

Maybe they got out of order? ~~pp~~

Schedule 2 = 1 p. ~~missy~~?

led to the petroleum fields of Romania, which became the main source of probably gasoline but then right on top of that early on of rocket fuel out of the gasoline, and airplane fuel I guess. Alfred ~~slavetter~~ type (Nobel's) family was 1 of the 3 big oil magnates, petroleum magnates back then, the others being the Rothschilds and the Rockefellers. The Rockefellers' fortune might have come alot from giving free lamps to China so that they could sell the kerosene for the lamps to them, but this petroleum-making is still going on everywhere, unbelievable but an everyday going-on with no provability about it, that all the gasoline and home-heating and plastics industry comes from reducing our bodies to its carbons only, disintegrating it (sp).


12/25/15, Friday

All these important subjects, I hardly know where to begin. This healing is going so slowly, I'm terrified of that psychiatrist's word yesterday, and could use some fresh air, 10/5

or the regular typing, for some mental stimulation; as to how to proceed with all this, I've written this about Vlad Dracula and the petroleum mess times, that that was the developmentally disabled's thinking of a long, long time ago to still be following that pattern. That brings up an interesting connected book, and I'm also trying to figure all this about the [REDACTED] "business, of any level/Slender that could be connected to that, I don't think so though. I'm like the biggest abuse-victim but it's all unprovable. And there's also the aspect that now I see that we're right next door to the NIH.

"Autism" is the word of my choice for the "developmental disability" from Prehistory but it's so fraught with being twisted in order to sabotage normal people that people seem to lose interest in what I'm saying the system has as soon as they hear the "doll kids" word.

Those "dull kids" have what I call "Past Lives Captivity Trauma," are born into brains traumatized by centuries of this sadism and slavery's being inherited, "walking on eggshells" afraid to do anything and such inherited fears and patterns. "Autism" and "schizophreniegruppen," the labels, were invented by Dr. Eugen Bleuler in 1908 around Zurich, his little photo on page 9 here. It seems nearly impossible to get any information on him, trying to explain his situation and what his meanings for the words were. A similar "doctor" had invented the term "dementia praecox" that became "schizophrenia," Dr. Heinrich Schule of a German asylum called Illenau, that I can't find any information on either, which then reminds me of this horror-situation with the dinosaur expert John R. Horner, -- who seems may have been identity-replaced recently!

Jack Horner, Heinrich Schube, and probably Allen Ginsberg the late poet seem to be perhaps from the same generational-slave line, look similar as far as I as a homeless person unable to sit and compare pictures and materials can tell, and all of a sudden, I finally got to the point where I could look into Dr. Horner's work and looked for his website and there's this strange "December-May" wedding guy instead. This is the 1st chance I've even had to jot about it, like another trauma just hit me in the head and I've been unable to discuss it for about 2 months now, "walking around with it" except that I was comatose here for about a week. Dr. Horner says we can re-create the dinosaurs and now on the Internet or web there's this guy purported or even is sworn to be Dr. Horner who looks more like a  son #2 or 3 type.

All I can figure is that what seems to generally be done all through history is that the slaves do all the work and the credit is given to the developmentally disabled types, where in this case it isn't the "Autism" but what I call the "Neanderthal" developmental disability. And it's part of the dumbing-down society and maybe a de-spiriting tactic as well, but that is not actually Jack Horner, who is actually pretty famous. Besides his own pictures on his 1st 3 books that I only know of so far he was the technical expert for the film "Jurassic Park" and I've read that he was the basis for the script or book's Dr. Allen _____, and he'd worked with Steven Spielberg a lot for the film.

The "replacement-guy," which might be getting to libel/slender/corse problems, reminded me of this new prolific dog + farm stories author, John _____

Two of the doctors were just here and 1 of them took this little paper with my blog-/website-attempt address. It's all I can figure I can do under the circumstances. The "Armageddon Show" is that the "magic" and underground despise any- and everything about me, so I've stayed away from the web and the Social Security system because I'm afraid the "show" is waiting to throw temper tantrums and destroy those 2 systems from all the normal people's being able to use them anymore, that they'll destroy those so I can't use or get helped by them and in so doing the Armageddon is forwarded. Anything I like is obsoleted or maybe sometimes mass-reproduced so that everyone gets some and it's commonplace, isn't connected to me; the system-people rage that I'm the yucky moron, "the stupid, cross-eyed girl," and uses me or their interpretation of me to "disappear" anyone who's like me, like girls or Americans in general.

So I'd like to read "Jurassic Park" and see what I can figure of all this. While I was at the 1-room part of the Federal City Shelter they must have played that film by DVD around 50 times, all that growling noise real loud on so many evenings, and I never watched it but did read the synopsis. I found that I think by looking up the book's author in the Contemporary Authors running encyclopedia, thinking maybe I recall that it's Michael Crichton, whose books I've never read.

About the only fiction book I've read in 20 or 30 years practically, have had time for, is "Judgment Call" by Suzanne Wetlaufer, 1992, which I believe is all allegorical to the #2 type of the generational-slavery, the same generally as Jack Homer's.

She married General Electric's Jack Welch, is Sony Welch. Jack Welch looks like John Carroll, d. 1815, the Archbishop of Baltimore, generational-slave who'd done most of the work in Washington.

Now I recall that the last time I'd worked was at the NIH, a 1-day temporary job in their cafeteria/dish washing. I can't recall the temp. company's name so I've never listed it on a job application or welfare form. When I got off the bus afterward I found I'd lost my DMV-identification card, and everything became a lousy whirl, going down the drain. I'd been sent out from the temp. company, maybe "Ready to Work," with a girl named Jenkins, and I'd talked with a man named Jenkins the morning before I was hit by this car, 11/19/15, and then saw that Bishop Shahan-type (who might have some connection to the St. Foy/St. Foy goings-on.) I've got Mr. Jenkins' business card. He was all by himself at the Homeless Resource Day at Bohrer Park a little north of here somewhere, the shelter had driven us to and from this annual event. I went mostly because I wanted help reading the response from the credit-analysis company, TransUnion. The web's PayPal had turned ^(down) my request for a free **DONATE!** button readers could click onto down

✓ Thane

and said (wrote an email) that I should get a credit report. Being all by myself, no friends, I was afraid to read it because of all these ambulance and then not telling what all medical bills that I've received lots of scary-looking envelopes and then bill-collector telephone calls about, so I brought it to this event and a girl-worker showed me where the financial-subject table was and he was sitting all alone at it with no sign marking what his table did. He looked at the 3 pages and said they wrote that I have no credit history at all, saying I should look for some starting credit card or some such to establish a rating. I was just relieved that it didn't say I owed thousands and thousands of dollars for the 2, or 3 with the Howard University, hospital visits, or some other horror. There seems to be a bad-luck stigma attached to that last name that all the underground but none of the other people know, and the lost ID-cards and events since 2005 make me suspect

that the NIH declared me dead and carrying an infectious disease, (exuberance.) The girl that had been sent with me seemed trained to make me look bad by association, and had probably played lots of curse-tricks, like at the Metro station on the way there, over the tickets. In the cafeteria an Asian girl-young lady kept looking at me, watching like sort of shocked by the crudeness of my general happiness or infectious bacterium or such.

This is a big underground scam, and there are probably better ways to go about it, where I'm always worried how the "Armageddon Show" uses me for setting off anger for toward the Armageddon. The epicentral folds are a sign that Asian cultures were system-invented by using premature babies, where the next part of the eyelid doesn't form until the 3rd trimester, and they'd mass-reproduced in that speeded-up way, calling the sedentariness "politeness" when really it's incomplete gestation.

So that's an enormous subject. Added to it is that it's premature and mass-reproduction of people with the "Autism" or "developmental disability" to begin with, of which the most simple sign+symptom is black hair, signifying the prehistoric ages' anger and confusion at being lost and suffering in the cold of Siberia, Beringia and Alaska, then Canada or Greenland for those who further got lost, that Aurora Borealis is not helping at all. I have a big fear of "rhetorical" questions or I'd write that who knows how long people were lost up in the far north, maybe 40,000 years, that's all kept all covered-up about as this Armageddon world-takeover and "dog eat dog" race goes on. Nobody's even allowed to discuss prehistory possibilities, as though the world started in 4004 B.C. I'm pretty sure they'd been lost only because nature doesn't/didn't have tangible hands by which to keep them away from Beringia, couldn't help or keep that original, 110

group from trying to get hold of the son before it "rises," seems to. This elementary error is all that went wrong.

Sean Barron's got the only good book I've come across on Autism, "There's a Boy In Here," and it starts with a baby scene where he's pushing toy animals off of a table till the lamp almost breaks that's like subconscious memory being acted-out, with "mother nature," then taking him for a walk in the snow, then he's right back to animal-pushing.

I can't get ~~back~~ through to him or anybody else through the internet yet; it's all Armageddon-secured. I'm generally trying to figure out who people's real parents are and, ~~risking~~ that libel and slander charges behind my back problem over something like this, it seems like maybe the ora for him had come from fashion designer [redacted] maybe fertilized by Francesco [redacted] and an old trumpeter is also a possibility, Jan Purvis.

A similar example of this secret growing-people system is how or that I think the ova or earlier ancestor for me came from Johns Hopkins and Rockefeller lab worker Florence Sabin, d. around 1954 in Colorado, but that also so does the Astronomy professor Sandra Faber's, with the 2 ovae going to or getting fertilized by different-sized males, me from slight Oswald Avery and hers (src) from the lab worker John Cash, maybe John R. Cash, so that she and I look nothing alike but I think we're closely related. Dr. Sabin had likely come from ovae from "the little queen," Victoria. Before that maybe Isabella d'Este and a girl associated with the Joseph Nasi whole business, and maybe even to the fiction-like Briseis slave-girl of the Illiad (sp.) Homer's account of the Trojan so-called War.

I'm really nervous that here they're talking about me being moved by an ambulance while I still don't have the housing-voucher paperwork from the MCH "case mgr" girl.

If they won't let me catch a bus out of here I'm dependent on her and that wouldn't be before Monday and she really just carries-out instructions and can avoid me easily, and it doesn't look like they'll let me walk out and the "magic" always knows about the weather and I'm seldom prepared, etc.

The same, as on p. 4, "Jesus-Jew-magician-generational-slave #2 type" type of system-people that got me sitting here in whatever this position is or could turn out to be or have been, were under the Bronx manipulating my life to get me to say things like, "This doesn't make any sense," as I'd played with those 3 suitcases that I recognize in that "French Connection" ritual-photo. Their ancestors had invented photography and all these "magic" beliefs are connected to pictures. That photo "doesn't make any sense" in that it was used to hide that human brain is used as "LSD" by making a big deal out of the easy-to-see powder.

Even as I'd said the words, playing by myself, I knew that they made no sense themselves, that there was no reason why the 3 suitcases should fit inside one another, like the Russian little wooden nesting- or egg-shaped dolls, called / matryoshka, (sp, I've got the word jotted in my papers that the case-manager girl is keeping somehow for me, to fix it later,) that "my fraudulent-parent" had must have recently shown to me how cute they are and I'd carried that thinking over to when I was playing with the little suitcases in what became or was "the junk room." I wondered why I'd expect the suitcases to fit into one another just because some dolls had. The middle one fit into the biggest one, on page 4 with the inspector's hand on it, who might look like a René d'Anjou type, and the smallest one would fit inside the middle one, standing on its side in front of the 1 1 figure is likely "My fraud-parent" and not Ben Fitzgerald, but it wouldn't zip because though their

perimeters were different their areas were the same, the little one was much wider, is, if it's still in a storage somewhere. There's some strange story that some years later the heroin was tested and said to ~~be~~ have been stolen and switched for some substitute like flour-powder, but that stuff in those black bags might have been bogus all along.

N -- rhetorical question that makes me nervous but maybe I should get over this, it's so difficult to avoid anything I think the "magic mind-readers" might twist into killing excuses wherever everyone always is, -- Notice how the black bags can look eerily like people's hands, as cannibalism is always a big part of all this... The photo's possibly even about that as most of "my fraudulent-parent's[#] real offspring-descendants" seem to be black. It's possible that this set of undergrounders had decided to sabotage a rival-for-food and land other set by taking on black color and infiltrating the other blacks to disappear them, and this warfare is all "invisible,"

no uninvolved person could ever figure this out, who is which kind of a stereotyped person in life-disguise, the types like "my fraud-parent" appearing to be as "normal black" as anyone else but really there to sabotage-disappear the other or older types. And with the narcotic profits they grew the "Hip-hop generation" out from under the Bronx. "my fraud-parent" was so taken-with a particular take-out Chinese food place that I suspect their interests were somehow in business together, across from an old Sunoco gas station on Gun Hill Road, near his mother's house, where they'd grown up after whatever on Bathgate Avenue in way-early times. It seems like those hip-hop people were all from underground caged people, trying not to get slaughtered. In the 50 years those caged-slaves have become nearly everyone that's black so they're just smiling and saying whatever they're told to and couldn't care less about the solar system's eventual unnecessary demise, no one does.

It seems like I'm scraping the bottom of the barrel for subject-material but really I'm just exhausted and too tired to be able to do this very well so I'll mention comparing the system to the TV show "Gilligan's Island." It's like if the Professor was living on the island and Gilligan and the Skipper "discovered" and enslaved him to do and think of and fix everything for them. He's not allowed to have a girlfriend so that all females would eventually have to go with either Gilligan or the Skipper only. The older couple is maybe like the Trojans "King" Priam and his wife Hecuba. The same producer who invented that show then invented "The Brady Bunch," where the 4 dark-haired males wind up like partnered to the 4 blonde females as 1 big happy family.

A little bit, to vague recollection, that producer looks similar to one of what I figure is one of the worst saboteurs, again with this libel/slender phony-made problem so people can't discuss anything, only polite or politically-correct surface trivialities, out here.

I think the producer's name is/was Sherman, working with a son that doesn't look anything like himself. For all I can guess his "type" might even or also come from Oswald Avery, more chance of that than that I do. This other guy I think played an enormous role in the "Armageddon-making Show" that went on underneath the Federal-City Shelter all the years I was there, 2005-2013, this past April 2nd. Among all whatever else he worked with the, also all unprovable, "Foshay son #2 type" which type, like a brother, was also then there at the "Veterans On the Rise" when I got out of the hospital, but on the web now the guy's picture is a different one from the one I'd only rarely seen around, realizing he was an offspring of my "fraud-uncle" only just before the 9-day hospital problem.

This guy I'm trying to mention but know it's a libel/slender behind my back charge toward the hallucination-world's curses at me, has relatives here and a thousand or thousands of people had gone to his funeral at the National Cathedral in 2007. He's even

likely to still be alive and just prefers to be underground or the "show" got out of hand because it's all untrue and he'd just wanted to slip out of it, but I think that the life and death subject matter about melting people, excuses my having to describe my fears, the big chance that it's like this or even far worse than someone small like me could figure.

He quit working for Ronald Reagan after about 20 years, became a millionaire and got into legal trouble for lobbying and started doing "community service" hours at the 425 2nd St, NW homeless people's building, in one of the programs there. He wound up becoming a regular volunteer and spent 16 years there altogether, so I guess he'd started around 1991, having left Reagan in 1985. He was from Bakersfield, Calif, and that's a big oil-industry area.

I guess that when I got to the shelter in 2005 his wherewithall turned this insult-comedy and pornography LURE under me into a huge, slick extravaganza, with his friend "Foshaey son #2 offspring" posing as though my relative.

I'd guess that it was anticipated that I'd find my way to the Federal-City Shelter when I'd first come to Washington in 2000 and ran out of cash (afraid to use the word "m'knee,) after 9 weeks, but I liked the name "Open Door," it sounded safer than "Community for Creative Non-Violence," (CCNV,) that 425th and 2nd St. generally goes by, and I went to 4th and 2nd Streets, N.W., where it was about 5 big trailers on a small lot altogether, on New Year's Eve when I figured there'd be the best chance of there's being a chance of getting a bed, and I stayed there for 8 1/2 months till I could rent an apartment, at 12th and N Sts., N.W., where I left after a year because it was too lonely and didn't look like that would improve.

When I left the Open Door Shelter in August 2001 the town was more or less forcing them to move to the 425th and 2nd St., N.W., big building, where they are now, on that E St. corner. I sent a money order for \$600 and note of thanks to them at the trailer address, then the 9/11 attack happened and I never heard if they received it, they

moved. In retrospect I figure they were forced to move as a manipulation to start the underground "entertainment" off of this "Armageddon Show" off of me, after about 6 years in San Francisco, (my third trip to there.)

Mrs. Reagan had helped this guy get starter-capital by phony-working for ~~one~~ an Arabian prince. I can't recall what few details led me to the figuring, and he had many international clients in his public relations work, but then General Electric somehow got involved I think by selling its (Pittsfield, Mass.) Plastics division to an Arabian company that that prince had been involved with (~~Saudi Basics~~). Mr. Welch had left General Electric just ^{censored} before 9/11/01, but he'd been the main employee in the Plastics division, and recall that he looks like generational-slave John Carroll, d. 1815, founder of Georgetown University and Archbishop of Baltimore and offspring-descendant provider galore, going by alot of the stained-glass windows and other pictures around Washington. Maybe this type is a hybrid-cross between generational-slave types #1 and 3. Also, I often use a copy of the 121

painting-illustration from Volume M, page 409, of the World Book Encyclopedia, in its Mental Illness article, the picture of that early French asylum doctor, P _____, to describe all this mess by. What I'm saying is that plastics came from petroleum-processing (during the search for rocket fuel,) which comes from what I refer to as being "melted people." Briefly, because it's late now, all I can guess so far that had gone on is that from 2005 when I got there, then was in the regular "CNN" for 6 months and then back to the little John L. Young that December, is that this "Armageddon Show" off of me was handed to the "public relations millionaire" whose name I've used alot but I'm trying to get out of this disaster my life is in, not more into trouble or conse-charges, and it was turned into a huge pornography and nightclub-like LURE. Once enough "pigeons" are LURED, doors are locked and germs or bacteria are released that give people what I call "slog-pneumonia." Their food is cut off and

the internal slugs grow and cut off their breathing and they're just left to die like that. Eventually bodies decompose to that black "goo," petroleum. I'd had that "slug-pneumonia" about 66 times while there and eventually put together that I was getting it when "party girls" came upstairs after the poison was released. It seems like Mr. Welch had a reputation for spreading germs by shaking hands after biting his nails, as I guess people can only guess at what all these horrors are from, and, my possible grandparent (or even parent) Oswald Avery seems to be the main slug-reproducer and experimenter, and responsible for the 1918 Spanish flu epidemic that killed 18 million people around the world, and whatever this "DNA" business is about, misleader stereotype, a mean-well bot get everyone led to death, is what I'm also "stupid ~~crossed~~ girl" stereotyped for on purpose for the prophesied/prophesied Armageddon. DNA's really probably about melanin or skin color. I have to turn the light out now.

12/26/15, Saturday

All kinds of worry-thoughts about getting away from the anonymous decision-makers & strangers over my life + to the housing-paperwork. For the 1st time in days my leg or legs feel noticeably better, me attributing that to staying in bed, but then that's worrisome for getting some ~~some~~ decision-made visit over my future + business, life.

-- There was one, Dr. [REDACTED] She said to hang in there and I said that that's what I'm trying to jot about now, meaning that, as some example, that when I'd chosen/gone to the "Open Door" instead of "Community for Creative Non-Violence" on New Year's Eve 2000-2001 it might have spared the Earth a worse 9/11/01, and the 1971 abortion was a big difference also. I guess they like to keep growing the abortions as long as the placenta was still attached, back then in the old days already, but my specimen was too much of a mess by the time it got there to be usable. So similarly this hoping and this writing-begging and repeating about having to retrieve my housing-paperwork is also an attempt

toward non-Armageddon for everyone, trying to keep the planet together, etc. Difficult to describe as there's always this systemic-derision in my mind, sarcasm.

I guess this is going to be a distracted-like day.

I mentioned to this female Dr. [redacted] that it could-might be possible for someone from social work to quick-drive me to Kensington for the housing-paperwork, which would relax me immediately, and be some Rehab. therapy, and I'd get some fresh air for that.

Because I was up till 11^{pm} doing this I woke up to a couple of little changes around here from my under-vigilance. There's always this theme, like about Edna Johnson's legs and this inexplicable leg pain of mine right up in that area, that unfulfilled-yet curses are getting filled, and now the "Virginia" theme might be this new-to-me nurse who looks a little like the head nurse at the nursing home I'd worked at in 1999 or 2000, where there'd been an oxygen-tube-using patient who'd passed during my night-shift responsibility.

There was always this synchronicity of the invisible mind-read world so that I really thought it was some kind of an "Armageddon Show" hoax onto me, some sort of drug the guy took in order to feign being passed that would wear off after he was in the underground with his cronies. Then there were 2 relatives across from the charting desk and the feeling that I should go over and give them my condolences and I didn't because it seemed like such a phony set up. They had a bunch of things always "show" going on. That may have been the last job I'd had there, in San Francisco, saving to move back to the East Coast here, feeling too alone and far away there anymore. The other 1999-2000 job I'd had must have been before that then, as a home health aide -- where I was a stranger in San Francisco. The big one was my 1st job in S.F., as a temporary nurse's aide, where similarly a lady had passed while I was sitting right there on 1-on-1 private duty. 126

Her name was Mrs. [redacted] and I think her grand-daughter wrote the book, Is That a Gun In Your Pocket? The lady was comatose or sleeping the whole time I was assigned to her, 3 weeks or so. I always brought books I could read and there wasn't anything to do on my shift to speak of, at night usually I worked because I wasn't nursing-career oriented, and I'd drifted to dozing that night and I guess in the morning the/a nurse had discovered the lady had passed, her 2 relatives, the husband and granddaughter I guess, were there and he'd introduced himself to me.

Besides what all else, that could be connected to the little studio apartment I'd wound up in in ~~1977~~ 1978-79, the landlord a similar-looking person, in fact similar to these "Stalrose #1+3" types, ...

For 2015 purposes to these doctors determining my personal fate, or anonymous others, I only mean

that it did the world some good when I'd had the 1971 abortion and the New Year's Eve 200 decision to try the Open Door instead of the CCNY where this "show" was all preparedly waiting, and probably defused the 9/11 a bit, where that's all only slaves doing the warfare, forced to do it by some tiny headquarter that has the whole planet tied-up.

I think the system is underneath TUVA, an old tiny Republic on the Siberia-Mongolia border, has been under that area since the "biblical" days. And also I'm trying to describe that these being played-out curses are all from nothing to do with anything except the developmental disabilities' then hallucinogen - or drug-dependence. It's speaking of which they'd sent up 2 cups of coffee today, where there's always seeming to be some big made-up equation between coffee and brain-eating or -ingesting.

That theme or ones with coffee might have to do with that it's natural to Africa and this early group I posit had gotten lost might have "raced" out from the evolution-cradle to the east without having had any of that food, which led to "fuzzy thinking" and the incorrect decision to keep trying to find the "starting point" of the sun. So the system's got a hang-up on it.

My main point is that after 50 years of space research it looks like Mars and Venus had been starting to form as planets and that had died off and they're left like abortions or embryos, and the research findings ought to be admitted to, the situation reassessed, that the "accidental" prehistoric sodium pot nature into a standstill, that we're just orbiting in while the "Trojan War" is still being done to everybody till it breaks the planet.

I was out-of-touch from society like I am now in this hospital for 5 weeks oblivious to even that we're on a bus route here, no contact with the home-area, when I was in the Army, 1973-76 plus an extra year as a civilian in W. Germany, and sometimes wonder if there wasn't an underground-

Surge back then and I'd returned to a country where most people were then "voice"-directed prisoners to the criminals, like my proud-parent, who'd moved upstate as soon as I was on the plane to Germany. I worry that while I can't see anything from here everyone else is being holocaust-ordered around, then they "act normal" if I get out and can move around again. (I have to try to get more paper now.) (2 days' worth accomplished.)

Possibly I'd done something that had extended this Armageddon world-takeover, that instead of going back to the States, U.S., in 1976 I was able to stay in Germany an extra year, having nothing to return here to, the Foshays having moved to some place rural-like and I just can't drive a car and didn't know what I'd do. I had a boyfriend who seems like another system's manipulation to my life, (Normand Roberge) He rented a place we could live together and toward the end of my extra year he got transfer orders to teach at West Point, N.Y., which is maybe 25 miles from the Foshay house. When I saw that on a map of New York

I went into somehow the closest thing I've ever been to having a nervous breakdown, unable to do anything but lay under a cover on the couch for a day or 2 till I told him I wasn't going there with him. I didn't ask him not or tell him not to take the plum assignment, I just said that I wasn't going to live that close to the Fostay's, describing that they'd find some way to ruin my life if I lived that close and in easy telephone-distance. Around then I had the option of letting the Army pay my plane fare back to the States unless I stayed in Europe for over 1 year, which was up in October, and his orders were for December. We talked-up the plan that I'd go back in December with him and he'd go to the order-making place at the Pentagon, here across the Potomac River from DC, and request a different location. There I said, that when asked, that my personal preference

was for anywhere west of the Mississippi, and they changed the orders to the Presidio, San Francisco, and then we went to visit the [redacted] in their new home, where he was probably the only boyfriend of mine they'd ever met and sat and had dinner with, but the tension was unreal and under the influence of alcohol I'd gotten real upset after a few days and this must have been when I'd sarcastically mentioned that the oldest cousin had once raped me, while his wife's sister was sitting there, and it became a horror-drama scene, with me waking up the boyfriend to get up and get me out of there, drive me to anywhere right now. We wound up in a motel across the Hudson River right near West Point and I guess spent his few days before flying to California and he brought me back to wait at the [redacted] while he found a place to rent for us, for me to be there too, and I've told the [redacted] we'd driven to his folks' in New Hampshire to see the scenery in Massachusetts

Somehow this guy, Norm is his name, has the belief that we'd driven to look at the beach and I'd seen what looked to me like poinsettia plants growing wild and said that I was going to own that town one of these days. What I'd said was, I'm going to love this town, looking at the surf-coast and the wild flowers on that sunny January day, but what I do and say is always twisted to fit the underground's Armageddon-making exhibition behind my back off of me, probably pre-determined by putting me into Fosby son's domain, where right through now he's a horrifying problem for me as being fraudulent-next of Kin.

In fact when I'd noticed that Sandra Moore Faber might be an actual relative genetically and had hoped to be able to reach her, though she's 70 now and probably retired, the housing authority did send me an appointment, which was the 1st time I'd heard from them in many years, that being 2013 probably. It seemed like it was a ritual trick to prevent me being able to reach

Dr. Faber, as the unimportant updated paper had
some odd little name signed on it that sounded
twistable to being ~~idea~~ reference to Dr. Moore, like
"Richard Uhoh" to exaggerate it somewhat. Then the
following year I got out of the 9-day hospital stay and
ran into the French Connection-book picture and they
called me in about this same housing-voucher business
and I said there's no point to me renting anywhere
till I find someone here to help me with all this
Armageddon-LURE problem, that they'd just cause
me to lose anywhere I'd found, that I was better
trying to find help from the shelter than in a place
all alone by myself and the LURE moving-in all
undorneath wherever I go, and that I wanted a
project apartment, not a regular rental like has
always been the pattern, that they're only temporary places.
And I'd gone all into this new information of the
narcotics and the fraud-parent, that enables the Armageddoning.

After meeting the girl at Safe Haven that looks like she's from my (fraud)-cousin's ova I went to do some paperwork at DCHA, the (Washington) DC Housing Authority, and there was a big picture of the director and she looks like she's also from that cousin's ova also, like a big conspiracy entrapping this whole town and probably doing so as the narcotics-addicts; the decapitators, I think this lady [REDACTED] started this job about 2007.

That cousin and the other cousin I'd mentioned were brother and sister. Around 1984 or '86 he's said to have killed himself by shooting himself in the mouth, which I sort of doubt after catching onto that falling-death seems to be a system-way, that I think started with the Trojan War's Patroclus, Myrmidon-character.

Those 2 cousins in retrospect looked like Olivia Newton-John and John Travolta in that film "Grease" together.

"I solve my problems and I see the light" that song starts, that the system really is still melting, dissolving, people into petroleum hydrocarbons which are then used for energy, like kerosene is still used for lighting, all the oil that goes into home-heating. The "Kings of the Earth" just brain wash everyone that they'd starve and freeze to death and not know anything if it wasn't for this cannibalism,

Stay high and refuse to think any other way. There is someone on the Great Altarpiece who'd possibly evolved to become this male cousin after a stint as 1 of the English Kings but I'm not sure about that, plus I should look at the Jadwiga staircase picture to see if that could possibly have become the cousin. That play had opened in or was from Chicago, where the system-people had mostly gone to from Berlin and before that was a favorite because of the Great Lakes, that that's how the whole interior of the country was robbed and shipped out to New York and Europe via then the Erie Canal. And Stephen A. Douglas, best-known as being Lincoln's rival for being the 16th or next then president of the U.S., retired to the south of Chicago, after living here near Gonzaga, which Jesuit school had played a big role in the assassination, played some role. That's said to be the lovely Mrs. Douglas on that church there's now barely-visible altarpiece painting by Costantino Bromidi, which looks like it has a dinosaur hallucinogenically-painted into the curtain on the left.

So, theoretically I could lose, help not to let that happen though, this housing-voucher but I'm still homeless and on the waiting list for a project-apartment since 2005 and told that ~~the~~ accepting the voucher last year wouldn't affect the project waiting list, I'd still be on it, is a little something toward a future-possibility for me. That's a little relaxing in terms of this horror of an ambulance-transfer.

I think it's naptime, where I could force myself to keep trying to think, there's a big offhand list of points to get to, and stay awake while all these staff-people might be coming up with a surprise move at any time, or I could -- try checking the shower-water, assuming all along that it's less warm during the day, after 7 AM and before after 8 PM or so. That's the "solve my problems" by people's actively going around looking for people to shove into underground sewer-type "pipelines" or such.

Scary sadism is everywhere. Around 15,000 colleges have been built and it looks like the system-base, maybe under Siberia-Tova itself; won't let anyone learn anything, only more system.

12/26/15, Saturday 6AM

Just a few hours of quiet without sleeping and they're "show" again. Then it occurred to me that my belly is distended because, while they had me phony-comatosed asleep or hypnotized for a week they might have stolen from my innards, that it's too u--repulsive, I'm always totally alone with just strangers around, too be able to think about such horror, with no sign of any improvement, I'd tried to take a nap and it's like being torn apart for not being entertaining enough. It's always the same where I'm used as a controversy-gimmick like with these "team"-deciding what to do about homeless me now, and all normal people are kept away from simply being able to be nice, or interested in this work. How can I have spread it around as much as I can and no one's shown interest. It's some sort of a paradigmatic problem now, as though I have to find the₁₃₇

Succinct way to cut through to reach someone that could be allowed to be useful. Without a computer I can't look up to learn about the NIH, next door. So what can I do, and all I can see coming up is that still tired I'd have to tackle the blah-blah about Soze Rotolo, the interconnected goings-on which do come into this but not so "emergencen'ly."

It's sort of absurd but maybe Pet. Genl. Petraeus is related to Soze Rotolo somehow closely. She might be the daughter of, the "real offspring"-descendant of the Greenwich Village club owner Mike Porco, who might be related to the Mafia guy Bonaro, Joe I think might have been his 1st name. -- See how this doesn't directly interest any doctors, seems to have nothing to do with anything except passing this horror-time emergency now for me + possibly being useful at some way future date.

The so-called Trojan War was about the "developmentally disableds" and their new Neanderthal partners' wanting the same food and sex as the people of Troy had, the little-sized New Worlders and their now-awakened new buddies wanted those women and besides food and drugs most of history has been about getting those big blondes for themselves by destroying all the normal males until the women had no choice or were also destroyed, and all this underground voyeering has been in preparation for this "Brady Bunch" fair is fair, it's their turn to get the good-looking women, thinking and situation we're in. Everything has been a war-game of doing this behind the women's backs.

Help me, the Kitty Genovese 1964 Apathy-Scandal even comes into this. I think there was a cote blonde, who I could try finding through the web, who was trying to make a living in New York and went to both gay and folk music clubs at night, around 1962-63.

I think Lenny Bruce was asked how to get the cute, nice girl out of the way so the young Bob Dylan didn't get side-tracked by her, and he got Kitty Genovese to go seduce her and move out to Queens, and it was a short distance from the new Courthouse/jail where the only 1 who really did much time for the "French Connection" was, is, located, I'd noticed as I was mired in trying to sort out all that early '60's time-period.

The cute girl was tucked away in Queens and on some particular day shortly before or afterward Dylan started going with Suze, pronounced Susie. She's on the cover of the "Free-wheeling" early album, with him, Suze is really nice too but Dylan was like a system-project and I suspect his manager "semi-seduced" Suze once when Dylan was elsewhere. By "semi-seduced" I mean that I'm guessing that he, his type's way of calculating, only wanted to "heavy pet" until he got a finger with an ova on it up into the poor girl, who then had to get an abortion and the relationship dwindled away and after [REDACTED] he

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wound up with a Playboy bunny that had around 4 children with him and whatever since those old days. If the underground had let Dylan meet the cote blonde the world might have turned "nice" and positive and honest about what we can do about this cannibalism problem.

Because it deals with psychiatry I'm going to drop everything else, about that Suze and Ben. Petraeus and other people seem to come from Suze's sort of genes, where this "Rotolo" sounds like "Rotolactor" or some such milking machine that I'd read had been on display maybe at a 1939 World's Fair in NY.

I can't find any information on a German psychologist/psychiatrist named Kurt Schneider, said to have died in the late 1930's or so and shortly after Dr. Bleuler's 1908 coining of the words Autism and "schizophrenia" or whatever he'd really meant which I say is about "split mind" ax-murderers, I'd thought I'd read once,

Kort Schneider was the next person to use the word schizophrenia, in his "First Rank Symptoms" little list, but in trying to find out more all I found was that those were announced or published about around 1957. The materials say he was a big-shot with the "Heidelberg Group" but I haven't been able to find anything, only a few PubMed papers that one would have to pay for. I read that he was a doctor during WWII, was in disfavor with the Nazis, worked I think after WWII in the fancy Munich Kraepelin or Max Planck Institute, some new name maybe it has now, maybe was somehow started by Kraepelin who I thought lived in the northeast area of Germany, then this that he was the 2nd person to use the word schizophrenia, from 1908 and Bleuler's work to 1957? Trying to figure out what happened to this guy, who'd popped-up with all this about voices and hallucinations, I finally became curious if there could be any

connection between him and look-nothing-like-him
Leonard Alfred Schneider, aka Lenny Bruce, who'd also
probably faked his death, in order to just stay high
underground instead of having to fake things anymore.
Lenny Bruce was like the biggest system-worker of the
1930s-'60s, was all over the place spreading strip-
club mentality and complaint-humor. In fact it seems
unlikely that he and Tylan's manager weren't acquainted,
through the Chicago Gate of Horn and early Clubs, and
if you look into this even Tylan was said to have
been starting out at those Chicago places, where he
must have met the manager, probably both at that
Gate of Horn when the manager was there. That's all,
just that somehow early German psychologist Kurt
Schneider might "conceivably" have been the generational-
slave parent behind Lenny Bruce? And the "First Rank Symptoms"
with all that about voices, and the movie "The Next Voice You
Hear," and a little fiction book by Francis Cardinal Spellman
(sp?) about voice-hearing after Witt, these "voices" are only
heax-things thought up by the generational-slaves, scared for themselves.

Also, notice how the guy on the far left in the "French Connection" picture on page 4 looks like Lenny Bruce, who was born in 1925 in Mineola to an immigrated English podiatrist, Mickey Schneider, and a dance-girl. I think I'd read somewhere, maybe in Albert Goldman's book, that there was some small connection between Mickey's job and some big international financial group, like that he was near that building maybe, where perhaps one end the "LSD" brain serums are transferred between/amongst system-people, that I'm trying to find out if he could have been an illegal-offspring from the desperate German slave-psychologist, as the system-people were mostly, seem to have been mostly all in and around Berlin around 1924, trying to figure out how to get more speed with their new cars and airplanes. And Lenny Bruce might have largely been doing the ages-old trick of trying to distract people's attention that there were murderers standing behind them looking for victims.

Soze Rotolo might have come from the engendered-gial Brisers to Joseph Dasi's work and Renaissance Italy's Isabella d'Este also; her mother looks like a "Buber" type

Slave, not like Soze. When I went to try to move to Queens in 2002-03 there was 1 like her as though blocking my way that it's her area and she didn't want my goony self there, but I'd equated that with the "Armageddon Show" nightmare's "Queen Julie" star, that's based on a girl I'd worked with that apparently "my fraud-parent" was/is enamored of, I've finally got 2+2 together. It looks pretty obvious that she and Soze come from the same ovary/ovary-set, ova-eggs, maybe a whole production company under somewhere, and then I think Ret. Gen. Petraeus might be a brother genetically. The girl who wrote the "All In" biography on him might also be that type or 1/2-sister to them. I'd never really taken seriously that my "fraud-parent" "bothered" women or was obsessed by thinking about doing so, but it's so obvious in retrospect that he shopped at the store she worked in and adored seeing her there and then I'd tried to live in that area circa 1990 and Armageddon-coincidentally got a job there and I never saw him

there but it had sounded like his voice on the phone once and I think he'd hung up quickly, not caring to talk with me I guess. That whole scandal with Tawana Brawley around 1987 had happened just up the street from that store.


The Renaissance situation of Beatrice Cenci is connected to this too. I'd try to look for their features in the painting of Beatrice Cenci, who must have had one of these "fraud-parents" in Mr. Cenci. One of the last things Alfred Nobel was said to have done was to write a play called "Nemesis" based on that Cenci history, generational-slave Alfred Nobel.

As well as I can figure, in Prehistory, the developmentally disabled New Worlders were trekking to the Old World more and more and one day spotted a female and followed her into a cave-system probably around Mongolia and she woke a male/males to get rid of the little body-grabber and he sucked the male's instead and was allowed to stay and became buddies, waking the Neanderthals.

12/27/15, Sun.

Jimmy Carter might look a lot like James A. Bailey of Barnum + Bailey Circus, who'd commuted through the Bronx a lot I guess. Mt. Vernon is right near where I lived when I joined the Army in 1973, him then president when I got back, a lot of people wanting to be president for the Bicentennial. He was of course a generational-slave. Maybe the red hair came from King James, of the "Bible" translation.

I have this terrible but unprovable feeling that strangers in the "show" speak for me, from the small to the large details rule over my life, saying what and who I do and don't like, and can and can't do.

~~While I'm sitting here~~ Dr.  on regular round. I never seem to be able to make this clear enough, that the regular meat and hallucinogenic drugs for people were extincted by the long-lost "D.D's," developmentally disabled people and then their drug- or hallucinogen-loving Neanderthoid buddies, running-buddies.

That's why people use brain-liquids today, that all the intended drugs are gone, like, There's nothing better, the system would tell you but omit that it's Nothing better that's left anymore.

Computers or the web are like that also. I went without using computers from 1993 (94,) till this summer when having an email address seemed necessary and little by little there were things I wanted to check on, to Google-Search. Then when I got to Kensington it was like there's nothing else left to do, and I'm like addicted to them again, but that's in large part because everything else normal has been extincted.

Dr. [REDACTED] had just commented that it's a shame that shelter won't take me back, seems oblivious to that I'm explaining that my whole life has been/is rigged toward this system's Armageddon-making and the shelter here, and this trip to here, was a criminally-rigged sabotage specifically for me.

These things are difficult to speak about (I overhead "speech therapy" announced for the 2nd time now,) to strangers and because I'm so dependent on any sort of assistance that might get withheld because the "speaking for me mind-readers" interpret me to further strangers and new acquaintances, but the new room #s I'd gotten 2 or 3 weeks before the accident was between the front office and the director's office and the way the "show" went with the previous occupant of the room, that lady from 2nd and V Sts, DC shelter, F-C Shelter-complex, I was nervous about being in it while they were both at work, as though they might be concentrating on ~~the~~ think-squeezing to try to crack my skull. Then when I got hit by the car near that odd-ritual site in front of the Safeway, it was the 2nd time I was hit by a car, the previous time at the Knuckles Ave. corner and I can't find or recall the date of that, it's as though it hadn't happened, some ambulance-probably from the Volunteer Fire Dept., some Suburban Hospital, but no recollection of how I