was halfway across.

“a pear shaped streaker” well, at least I have a pear.
The Nowhere I'm From

March 26, 2018  
Categories: Uncategorized

I was asked if I was ever out at this house out in the woods, some old couple who were notorious in the after hours scene.

“I’m persona non grata there.”

He asked me why.

“I broke up with my boyfriend there and he rolled his car three times in their driveway.”

“Oh! Was that that idiot Chris?”

“No, it was Brian.”

I elaborated: Brian had called me on my birthday and said he was working late in Whitewater and he couldn’t meet me for dinner. I never gave it a second thought until someone came up to him at that house and said hey remember when you were here for that sex party over the Fourth of July? It was hot wasn’t it?

It was little Marky, coked out of his mind and cheerfully giving us all a recap about what happened in the hot tub while I sat at home alone.

I looked at Brian and he had that “oh fuck” face as he saw me doing the mental calculations. I calmly headed for the door and tried to ghost on them.

Derek’s eyes opened wide.

“I REMEMBER YOU. I asked you if you wanted a taxi or anything, you just said no thanks and left. Everyone was like what the fuck is this guy really going to walk to Madison?”

I stared at him hard for a second and then in that instant we recognized each other from that night.
“Hah. Watch me.”

I explained that I’d told Brian I didn’t want a ride and that he’d been drinking too much.

He took it upon himself to get in the car and come after me. I still don’t understand how the fuck you even roll a car three times on gravel doing just under 5MPH.

I was just trying to excuse myself from a situation I didn’t want to be in without causing a scene.

But now there was broken glass and shit strewn all over the driveway and people spilling out of the house to see what just happened.

Naturally, this is all my fault and I’m “crazy.”

I’ll tell you what would have been really crazy. Getting in that dudes car and giving him a chance to roll it over a couple times on US-14.

I got ready to leave in the morning.

Derek looked really sad.

He said “I feel like I’m saying goodbye to a friend.”

I hugged him.

I kinda like you but I can’t stay here.

---

Information, please

March 24, 2018
Categories: Uncategorized

I think those Illinois Tollway signs that tell you it’s 12 minutes to the Jayne Byrne expressway should also include helpful information like the average booking time for DUI in the Cook County Jail.

“Oh for Christ’s sake, SEVEN hours? I ain’t got time for that!”
*Stops texting, shoves Tanqueray bottle and pistol under the passengers seat*

“I hate this fucking place too”

February 11, 2018
Categories: Uncategorized

My passengers ask how I like living in LA.

“I don’t know. It’s pretty. I work my ass off all night and day and I have nothing to show for it.”

Most of them exhale in relief and say something like “I hate this fucking place too.”

Trust fund kids dressed to kill. They’re going off to live it up and do whatever they’re off to do. I live vicariously through them as I shuttle them to various places I either can’t afford or don’t have the clothes for.

I’ve got that whole “on the outside looking in” thing going on and yet I’m learning where the street festivals are, where the great jazz and Italian spots are hidden up in the hills.

I want to go to the jazz festival.

Or that art show.

One time I got summoned up some mountain in the desert just east of Palm Springs to pick up a hiker and I was like, mother fucker, this is amazing. I want to drop this dude off, log out, change into some sneakers and hike this trail myself.

I should have.

“What is there to do in Palm Springs?’’

“Uh, you can take the tram. It’s awesome late at night after dark. I like to fuck off and drive around in the
desert in a convertible at night. Anything else in Palm Springs, you’re pretty much going to need a penicillin shot afterwards.”

“You need a what?”

Whoops, I’m talking to normies.

I hate bar time.

I hate dodging drunks and aggressive idiots in sports cars at 2am.

I do kind of like people on drugs other than cocaine. Fuck coke heads, though. I hate them.

“Fuck. My edibles just kicked in!”

I just giggle and put on The Orb or Glass Candy or something.

If your roll’s peaking I’ll rock the wheel a little.

I’ve driven this fucking thing on drugs they haven’t even named yet.

It makes my day when a passenger recognizes some really obscure track I’m playing.

Or they sing along.

“Dude, you’re into some Rose Royce tonight?”

Fuck yeah I am.

Having lived and/or been everywhere is an asset. There’s a good chance I’ve been to your hometown and can place landmarks and spots there.

"So, why are you still single?" Catalogue 46, volume 17.

February 6, 2018
Categories: Uncategorized

And this one time, in band camp, a SWAT team raided my house.

I came to learn of an exchange on the air between Madison radio hosts Zak Rogers and Vicki McKenna:

“You know who that is, right?”

“No.”

“That’s the guy who came in here and set up our webcam in the studio.”

“That guy?!?!?”

She said I was sweet or something to that effect.

They were a little somber after that.

I had been dating one of the country DJs briefly and he wasn’t especially impressed.

It was front page news but all traces of it quietly vanished.

The outlets reporting on it were all Lee Enterprises assets and I used to work as a contractor for them, I even made house calls to the editor of the Capital Times.

I was known to some news/radio/media people into town who didn’t immediately make the connection that I was “that guy.”

But when they did the whole story went down the memory hole. I don’t know if it was a favor or if they just would have found it embarrassing for someone to point out that I was one of theirs.

I did a bunch of ecstasy with one of their managers and fucked him so who knows who was pulling for me. I didn’t get charged and everything related to this was scrubbed off of the internet.

I love how my last evaluator scowled and wrote “raid” in BIG PRINT and ““ air quotes ““ like she thinks I’m a total fucking nutter and making that up.

She didn’t believe a word I said.
POW!

February 2, 2018  
Categories: Uncategorized  

I went to the beach on Sunday. I had no reaction to it whatsoever.  

No peace, no calm, nothing washed over me. I left.  

I worked for 29 straight days last month.  

Nothing was going to un-knot me or wind down the kind of stress I'm under.  

I had a stadium to myself again for a brief moment before the event came on.  

I wanted to bail before doors open but my customer was like, “Hey you look stressed out. Why don’t you just hang out here and relax and watch the show?”  

“Really?”  

Nobody ever does that. I am not allowed to ask for access or favors but I am allowed to accept.
I shut my laptop down and I kicked it and watched the concert.

My last year or two flashed before my eyes for a second, just what all these eyes have taken in and where I've been from point A to where I was standing right at that second.

I have photographic and a good strong visual/spatial memory and if I really want to think about all the pictures for a second I am all but overwhelmed by visual information, landscapes, blinky flashy shit, highways and oceanfronts.

POW!

I thought about that picture perfect afternoon on Sunset Blvd when I headed home thinking it was “game
over” ...

: It was not, in fact, over.

– Happy FISA Memo Day!

February 2, 2018
Categories: Uncategorized

2022 – Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it

Preface: This is not a leak, this is just a private citizen’s best educated (and lab reproducible) guess at how something like this MIGHT work.

2022 – Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it

What happens in Room 641A and others like it??

Do they “tap” into your home internet connection or something?

Nope. They vaccuum up everybody’s traffic whether they’re a target or not.

The ISP has no way of knowing what they do with the data, whether they followed the rules or not.

The NSA has employees who are known to have abused these tools to spy on spouses and ex-lovers.

This court order for surveillance does not allow them to establish surveillance. It’s all being hoovered up already.

ALL of it.

2022 – Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it

The court order is what supposedly allows them to peek at it.

Even if you were not a surveillance target in the past, once an order is obtained they can go back in time
(years in fact) and mine through whatever they've stored on you or your close contacts. See PRISM surveillance program. From that point forward they can be alerted to your future activity.

They don't do that by “tapping” you. They do that by mining through what they have already collected.

About this FISA memo chatter— There are allegations that the data is being abused and peeked at without proper due process (and that is 100% confirmed in at least one case by the issue with the NSA employees stalking their spouses) or in the case of this memo, based on false allegations presented to the FISA court, which we now also know to be true.

These concerns are substantiated and this is being abused, end of story. I am going to summarize how this works and how they accomplished that.

The so-called “NSA rooms” are already publicized and/or the subject of litigation from the EFF but the rooms themselves are in practice not any more special or technically different than an undersea cable tap or any other place where interception occurs.

The so-called “NSA rooms” rooms are real by the way: I worked at the AT&T CO in Brookfield Wisconsin. They had one of those rooms as of 2007 and we were not told anything about it other than the fact that it was a spooks-only zone and they’re all over the company.

Although not involved in that, the underlying mechanism is used for several other non-government/private industry applications of the same principles that I have

2022 – Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it

in fact been involved with. The design and the infrastructure has the same end goal: Snooping on “free” wifi users by private entities hosting the free wifi and doing whatever the fuck they want with that data, as opposed to a government entity.

2022 – Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it

That’s a whole other subject. What is occurring?

They probably establish a span/monitoring session for the monitored customer network and spoof the MAC address of its gateway, then configure the device spoofing the gateway for an inbound only traffic policy so that it collects (but does not acknowledge) all of the traffic destined for the other endpoint simultaneously with the intended destination.

Please excuse my handwriting
2022 – Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it

You can cheat by breaking the rules of networking and there is no way to detect that this is occurring.

It’s all collected and vacuumed off to... somewhere.... where it’s indexed and searchable from there.

If I had to take a guess at which platform would be capable of cloning the destination mac, being configured for an inbound only policy, hoovering all of that up, AND forwarding all the traffic out to a collection host my money is on the Cloud Services Router 1000V.

Go ahead and install a demo version on VMWare and poke around. There’s a type of license that you can’t have and it has a *cough* awfully funny name: Stingray.

You know what a Stingray is, right?
It is a product that “could” do all of that and have a staggering amount of traffic shoved through it.

2022 – Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it

The “stingray” feature index appears to be capable of unlimited I/O (i.e. in excess of 10 gigs a second.)

Bear in mind the telecommunications providers are willing (or at least compulsory) participants who are paid millions (?) of dollars to provide access to these traffic flows pursuant to the requirements of the surveillance program so we can safely assume they were willing provided a monitor session (or equivalent) on an interface and then they ran some fiber off to a room for the NSA to do whatever the fuck they want with it.

Let’s configure this in the lab.

Create a monitor session on your core router, let’s say its a nexus 7k:

```
monitor session 1
source interface port-channel31 both
source vlan 123 both
destination interface Ethernet1/24
no shut
```

Then on your monitor session at interface Ethernet1/24:
You can skip that and export NetFlow or IPFIX packets directly from an edge router, but then its configuration would be obvious and it would need to be an active member of the infrastructure rather than a passive add-on you’ve socked away somewhere slurping on a connection agnostically with respect to the make/model/vendor of the two endpoints. The vCSR is suitable for this task.


“Standard NetFlow was designed to process all IP packets on an interface. But in some environments, e.g. on Internet backbones, that was too costly, due to the extra processing required for each packet, and large number of simultaneous flows.”

Now we have “sampled NetFlow” which can be filtered to only collect certain traffic flows that are of interest to you thereby reducing the staggering scale of what we’re proposing here. This feature is only available on the Cisco 12000+ and that may not be the equipment involved.

We can’t force everyone to get this kind of gear on their edge or ask for direct control of it — and it’s not like we’re going to give the NSA backdoor access to your core router, your edge gateway, or your customer’s edge gateway to configure or manage this. It will have to work as I describe in order to meet functional requirements. So that’s why I nominate the vCSR as an example of an add-on with that capability built in that can be tacked on to any gateway whether or not it (it and of itself) supports this feature.

What I am talking about is introducing a vCSR in parallel, which is not something that is visible to (or configurable/removable by) someone in control of the endpoints.

In my lab I’m spying on a gateway device manufactured by Lucent and it doesn’t have the capabilities necessary to export NetFlow let alone sampled NetFlow.

2022 – Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it

When the vCSR is introduced it doesn’t really matter what the hell the gateway device is or whether or not it supports these protocols or direct/native export of NetFlow.
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it

The question isn’t “how do we accomplish this?” the question is “how do we come up with a consistent recipe/methodology for accomplishing this that is 100% vendor/technology agnostic, can drop into any telecommunications provider no matter what is running underneath their hood, and cannot be detected, tampered with, or disabled?” We’re going to introduce the vCSR in parallel to intercept the gateway and force export of the gateway’s data via NetFlow whether it likes it or not.

Instead of speculating on the NetFlow or Sampled Netflow configuration, I will use IPFIX/NBAR as an example of spying on your internet gateway by forwarding a netflow off from the vCSR to a syslog server (open source off the shelf syslog) or proprietary (idk, glownigger shit) collector at 10.123.4.123:

— snip —

! hostname vcsr1000 !

! subscriber templating !
flow record RECORD
match ipv4 tos
match ipv4 protocol
match ipv4 source address
match ipv4 destination address
match transport source-port
match transport destination-port
match interface input
match interface output
match application name
match connection id
collect datalink mac source address input
collect datalink mac source address output
collect datalink mac destination address input
collect datalink mac destination address output
collect datalink mac source address input
collect datalink mac destination address input
collect routing destination as
collect routing next-hop address ipv4
collect ipv4 dscp
collect ipv4 id
collect ipv4 source prefix
collect ipv4 source mask
collect ipv4 destination mask
collect transport tcp source-port
collect transport tcp destination-port
collect transport tcp flags
collect transport udp source-port
collect transport udp destination-port
collect flow direction
collect flow sampler
collect counter bytes
collect counter packets
collect timestamp sys-uptime first
collect timestamp sys-uptime last
collect application http uri statistics
collect application http url
collect application http host
collect application http user-agent
collect application http referer
!
flow exporter SYSLOG
description SYSLOG_SERVER
destination 10.123.4.123
source GigabitEthernet1
transport udp 4739
export-protocol ipfix
!
flow monitor MONITOR
exporter SYSLOG
cache timeout event transaction-end
record RECORD
!
multilink bundle-name authenticated
!
!class-map match-all CVA
match any
!
policy-map TRAFFIC
class CVA
policy-map type access-control MAP
!
interface GigabitEthernet1
ip address 10.123.4.5 255.255.255.0
negotiation auto
!
interface GigabitEthernet2

description THIS IS CONNECTED TO ETHERNET1/24 ON THE NEXUS

mac-address *** SPOOF THE MAC ADDRESS OF THE INTERNET GATEWAY HERE THIS IS THE LUCENT GEAR WITH NO NATIVE NBAR SUPPORT IN MY EXAMPLE , THIS IS A PLATFORM AND VENDOR AGNOSTIC INTERCEPTION METHOD ***
ip address 100.1.2.3 255.255.255.0 *** LOOPBACK ADDRESS DOES NOT NEED TO BE ROUTED OR REACHABLE ***
ip nbar protocol-discovery
ip flow monitor MONITOR input

ip flow monitor MONITOR output

negotiation auto
service-policy input TRAFFIC
!
ip forward-protocol nd
!

— end —

2022 – Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it

Type “show ip nbar protocol-discovery” on the vCSR after a minute or two to verify it’s collecting statistics. You should now have a UDP stream flowing from 10.123.4.5 to 10.123.4.123 on port 4739 that is sending an outbound flow of everything from your production network on vlan123 (invisibly to the endpoints on vlan123.)
2022 – Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it

Sounds spooky. Think you’ll get away with just going to Starbucks or McDonalds? Wrong.

People using AT&T’s “hotspot” internet have their session mirrored off over a vpn (ipsec) connection (“CALEA tunnel”) to the spooks in Virginia. They’re already getting everything on everyone.

2022 – Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it

Why is Randall Stephenson (AT&T CEO) suddenly all in favor of an Internet Bill of Rights as there is all this talk and speculation about what we’re going to find out about FISA abuse and/or surveillance mishandling?

He never gave a shit about any of this stuff his company has contracts open with the US government to do up until now. The only way out of those contracts right now is to create legislation that makes them illegal or will force the nature of them to be renegotiated within the letter of the law.
Disclaimer: I came up with this on my own time with my own lab gear. No leaks, internal communications, or inappropriate disclosures are involved. Configuring a monitor session or a NetFlow export isn't exactly a state secret.

Cheating the rules of networking by cloning the MAC address is a lesser-known way of configuring a sniffer host for an IDS/IPS but it works.

I was (briefly) a Checkpoint Firewall/IDS administrator for a multinational bank on their 24/7 threat and intrusion monitoring dashboard about twenty years ago … right up until security caught me doing rails of cocaine off of my desk on third shift in case you’re wondering why I know how to do that.

Ironically enough, one of the products we used was called “snort!”

Final note: VPNs and encryption won’t do shit to save you from the law or Big Brother.

I can decrypt a process and show you credit cards in transit to and from the CHE without CHE access.

See ya in FEMA camp.

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You Annoy Me :/

January 31, 2018
Categories: Uncategorized

A year ago I wrote this:

“There’s hundreds of people in the group that all think you’re fabulous and either want you, want to be you, or want to be your friend.

Being you looks pretty fabulous on Facebook and Instagram … but I know what’s really going on. “

I used to take it personally when she wouldn’t return calls or texts or make any time for me. Found out she flipped out and tried to kill herself and vanished.
Well, then

November 28, 2017
Categories: Uncategorized

Nacuntie called it.
All we did was cuddle.
I don't have a problem with that. I like to cuddle.
He made sure to let me know that he'd only be into sex with me.
No strings though, he informed me that he's “quite a catch” and can do better than me.

I laid there in bed calmly painting a mental canvas.

_He's two days sober. Ain't working right now because he's in treatment. He left his last boyfriend to go shack up_
with someone he ran off to use with.
Who then overdosed and died.

So that’s like zero for two for the last two boyfriends you were such an awesome catch for.

I might actually be the one you can’t kill or break, dude.

Anyway I’ll sit here and calmly take this story you have to tell and I’ll hold it in my hands with you.

We could have just left it at that with our clothes on.

I didn’t bring up sex. I didn’t bring up dating. I didn’t go there with any of this.

Under almost any other circumstance I’d grind my teeth a little, politely thank you for your hospitality, and catch an Uber home. This time I didn’t.

He was all anxious and freaked out and he said that me being there was helping him.

He snuggled up against me and started snoring.
“A dumpster in Connecticut”

November 28, 2017
Categories: Uncategorized

I don't even know what TV show they're watching in the living room but I overheard a snippet:

“You ever notice how all of his stories are like, this one time, I got so wasted? Or, this one time, I woke up in a dumpster in Connecticut?"I usually ignore the TV, but —
I snorted a little too loudly at that for reasons I would rather not elaborate on.

If nobody has told you they love you today, stop being an asshole.

November 27, 2017
Categories: Uncategorized

When I’m lying next to you,
I can’t help but think what life would be like
With a person like you
Somehow I think only you would do
We’ve been friends for years now
Somehow I think it wasn’t meant to be
The first time we saw each other
We stared with the gaze of lovers

You

stay

on my mind

Time keeps on passing us by

It wasn’t meant to be
Time keeps on passing us by

It wasn’t meant to be
Time keeps on passing us by
Peeking and geeking

November 27, 2017
Categories: Uncategorized

It's not even funny anymore. Dustin just hangs around the house all day, masturbating on Grindr, peeking out the windows, fighting with other housemates, and sneaking out the door to take loads all night.

He started rambling about how the police used to circle the raves and the events, fucking with everybody telepathically.

(want a good shitpost about THAT from 5 years after I wrote this?)

He'd fall asleep face down with that pretty little ass of his sticking up at me and spread wide open in a jockstrap and our beds were about three feet apart. Don't get me wrong, I busted a lot of nuts over that one at 5:00 in the
morning I can't get out of here fucking fast enough. 4:50am and he's out there mumbling at imaginary shadow forces in the bushes outside our window.

“Bitch. I have a job and you either need to sleep or go be high somewhere else.”

I think he wandered down to the couch and fell out until about 2:00 this afternoon.

There was a house meeting today. He blew up at another resident and started screaming his head off in front of one of the program staff.

Not my circus.

Not my monkeys.

I was ready to butter up the popcorn because this shit right here is better than Telemundo.

I’m too damn busy working to go look at places right now and I don’t have any PTO left to take the day off for that sort of thing.

I’m just cultivating a careful facade of normalcy now. It’s time to grow the fuck up and deal with my shit on my own time.

Dustin’s overcompensating for his behavior over the last 24 hours. He’s all like “I’ll make you pasta!” “Hey, I’m going to put your bed together!”

I’ve been through a lot this year and I need tons of undisturbed sleep and I need some fucking peace and quiet around wherever I call home right now.

I shared about it at a meeting and someone gave me his number.

Nacuntie was being her usual shitty and sabotaging self: “Girl you need to be careful that people aren’t just using you for sex.”

One: Disagree there’s an agenda.

Two: How about, let’s not flatter myself?

Three: If I’m wrong? Oh no.

Crawling into bed with some cute gay dude.

No! Please! Anything but that!/sarcasm
I obviously haven’t learned my lesson about going home with someone or bringing them home on November 27th.
Well...

November 24, 2017
Categories: Uncategorized

Lul @ the women at Thanksgiving dinner anxiously eyeing the two gay guys at dinner for signs of us planning to open a joint Pier One Credit Card together later this afternoon.
Mom wascornering me like, “Well?”
“Well, what?”

I identify as a Bear in the gay community. 
Specifically, a Panda Bear:
If you introduce me to a potential mate we won’t get along and then we’ll refuse to mate in captivity!
Finally: “I like chubby guys now, mom. It’s harder for them to run away!”

My parachute has a few extra holes in it.

November 12, 2017
Categories: Uncategorized

The local volunteer FD has a message up on their marquee that says “a mind is like a parachute, it only works when it’s open.”
I think I’ve been supporting this product for a little too long because my immediate thought was “a mind is like a parachute. Sometimes it doesn’t work, even when you open it!”

Stuck

November 11, 2017

https://www.fadingstar.mx/?format=print&post-type=post&order-date=image_size=full&links=include&rendering_wait=200&print-my-blog=1
Wayne and I were both perplexed by our friend Derek’s behavior ever since he’d bought something called an “iPad.”

Wayne said “He just sits there stuck in a loop staring at everyone’s profile pictures. I think something’s wrong with him. He sat underneath that tree all day. And when I went to check on him he was staring off into space and he had tears rolling down his face.”

Pay Attention, this is for you.

November 7, 2017
Categories: Uncategorized

I found the song in Spotify’s weekly recommendations a couple of days ago.

I had heard the tambourine in the opening notes and it reminded me of Tears for Fears’ Shout.

So I grabbed the phone and played that song instead.

Over the next few days it came up on shuffle and I ignored it.

A couple words got my attention though.

I remember thinking there was probably a message in that bottle for me and that I’d get around to it later. It would be a little while longer before I would learn about St Therese of Liseieux.
Forgiveness

November 7, 2017
Categories: Uncategorized

“Foriveness is a great stress reliever, for we receive it in abundance.”
Forgiveness
“what they did yesterday afternoon”

November 7, 2017
Categories: Uncategorized

they set my aunts house on fire
i cried the way women on tv do
folding at the middle
like a five pound note.
i called the boy who use to love me
tried to 'okay' my voice
i said hello
he said warsan, what's wrong, what’s happened?

i've been praying,
and these are what my prayers look like;
dear god
i come from two countries
one is thirsty
the other is on fire
both need water.

later that night
i held an atlas in my lap
ran my fingers across the whole world
and whispered
where does it hurt?

it answered
everywhere
everywhere
everywhere.

— warsan shire
“Be Alright”

October 29, 2017
Categories: Uncategorized

First time I heard this song I was on my way out to California exactly four years ago and I wasn't sure if anything was ever going to be alright.

I remember saying something about how exciting it would be to have another place to not belong.

I remember shrugging and thinking that this, too, would run its course.
Bukkakke

October 26, 2017
Categories: Uncategorized

I had a dream that I was walking across a prison yard drenched in cum. Total bukkakke disaster.

Everyone was smirking and snickering.

I giggled and told someone “I look like I’ve just been hired by CBS AND Fox News!”
What do you dream about?

October 19, 2017
Categories: Uncategorized

I was sitting down next to someone in a dream, kicking it and talking about whatever we were talking about.
He wanted to tell me everything that he dreamed about, and it was more or less a normal life with the woman and the house and the two and a half kids and the cars.
He was a nice enough fellow but I was lost in thought as he spoke and I know he could tell that I didn’t relate to anything he was saying.
He stopped talking and I told him it was okay and that hearing about his dreams and what makes him happy makes me happy.
He asked me “What do you dream about?”
I thought about it for a second, thinking, well, this will be awkward.
I started off hesitantly: “I dream that you exist.”
I continued: “And I dream that I exist.”

Sidewalk Slam

October 11, 2017
Categories: Uncategorized

Mama when I grow up
Don’t tell daddy what I want to be
A Barefoot beggar
playing my music on the street

When those train hopping boys stop by
and rest their lazy bones
I’ll put my arms around them
And make them feel less alone

Sidewalk slam
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it

Drink in my hand
A sidewalk slammer

Daddy when I grow up
Dont tell Mama what I want to be
A traveling gypsy
with tracks under my feet

No one said it would be easy
Life without a silver spoon
Ramen noodles and potatoes
Howling at the moon

Sidewalk slam
Drink in my hand
A sidewalk slammer

Sister when I grow up
Don’t tell Brother what I want to be
A natural seductress
bringing men down to their knees

I can’t stay too long honey
I’ve got more places to roam
I’m a vagabond magic woman,
Everywhere I go is my home

Sidewalk slam
Drink in my hand
A sidewalk slammer

Brother when I grow up
Don’t tell Sister what I want to be
A nappy headed flower child
My van is where I sleep

Don’t be mad because I left y’all

https://www.fadingstar.mx/?format=print&post-type=post&order-date...image_size=full&links=include&rendering_wait=200&print-my-blog=1
To be a no good rambler
I'm as happy as I can be
I fall in love with the weather

With a sidewalk slam
Drink in my hand
A sidewalk slammer
— Cuba Luna, Homemade Bomb

https://soundcloud.com/cuba-luna

Are You Fucking Crazy? "YES."

October 10, 2017
Categories: Uncategorized

“He's on a plane home to his parents. I caught him trying to steal from me and that was the last straw. He's been blowing my phone up and telling me he loves me and that we're going to get married. I replied and I asked him are you fucking crazy? And you know what his response was? YES.”

I shouldn't have laughed so fucking hard.

He sounds fun though.

Where Dreams Go To Die

October 8, 2017

https://www.fadingstar.mx/?format=print&post-type=post&order-date=asc&image_size=full&links=include&rendering_wait=200&print-my-blog=1
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it

Categories: Uncategorized

Some other place I don’t know where I am.
Some other place where I don’t know anyone.
Some other place where I don’t have any friends.
Some other stupid hotel room.
Some other gloomy rain-soaked sky.

https://youtube.com/watch?v=QI8VrXkffgc

Paw

October 4, 2017
Categories: prior-to-migration, VPC
Tags: prior-to-migration, VPC

I had a dream that Tommy (one of our moderators who passed away unexpectedly on Friday) had left a scrapbook behind.
I went to retrieve it.

It was a big scrapbook with a rough red cover and big thick cream colored pages.

I flipped through the pages but I wasn’t sure what I was looking at.

Tommy was in the room with me. He explained to me that it was “character development.”

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**Autumn**

October 1, 2017  
Categories: Uncategorized

I’m pretending the rustling sounds are waves of maple leaves gently crashing up onto a beach of patchy and blighted grass and Creeping Jenny underneath my rake.

A really cold beach: 50 degrees.

Let’s pretend it’s Massachusetts, then.

*Estoy tan solo que podría llorar o Estoy solo y me dan ganas de ponerme a llorar*

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**Disorientation**

September 21, 2017  
Categories: Uncategorized

*I keep waking up and reflexively thinking about how I’m going to need to get out of bed and get it together and get*
back on the highway. Just where the fuck am I, anyway?

Then I look around the room I’m in and I remember.

Heyyyy, stupid. You’re in your own bed!

---

Eh bien, continuons

September 18, 2017
Categories: Uncategorized

click, set, go:

... some familiar places to not belong.

... pedal to the metal in between the nowhere I’m going and the nowhere I’m from.

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It’s Late

June 24, 2017
Categories: Uncategorized

I was laying in bed with David and he suddenly had a startled expression.

He said “Your heart and your throat are going to go. It’s just going to explode.”

Tears rolled out of both of his eyes.”
No one's going to be there. Who's going to be there for you?"
I know that.
But why do YOU know that?

Aspirational marketing
June 3, 2017
Categories: Uncategorized
Everytime I see a commercial for auto insurance, Coors, or Oscar-Mayer Lunchables...
I cheer myself up by reminding myself that “aspirational marketing” is intentionally directed at people who can’t afford the product.

Oh.
May 29, 2017
Categories: Uncategorized
(We did cover that last week.)
Because otherwise you just spend your whole life alternating between painful involvement and painful isolation/alienation.
Shut up. You don’t know my life.
My hearts on fire

May 28, 2017
Categories: Uncategorized

I was just talking about shrooming with an old friend a million years and a million miles ago. Here's one of the tracks off of that Redemption album:

https://youtube.com/watch?v=

I ran into him on 18th street in San Francisco this morning and gave him a gigantic bear hug. I'm so happy I could cry, that made my morning. I stopped for an early meeting on the way home. I was hoping nobody would know me, but I looked around the room and quickly realized that I'd already been passed around this group like the Seventh Tradition. Fuck.

The first person is supposed to pick a topic. Instead he rambled on and on. A few shares later someone said they'd forgotten what the topic was. I said “Mark” under my breath. I heard a few familiar old chuckles. Ahhhh admit it, you’re as happy to see me as I am you.

Drink Me

May 23, 2017
Categories: Uncategorized

I tried “sober living” in Texas 8 years ago.
Some guy I knew off of LiveJournal had invited me to Texas initially, and he meant well but his houseboy was a flaming hideous cunt and pathological user who thought I was moving in on his mark (one, not interested, two, I can get a job and a place to live with my fucking legs closed, OH, and by the way bitch your album sucks) wasn’t having none of me and hey, I don’t stay anywhere I’m not welcome unless they’re serving coffee in the basement, so after a few weeks of that I politely thanked them for their hospitality and off I went.

I was going from door to door selling AT&T U-Verse and sleeping in my Volvo when I found an ad for “sober” living on Craigslist.

The “sober house” was a little sketchy and the owner was this sleazebag named Otto who claimed to have 21 years clean though word was that he’d been drunk off his ass at several meetings that year. I would sit there listening to him on the phone spouting off different lies with different people, describing himself as the property owner, or the manager, or just as a resident depending on the conversation.

“I am the owner.”

“I’ll talk to the owner.”

“I am the manager.”

“I’ll talk to the manager.”

The guy was a trip.

Then one day, he reconfigured my 10×12’ room to accommodate four people, installed bunk beds in the garage, and then started moving people in.

I was like, “I think it’s time to go sleep in my Volvo again.”
Otto refused to give my security deposit back.

He edited my lease, removed the portion about getting my security deposit back after moving out, and said “this is your new lease.”

I said “That isn’t how a lease works.”

He wouldn’t budge, so I started posting ads on Craigslist about the 8 Mexicans living in the garage.

He e-mailed me and taunted me that he didn’t care what I was doing and to just go right ahead.

I had $5 to my name and no gas in my Volvo.

I spent my last $5 on a 40-ounce can of Heineken, which I took a sharpie marker and wrote “Drink me, asshole” on.

I drove to the sober house and put it in the mailbox for Otto.

Well. He did drink it.

He left me a drunk ranting voicemail that my $250 was in the mailbox and I’d better come get it before one of the other residents did.

The last I heard, everyone in the house was drinking and doing heroin after that.

Just me and one other dude that got the fuck out of there sober.

I’ve no idea where my last $250 to my name even got me other than from there to here.
Not Tripping

May 23, 2017
Categories: Uncategorized

“I have a policy against talking to guys in their first year of sobriety.”

Alright.

Well, I have a policy against talking to cockhungry fisting bottoms from WeHo, and YET here we are.
Meh.

May 23, 2017
I blew up in my last session because we’ve taken four weeks to go over a chapter and it’s a non-TSF curriculum that the “facilitator” brought back to pithy NA platitudes and cliches about praying and turning it over to your higher power.
I was like “where does it say anything about that in this chapter?” and I asked her if she was actually qualified to conduct these sessions or if she was just a 12-step plant, because I can go hear this shit at NA for free.
In fact, I have been hearing this shit at NA for the last 10 years and here I am.
She emailed my therapist and said she thinks I’m loaded.
I snorted and said “See? I told you she doesn’t know what the fuck she’s doing."
“What do you mean?”
“Well the others are, clinicians and therapists and stuff. She’s a junkie spouting NA drivel.”
His eyes bugged out.
I was like, “y’all can have my piss, my hair, my blood, my breath, my fingernails, whatever.”
“No, that’s okay, I believe you.”
I told him exactly what I’d said in group.
“Oh, she didn’t say any of that in her e-mail.”
“Meh. She probably can’t spell platitudes.’

Nobody normally misses me when I’m gone.

May 20, 2017
Categories: Uncategorized

My new drug of choice is some boy in group.
He’ll lean in and I’ll lean in and I could just go to sleep like that in my chair and that’d be okay with me.
He complimented my eyes on Tuesday.
I turned red and ran away.
Today he wanted to know if I was any better at taking a compliment or if I was going to run away again.
I dunno. Try me. Probably?
I was feeling less bashful today when I shared that I was overwhelmed with intense emotions and I didn’t know any other way to cope with them other than to crave the steering wheel and the radio and the open highway as if it were a bag of dope.
He lit up and got a glint in his eye at that.
I think a couple people understood that one actually.
Huh.
But oh man, if that’s your idea of a good time? That’s kinda fucking hot. Whatever at least I’m not fiending for dope to bury all these intense and unpleasant emotions, fuck it, where are my keys? I’m going back to Seattle as soon as this stupid fucking group is over. “I got a war in my mind so I’ll just ride.” I suspect these two facilitators hate me and probably can’t wait until I relapse. It’s gotta suck to have me on your caseload. Anyway it’s mutual. Eh bien, continuons. Before I had a chance to bolt out the door he asked me if liked whatever this was about. “Yup.” He dropped something in my hand and asked me promise to return to group and give it back to him. I grinned. Ok, I’ll miss him a little too. Uh, I meant to say, “Maybe. Fuckers.” *Tries to mean mug you all and look hard*

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All or Nothing

May 11, 2017
Categories: Uncategorized

I’d heard the backstory about the founder.

She had behavioral problems and she’d been kicked out of every group in town.

So she went off and founded this place. It helps thousands of people every month.

I knew it was her when I saw her.

She had a couple stacks of paper for a staff training exercise.

She started to explain it, and I said “these are hexadecimal color codes.”

She lit up.

Each piece of paper was broken up into a grid representing a master code with the hex codes for all 256
shades of grey. In HTML and graphics, colors are represented by a [hex code](https://www.fadingstar.mx/?format=print&post-type=post&order-date=image_size=full&links=include&rendering_wait=200&print-my-blog=1), with #00 00 00 being black at one end and #FF FF FF being white at the other end.

The other stacks of paper contained variations of greys in the 16K color range. (The color range can actually extend into the millions. On older computers/graphics processing hardware, they’d pruned that down to about 256 colors on your screen... over time that became 32,000 colors, then 64,000 colors and so on and so on and so on .. my Mac can display millions of colors with four or five scaled resolution options.)

What’s the point of the exercise?

Survivors of abuse and trauma are prone to “black and white” thinking, that is to say, “I like you right up until the point that you do or say something that I don’t like.”

And then it isn’t “I’m upset about this thing you said.”

It’s “I don’t like you anymore.”

(Mmmmmhhmmm.)

I watched this sweet old lady describe the exercise.

She’s adorable.

I tried to imagine some hateful support group deciding that she was garbage and should be thrown away.

I just loved how she basically said “fuck you” and created all of this.

I teared up a little.

The point of the exercise was to get the staff to “match” shades of grey in the range of millions with the 256 shades of grey in the master sheet and then explain how they are not in fact the same color.

*I didn’t have it in me to pull the weaponized autism card and tell her that the printer in the office is only capable of printing about 32 shades of black and that the variations come from the ink, the paper, and imperfections in the printing process. It’s very imprecise, if you printed the exact same document five times and held them up side by side none of them would match each other anyway. Should have printed it in color!*

“Okay, you’re going to explain this one to the other staff."

Very well, then I will explain it to you as well.
Kamikaze, eh?

May 11, 2017
Categories: Uncategorized

We were on Facetime and I was telling him about some of the volunteer work I do, I was talking about how some of the folks who come in are court-ordered, and they’re all mad about it and bitching that it’s a bunch of bullshit and they got played, and blah blah blah and I ask them if they’d rather grab a broom and sweep the 101 or, you know, you can always tell the judge fuck off I’d rather be in jail — right?

I talked about how the “probationers” might not be addicts but they probably have other stuff going on. Legal problems, living in rough neighborhoods, just living the life... and how I was sitting there with a couple of them just kicking it and talking about life. We were cutting up small pieces of paper for a staff training exercise and they were actually enjoying what they were doing so much that I pretended that I didn’t know that there was a paper slicer that could have cut all of this paper in about two minutes flat.

I guess after I told him a couple stories about what I was up to lately, he was finally comfortable enough to tell me that he was extremely suicidal the night that I’d met him and that I looked “scary” and that he was just hoping I’d come over and kill him.

“But no, you were really sweet and smart and cool and—“

I just stared at my phone in disbelief.

I guess... that says a lot... about your needs versus my needs...

The night we met, we were cuddling but I was apprehensive and my PTSD went off. I kept feeling like someone else lived there and might show up unannounced.

Then I saw the pipe on his dresser. He protested it wasn’t his.

I was like, “ you said you live alone, byeeeee."

I’m not sure why I even stayed in contact with him, other than he was kind of funny and cute and a good
kisser and I lived far enough away from him ... it wasn’t a risk.

And that’s the morning I found myself walking across Times Square at 4am; mumbling something to no one in particular on my quasi-shadow banned social media like “sometimes you have a choice about how to spend or end your night.”

That was strike one and strike two — I’ve said enough and I don’t need to go on.

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**Oh well.**

April 23, 2017
Categories: Uncategorized

The speaker came up to the podium and announced that he’d relapsed on meth for one weekend and caught gonorrhea, chlamydia, syphilis, *and* HPV. He received a raucous whistling and cheering standing ovation for that.

Only in Los Angeles.

This guy sat down next to me, grabbed a hold of my hand, and informed me that I’m his boyfriend now.

I shrugged and said “okay.”

He leaned in close to me and whispered “smoking crack is like getting hit by a bus!”

I burst out laughing.

Unfortunately, at that very moment, the speaker had just said that his uncle passed away.
It looked like I was laughing uncontrollably at that.

Oh well. No one likes me anyway.

Better thans: 0 / Less thans: 0

February 18, 2017
Categories: Uncategorized

Occasionally I get a little help with my narrative or perspective.

Today someone shared about entering the rooms feeling “better than” and he talked about being harsh or malicious or judgmental instead of having compassion or empathy for newcomers.

He couldn’t stay sober.

Something clicked: I went into the rooms feeling very much less than, and I had the great fortune of finding an AA group full of “better thans.”

I didn’t get along with quite a few of them and I didn’t really have any compassion or empathy for them either. I basically fucking hated their guts.

And I couldn’t stay sober either.

Well, most of them are gone now.
I guess whether you are a “better than” or a “less than,” the waves will lap away at you until you’re just “one of,” and you will eventually have that removed from you one way or the other.

Plan B

December 16, 2016
Categories: Uncategorized

I didn’t like it out there.

And I do not have a Plan B.

I’m like well? I can live and work anywhere I want to.
So “where the fuck to now?”

I already know that geographicals aren’t a cure.

They’re a treatment. 😊

f**k both of you. I’m not “making the whole thing up.”

“I guess I’ll see ya next lifetime-“

December 14, 2016
Categories: Uncategorized
Is it a labyrinth, or is it a maze?

December 14, 2016
Categories: Uncategorized
At least I’m pretty sure those footsteps on the cobblestones are mine.

December 12, 2016
Categories: Uncategorized

You might think that the serial escape artist would be all over this job opportunity. I’m known for taking random job offers in random cities, sight unseen. I decided to go get a hotel and check it out before we got to the offer/acceptance stage. Everyone’s like “Who are you and what have you done with-?” Because he doesn’t care where he’s going or what’s going to happen there.

I got a connecting flight in Paris and checked in on Facebook. I announced that I was joining Al Qaeda to be a bareback comfort girl for the freedom fighters.

About 1 minute later my roommate was texting me: “GURL DELETE THAT SHIT RIGHT NOW.”
I think this has something to do with why Facebook closed my account with a message that I am “ineligible for Facebook.” I woke up early from a dream: I’d put in my notice and I’d quit my job. I was sad that I was leaving. I wasn’t even sure why I was leaving. I liked my job… Why would I do that? It was one of the best things that had ever happened to me. Why are you doing this? I wanted to call HR and take my notice back. It was too late. I grieved.

Role Play

November 28, 2016
Categories: Uncategorized

I guess there’ll be a dowry of two chickens and a goat or whatever.

I’ve seen the amount of internal accounting controls involved in simply marking down a sales order, heaven only knows what kind of paperwork you’d have to fill out to buy me.

One of my interview questions involved some role play where they needed to save their work because they had 11 minutes before they were killed in a tsunami.

I made a face and asked who on earth would want to spend the last 11 minutes of their life talking to our front-end call center.

What, it’s role play! I’m trying to make it believable!

Fifth Step

November 26, 2016
I don’t trust anyone with my problems anymore.

“So how are you going to do a fourth or a fifth step?”

“Oh, a priest or a hobo or a hooker probably.”

“All excellent choices. It just says it has to be another person.”

“Exactly. I can rent a birthday clown or a mime to make angry faces at my resentments and scared faces at my fears, and I’d better get a damn good show during my sexual inventory!”

Oh!

November 25, 2016
Categories: Uncategorized

“Well there’s one thing I won’t miss about America. All the obligatory holidays I’m forced to attend.”

(Josh): “There’s a loaded pistol in my backpack if you can’t take it anymore.”

“Uhhhh if it was my own family I’d probably take you up on that.”

(Josh): “By the way this an orgy house. Michelle’s dad is gay, he’s a bear and they had a 6-person shower custom built for orgies. Hopefully there aren’t any dildos laying around today, I don’t need my daughter seeing that.”
“Theyyyy wha-?” Good god, no wonder I don’t faze you or your wife.

They were nice people. Her father and his partner were apparently the kind of high strung bears who’d hyperventilate over a carelessly flicked cigarette ash landing in the wrong direction on the patio if you know what what I mean though.

The best thing about thanksgiving was their 5-year old daughter announcing that “Grandpa’s stuffing tastes like penises.”

“I’ll bet grandpa’s stuffing DOES taste like penises.”

:HORRIFIED LOOK FROM MICHELLE:

Homeward, onward

November 23, 2016
Categories: Uncategorized

I drove from Seattle to Los Angeles and then onward to Austin. I picked up a couple of Russian hitchhikers in Tucson and they kept me company for the next 1,000 miles or so.

I was a little incredulous at their plans to sleep in a tent out in the desert. “We are from Russia. And sleeping outside is good for you.”

They’re on their way to Cuba and then South America via New Orleans and Ft Lauderdale. Any other week
I would have taken them the whole way but its a company holiday, I’m off all week, and I have plans for Thanksgiving.

We swapped stories and they told me about working as harvesters out in the marijuana fields out in California and all the strange addicts and miscreants they’d encountered along the way.

“Oh boy, and then you ended up in a car with me.”

I’m glad they’re experiencing the America that I know and love. 😊

I appreciated having some company because Seattle to Austin is a long, long, long time to be out there alone on a highway and lost in your head.

Their English was decent enough. One of them coined the term “minery,” as in a “mine,” and this prompted me to come up with ideas like a “minery tour” where you drive a convertible around the back woods of West Virginia and stop at every mine for a coal sample.

That sounds fun. I’d totally do that.

I had a sad, and it was beautiful all the same, when one of the girls sang along to Anna Nalick’s “(2am) breathe.”

I told them that was the album/song I was listening to when I was moving out of Key West.

I’d barbacked at the 801/New Orleans house and one of our DJs (Junior) played the Blake Jarrell remix of that song all the time.

They asked where they could set up a tent and I don’t really do that sort of thing, so I took them up on the top of the 360 bridge overlook and I found them a clearing in the woods. It was pitch black out, and boy aren’t they in for a surprise.
Memory Lane has a few Potholes in it
11:11

November 19, 2016
Categories: Uncategorized

On 11/11/15 I found myself in one of those stuffy old church basements somewhere in Texas again, actually identifying with what a speaker had to say for himself for the first time that I could recall in ages.

Some dude I was crushing on had a tattoo of Isaiah 41:10: “Don’t be afraid, for I am with you. Don’t be discouraged, for I am your God. I will strengthen you and help you. I will hold you up with my victorious right hand.”

I looked at the clock and noticed that it was 11:11. So I made a wish: I wished that I would never have to sit in another goddamned meeting of Alcoholics Anonymous in Austin TX again.

I put the house back on the market the next day.

Then I threw all my shit away, and I moved back to Los Angeles four days later. Fuck wishing: I make things happen.

The house was under contract in five days, we closed in January.

I’d owned it for 5 years and it was as hard for me to let go of a house and all of my stuff as I guess it is for anyone else. That’s quite a long time for me to stay in one place.

It was a really cute place but I honestly don’t miss the $250 bills from Austin Energy. I don’t miss mowing the lawn. I don’t miss the demon possessed circuit breaker panel that neither myself nor three electricians ever managed to solve.

I do, however, miss my sunflowers and working from home out on the deck under the Texas sun. I’ve driven over a million miles now and when I started this trip I hit a tumbleweed about the size of a deer.
I felt bad for running my mascot over.

Some guy I’ve talked to in passing on and off for the last few years said hi and I really just wanted to turn the car around, drive the 160 miles, and crawl into his bed because being held sounds a lot better than whatever else I’ve got going on right now.

There were dozens of tumbleweeds rolling around on the interstate at 11:11 last night. Oh well, these are my friends now.

I was supposed to find out on Wednesday if I’m being transferred to another team in Belgium, so I’m in between places and it’s kind of hard to plan for the future right now.

This is one of the few times that I’m not drifting around and indecisive about my future by choice. If they say no, that’s fine. I’ll just go get an apartment and have my car fixed. I like the job I already have and I am okay with both outcomes.

I was originally going to shelter in place in Los Angeles for a few weeks and maybe hit some of those meetings up again. They were kind of entertaining in LA.

But instead I found myself rolling my eyes and thinking “You did that for eight years and those people wouldn’t piss on you if you were on fire.”

So I’m just going to key it up and try somewhere else this time.

America the Beautiful, the Horrible, the Amazing, the Tragic.
October 27, 2016
Categories: Uncategorized

I was minding my own business and swigging my beer on a rooftop deck on W 28th St when I was cornered by the Jersey Twins.

They were both really cute, they had me feeling a little insecure.

We’re talking and getting to know each other.

I’m asked what I do for fun.

I explained that I was roaming around America with a backpack and taking it all in.

I don’t think they believed me.

The one on my left sneered and asked “And how is America? Is it beautiful?”

His friend, who I favored more: “Is it horrible?”

From my left: “Is it amazing?”

His friend: “Is it tragic?”

I didn’t have a good answer for that.

But I was living for how these two bitchy manicured cosmo sipping queens from Jersey were trying to make fun of me … or flirt with me … or perhaps both… and in the process had managed to accidentally sum up the human condition from the roof of the NYC Eagle.

They had just made my night

I thought about the question.

I grinned and simply replied “yes.”

I took my beer over to the edge of the roof and sat down alone wishing that Donald Trump would lose the election, stay in New York City, and build a Great Big Beautiful Wall to keep New Jersey out instead.
“A Complete Family”

October 14, 2016
Categories: Uncategorized

— snip —

We walked down the block through the dead trees.
You were smiling.
And I was smiling too.
From the time we were little.
You were always taller, thinner.
You were a kind of lanky Matt Dillon.
I was strong but awkward.
And born with an armour of imagination.
I loved music.
And so did you.
But you loved those loud guitars.
And venom.
That venom with a lost angry sadness.
While I lived in the sadness.
I remember Roy Orbison on an AM radio.
All falsetto and loneliness.
That day was so sharp it cut through glass and warmed the carpet underneath me.
You were out with your friends.
Your best friend’s name was Ray.
He’s in jail now.
A few weeks ago you were sentenced as well.
I sat in my room still surrounded by a sad song thinking.
Thirty years.
It’s been thirty years.
And you’re going to be in there for thirty years.
Now I remember that day you had just gotten out of rehab.
And I was happy to see you.
Happy to hope.
That from that point forward.
All would be better.
And I was proud of you.
And we were going home.
The complete family.
A complete family.
Just you and me.
Mom and Dad.
A complete family.

— Matthew Ryan

100 stories about leaving Chicago

October 14, 2016
Categories: Uncategorized

Whenever I look down at the ground racing below me, I’d be well advised to remember that I only got this job in the first place because some recruiter ended up getting my number mixed up with some other candidate and calling me on accident.

I was heading south on the outer drive and Res (“They Say Vision”) came up on the radio. Steve used to always play a Robbie Rivera mix of that track and he’d just gone off to prison for dealing again.

I’d just warned him: Dude. You have got to get out of the game because you have a gigantic neon sign over your head that says “Arrest me.”

Be he said he’s “got this.”

He wasn’t going to slip up this time.

It was cold outside but it was sunny and beautiful.

I shook my head and I thought “Thank god you’re not on that horrible fucking drug.”
I was on US-41, right next to Soldier Field. Where I’m still banned for life. The phone rang. It was a call from Tina Clark.

Tina sounded a little manic. She said she was airjamming a pretend guitar in her office to Metallica’s “Master of Puppets” while she looked for a Puppet Master.

I was ostensibly leaving for Texas on vacation that morning, but I had despaired at the thought of returning and I honestly had half a mind not to. I wasn’t sure but I had some time to think about it and perhaps begrudgingly make the right choice to turn those wheels back north towards February, the looming cloud of my boss’s halotosis, and an alarm clock set for 5:15am.

I wasn’t actively looking for another job. I didn’t even have a resume posted anywhere. But I had a feeling that I was about to say adios to the doublemint twins and the stock exchange after all.

Before I was doing stadiums or chatrooms, I was staring at > 250,000 transactions per second and porting all the stuff that starts and stops the CBOE every day from Linux to Solaris.

I did what I was hired for and stayed until it was completed. The migration and the move from Chicago to New York was successful. They had offered me permanent work and I didn’t want it. I loved it there but I have sleep apnea like a motherfucker and it was all I could do to show up on time every day and finish the scope of work I’d promised to and crawl across the finish line.

“Well, I’m really beginner to intermediate with that and I only learned it under duress. I was kind of forced to learn it so how about a Puppet Slave instead?”

“That’s closer than I’ve gotten all day!”

Before that phone call was over, she was like “OK fuck that other guy, we’re submitting you instead!”

“All this time I’ve spent looking for a Puppet Master, and I should have been looking for a Puppet Slave...”

Tina ended up placing me at eBay and Cisco. I literally owe everything else ... from that point forward ... to a recruiter calling me on “accident.”
Palm Springs

September 5, 2016
Categories: Uncategorized

Went to the desert
On a mission
To have a vision
Or write a song
I left real early
I left my cell phone
I took the Prius
It gets good mileage
Something’s gonna happen
To change my world

I’m on the highway
I pass the windmills
I pass the outlet stores
Soon I’ll find the sacred places
I’ve been searching for

Wild horses
Hawks circling
Gram Parsons, inspiration
Big cactus
Coyotes
Something’s gonna happen
To change my world

When I got there
To the motel
It was different
Than on the website
It was crowded
Mostly seniors
There was a bar band playing “Bad, Bad Leroy Brown”
So I went hiking
It was so barren
And it got too hot, so I turned around

Went to the main drag
I saw the statue
Of Sonny Bono
And he was smiling

Something’s gonna happen
To change my world

— Jill Solbule, Palm Springs

A dirty bottle washes ashore ...

July 9, 2016
Categories: Uncategorized

A dirty bottle washes ashore:

It says “Help me, I’m in over my head.”
Help me,

Help me,

Help me get to heaven and back again.

Texas

June 10, 2016
Categories: Uncategorized

It’s only by a profound fucking act of divine grace or mercy that you haven’t died alone in one of those hospital rooms just like the way you lived your life.

And you got to feel the sun shine on your face a few more times instead of being wheeled out of there under a sheet.
Just like all those other times you never should have made it through the night.

Unless that's actually happened and the universe simply doesn't have the heart to let me know that I didn't make it after all.

Do we just keep forking off into alternate realities where we did and didn't, until we accept it?

The worst time I had was convulsing in that jail cell.
My eyes were rolling in the back of my head when they fingerprinted me. I’d thought I’d died at some point in an observation cell that morning. But I heard the meeting bell from my home group clanging and it roused me.

Nothing else had worked, but somebody had thought to bring it to me and ring the god damned thing over and over and over again to wake me up.

And you were there, and you were there, and you were there.

Daniel was holding me and crying and saying you dumb fuck, you scared me, don’t ever do that to me again.

But it was just a dream.

I came to in a puddle of snot and tears and puke and an incredible amount of pain. It was still just a cell and they were all gone.

I was incredibly cold and the magistrate was asking if I knew where I was.

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Pursuit

June 14, 2013
Categories: Uncategorized
Tags: prior-to-migration, VPC

I dreamt that I was being pursued down a staircase that went down endlessly in a spiral.

There was no escaping whatever was chasing me.
The staircase was dark.

There was no end in sight.

I ran.

And I ran.

And I ran.

And I ran.

And whatever I was running from was only a few inches away from nipping at my heels.

I gave up.

I got down on my knees and said the “serenity prayer.”

God, grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change.

The courage to change the things I can.

And the wisdom to know the difference.

I heard a voice telling me “Welcome home” just before I woke up safe in bed.

In the beginning, there was a song

August 5, 2002
Categories: Uncategorized
Exhaling a warm and saturated breath
The combination of my air and my breath meets the dew point
I release a cloud of condensation
It’s like standing outside in the winter
But it’s August and it’s 75 degrees in here.
Why can I see my breath?
Breathing in and out, slowly
A criss-cross grid of fine blue lines falls down towards me
Like a trappers net, only like a feather
It hovers about a foot above me
It arches up in a form of the contour of my body
It’s a mirror of me in a cross cross grid of dark blue glowing lines
I extend my hand towards it
It moves away from me
I touch it; It is ice cold
I snap my hand back

A radio is playing Amanda Ghost:
“Welcome to my Filthy Mind”
Suddenly I have the sensation of looking at myself from far above myself
Consciousness is a separate thing from my body.
Well, I’ll be damned.
I’m over here.
And now I’m over here.
With nothing more than a thought wishing it so, I change the location from which I observe my motionless body on the floor below me
Next, I observe myself from the other corner of the ceiling.
Check this out, I’m over here.
And now I am over here.
But I am down there.
The room turns into tiny blocks
(Tiny cubes)
(One inch cubes)
These blocks become smaller
(And smaller)
Until they are now tiny pixels
The pixels and cubes crash into each other
They take on the essence of water
The room is an ocean of cubes
And I am also made of cubes
They are dissolving
I am dissolving
I become one with the ocean
A wave rises up from the floor
The carpet and the furniture ride the wave
Four feet into the air
Now it’s a gentle rolling wave
Rolling towards the wall
Another wave rises up
And I dive into the wave
The wave becomes a sheet of glass
I crash through the glass
(It’s definitely glass)
(It could also be a mirror)
The glass shatters and tinkles
And the shards fall down the chasm with me
Tumbling down like Alice
I hear a tinny sing song voice:
Giggling “oops, shit, fuck me!”
I let out a breath and everything leaves me
None of that mattered
It’s over
None of that mattered
It’s over
None of that mattered
It’s over
I feel immense relief
(None of that mattered)
(It’s over)
(One could weep with relief)

I’m standing on a glowing white floor
Maybe it’s a disco floor
Maybe it’s a server room floor from the IBM commercial
It's whatever I want it to be
I will a home into existence
Merely with thoughts
Creating with my own volition
Everything looks real
The hardwood floors are made with the wood from dicotyledons
The wood fibers run down the planks like dark brown rivers
I touch the patterns and I admire the grain
This a beautiful floor and the wood is alive
I stare at the rocker switch mounted in a wall receptacle:
Professionally installed;
With only a thought it is there.
It even has little white screws
To imagine something is to create it in this space
I think to myself, if I can will things into creation with a mere thought,
Then surely with a mere thought I could destr-
I’m not allowed to finish this thought.
I’m cast into a darkness of groaning souls sitting down and bent at the waist, their heads down to their knees
They moan and groan
I don’t know if they know where they are
There is nothing but darkness and shadows here
Or is there?
I look way way way up
There’s a tiny window with a glowing yellow light
I concentrate on it
I ask it to help me
And it does
Whatever is up there and listening is so merciful it could not possibly deny your request.
Even me?
(Someone like me?)
Yes, you.
And just like that I am gone

Now I’m marching in formation
With shadowy shapes of humans
None of whom are aware they’re in this space
But not me, I see the room we are all in
Where are we?
Where are we going?
I jump up and down like a little hyperactive kid
I see myself from outside of myself
And I go, oh! That is who you are.
Along the wall we are being watched
By three silent observers up in recesses in the wall to our left
They’re looking at us through something that looks like a giant studio camera
The lens is a yellow square
Like the same yellow square I asked for help.
I ask where we are and what is going on
The observer in the middle puts his fingers to his lips and motions me to shhhhhhhh.
The floor begins to open up
It looks like a bright blue glowing map of the earth where the oceans lie
It swirls around in a vortex like a hurricane
It’s maybe a hundred or a thousand feet across
And a giant eye appears in the center
The eye is maybe twenty or two hundred feet across
It stares at me
It blinks
I go “oh no, I am god.”
Then I recognize my own self deceit:
My ego, beholding this beauty and creation
Wants to think that it is me
And that is of me.
I am one with it and I am of it
But I am not it
It is not the one that is from and of me
I am the one that is from and of it.
I am ashamed and I humble myself:
You are not God.

I am taken to a space where we discuss my mission in life
You have to go back.
I am not allowed to remember the content of this discussion
Other than this question:
Where did God come from?
I am told that even if there was a way to communicate that to me,
I do not have the capacity to understand.
I accept that answer.
It makes sense.
I am allowed to remember this question and this answer.
But not the rest, because to be consciously aware of the conversation is to directly influence what I do next.
I have to figure it out on my own.

I’m approaching a bright white light,
The light is love.
The light is nothing but light.
The light is joy.
The joy is pure
The joy only wants to radiate and reach out and turn everything it encounters into white light and joy as pure as itself:
I become one with the ocean of light
I am me,
I have my own thoughts
But I am one with everything.
We are all in harmony with our creator and creation,
Except that God is still something separate that we can be in communion with, but that we are not.
This is the source,
This is place where your burdens are borne
This is the consciousness that hears your prayers
Heaven knows what you’ve been through
And there is a lot that I still do not understand
The sacrifice was only the beginning
This is the place where all human experience exists
Simultaneously and without contradiction
From the beginning to the end
What is real and true to me,
What is real and true to you,
All reality, all truth
It is happening here
All of your eternity is only the blink of an eye here
Heaven only knows what you’ve been through
This is lovely but it seems like spending eternity here would be rather dull.
Well it’s anything but dull,
If you tune into what’s going on.
I try and the first things I see are my (now ex) partner and my (now ex) roommate.
They are alive, of course.
I was always told you’d see Grandma and dead people
But I only see the living.
I have to go back.
Can I go back?

There is some discussion.
Yes, you can go back.

The space I’m in spins like a tornado
I am caught in a storm
It’s a million miles an hour
I’m slammed back into the wall
I sing and I cry out in tongues

The sequence of the experience of being returned here happens over and over and over again:

I open my eyes and I’m so sick I could vomit. I search the room, I ransack the room looking for something to
I find an Aldi’s grocery bag and I open it and just as I am about to hurl my guts out into it, the sequence starts all over again:

I open my eyes and I’m so sick I could vomit. I search the room, I ransack the room looking for something to puke in.

I find an Aldi’s grocery bag and I open it and just as I am about to hurl my guts out into it, the sequence starts all over again:

I open my eyes and I’m so sick I could vomit. I search the room, I ransack the room looking for something to puke in.

I find an Aldi’s grocery bag and I open it and just as I am about to hurl my guts out into it, the sequence starts all over again:

I open my eyes and I’m so sick I could vomit. I search the room, I ransack the room looking for something to puke in.

I find an Aldi’s grocery bag and I open it and just as I am about to hurl my guts out into it, the sequence starts all over again.

Over and over and over again.

And then, finally I open my eyes and I am in more pain than I’ve ever been in my life.

I know where the Aldi’s bag is this time.

I open the drawer it is in.

I open the bag.

I hurl my guts out into it.

My next thought perplexed me: “You cheated.”

Renee is in the room with me

Renee is as pale as a ghost.

Renee says “You are incredibly strong.”

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I Know an Old Lady Who Swallowed a Pill

July 8, 2002
Categories: Uncategorized

There was an old lady who swallowed a pill
She rolled down the hill like Jack and Jill on a pill
Perhaps she'll die!
There was an old lady who snorted a line,
She giggled and giggled and then she felt fine.
She snorted the line to come off of the pill,
She rolled down the hill like Jack and Jill on a pill
Perhaps she'll die!

There was an old lady who tweaked from one bump,
The apartment was depressing: It was a dump.
She tweaked from one bump, she was tired of lines.
She snorted the line to come off of the pill.
Perhaps she'll die!

There was an old lady who swallowed a swirl.
She ripped off her clothes, freaky little girl.
She swallowed the swirl to take off the sketch
She was sketchy from six days of bumps.
She tweaked from the bumps; she was tired of lines.
And the apartment was a dump.
I don't know why she's still high on that pill.
Perhaps she'll die!

There was an old lady who took another bump.
She had too many doses, she was feeling too swirly.
Seven bumps later, she vacuumed the rug.  
If she washes the dishes it won’t be a dump!  
She snorted the bump to take off the swirl,  
But she swallowed the swirl to take off the sketch.  
But she snorted a bump to take off the swirl!?!?  
I don’t know why she’s still high on that pill?!?!  
Perhaps she’ll die!  

There was an old lady who shot up some horse.  
She’s dead, of course!