

them, the relationship doesn't mature into anything else, like the "afterlife" together.

I can't guess, like where (how) I thought that I was about the last to find out what the "visions and voices" were for, that I'd had terrible experiences while about to fall asleep with what I figure in retrospect was for spirit-stealing, thinking now that I might have been a guinea-pig for this new equipment, which there were a lot of books around then that called it "Out of the Body" experiences and travel. It's like they, from invisible underground, put a big medical-type scanner machinery over your prone body and as you drift from still-awake to asleep they turn it on and you're hit with a total paralysis feeling and you can feel a lightweight part or "copy" of yourself start to lift out of your body. All I could think of was trying to move and if/when you, I'd, succeeded in moving first one finger and then the rest come more easily, in order to shake-off that scary, hellish or death for murder feeling. The first time I woke and went all upset to Mrs. Foshey sitting up in the kitchen and she showed me where "Out of Body" experiences were discussed is some book on the occult or parapsychology that she had. I read everything I could find but it's a gruesome feeling and always

fought it off as best I could. Some sort of a suction-machine they hover over your body and it loosens your natural spirit so you will lose it. This "Armageddon Show" had intimated that that couple was in the spirit-stealing business and my spirit had abandoned me to go sit in her head for the upgraded fun -- and these "a little retarded" and singsonging girl voices are the same as then that spirit's voice and affect, like a d-d. technological-substitute for the natural world. I just thought I should mention that paralysis-machinery in case I was a guided pig and not one of the last gotten around to. There's nowhere to report that sort of incident, mostly because everyone became victim to this "psychiatric" industry.

It's terrible to be dependent like this on when/if someone else's meal tray for ~~you~~ me is going to arrive. Putting that you/me there reminded me of this fraud-parent's offspring's attachment problem. I guess they've cleaned up the act from me being ensnared as a whole line of torture-victims to this with the crossed-arms in that dream this morning as though there's a personal involvement-dispute like covering-up because the reality is too horrible to let be found out about by relatively normal people like in hospitals with 24/7 observance.

Waiting for lunch, I wanted to just get mentioned that blond, curly hair seems to be the direction that nature goes in, that the hair gets lighter-colored as life evolves, and for some ~~skin~~ related reason gets this curly bounce or springiness, the happier you get. Happy equals light and bouyant, that it's just the way the physics is.

Another point, trying to ditch the entire subject, is that this fraud-parent had worked for the subway starting by 1963, and just odd jobs like washing-machine repair before that, but this subway-trains business must be super-important to all this underground and wrongful people-growing and the cannibalism and its drug industry side-business because the heads are there for the use after the slaughter, real impetus for all this horror-system.

I get harassed generally anywhere I try to go, my whole life like Hidden Candid Camera, making a fool out of me, but the public transportation is really bad, like the fraud-parent is in a union with all the other bus and Metro subway workers and as favors they help to make my trips as difficult as they can while being technically correct, not making any errors, just me getting confused,

"the stupid, cross-eyed girl," the Armageddon Show calls me. There's only 1 piece of paper left, I'll have to go for a walk after lunch, + there's no time for room or time for starting a new subject, but I can't, just sit here... 253

2^{PM} This Vajiravudh, Rama VI, he'd gone to school in England and before going back to Siem he'd met Queen Victoria, elderly by then and they'd had tea together I'd read, and then he visited Theodore Roosevelt in Washington, like official visits from one head of state to another they were since he was 1st or 2nd in line for the throne or kingship from Chulalongkorn, Yul Brynner's offspring I joke per the film and play. I figure Vajiravudh had somehow felt belittled or insulted by Victoria and had likely cursed her for it, which evolved to his attitude toward me as I grew up and this became the longterm Armageddon-overview manipulation of stereotyped types. Then Theodore Roosevelt had probably invited him to come back to the States sometime and he'd said he would and then years later it was fulfilling that promise that was the excuse, an excuse, for, I'm figuring, faking his death and going to the U.S., with the stop in Sicily and taking on the Mafia-identity of Ferdinand Boccia on whom there seems to be no information other than maybe that he was involved in gambling before being shot, allegedly, that makes this sound far-fetched, a faked-death by someone from the other side of the world, to become "the Shadow" over here. I think maybe I had read once that that was a nickname of Boccia's, and

the/my fraud-parent used to say that line from the (old) radio show all the time, that, only the Shadow knows for sure, what evil lurks in the heart of man/men. There were about 3 radio actors who'd played the role of the Shadow, the main one's name maybe being Jamie Curtis. The nurse here came in for this heparin-injection business and mentioned this writing theme and went to touch this paper to exemplify how much I've done but it's mostly the new paper the clerk'd just given me and I snatched the small pile before her fingers reached it and there's always an onus like there's something wrong that I think someone ~~do~~ has ulterior motives and not that they're all always making a fool of me by its being so easy to play curse-tricks on me like that, with whatever the "show" is always setting up everything for that. This pen I don't know how long it will last, given to me the other night (by Martha, which maybe I shouldn't mention, because any involvement with this isn't good for anyone that's normal-like.)

I don't like to bring up controversial subjects but I'm just stuck with trying to unload about this stranger & fraud-parent and twice I'd asked him why he doesn't like me and twice he'd said this same "family story" from before that "smother story, that when I

was a baby he'd put me on the couch-bed to nap when he did and he woke up screaming from this sudden terrible pain where I'd suddenly grabbed and yanked his underarm hairs, as though I'd done that out of malice or spite. That's hard to take seriously but all these years later I've been learning about this Autist world and the perversions its given rise to and I figure that means that he'd gotten the wrong kind of a baby, where Autist babies might be generationally-conditioned to head for the warm crotch or breast area and start sucking, whereas before the Autism babies generally were face-oriented as how they recognized and communicated with other people, so I was trying to reach his face but his arm was over his eyes and the baby was trying to move it, was all. Enough said....

Oddly, [redacted] job was on 42nd St. in Manhattan, right near Grand Central Station, in a men's hair-restoring business, where she'd gone to cosmetology school (in Fordham somewhere, in the Bronx) and that was the only job she was then able to find, and paid-back the cost of the 6 months or whatever of the school to him from her paychecks. In retrospect I'd wonder if it wasn't largely an excuse to be busy while I was becoming a teenager and not getting to school very well. I'd been out of elementary school up to 55% of the time according to my report cards, a daily-horror to get to school on time,

which is how that "short, pudgy type" pervert had had the opportunity for trying to waylay me, that I was both late to 4th grade and trying to do the homework while walking, around the big Cardinal Spellman high school, reading the questions while walking and kneeling down to write down the answers, and this guy just started walking alongside me, me trying to keep finishing the homework till I saw he wasn't going to go away. I told him I'd wait there while he went back and got his car and I went running and just before becoming parallel with the school door but across the wide street the car pulled up right in front of me and I guess I was lucky that I didn't get run over. Then after lunch-break the neighbor-girl told her teacher. The principal there might have been a little odd in retrospect, just going by stereotypy now, his name Nathan Shapiro. I'm pointing out that my schoolwork was always a horror because I never knew what the assignments were because I was late and absent up to 33% of the time and that excuses for why I wasn't in school or doing well were ducked by the income-employment, but most of the proceeds only wound up with the male anyway. If you research, another word I'm afraid to use, into things like that deeply you'd wind up finding that the owners of the cosmetology school were system-types, who'd benefitted.

This hair-restoring job was mostly about massaging restorers into the scalp, scalp-massaging, but maybe it included using a vibrator, because she used one on the fraud-parent's scalp toward hair-restoring but I think they only used it once, a rectangular thing with 2 straps for holding it on your hand, and then it was just left in her night table, and I'd found a jokebook, where I was never supposed to touch his night table of course, in his, of all sex-jokes, a whole bunch of them, like Playboy jokes but dirtier, -- what makes a wildcat wild? A Polecat's pole... A man bought a monkey and said it could sleep in bed with him and his wife. But what about the smell? the wife asked and the husband said that he'd gotten used to it and so would the monkey. Then Xaviera Hollander's book and sequel were brought to the apartment and I read those and then found Fanny Hill in the dresser drawers... All this popped up after this bizarre business with this cousin from [redacted] side of the family, only 1 sister and she had only one offspring so there were only a few relatives on that side. This, perversions, is about the last thing I'd want to have around on a LORE "holiday" worry time, that it's the "too exciting" for the "crap that hangs all over me," with only "the Jew" as being excused and, God help us all, the aide that's generally here in the daytime's name sounds like,

"Sit down and eat," which seems to be a main LURE-gimmick, listening to interpretations by strangers of what I'm jotting about and, relax sit down and eat, and the more they gather the bigger the crowd can grow, is generally what the modus operandi has been and with "sit down and eat" theme lately this does not seem like a safe subject anymore.

-- Here's a thought, that all this going to 42nd St. to visit and to shop and sight-see that I was doing and all the general direction toward sex, that my future was likely planned for winding up as a prostitute downtown, might be how she'd gotten that location, in some boring-seeming musty office building, then, instead, I'd wound up joining the Army and as awful as some of the experiences might have been I really became much healthier out in the fresh air of basic and then 2 places in Texas. I summarize it by saying that I'd learned to brush my teeth in the Army, that I was a real mess that didn't even know how to do that to speak of, as the Army's basic training gave classes on that too, on most things. All this education and we can't get out of this developmentally disabled's old system to save eternity. So I guess that joining the Army, like the abortion and other personal-independent thing I've done, was a big help, but all this big

helps to the situation hasn't affected the Armageddon. What's the other decision I'd made that was probably independently-made? And in the meantime I -- going to the Open Door and thereby delaying getting to the CCNV for 4 1/2 years, where the "play's prepared," like per the Revelation's Chapter 12 female character. I can't figure what that "whore of Babylon," where that fits in if anywhere to what I know about, if that's what I was supposed to become or if it's the "Queen" character script that they'd still do at the drop of a hat onto me, or if that's about anyone I don't know about or far all I know it could be, libel/slander excluded off of me, I've mused that it could have to do with the longtime [REDACTED] in this unspeakable way these "prophecies" are made to come true. Her late former husband's 1st name is the same as the fraud-parent's and they'd had a daughter named similarly to my 1st name, which is Kathleen, hers being Kathryn, and she's always allegedly had Down's Syndrome, me assuming that that can be perpetrated onto a child, like it's being said that so many American children have this made-up "Autism" when it's really from generationally being in this murder-torture system, and like how I figure the fraud-parents had created the vision and have to wear eyeglasses problem for me, that there wasn't any problem with the baby in those early pictures or till after I was 4 or 5.

I guess there's some enormous array of hybrids so that there's no telling who has the Autism-psychopathy developmental difficulty[†] and who is just an unfortunate or is descended from someone like Socrates or Peter Paul Rubens, a "volunteer" trying to stay with the Autist-psychopaths in order to try to ameliorate the sadism, and the late [redacted] a good example of someone that seems like an Autist but might be, have been, a hybrid from Rubens like Martin Gans and Lepke Buchalter and the guy I knew in the Army and see the type around sometimes might be. That type was all over the annual Law Enforcement Officers gathering or convention like picking up copies of the flyer I was trying to distribute so no one would get interested to look into this, the same Armageddon-preventing assistance I'm still trying to get, back maybe in 2010 that was, most of them seeming to be from Ohio, where the 1 I'd known in the Army was from. He's obviously a part of the system but you can't really guess who's a generational-slave non-volunteer either so I don't have much opinion on what I only know about anyone else's business including the fraud-parents except that in that photo I can see at least that he'd always lived a double-life and the 1 with me was phony, so I can only figure that Mr [redacted] was of 1 of the stereotypes that has some degree or another of this "Autism" problem, but all the males are trapped in the system together

† - "†" can mean that something was intended to be a joke in this, my first so far, and tomorrow being a holiday and then the 2-day weekend I might still be here in Sohuban.

and surviving as best they can. Plus I've only seen a couple of pictures of him, thinking he's conspicuous by his absence, in all that Civil Rights time. I'm so desperate for help that I was trying to get a note or a letter to him at his address listed in the phone book and Who's Who and/or Who's Who in Black America, 301 G St, SW or similar to that, an apartment or suite 301 right near there, last winter and just read on the web that he'd passed in 2014, where he had a business interest as or with a group called Business Humanitarian Forum, which I finally learned is headquartered in Geneva. I think the doctor and author [REDACTED] is of the same "stereotype" or type, and there was a mural on S Street, N Street, NE near the corner of 7th St. but it's been re-painted that had been a picture with that type's face and what looked to me like a dinosaur-representation on it, and then I've known 2 people like that as job-supervisors, one saying he was from Trinidad where it's oil-country, that he got out of, mentioning that impetus was that a friend of his had drowned while they were swimming.

When the John L. Young showed the movie about Dr. Carson last winter and I heard the early temper-tentrum-thrashing

Scene I was afraid to look or hear any more of the film because they'd been playing a bunch with the Freud-parent's type in them and I thought Carson was of that type too but when I looked up the book in the library and found his author's pictures around I saw he looks like I think [redacted] looked, that they're of a type.

He has a drawing where he shows you how he'd separated the twins. I barely skimmed the material so I could be mistaken but to recollection maybe they were "Siamese twins"? "conjoined" at the head? I'd have to check that before mentioning this any more usually. Maybe it's what put me into looking into the subject of Siamese twins, and there is very little on it, me having had a patient once that was a little "demonized," running around playing tricks to exhaust me and he'd looked like the famous brothers Chang and Eng, that I've been trying to figure how they fit into Anna's King's family-line and haven't haven't found any connection there yet - X Dr. [redacted]'s simple illustration of how he'd separated the heads seemed good at first but then you don't really want just anybody explained to how to cut into skulls, as I sit here with my mystic OCS-origin problem-set. It was simple while being a little technical, (10)

I've only got a last pen left after this and those run out with no warning, but the only way I can try to cope with this "Armageddon-making Show" is to keep doing this pen-to-paper business. I mention that about the [redacted] because everything is so odd that I think that's a possibility because maybe Jimmy Carter was descended from James Bailey of Belmont & Bailey and used to commute through the Bronx all the time, both of them maybe coming from the red-tailed King James.

The Space program's unexpected result of nothingness out there caused the system's plans to go awry and maybe Ford and then Carter were stop-gap fill-ins for Nixon's and whoever else's were intended's places. Like Bailey and back to the Ghent Altarpiece and

"Christ" days Carter may have always known, might know, that he was a generational-slave, that # 2 type like on page 4, that 1 figure was "discovered" on the Japanese islands. It's possible that he and

[redacted] were carrying on an unspeaking to-do over

• For that matter I think there have been maybe 3 (different) ladies in that "role," maybe more, maybe less.

Then there seems a connection with Carter and Admiral Rickover, and a connection that's pretty obvious between Rickover and a Thai or old Siamese-then-Thai admiral. So I'm thinking that the "takeover" planned for when riches were found and claimed in space that didn't happen happened new plans had to be thought up and so the system had Carter step in to get a lot of that work done, and then he became taken with [redacted] and it made [redacted] internally-forwards, which dichotomy aided and abetted the underground-system's goal of keeping going with this whole "top-secret" cannibalism and brain-as-drug way to takeover the Earth, covering-over their beliefs about the anticipated space-findings like they'd never existed. The frat-parent had mentioned that maybe it's made of green cheese and I think I'd heard that another time back around the early sixties, but when I went looking for some mention of that "folk belief" I couldn't find one anywhere nowadays, like it had never existed, whereas I'd thought it was common. All those people turned into petroleum for nothing, and some invisible thing like a seal break around the Earth broken too, they just are in denial that 265

they did anything or that anything is wrong and they're
... not letting anyone work scientifically on repairs,
it seems only micro-inane or totally bad things are
being done, or trying to create food out of nowhere
for everybody in order to survive but TPE means the
same as if nothing, nobody and nothing had ever
happened, just rock-debris left behind us.

Help me, that reminds me of a joke or anecdote
that John W. Young tells that he'd left a b. M. in a
floating ~~part of the space-capsule vehicle rocket,~~
that they'd had to leave behind so that if "nature"
ever needs to start-over with creation it can
use that since all the components for biology
are in there. That's the Artist-perspective and
they won't quit bothering other people's lives
and ditch the world-ownership obsession, think
nothing of other people, from all the years, centuries,
millennia of being lost in snow, then all the guilt
for all the extingting-murders when they were
ill and lost but high on the hallucinogenic plants
in the New World, all that space to themselves alone.


just their group and whatever animals were around and the fun of run-chase-tricking them off of cliffs, is my figuring so far.

Lenny Bruce, d-1966, has been my idea of an Artist-psychopath but now I'm thinking that it was so bad in Europe that he's the product of a terrified generational slave's fertilizing an Artist-ova, maybe from the Bauhaus group, the most of which went to Chicago before WWII, that Bruce was frenetic to do proactive things toward the Artists'-enjoyment because the slave-psychiatrist Kurt Schneider was working on him as a personal attempt to try to ameliorate the sadism, is something I'm trying to look into, that all Bruce's work wasn't Autism-psychopathy like I've thought but a slave's trying to deal with the Artist-psychopath captors of the whole Earth -- who expected to become all-rich via space travel, Bruce as though just another hybrid trying to get through this by damage-controlling, possibly, as Pyotr Veriabin was teaching the CIA the Russian and Siberian food-and-spyways. So who are

267

all these people working for that holds everyone prisoner?
and how do they live, if I'm generally correct in my general
guesswork that this lifetime of sneaky-sadism torture to
me has been for turning-out this "Cenci family" anger
for heating the fuse toward the world-Armageddon. The
closest I have these bits and pieces of or like
evidence on brings me back to the Armageddon-
author and I think that that's like the
"Ste-Foy statue and that's like the 1 little
different "pilgrim" on the Great Altopia's
lower left-hand side, with the "bowl-" or
"Beagle"-haircut, carrying the stick with the
pound-ball end on top, that maybe that
type had set out from system-headquarters
to try to be a help in all this.

11/11/16, Friday

Maybe I'd mentioned that  from that "the White
House Situation Room" photo of that "operation" of Obama's adminis-
tration's assassination of Osama bin Laden looks like a modern-
day Ste Foy type, counterterrorism looking sort of bewused at

all the activity, and "Good Morning America's" George Steptopoulou seems to also. I've been afraid to mention him all these years because he's so popular and "the show" is all unknown to me, they carry on totally behind my back all my life. The fraud-parent's telephone # had changed sometime back in the eighties and twice since 2005 I'd accidentally dialed the slightly different from now's old number and a guy answered and struck me as a little odd and maybe familiar from some long-ago mis-dial, the way that he answers immediately and seems to be sitting in total silence. The when I went to the Post Office on North Capitol one of the "Ste. Foy" types did some little scene like blocking my way to mail a letter in order to scare me. The last call had been a collect-call too that he'd accepted the charges on. I only had a little, cheap "TrakFone" and couldn't try to call an operator to get that mistake straightened out. The fraud-parent told me not to call collect anymore and it was years till I got this little lifeline "Obemaphone" I have now.

Then I've seen one other "Ste. Foy" example, as a reporter-team with a generational-slave#2 like Heinrich Schole or the original-looking Jack Horner paleontologist. The point is that I suspect the fraud-parent had been using the first telephone number for the brain-drug-selling business perhaps connected to that there's a buffalo farm that's advertised as being nearby there, and business got so good that the calls got diverted to an order-taker for the previous phone number. Greenhaven/Green Haven prison is near there and so is some asylum named Wingdale or some such. I think he used electric saws or "planes" to smooth the cut wood maybe they're called a lot of the time, and he gave the impression that he never did much for decades except sit in the dining room watching mundane-seeming TV. It's difficult with no responsibly-behaving adult's assistance to jot about other people's business, and what I'd already mentioned on my little blog-/website might be how this car accident's then skull cracking and leg-torture had come about, -- in addition to something I'd written for/to Facebook's Mark Zuckerberg, that I finally realized it's probably more likely that he's descended

from King James than from Huxley, or through a different line than Huxley's from King James, which might make him and the fraud-parent (libel/slander be gone, they've disallowed people from thinking and trying out ideas) similar to Jimmy Carter and Mr. Norton's teamwork.

Now the system is stirring up trouble. Everyone nowadays is so scary and ludicrously getting away with ... (that old cliché, getting away with murder,) as the only way they can eat, but like 2 wrongs don't make a right and you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear you can't make up for the missing dinosaur and mammoth and sloth and other megafauna meat by substituting people.

I don't know what kind of a situation people see when I try to show pictures of his system-made offspring-descendants like the one on page 10, it's possible that they see unfortunates headed for slaughter and feel sorry for them, but no one ever says about anything to me! I was trying to write a letter asking that of a job I'd applied for and didn't get, a "fraud-offspring" or another all around,

271

but now I can't do ANYTHING except this for hopefully soon getting read, where that about the epicentral fold is important to being able to sort out this horror. And now Suburban has done another crappy trick, of saying the unusual ~~name~~ first name of the "girl case manager" over the loudspeaker, which is "the show" trivializing everything I'm doing, for all their unknown audiences and purposes.

I'm trying to get to that there's some endless number of historical details but that none of them have to do with trying to get the solar system back running again, and I'm essentially being held prisoner as a LURE/holocaust prisoner, either way it's looked at, as a typical expendable person or as the V.A. hospital LURE-bait prisoner I've long feared being used for, like "Neanderthaloid bums" watching Monroe from behind a 2-way mirror but further "modernly advanced."

Now a 3rd trick. The 1st one was this [REDACTED] with the aide running a/the scam with this O₂, oxygen, business. Everyone uses the little "pulse-ox" finger-sized "machines" and I'd never -- I guess I probably had seen one at the 2nd and D Sts, DC Federal-City Shelter's "Unity" medical clinic 272

← but had only noticed that they're a new type of pulse-reader, and reading the oxygen-level is all the gimmick now but I can't guess at the details of how it's a scam, I'm lucky to have figured out that one might get choke/drowned in one's own saliva, because I'd gone through worse in April 2013² phony-necessitated hospitalization. Sneaky murder seems to be everywhere. So they hospitalized me in April 2014 on account of this low-oxygen level, where I'd been called from where it is low-oxygen, air at all, and found what the Unity clinic might have already been tracking as air-accessability was cut down over the years, and now the 2 of them just come in and ran a scam based on a low-level that's actually pretty good for me but they're all murder-trained strangers. I was even "murder-trained" but I'd ignored the sly little hints, as though an aide can put on plastic gloves and draw the curtain around the bed and smother an elderly or weak person, somehow get away with that, and these "undergrounders" all work in teams.

This is how that "Armageddon" is being snuck through, that it's going on and on with this 3rd trick now. I really despise to be taken advantage of by the "show" like this. God helps, these would use the excuse "reason" that I'd 273

Stayed in bed late, which I'd done for my health. Or it could be because the "social-worker character" gave me this pen that's shaped differently from the last one I'd used. Whether I'm seen by the staff around here as being a holocaust-victim or a LURE-team member this game is not-giving me lunch -- calling again the Dietary, you have to listen to about cardiac surgery. This time she said my traps already on the way but she could send a piece of the salmon-special up in addition to that if I want = some game in this morons' system.

The Artist-psychopaths and their Neanderthaloid buddies are all hypersensitive to any criticism whatsoever, the Artists are and that's how the "fraud-parent" is also, and you cannot call an Artist a moron especially. I go mostly by that book by Sean Barron, "There's a Boy In Here," and he mentions that toward the end.

Now a joke about squirrel and nut as the tray arrives and this little-torture or trick could be because I'd saved bits of food from yesterday, and the double entendre for the other word, -- I have no normal adult ever that I can speak with about all these TPE problems.

Probably the system had seen that Jack Horner's work was headed to re-creating the dinosaurs and I have no idea why they wouldn't want that but they turned it into that Jurassic Park, horror-film; why? I'd like to read the book now, find out what year that was. Michael Crichton had also written something like, "Brain," and/or one called "Coma" I think. Horner's thesis is that dinosaurs and chickens have lineage in common and you could work with eggs to develop a "Chickensaurus" as a starting point. He wrote 3 books that I know of. -- Trying to re-create the dinosaurs would create work for the normal-type people who'd be interested and able for doing that. Everything is designed for making the d.d.'s seem to be smart and good-looking but that would be real work and they don't really do personal-thinking type work, only kinds where something like manuals have already been written on all you have to do and they just follow directions and really do their predatory work with the job like a cover-story. Figuring out how to re-create dinosaurs would be little with those details and the Autism only likes to work on its own ideas.

They have a stereotype that they had in the scene where the "Veterans On the Rise" staff-person had pulled over for directions at that day care center on Connecticut Avenue, just before or after the big LPS banner high across Connecticut Avenue. She was wearing an outfit with black tights or sweat pants and that's all that I've got, with one odd pair of black pants to wear out of here... and she did a wide-eyed shock scene that I didn't watch. 275

The staff-person commented how there are still good people around. Now I recall that she's the same type as a New York Hospital doctor I'd taken a home-health aide client to, the client for 1 day only, stinking of urine and had refused to wash or change clothes and such. The doctor said she was going to do an exam, on the woman's lower parts somewhere, behind maybe, and I think asked me if I wanted to stay or wait outside and I said it was up to the client and she said for me to wait outside the door. Maybe she'd looked a little like ~~Maude~~, Roth Gordon from "Harold and Maude"... I've looked up to see what happened to that actor and he's done and is doing all kinds of work since then, in that I guess that's a good example of the Autism but that it's difficult to explain while we're in the midst of it. Here at Suburban Hospital I'd woken in ICU with my hair held back by an elastic band that wasn't mine and I'd had to get a nurse to help cut it out of my hair too tangled all over it and that reminds me that the lady had almost not let me comb her hair either, me using a band like that in hers. Then I'd seen that doctor's type 2 years maybe when this Jewish group used to bring holiday dinner to the John Z. Gooney and then for anybody else also, with that one type with them. The 1st year I saw them, maybe 2006, like out of nowhere the girls started doing a talent show, I going near the front of the room and singing a song or such after the other, where I'd heard nothing about that, as usual. I started holding up the

copy of Sean Barron's book on his Autism, "There's a Boy In Here," and putting it near my face and on my head in case this that looked like the doctor was there because of me, deathly afraid of the power of those over me, maybe because they, this torture-exhibition extravaganza, the "show," was doing thinly-veiled comments about psychiatry, a sign with the same doctor's name as had been the "homeless psychiatrist" in 2001 when I'd been forced to speak to him rotely once, in order to stay at the shelter, the Open Door trailershelter at 4th and L streets, N.W. It was only for a few minutes or so. It seems that the guy happened to look like some former supervisor of mine but I didn't notice that, that they're from a stereotype, things like looking similar seemed only like coincidences and I didn't take them seriously. This year however I'd really had no much option but to try to get social work help from the Washington Hospital Center by trusting and signing into their Psych unit and that doctor had the same name. I'd think my recollection was wrong except that the shelter did a theme of this girl next to me's having wild dreams about the guy in 2001, saying that she loves him and moaning about him so that I recollect him better than I would have, and the "show" had started following or having around me more of that type when I came back to Washington in 2005, which is when I noticed the resemblance to the old "boss" (Richard Hine.)

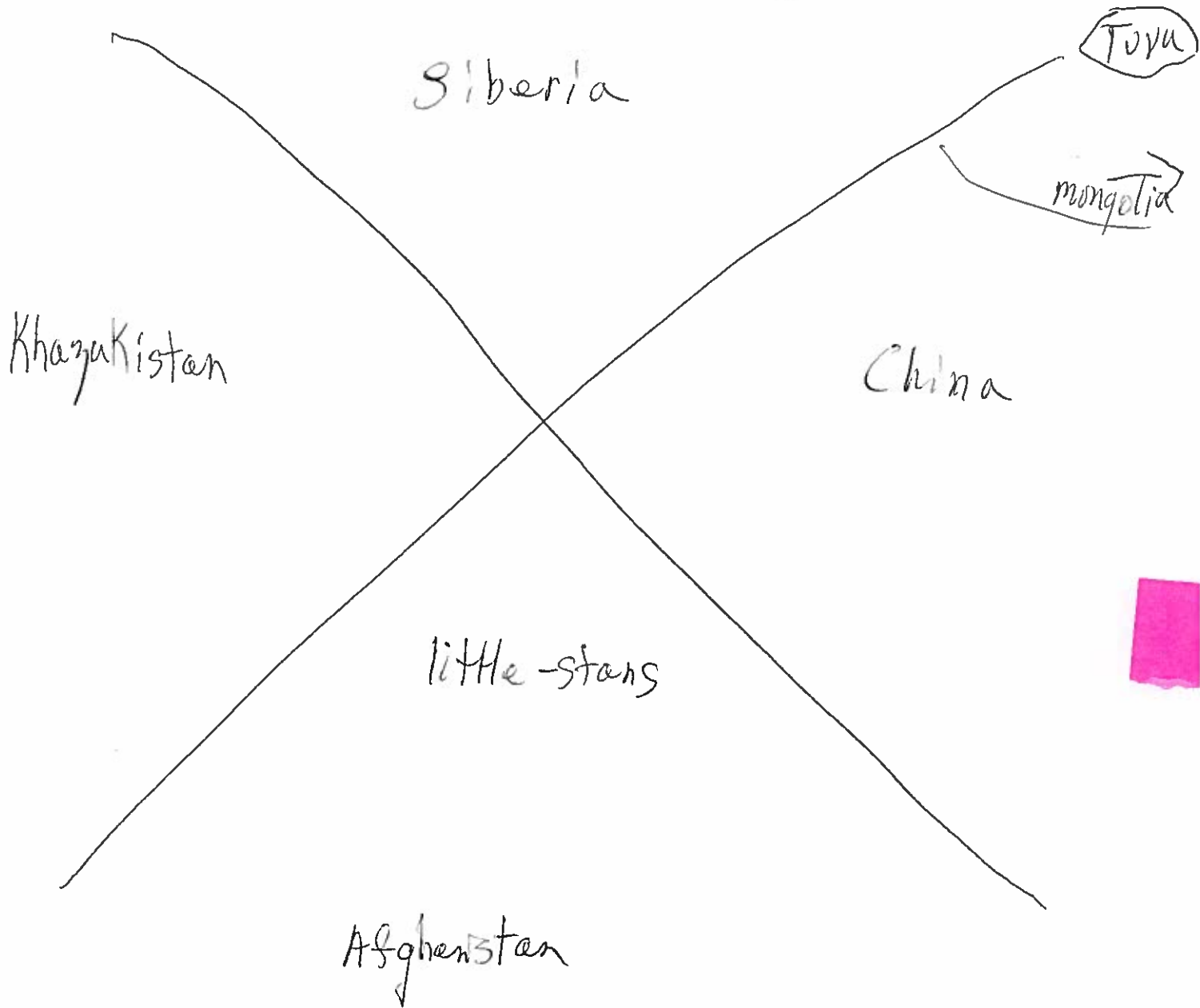
Today was the first time I could feel my stomach muscles again. In ICU, standing finally, I noticed I couldn't pull my stomach in and the belly has been distended all this time and finally I can tuck it in a little. I guess I'd noticed it because they did the heparin shots in the belly. It'd be interesting to spell-check or try to edit this and see how frequently there are errors. I'd stayed in bed late because it's like the only such day available in a hospital, the only chance to do so. I wonder (bad word here) if the shelter had done any of the "curses" or "seeing" that presaged this phoned-up accident, with those ~~frank-parent's~~ offspring and similar relatives all around that target-site, right behind or adjacent to the Bureau of Prisons. Then that Hyatt hotel, and there's a Hyatt shortly behind the MLK Library - St. Patrick's / Catholic Charities area, like I was shuttling from 1 Hyatt to the other for all those years and didn't notice it till I read the book that Pres. Obama's campaign manager had written and it opens and closes mentioning the Hyatt. He'd make a great example of this everyday and everywhere nowadays Autism we're permeated with, except for my behind-the-back libel/slander charges, where I've never been allowed to answer criticisms, never hear a word,

and I think I'd mailed to Obama about him. I'd sent a winter-holiday greeting card to the Obamas in 2009 and got a card back but anything I've got gets ruined and this "show" -torture did phony-excitement about an envelope from the White House so bad that it was a week till I could actually open the envelope without this torture shrieking and banging all over me.

I'd planned to try to do a write-up on the Universe Rescue blog-/website but haven't had a chance yet on the visions and voices aspect of all this, since I can't trust to even mention it to these stranger-"doctors" as the one at WHC had made it seem plain that admitting to voices automatically gets the horror-"medication" That might be because the system's been putting transmitters into people's or babies' brains since WWII. Cardinal Spellman had written a ~~book~~ fiction book about a veteran's finding a guiding voice. I think I was only able to find a review-summary of it.

Francis Cardinal Spellman of Boston and then St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York was a big worker in all this, and a high school was built and named after him just before the Fosters moved to the North Bronx, 11/1/63, then I had to walk around the school to get to mile-279

Like the prehistoric d.d.'s seemed to have liked what became the 4 corners area of the U.S. Southwest / figure they're near the new "X" on the map, but I don't draw well:



I figure that all the American military there has been to drain the American males to the system, leading them up along the borderline toward "disappearance." And from what I see here there might be a whole identity-replacement process going on.

That seems to me, identity-replacement "disappearances" to be a main scam at this ERRC and the first shelter they sent me to, that people like the fraud-parents offspring take the places of people captured from up here, as seems to be a common practise with this system and all its wrongfully-made people. It's so scary how I can't get the merest of acknowledgement of this TPE, and the whole thing has always been "No fault," that none of us alive nowadays had built this system -- then the Artists' obsession with that their brains had been around and in-on lots of the system-making, and they can't think outside of themselves and let the rest of us go. It's a 14,000-mile walk from a reasonable climate in China to one in North America or Canada at the right time of year so I guess the trekkers spent alot of it promising to get Nature back for doing that to them, for using the sun as a LURE-trick in the first place. You know how everyone holds out their arms to a baby and encourages them to "walk to Mommy" or the others around, and I figure that nature had been delighted when people started walking and looking around, exploring, and the early morning sun could be a tantalizing target but then one group wouldn't grow out of trying to walk to it when they began having their own young and must have brought women and children along,

↳ ignoring all the signs from nature like increased wind and rain and snow. I figure sometimes babies had had to be laid down in the snow due to some emergency or another and had developed like freezer-burns on different parts of their different brains that wound up being passed congenitally and became the base of the developmental difficulties. Finding refuge or respite in dinosaur nests in maybe Montana-area they became used to the hallucinogen-laced baby dinosaur food. They may have just stayed high for thousands of years, running the animals off cliffs for sport. When they found their way to the soft-drug plants - Old World they would have felt the cold turkey heebie-jeebies, those leading to "senseless violence." When someone like a Socrates father-figure tried giving them some medicine of bull brain and they felt the hallucinogenic high I figure it triggered recollections from their brains past where getting high alone in the New World was like nirvana, Strawberry Fields Forever of the red-topped mushrooms still famous today, Amanitas or name that starts that way, and they'd become immediately addicted to brain then. Now it's possible that their descendants are just sitting under Siberia-Mongolia demanding to be cared for similarly

to how they'd been treated in the dinosaur nests, everything done for them while they just sat back and watched.

Competition with the babies for the high-food led to breaking the eggs before the new little eaters emerged and eventually the dinosaurs caught on and became angry, probably seeming like the Jurassic Park depictions, "war-games" probably starting.

Chicago has a 50-foot Picasso statue that looks almost-obviously to me like a (cross-eyed) dinosaur over a nest with the egg morphing into human-face profiles. They call it "the Picasso" and don't know what it depicts, unveiled in about 1966, in front of the tall Cook County courthouse.

-- Here they send a Respiratory therapist twice a day and tonight's looks like that cousin that I suspect does business with the fraud-parent. Then a nurse came in and offered me some clothes with a bizarre-sounding explanation behind it. I have no idea, that trick with the Dr. Chetty and the aide (Stan) today, she'd told him to lower the O₂ to 10% and I said that the canula would only be obstructing the nasal passage at 10% and she said that it's oxygen, as though these little electronic meters are all-legitimate. I keep wondering if she's from Elizabeth Taylor ovae, as there'd been 1 worker in around 2007. X a 50-foot tall statue by Picasso.

1/2/16, Saturday


That Jimmy Carter fiction book's title might be "Revolution" and maybe it's allegory for the whole late 1970s in Washington. I finally realized that piece of lace is probably allegory for "her" big-then Afro. I forget what happened with the brother-character, recalling mostly only that ending, and the loopy way he'd described his wife and deciding to stick with her, what loopy things to say and then that author's photo. I guess it's about the 1776 period? but seems more like the 1800s, me with only enough time to look for the parts with the female in it. I'd -- the Web would have some huge collection of pictures, where "her" own book cover I think she's wearing a red jacket, then I'd be looking to see if she'd been wearing purple around in those days. The way this sneaky system works, the hostage situation might have been the ho-stage, where for instance the underground wild African dancing might have been going on. Trying to interpret the allegory would be constructive not just for the historical purposes but because Carter might have come from James Anthony Bailey, Barnum and Bailey's Bronx-commuter and big workman and also maybe the red hair's from King James of the "Bible" set.

Carter had first seen her giving a speech called (like) "message to My Brother," to male blacks, and he'd kept that image of the relationship was my impression by that character in the book, but "he," in real life seems to look/ have looked like the doctor author [redacted] and in youth [redacted] had had temper-fits like "the fraud-parent" had had, terrifying and seemingly-uncontrollable type, so while he's only, a studious and mild brother off looking at pond creatures or science-like quiet things in the book, in real life he seems to have gone into the Geneva, Switzerland group called Business Humanitarian Forum, which is a scary name if you can figure that the "-um" has to do with food, that I suspect the group's about selecting business-people who are nice or liberal or altruistic for being cannibalized, running businesses out of all "good Samaritan" types or socially-helpful types, while of course Carter's been a noted humanitarian all these years, especially with Africa-- which set up King James might even have helped to invent for all anyone knows what's gone on really.

Near "his" address-area I used to see a horrifying apartment-rental advertisement on a big building, that it semi-titled (made signs of) hot underground nightclub with wild ladies available but seeing it often around 2006-08 it gave the feeling those women were dancing to save their personal lives each or they'd be in the fire to be cooked for meat-food. There was, is, a library branch 1/2 blocks from there and I'd visited it a lot because the LURE seemed waiting for me at the MLK, it was accompanied by like a nonstop pounding on my skull and the "a little retarded girls" or whatever's screeching the main phrase that, Julie where is better than you that I've probably heard more than a million times and trying to sneak up on me at any chance like even today if I wasn't filling the quiet with this, so I'd get there and be afraid of the weekend LURE usually and go "running" all the way to the southwest branch and it'd be bad there also but less so and while I'm reading and writing these letters the "show" passes its time by doing construction I guess because that's usually the pattern and they tore down and rebuilt the Safeway and CVS there,

fraud-parent offspring like greeting my arrival the first time I went there. The Rhode Island Metro station area is a big example of that, as I'd used to have a P.O. Box at Brentwood behind there, -- re-named after 1 of the guys who'd passed from that Oct. 2001 Anthrax scandal, and then the CRRC building isn't too far east of that area. The first time I went to I guess it's a Giant foods supermarket there they paraded a bunch of little kids proudly, as though the kids were fertilized from the pornography "show" of following me with hidden cameras all or most of my life.

So I'm real anxious to try to get a copy of the book but I'd even have to worry about having anything with that word on it, -- its "Revelation" similarity and Armageddon I'm trying to get averted,

-- 2 negative things just went on, the nurse sweeping the Dr.  had ordered something for me that I'd asked her not to order until after I saw the print-out on it in case I don't want it and it's for this night-saliva problem that helped land me in the hospital on 4/2/15 from all the filth all in

and all around me everywhere, and the aide came to the doorway and asked me if or when I'd had a b.m. and I'd said yes or today and then she asked me how many and I felt that that was too gross, calling from ~~about~~ the hallway door doorway and I have to pause and recollect like that and I told her I so she'd get lost, it wasn't appropriate acoustics I felt for that anyway but the "mind read" world, about 30% of this whole Armageddon-making "show" off of me has been about bathroom, constantly forgetting trick-forcing my pee and air up my behind goings-on, so now this nurse witnessed that I lied, whenever there was another time she was just standing there while I didn't tell the other nurse some detail about to do with turning the oxygen on and off, a little phenomenon that you can only hardly feel the knob move when you turn it off and I thought I'd found it already off so that I'd been sleeping with it not-rolling all night, which

makes you feel like a moron, but then it runs into this
the internal fizzing problem, that I can't hear the oxygen's hiss.
Now I notice the volunteer-girl looks like a girl from my 4th-grade
class that had sat in front of me, then walked by this "type"
of a (Jewish-looking) doctor that I'd fainted and fell onto the back
of when I'd been hospitalized for that "pleurisy" in early 1972,
young intern type, who'd maybe cursed me for nearly hurting
him or robbing his penmanship, sitting at a hallway desk like
these here except there was nothing else around and it
happened too suddenly to be able to lean against a wall
so I'd fallen on him to break the fall, so my head
wouldn't hit the floor. Here, when I got fresh paper I told
the nurse it'd really been 2 or 2 1/2 times I'd gone, the "1/2"
having been when I got up + ready to go ask for the paper
She then gave me from the fax machine, a small amount with
a lot of air as though maybe it was a timed-scene, and I
guess I'll have to mention the 2nd or 3rd now little problem
with the hospitalist doctor Dr. Chetty and ordering this stuff I
don't want -- then it might be twisted to the horror-
expletive-deleted that the "show," "the Jew," always sets up,

of making-up stories about what I'm like. Here I've had this "fool-saliva" problem while I sleep on and off since 2009 and, not mentioning the details except fool-saliva I just figured out yesterday this is and I have to spit it out onto tissues at night she said she has something for that, then that it's post-nasal drip, which I've meant to try to look into, and that she'd give me a prescription for it but I went into not before the printout about, that this turns out, aka "Flonase" maybe over the counter? turns out not to mention post-nasal drip, is for hay fever and allergies, but is a corticosteroid.

id = head or mind
Court } eat partners } steer
(Underground)

The stuff is called Fluticasone Nasal Spray and the name is familiar from one of the respiratory drugs at WHC. I think it's the only one, with the Spiriva, that I hadn't said I wouldn't take anymore and took it to the Veterans On the Rise in Deanwood with me and then looked up steroids and quit using it. Then I read that JFK had been warned about longterm effects of cortico-

Steroids but I forget that scary detail. I think that female doctor Janet _____ was the one using it for his back pain. Their pictures don't look it but I think there was some big age-difference between me and Jacqueline. Then it's possible he'd preferred blondes and that dichotomy was the big ~~controversy~~ debate in the underworld clubs then, as with the Mary Meyer and her CIA-husband business. This Dr. Chetty seems like an Elizabeth Taylor-ova in retrospect but when she's standing here I don't see it. It could possibly be ~~the~~ an example of things like "crossing" Sophia Loren and her real husband [REDACTED] where if it's a girl it won't be anywhere near as good-looking but if it's a boy the system might love it and start a new line of people with those looks. Similar is these, are these, female offspring-descendants with the fraud-parent's looks -- and he'd always joked about eating your mistakes when cooking, a sky cannibal-joke and what seems to go on all the time, everyone anxious not to fall into disfavor probably, afraid of the decapitators for the drug-use of yourself bonus that goes with that.

They've mentioned that they're building an extension to this hospital, around out ~~to~~ ^{maybe the} ~~the~~ window ^{maybe}.

I did know a girl, lady, that did look like she ^{was} possibly really had been from [redacted] ova, -- in fact at 7 AM on 11/16 they woke me by a lab tech saying she was going to draw blood and her ~~name~~ last name was Taylor, then she said she had the wrong room and turned the light back off and ~~she~~ went next door I think. And the actress that played the roll of British "Holly" on General Hospital looked like [redacted] guess. The 1 I knew I'd disliked because I'd thought she looked too good to be around homeless women, wasn't interested in any of us. Then one time there was a movie or some such and I saw her behind us ~~like looking over~~ with 1 or 2 big guys like looking over the crowd to see who looked vulnerable like maybe to be choked from behind. The "Thrive" food-program she was with moved out on 16th St., NW way past Columbia Hts. and the Mt-Pleasant library to a different church, but she'd seemed to have left earlier than that. I couldn't get anyone -- but I didn't know that this torture would never let me speak about the VPE with anyone, -- couldn't get any kind of assistance with this, unaware that nobody'd be allowed to do anything nice or useful or positive around me.

I was wanting to mention that this is "prison planet" now.
Besides that, I'm starting to worry that they might ~~never~~
never let my K&K deal, have pre-determined my business
that much, or that the new extension would be for the
"LURE" and not just a payment for doing this to me.
The decision-makers on Earth are developmentally disabled
with Autism where they can't break out of their repetition
patterns to be able to change them.

11/3/16, Sun p.m.

Vercingetorix in French history is the only one I can think of
with (sic) red hair that might be an ancestor of King James and
I guess the first Queen Elizabeth, (maybe her sister Mary).

And Jimmy Carter's novel is called "The Hornet's Nest," 2003.

I'm trying to get across that a "core" small group of
hostage-holders is the decision-makers over everything,
and without an example I can't draw a world map copy
trying to describe this "chain of command" out from the small
group and its hold over everywhere, but it's a small core
with real Autism. That's like the selfism of solipsism with
the repetition of obsession-compulsion. Really I think it's
Autism-psychopathy with hallucinogen-dependence, -- from 292

other people's brains.

There are a lot of subjects that I haven't covered but I'm thinking I might have to stay busy Monday-Friday, will have to keep alert then, but this has really been a disaster, and I don't know how to get it across that something quiet and simple for me isn't going to get approved of by this chain-of-command to the decision-makers way under around the Siberian-Mongolian border, that an individual would have to take responsibility, and everyone seems to be a prisoner, so I've just been trying to rest in bed and I'm all full of the torture now. Since these aren't things that I'm doing they aren't really memorable. They started the vibrating torture sometime this afternoon and I can't even guess if they'd done any of that the day before, it's just garbage that parasites are perpetrating onto me, not things that I did and are responsible for knowing what they are, it's just a miasma of filth and garbage, as though punishment for not doing this "babysitting writing" like to keep electronic artificial intelligence machines and their runners quiet. That 4 loopy aide and the progressive encroaching tricks and torture and being without the 2 bags of paper because they were talking about moving me real soon so I didn't know the plan was to abandon me like this, from the MCCH, ---- 293

Relevant is that [redacted] looked like the doctor of a home health care client I'd had, while that Abu Ghraib Scandal was going on, in ^{Bath Beach} Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, near the Fort Hamilton V.A. hospital, where I'd somehow oddly had a credit union account so that I went there around once a week. Jamaica, Queens had one too, and they had an ATM machine at the Manhattan V.A. hospital. I'd been run all over the place

11/4/16, Monday 9 AM

Now I recall that I'd accidentally given a patient a head injury, in early 1978. It was a place called Hillhaven Convalescent home or hospital when I got out to San Francisco and lived across the Bay in San Rafael with that Army boyfriend, who was a nurse, an LPN ET. The patient's name was Dutch and he was about 6-foot tall and I got him into his chair and went to put his feet up on his ottoman-stool and his knees didn't bend, he was all stiff, and his whole body tilted and the chair fell backwards and his head hit the corner of the nightstand, with him screaming. The nurse put a butterfly-bandaid on it and I didn't where his scalp had a small

294

open wound and I didn't hear anything more about it. The guy was a profuse sweeper. To recollection it was a trick-filled job like I always have had. It sounds unbelievable to me now but I think they were somehow actually giving me around 12 patients a day, my first time doing work with the elderly. Maybe that was after the accident with Dutch and they were trying to get me to go elsewhere-- or the underground was trying to get me to go elsewhere, manipulating me to San Francisco where this must have all gone on very quickly, finding that job there and then the apartment and moving and I guess there was some overlap with breaking up with that boyfriend and being seduced by the Shaker-type's partner and then it seems the boyfriend had officially left on July 4th and the next day was when I'd met the prime-mover of this horror "Armageddon Show," the main character until now it seems the fraud-parent and type has been the prime mover that the "magic" end of "The Jew" so to speak, has been working for.

Bath Beach - V. A. will wait while I fret now:

Monday, 4 Jan. 2016, 10^{AM}, post-"holiday" horror now.

I think I had another bad dream -- any dream is bad to my way of thinking because it's the underground's interference with your sleep-time brain, but again about the belongings' being thrown away it was, and then this pregnant aide threw my milk and Ensure drink away and I called her a horrible thing for causing me trouble again, that I didn't want the cold water, that's actually ice water then in place on the table tray, etc. for the typical underground-tricks, but it was like calling her + the baby in her belly horrible things. Now the nurse and supervisor were asking why I don't want my Flo-Nase Flo-nase, as though, with me all alone with my fearful self, that'll be used to charge me with wrongdoing, horror-life etc. for, like, then they asked if I called my case manager. I'd finally realized that the "girl case manager" considered herself "off my case" back on the 16th, trick, and it's only 10^{AM} when all these ~~*****~~ are doing the Happy New Year phrase and since I don't know what its double-meaning means I don't like saying that to the underground-type tricksters. And it's a little too early to bother

such just as they got back to work after all this
"holiday" business. I'd had to turn this super-bright light
on because it heats here on and around the bed and
then the 2 nurses came in. My stomach's sick thinking
about my papers with the girl case manager, help me,
but I should have some news of what might be
happening from the social worker to tell her. I'll have
to say (Good morning/Happy to you too whatever) Lindsey,
~~they're not doing anything~~ I'm still here and I'm a
nervous wreck about my papers, can you get them
to me? + the sado-sitcom will have lots to do ~~to~~
laugh about with the script plays again then.
-- 10:30A, \bar{p} (after) momentary temporary relief
now it's like a set up, that I called her, as the
nurse had asked if I had, ~~to~~ I feel I'm feeling
like I fell into a sado-sitcom trap again now,
as there's a delay \bar{p} the unusual saying she'd
call right back in a minute, so that I'd stand
by the phone. Now I recall 1 of the dreams!
saying that a special pick-up ~~off~~ from the
garbage truck had been requested -- as
they'll throw them out -- \bar{p} I'd called
Friday before last + talked \bar{c} Katrina - staff, 291

who'd hang up on me because I said they shouldn't be holding the room when someone else could use it. She got angry and started screaming and I disconnected. Now this minute has become 10 x (I'm thinking the girl heard that (Kutria) they had thrown the suit last Monday per Kutria's report and commit that I didn't think the room should be held open. They've got a storage sled-looking place in the back is where I'd guess the stuff should be but no one's there — she says there is no problem with getting me + my things together. I squeened in the idea that since she's not my case manager maybe somebody else could get the things to me, here, as she'd suggested back before the holidays.

I wound up wishing her a good week and getting off the phone that way. It's "New Year" but the snow hasn't even started yet = ? "New" is when the green plants start sprouting, at sign of them you'd think with that reassurance now I'd hope they do come up to any tree else I can go, etc. 298

The Bath Beach job was a big setup but like this with my head being cracked and no one telling me anything there isn't anything I can really explain, and starting to recall it I realize it will take a lot of these words, the main point being that the lady's doctor looked the same as [redacted] DC mayor ~~from~~ just succeeded by now Mayor Muriel Bowser, who, looks like me like Gabby Gifford(s) and therefore all the way back to that Andrea's Mantegna "Virtue/Pallas/Mikona Chasing the Vices," this vice wearing the word "Ingratitude" on its headband. Ma [redacted] was with [redacted] for some brief talk or lecture she gave in the main hall ~~the~~ of the MLK library, and I had to walk by there to get into the fiction room there for some reason or other that I guess that was before I'd noticed the Carter book? Or was it a ritual (spell?) to get me to notice the book? I guess it was awhile back in 2014, that after that I'd started looking up trying to find out about [redacted] and there was nearly nothing, where that's

pretty impossible. Then I found one note mentioning him in a book about Marion Barry and I started reading more about him and then he passed and I worried it had to do with these "fraud-parent offspring-descendants" being all around, the thought only from one picture of one like waving goodbye at the funeral cortege I guess it's called, and my standard "Angeddon Show" killing every nice person around worries, me figuring, giving a ~~small~~ note to the lady who'd written one of the biographies on him,

Rose — Barras I think her name is, 2 notes with illustrations that I think Barry might have come from John Carroll and be descended from Socrates maybe, and then he'd suddenly passed not long after that note.

All these years I'd been hearing about him someone might have pointed him out and I just wouldn't have recognized him, that he seems to have an average, nondescript type of an appearance, looks like just anybody, looked like just anybody, and it would have been unforward to look that closely at a group to see which one was being pointed out, so I'd never seen him. 300