

The "Christ in Majesty" in the Basilica here is/was by one of that John Carroll (d. 1813) -type also*, as is the guy on page 4 named Vinnie Hawkes (cksp) the 2nd from the left. It's really seeming that this spate of them, which I guess astronaut John Glenn is also their type, might come from that psychiatrist I can't find any information on, Kurt Schneider.

I've gotten nowhere toward finding anything, for finding any responsibly-behaving adult, as another mutant offspring-descendant that looks like maybe is from that fract-parent just sequestered by.

With this Schneider-idea I keep getting would come this feeling that after what I guess was the Autists' ~~leWT~~, that they'd "lost" ~~leWT~~ and then that Treaty of Versailles with the reparations, that Schneider was an active adult doctoring during ~~leWT~~, and these maybe his off-spring descendants. Vernon Rice was born 1908, allegedly in Oklahoma but the underground is all actors and they'll tell other people just anything. What I'm thinking of is that maybe the presumed "core" of the system felt that as "black-haired" they can't participate in society without being spotted and in danger, so that after their ~~leWT~~ attempt was a failure the system geared up for the next big attempt to take over and that seems to have barely missed. I haven't gotten anywhere trying to learn about the Korean War. There's just that "The Manchurian Candidate" film. In 1924 there was a big "egg-selling putsch" with Georgia O'Keefe.

* John DeRosa? DeRosen, John

Around 1924 there were a lot of the black-haired Germans travelling first to New York and then all over. I figure that's connected to the Bauhaus business but it's difficult to find and collect the evidence-bits. I think the Bauhaus origin came from having parasitised on and cannibalized the Buch family for centuries in that area around Jena, Germany, which led to establishing themselves as the Bauhaus school, which largely moved to Chicago just before WWII, from Berlin by then. It's just an historical example like this Carter ██████████ business that I'm hooked on thinking might be provable and get the rest of this looked at. And the Artists had largely moved to Hollywood too. Fritz Lang did a "Woman on the Moon" Frau Im Mond, film, and that horror Metropolis I think was by him, a big part of the societal planning of that between the big wars time-period.

I've figured that Werner von Braun was a slave and think I've tried comparing his face with the Christ in Majesty and didn't think they were the same type, and now the same with Bauhaus' Laszlo Moholy-Nagy - who did look like Robert McNamee.

I try to figure what that "Christ in Majesty," by some local artist named John DeRosen I really don't know when, has got to do with the 1999 ~~the~~ Call to Universal Holiness, Universal Call to Holiness with what clearly looks like North Carolina politician ██████████ face.

on it, which is behind your back so you don't see its escorting you into the church but the staff there see you walking in with it over your head, feeling that the smiling Mary is collecting pigeons.

Nobody'd worked harder and better to get into outer space to see what was there and land to claim it than von Braun had. Last night I tried to imagine that he was a school boy who'd happened on the drugs that that group of Artists was using and had merely become involved with the rockets in order to stick close to that drug-source, that it was a happenstance-accident that he was a member of the rocket-making group instead of a generational-slave type. When I went to look up about astronomy at this Georgetown University here the main professor's website just had a picture from I guess a film called "Babylon 5," where the figure looked like von Braun. Then I got a photo found of the professor and he looks like 1 of the slave-types, maybe that Prince Radziwill that married Jacqueline Kennedy's sister Lee was a slave that had helped make alot of that type, as maybe it's the same type as that "Parfagni" doctor -- did I mention the "schizophrenia" -label on me? it came from this guy whose family-name has got a big good reputation as psychiatrists in San Francisco but I think his first name is/was Ralph and couldn't find anything on Google Search for that but on alot of A.B.'s. Maybe Stephanopoulos father's type too.

I'm trying to get to that the freneticism of Lenny Bruce might have been from the generational-slave Schneider's trying to optimistically talk the core into leniency, trying to not get decapitated by making suggestions that led to for instance that "French Connection" LSD-heroin "magic"-done scam, and all the vision and voices and other hallucinations, as Schneider's first-rank symptoms might be the earliest place that mentions them and all I've been able to find on it is a date of 1957, around when he passed, in Germany?

Instead of this feeling that they could never fit into society with the lighter-colored hair people (etc) because the black hair is too obvious and conspicuous, with the bad reputation, besides that, there came this belief of controlling the Earth's people from space, that maybe that was a lot this freneticism of the imprisoned people that caused that obsession, the belief that stars might be like diamonds they could even for instance, those of different thoughtways, and finally space turned out to be just plain and barren for tangible-wealth purposes, nearly all hope of easy or much riches gone with the (July?) 1969 landing. Then there's a picture of Werner von Braun and Rudolf Nebel from that evening at some quiet party as though with von Braun beaming, 321

It was all your idea or, you told me... (there'd be riches up there,) at Nebel, who seems to have been the main rocket enthusiast or prime mover behind the whole thing, von Braun doing the work. Then von Braun seems to have gone through all kinds of difficulties toward what seems like his disappearance to me, to NASA here in Washington to resigning and a job for some big corporation in Virginia (or whatnot), to a hospital and gone in the course of just a few years or so, the whole family left behind around Alexandria somewhere, one of his 3 children like a happy doctor up in Idaho for a long time, one around here somehow but ordinary-type and unreachable, and an anonymous-type son who was middle-named after a New York doctor friend from Europe named Constantine but I can't recall the rest of the name, who seemed like an obvious Artist to me. Von Braun had gone to school with him and on vacations, in Switzerland maybe, they'd met at school.

I think von Braun had sent a message for help that's almost impossible to read about, is scarcely mentioned, that's called his, "Message In a Bottle" for whoever found it to contact his office in NASA with it, and it was taken as merely a prankish joke but I think it was probably legitimate.

but he'd had maybe 3 different secretaries and things just got "swallowed up by the earth" I just describe that it was all-surrounded-by-them bad for him in Washington, Artists and their various hybrids and shark-like partners here, no pleasing them when it was discovered they wouldn't be controlling the Earth from space because they'd gotten richer than everybody else. I should be able to check his death-date against Carter's coming here. I think [redacted] was over by the Capitol, Maryland Avenue and 2nd St SE area back then and now it's right near that "hot women" area that Mr. Norton had been living and running his Business Humanitarian Forum ~~business~~ from.

It's my impression that von Braun might have been the Socrates type, descended from the responsible-adult volunteer type. If Socrates was doing that, teaching the boys, voluntarily he seems to be the last, everybody else's being prisoner first.

Before Rudolf Nebel's group there was some sort of a threesome in western Poland/German border area that had started the first-known rocket club, the one Willie Ley was in. All my notes from the little library at [redacted] were dumped in April 2014's phoned-up hospitalization of me and I'd just found the name on the Web again.

when this hospitalization was done. It's nerve-wracking (cksp)
for me to go anywhere with this Amajedden-making "show" horror
all sneaking around under my guise underneath me and I have
to work places and then the system tells them I have this
"schizophrenia" so don't pay any attention to me and they
proceed with whatever they are and have been doing all of my
life just about, so I was worried about that and I'd sent about
3 letters to their Administrator, I guess his name is [redacted]
maybe Daniel [redacted] that was his predecessor's first name,
Daniel [redacted] and a couple to their library staff but there is
never any comment except out here about my handwriting or
asking if I'm a writer. One nurse asked what I'm
writing about and I'd mentioned, about all our system, the U.N.,
and I still haven't mentioned the U.N., making that sort of a
technicality where I'm a liar about something or another so I
feel like, in this to the U.A. and any Potential Responsibility be-
having adult (and NIH / rope,) I should somehow get the U.N.
mentioned, but only wanting to check on Henry Cabot Lodge's
looks and birth date have come up. I think in New York

the V.A. hospital is at 23rd St. and 1st Avenue and the U.N. is on 1st Avenue at 42nd Street and Rockefeller University and then New York Hospital are from around 68th to 72nd Streets along 1st Avenue. The Rockefellers had donated the land for the U.N. to be built there. (I was born at New York Hospital and have never gotten an explanation for why the Bronx Fosheys went all the way down there when her water broke and there was like a hurricane storm going on. ~~I don't~~ I don't know where the little "fraud sister" was born, in 1958, me assuming that somehow any reader would know I was born in August 1955, since you have to say it all the your birthdate all the time in hospitals, 3 times a day for the mail so they know they have the right recipient, your birthdate and name so commonly together.) It was called Turtle Island.

I seem to have a recollection that there was some connection around 1947 of JFK and the deciding where to have the U.N., maybe that he'd been working as a reporter? and did a story on it? Then Jacqueline worked for a newspaper in Washington. (I worked for one from 1986-87, San Francisco's legal newspaper The Recorder, then I got into Civil Service and sent out to Juvenile Hall after only 3 months.)

The first Secretary General of the U.N.'s name was Trygve (sp) Lie, from Scandinavia, a black-haired guy. 325

U Thant might have been from that Vajiravudh's type, and that guy Branard who seems to have architected Kensington maybe, and maybe that Reagan-gutter's. I'd just found the name, maybe it was Charles Levine, or that early pilot that had gotten lost in Germany with a tall pilot named Chamberlain. Levine had some kind of a millionaire from Chicago background I think, that it was maybe in the late 1920s, when Lindbergh was in the news, Chamberlain and friend Levine flying from New York to Germany, likely having stopped for gas in England at least.

While Tryge Lie was installed von Braun's crew was transported from the tip of Germany near Denmark I guess that was, a place and beach called Peenemunde they worked on the rockets in, to an Army base in El Paso and then to northern Alabama where he worked till called to NASA here. Then Dag Hamerskold, (sp.) from Denmark was before or after U Thant as Secretary General, and maybe was like McArthur's type too. Maybe he was the 2nd, then he was in a plane

crash in the Congo and UThant was Secretary General when I used to get taken downtown by a grandfather (-character) around 1964 and UThant was then the SG. That'd be that the 1st 2 heads of the U.N. were from near the rocket-making area. Before or when they moved to there Rudolf Nebel parted way, ~~with~~ that for the money-help they were trying to get the German government, the military, to sponsor them, and they finally did but Nebel didn't seem to like the deal. Likely he was just underneath them because rocket-fuel requires a lot of petroleum. So does airplane fuel of course. Exactly how they get the "fossil fuel" from "melting" or decomposing people to our basic hydrocarbon atoms I can't guess. I don't know what the big deal is in pursuing this dead-end system, insisting on keeping things headed toward the same goal no matter what happens, but the system is so disgusting that nature had had to stop making this solar system already back thousands of years ago and they've done everything to try to find anything out in space and nothing is growing

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or alive out there, and we're just still going around and around the sun but so do the many pieces of the obviously not alive Asteroid Belt.

There's no such thing as "magic" that all this system has been constructed piece-by-piece to make it then seem like supernatural but the slave-work that's gone into it is so much that it's always really overkill, like whatever all went into photography, that it's from perverted unnatural circumstances in the first place. They'd started "magic" religions along the same pattern as the others, the generational-slaves providing the structure for the Artists to learn and get fed by. The person that taught "666" sex was like a female-John Carroll, Rose Kelly. They'd gotten married and had a baby, a girl that I don't know how she turned out, and he I guess got a divorce and then many other females. Then he was corresponding with Pasadena's Jack Parsons who'd founded more or less the whole Jet Propulsion Laboratory at Cal-Tech and allegedly died around 1954 but really I think he went underground and did to his

coldow what this "show" off of me has been like, watching her through phony "magick" means and putting on entertainments for the Artist and Neanderthals' pleasure, because the Artists are still generally hiding, prefer to watch and masturbate-ejaculate or use captive women or their boddies that to do things out here.

"Jack Parsons" actually leads back to WOI for the little bits and pieces that I've only picked up on, and then actually goes to the 425 2nd St, New Federal-City Shelter and CNN's Mitch Snyder, that they both seem to have Roland Garros as an ancestor or from one of his brothers, as that geologist-astronaut might have also been, because I think maybe the early pilot Roland Garros had been not killed in a crash but captured and identity-switched to being Romania's Hermann Oberth, von Braun's mentor who'd come to the U.S. and lived till like just before then that Mitch Snyder had allegedly killed himself, about 6 months after John L. Young passed there also by the way, Oberth living a long time.

It seems unbelievable that it's a war basically by the Artists' system of black-haired people against the rest of the people. That E Pluribus Unum motto on the back of dollar bills and I think all the U.S. coins is really about going from many different types of people to just one type, from the head of the Artists' core, just one ancestor that all the survivors would have in common, all be carrying the brain inherited from him. Then people leave the core and spread out all over the world is this "top-secret" war against everybody who doesn't share that same brain-way or -type, which has that black straight hair, "Beatle"-style haircut. Evolution though was going toward buoyancy, (sp,) for leaving a spirit that would go help populate the universe of space everywhere. Everyone doesn't have to understand or agree with that for one person to be permitted to help/work with me, 220

because these people here seem to be disappearing
me mostly because I haven't been allowed to have
any friends, I've been kept in isolation for this
Armageddon-creating, there is nothing legitimate or
natural about it, and it was already a broken solar system
before the Armageddon threat. See who all's in space
now that they're getting the U.S. out of space bus-
iness, after all the generational slaves have done all
the learning and then teaching it to them work. I
think that 1st guy "in space" like a cannoball,
Yuri Gagarin, was real normal and I think he'd
looked a lot like Lee Oswald, who looked a lot like
that guy named Penkovskiy, that the defector from Siberia
turned expert CIA-worker Pyotr Deriabin who's similar-
type to the fraud parent wrote the 2002 book called,
"The Spy Who Saved the World" about when that's really
a hoax because I was here too by then with this full
Armageddon-circus just fresh from San Francisco "shoot-in".

It's like ludicrous-sarcasm, but I'm so scared of it that now I can't write about it ~~at~~ the first line of a page, that "these a little retarded girls" probably were always screaming that "save the world" phrase into my head as though to strangers in wherever I was' undergrounds, as well as the lateful horror about Queen Julie/Julie-where's being better than me, in sing-song all the time, so that that was a big joke for all the spy-types in Washington as there's a lot of similarity between he and Deriabin and my type and Penkovsky and Oswald's, -and Oswald's mother is like the first-parent and Deriabin, from the same background maybe around TUVAY, whatever cover-networks there might be near there. In 2004 I forbid to hear that phrase said into my head anymore, having "heard" a Babar heromph at the ludicrousness of it, and years later I finally realized save=feed in the doubled language, that the joke or trick is that a cannibalism LORE is what they're doing to me all these years.

I'd like to get it mentioned that it was a system-trick how I'd met that Army boyfriend that I'd later moved out to San Francisco ~~with~~ ^{and} then broke up with. The place I was working had a Halloween party out somewhere UNUSUAL come to recall a party ^{later} in California that was a similar setting. I went there with this _♀ roommate that looked a lot then like the pictures I'd since noticed of John Edwards' late wife. For some reason she'd befriended me and got us into a former apartment just a few blocks away from the clinic/infirmary in Boomholder, W-Berney that we worked at and she got me to that party I would have gotten to anyway I guess and to a Samoan wedding that I wouldn't have been invited to otherwise, around that time. At the Halloween party I was somehow and probably with her doing some kid-like running around through the crowd, maybe like hide-and-seek. Out of nowhere the work sergeant was standing right in front of me and said good evening + I'd probably shrugged a bit or said hi and then proceeded

To continue my path forward or chasing the other girl but the sergeant wouldn't get out of my way, insisting I return her (salutation?) good evening and we'd just had a to-do at the change-of-shift where she'd been mean to me and I really didn't want to see her at a Halloween party in her regular fatigue uniform and demanding that I greet her like this so I'd said Fuck you and went back to docking through the crowd. It was probably around midnight because the shifts are 7AM-3PM, 3-11PM and then 11 to 7, so I'd gotten off at 3 and the sergeant got off at 11 and then went to the party and this was some underground set-up for the excuse to hold a curse-grudge against me by her I guess, recalling now others who might be of her "type." Maybe she'd somehow gotten off of work a little early but she probably hadn't and it hadn't been earlier than 10^{PM}, but I guess there was then that the fun was over and I was just standing at the bar drinking and chatting with anyone - and then the seat next to me was vacant (sleep-break)

1/6/14, Wed., Halloween 1975, a staff party in a lodge somewhere (like by a lake?)
I don't think I'd noticed who'd vacated the seat but maybe that someone had gotten up but left his glass of beer or what on the bar right there and theoretically I might even have moved it over, maybe after awhile. I was on the sort that despite "women's lib" I still think males should let females sit while males stand if there isn't another chair, so maybe I'd even 1/2-expected that he'd offer me the seat, the feeling being that when I'd sat in the chair I probably 1/2-knew that some guy had been sitting there and that that was his drink and he might be back. Sort of the next thing I knew, before which there was likely some murmur, maybe he'd stood there and smiled like I was supposed to recognize him ~~and~~ or said that that was his seat and I'd only smiled in response, and then he buckled off and began yelling how disgustingly conceited I was when I was nothing but dirty white trash and ugly and this went on with everyone in the room watching. I'd probably tried to defend myself, off of the seat also with it and some body-spaces between me and this guy's drama scene. I guess it was 12:30 AM or so. Either he or later on someone else told me he worked in the Pharmacy department and there was only once where someone who was probably him had been there when I went there for or about something, since that tech was a black male and the one who'd yelled vituperous-, curse-performance, so embarrassingly like that at me was some black guy. Since no one said much maybe it was really from the underground from the sergeant and all the doctors. Maybe the one who 235

tried to get the guy to calm down or leave me alone was then
this new guy that somehow wound up with the roommate helping
me home and sitting in the kitchen continuing to drink, wine I
guess, that I'd started drinking the German white wines, like
Liedtraumilch was somehow in a machine down the street
somewhere. Now I recall and realize the place must have
been just up the street from the local beerhouse, gasthaus, that
then that guy was a regular at. The atmosphere was that
he'd, as a new arrival, been in conversation with the roommate
(Chynn Corran) and was interested in her but talking to the both of
us equally, no one else there. By the by, he'd said later that
when he'd walked across the room and kept standing by the sink
it was because I was sitting in a way that he could see my
privates from there and this is the same guy who said I'd said
I'd own San Francisco one day and that's the only way mush mind me
can be sure that, despite his sincere swearing that it's true that
that is mistaken because I was very careful, aware that it was
a close call but sure I was covered completely, somehow, thinking
of it now, that it was some little thrift-store long-length house-
dress I must have changed into when we'd gotten there, that it
was slit up both sides and I was sitting all tucked on the chair
with my knees up and toes on the seat so that while a lot of leg
must have shown I measured it by hand and felt positive that my
privates weren't visible, but he swears they were that first night
we'd met and then somewhere had sex in the ^{triple} ~~single~~ bed & the roommate sleeping

right there in the other. My point in describing all of this was that I've since noticed that it's a standard trick to devastate someone in order to get them to agree to something they might turn down, that I'd felt violated by the unreal-like drama scene so that I'd want to feel someone loving me, would fall for the nice guy then. I realized that because I'd been violate-raped in 1996 and then had had to agree to let this other guy be my boyfriend as a way of fending off other strange guys who'd see a single female and figure she's available ^{and/or} undefended. Later that first guy'd knocked on my door and it seemed like all his teeth were falling out, but then I'd had all kinds of (little) dental and abscess problems there and I realize it was all from the place's "magic" underground, in a residential hotel in San Francisco right behind 16th and Mission, a major intersection there, I'd lived there for 5 of these "Armageddon Show" years, from 1995-2000.

So I'm saying that this Army big-deal because he was a E-7 then, I can't recall the names for E-6 and E-7, one's a staff sergeant and then E-8's a Master Sargent, this seems to be a big part of my record with V.A., as I'd seen a lookalike of him on my way to the V.A. in Brooklyn ~~to~~ use that credit union branch for the first time, that going with this guy who then turned out to be the supervisor was all an underground trick-set, probably the Sargent (Barbara Thompson) was part of the arrangement, that I'd finally blurt the f* you that'd be the excuse for the strange black guy to do that horror-scene that left me vulnerable and I think I'd been crying and

crying as then the roommate had a ride with that new guy,
and then it seemed as though I'd "stolen" her potential boyfriend
but I realize in retrospect that I was all in a set up. Moving off-
base post might probably have been because I was getting along too
well in the communal-like barracks. I'd met one girl that I really
felt bad when someone else befriended her as though just to LURE
her away from me. Her first name was ~~is~~ Orilla, from the South.
The lurer now I realize is part of a system-type, the same type
as the sergeant who'd harassed me and then shown up when I was
drinking and demanded I greet her, and an officer I'd seen at the
LEO Memorial at 4 1/2 + ESTS, NW, and the basic training corporal and
the worker with the "Patrick" on 4/24/14 when I got forced into an
ambulance, who'd been looking at her copy of my recent flyer
hand-out and said that no one agrees with what I'm saying,
that I'm recognizing that they're all the same "type," same genotype.

About the "friends" problem, I'd had that girl befriend me in 7th grade
and when I got back I guess from spending most of the summer in Ireland
the girl had made a big deal that she had a new friend and so she
and I weren't spending time together because 2's company and 3's a
crowd. That -- I do detours whenever the word "sense" comes up
because it has meanings for the brain-drug obsessed anonymous "show"
but I'm trying to loosen up since these sentences are buried in all
this now, that I didn't see why there couldn't be a "best" and an
extra friend or different combinations, as the other girl was also
in our classes, was a nice acquaintance, but she seemed to want

it to be traumatic. I don't mean to make a memoir out of this. It seems like it must be a curse that I can't have friends and I'm trying to ~~find~~^{pt}trace and get the source of it off of me. Doing this recollecting makes me recall now that I'd angrily blurted "Good riddance!" the day I was moved from Longfellow Avenue to the project in the north Bronx near Mt. Vernon, 8 years old. I'd have to explain the circumstances, and that would relate to all this phony "magic" and that "French Connection" area. It's not that I feel like talking about myself, I'm just here 24/7 and (the word only "need") have to fill the otherwise stagnant time, always worried what the system might be doing. I guess that that "Good ~~and~~ riddance" got me some system-curse because of the location. Another thing I'm afraid to do is use quote marks for other people. Early on I'd figured that these "voices" would never shut up (another phrase I'm afraid to use; saying to shut off the voices, the word "up" used as double-language for people outside, that rise up here, so at the 2nd + D shelter I'd quit using to shut up because it seemed twisted to invitation to lock LURED unsuspecting normal people in into the underground, lock the doors on them, so that makes this writing/jotting convoluted from finding ways to describe things sometimes. Not quoting these voices, and "The Few" has seldom or never used any words, is so as not to validate this unreality by writing it down concretely the same as this my reality out here, but I ~~do~~ notice that helter-skelter as I write it's generalized to not quoting anybody else either, whereas reading dialog breaks up the monotony of this voice of my own, would, but I don't do this for money or for pleasure but for trying to, reach reality, like science, not scions.

This with that "good riddance" scene was nearly in a basement of this enormous P.S. 66 I'd gone to from Kindergarten to 2nd grade. Longfellow Avenue there is like a double-block, with tenements on the one side and the schoolyard and then the school across a little no-cars alley-way ~~pedestrian~~ ^{pedestrian} intersection. The school sent home a paper that busing to one or more other schools would be available and on the basis that we lived in a bad neighborhood the fraud-parent signed me up for it while I guess the little sister was starting Kindergarten at P.S. 66. It was just a horrible experience, 2 months of the "helter-skelter" start. ~~It~~ It was to P.S. 121 which I still don't know where that was, was lost the whole time and other bad experiences. I guess on Halloween or maybe the 2 days in a row Mrs. F. told me to go to the after-school program at P.S. 66 instead of going home to the apartment and wait there for her. I guess I had a little familiarity, seems like there was a class in that lower-level room, where you walk in the other side like toward my class in the 1st grade was but then go down a small flight of stairs to a recreation room, (on the night as you enter still probably!) Maybe I'd been there once or twice before. I recall telling kids near me that I'd used to go to the school but don't anymore, that they must have asked which class I was in. The girl in charge was alot like the pregnant tech I'd called a "horrible thing" the other night, a slim, pretty Puerto Rican lady "type," and somehow I felt real miffed and lonely just because I wasn't in the school, like she was ignoring me and being super-nice otherwise. When Mrs. F. showed up at the doorway I grabbed my book and whatever and ran to her and at the

stairway she told me we were moving and helped me put the sweater on or whatever and she told me to say goodbye to everyone and they were all strangers and the teacher-aid/volunteer that I'd felt left-out by, aware now that that's S.O.P. "underground" behavior because of "racial" differences but also this school must be on top of some enormous underworld there, where 'the Jew' like on page 4 -type was enslaved and had already gotten me peripherally (also) involved in that "French Connection" narcotics/LSD problem, so I'd turned from the unexpected news that we were moving, another trauma after the bizarre long day and I ~~to~~ saw all these people I didn't know and blurted Good riddance and it's really a long walk to where this moving van was parked somehow more in front of the school yard than the building, realizing now that we'd actually walked the long way around the building, up what I guess is Jennings St. or Ave., street, and then I guess the fraid-parent lifted me into the back of the moving van and it was empty except for this guy who called my name and he was sitting at the far end on the floor and eating lunch maybe and maybe I asked who he was or then when I got out because there wasn't any point to being in the truck and asked Mrs. F. she said his name and that he was helping the fraid-parent with the moving ^(Frank) _(Munzi)

my point is that that girl-lady and the whole under the building had almost surely put some curse on my already "charmed" use to that photo, putting a spell-chain using me onto the 3 scitages I mean, all came from that palatial-like building and its connection to all this underworld, I was already used toward this LSD-business, skull-cracking business LSD, that that scene was a set up for the curse toward this world-takeover by the same captor-source, -like this new doctor looks an offspring-descendant of too

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