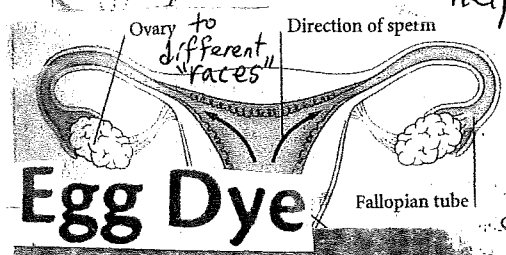


They all live off of this
L.R.E. off of me.

My old picture 3/17/14

KATHY FOSHAY
JOHN L YOUNG HOMELESS CENTER
425 2ND ST NW (Mar) only
WASHINGTON DC 20001



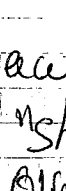
Egg Dye

PAAS

Dyed ova make U.N. face colors.

Letters given to:
Clinton Administration
Catholic Charities
M.L.K., Jr. Library
Secretary of Defense
Secret of CIA
EB
DO
IG
Dovale
Sev
NA
AA
Am
U.S. family "of"
G.I.
G.I.
G.I.
G.I.
G.I.
Have please help
NA
A.C.L.U.
Am. Psychological Assn.
Librarian of Congress
President Obama
CIA Director Panetta
Leon and Sylvia Panetta
Inst. for Public Policy

- Letters given to:
- Clinton Administration
- Catholic Charities
- M.L.K., Jr. Library
- Secretary of Defense
- Secret of CIA
- EB
- DO
- IG
- Dovale
- Sev
- NA
- AA
- Am
- U.S. family "of"
- G.I.
- G.I.
- G.I.
- G.I.
- G.I.
- Have please help
- NA
- A.C.L.U.
- Am. Psychological Assn.
- Librarian of Congress
- President Obama
- CIA Director Panetta
- Leon and Sylvia Panetta
- Inst. for Public Policy



I got slipped into this "nuclear family" of Neanderthals for this Armageddon. Please help us somehow. A.C.L.U. Am. Psychological Assn. Librarian of Congress President Obama CIA Director Panetta Leon and Sylvia Panetta Inst. for Public Policy Etc.

I'm the most invisibly-tortured person ever, the secret-underground using me to complete their Revelation-Armageddon threats and I know we're headed for TOTAL PLANETARY EXTINCTION. NOTHING the system says is really true. It's holocaust-dangerous but anyone that gets a letter-writing helper to me can have 50% of future-profit off of the hundreds of letters and flyers I've distributed around here these past 9 years trying to explain that the system comes from people with Autism psychopathy so bad that it caused the solar system to cease evolving back when they'd turned to cannibalism after accidentally extinguishing the dinosaurs by egg-smashing. In 1794 they established on 10th St. N.W., as St. Patrick's Church and it looks like the Civil War was mostly for distraction while they set up their new oil industry out of Pennsylvania, growing people from stolen ovaries to be decomposed and processed into kerosene, gasoline, rocket fuel and now plastics. They have Neanderthals with wrongful-narcotics (brain) dependence all over me who probably keep anyone away from contacting me in the belief that they own me and this "show" off of me that attracts unawares victims. I wrote to Oliver North because he used to know Reagan-saboteur Michael K. Deaver who'd hooked this building and "Armageddon-making Show" off of me together, but his Freedom Alliance group hasn't responded. I think it would be safest for all if they did try to reach me. It's probably an abuse of their non-profit status to just ignore my request. I'm hard to reach, with no telephone or email or friends, just walk from this D Street, N.W. side-door to a CVS Shelter open 1PM to 7AM only.

FREEDOM ALLIANCE
22570 Markey Court, Suite 240
Dulles, VA 20166-6919
Phone: 800-475-6620
www.freedomalliance.org
www.facebook.com/FreedomAlliance

Fax: (703) 444-9893

H Street Service Center, Sect. 1
645 H Street, N.E.
Washington, DC 20002
(202) 698-4397

Re: Food Stamp Recertification appt, 4/8/14

Case No: 00484101

Case load ID: 511006

Kathleen Foshay 511 C

John L. Young Homeless Center

425 2nd Street, N.W.

Washington, DC 20001

Dear Food Stamps,



Last appt. I'd mentioned finding Mrs. "General Electric" Jack Welch's" allegorical 1992 novel, "Judgment Call," believing that it shows that her ancestors had made an error 600+ years ago in mistaking this type of boy, an invader with Paleo-American Autism psychopathy and dependence on wrongful-narcotic hallucinogens, as being normal and native to Asia and Europe and assisting them in their underdog-wars against all others complained against, when Mrs. Welch's ancestors were 1st taken captive, c. 700 A.D. They invented the stock market and underground-system and this Revelation-Armageddon "Play-show" script that's all over me, necessitating the food stamps while I try to get the government to work with instead of against me. I am trying to write to the Secretary of Commerce now because I believe it's Ms. Penny Pritzker, whose Chicago family owns the Hyatt hotels that have flanked my shelter-to-library walk every day, and this could get straightened out instead of leaving us in TOTAL PLANETARY EXTINCTION, but now I have a related bizarre new problem. For this Play-show way to make Armageddon I'd been, in 1955, put into a nuclear family with a wrongful-narcotic psychopath at its head. I left his house in 1973 but it looks like he was always underground-trading sperm donations for the wrongful-hallucinogens and now there are like thousands of his "real" offspring all over, like an Armageddon army who all despise and have nothing in common with my ways of thinking - even a priest at St. Mary's on 5th and 6th! No one is interested in the whole Earth's extinction and this bizarre problem of mine is seen as only being amusing because this army is all "food chain donations," and there's nobody to take any of this responsibly. I hope you'll continue the food stamps.

Ther Kyo, Kathy Foshay

4/23/14, Friday

Dear George Washington University Hospital,

I have EVERYTHING going on in mind so that it's impossible to try describing just a little bit, where the paperwork I hand out also seems to be worrying the homeless shelter but without samples here with me now I can't try describing just some of everything, it sounds baseless.

The global-system has really been doing those threats and promises at the back of the "Bible" off of me and in order to try to get this all off of me I've had to try to find the source of all the problems and it seems like I've got about most of it, and ideas for getting everything fixed, but my work has been used for getting the Armageddon sneak-perpetrated in that I go around looking for assistance with this and interested people are "Armageddoned" it seems, and no fixing of everything has gotten done

- I just got some good news, the lady at the shelter says not to worry about my paperwork, copies of all the letters I've distributed on this since 2005, they're all I've got, hundreds of them ...

and I can only offer 50% of future-profit from them for trying to interest a potential helper. I thought maybe I'd found one and was bringing a job to him this morning until there was this surprise involuntary trip to here, seemingly $\frac{1}{2}$ over the letter-writing, as there were 2 or 3 new pieces of it around. This morning's is that I thought a possibly-interested person might forward a 1-page letter to the president for me. I get no responses and thought he might be able to get that through, a chaplain from the Central Union Mission that's recently moved from R Street and 14th down to the other side of the Georgetown University Law Center from the homeless shelter that I've been stranded in for 9 years, since 2005. They'd had some big sign out front that reminded me of (Dr.) Temple Grandin's blueprints for slaughterhouses, so I'd brought them some of my material on Dr. Grandin and the desk-lady said the chaplain might be finding this all to be interesting and I'd worked hard to get this 1-page done extra by Friday for him to be able to give it a look-see.

2016, April 11 note - p. 3 here is missing / I'm sorry my handwriting's so bad!

A few of these pages are missing and everything's a disaster - I guess people look at this fraud-parent monster problem I've got and are either terrorized by cause they're basically underground people - cages and skull-crackers, sorry, or else they see these copies of him and chuckle because what they see is FOOD-people, and I can't get anyone to assist me that these monsters - for - cannibalism are all creating the unnecessary end of this whole planet and solar system, leaving "Lonely Universe" like the "Lonely Planet" travel guides only more advanced as the monsters got into outer space, see there's no silver and diamonds after all and are still forging ahead with their book of Revelation - days' plans to get rid of everyone except themselves.

I think her wierd voice comes from a "magic switch" to give her male ancestor's deep voice to a male with the Autism psychopathy, (psychoto-psychopathy describes the hallucinogen-abuse.) Then Temple's ancestor got left with the teen boys'-type before-the-voice-change, part of the deal. Then I think her biological-sire, the sperm, came from the guy who played Larry in the 3 Stooges comedy-group.

I noticed Larry's influences because I think Moe (Howard) was the sire behind the writer ~~Ray~~ and I'd noticed that because I suspect that her husband might have been the photographer in Nicaragua that got the Iran-Contra scandal into a big deal, which I'd noticed in researching to see if Oliver North or his group nearby would help me with this, thinking that he'd recall Reagan's aide Michael K. Deaver, because he'd subsequently spent 16 years at this homeless shelter at 425 2nd St, N.W., that I've now been in for 9 years.

Michael K. Deaver (d.2007) was a huge bigshot, only lowkey because of all the complexes, and stereotyping them, that the Autism (psychoto-psychopathy) comes with.

He was like a showman, a Public Relations specialist, and I think he'd hooked up most of this "Armageddon-making" off of myself, but since it's all sneaky and behind my back I can't easily explain it, it would only be when you already knew loads of this and then you could figure further extrapolations off of that. I have nothing without all my supporting paperwork. For instance, both Mr. Deaver and Oliver North were Episcopalian, and both worked in the White House for President Reagan, and 2000 people attended Mr. Deaver's funeral at the National Cathedral so I figure maybe North was at the funeral, was close to Mr. Deaver and maybe that's why North's group, Freedom Alliance, didn't respond to my letters and phone calls this past January. Mr. Deaver did public relations for Guatemala, which was near the Contra-scandal, having a holocaust of Mayan people in 1984, and he did P.R. for Argentina and all kinds of different places and people.

↳ The Falklands crisis was about 1982.

So there were 3 [REDACTED] Neanderthal brothers:

1- Stormville

2- Yorktown

3- Katonah

For 9 years I've been trying to get someone to help me that there's something strange about my male given parent, some mix-up with the Dept. of Justice involved, and now I've been seeing say more than a thousand of these "Stormville" copies or offspring, over the past year. Not only is all this indescribable but I can't stay awake long enough to go into all the aspects of this.

I think Mr. Deaver had set up an offspring somehow of the Yorktown-type at the 425 2nd St. building and he's been live-working there for free for around 20 years. The Katonah-Edwin Stanton types seem to be a common stereotype, but the Stormvilles have been "popping up all over" and I can't guess what all to think. For example, my shelter bed was moved from the ∇ St. to the \perp St. side of 2nd Street but then the whole half way to the middle of the block again,

where on the other side of a locked door pages - broke
057
CCNY part of the shelter's lobby "Bubble" where the
front desk workers are, is. But there's nearly only silence,
no more intercom and noisy activities like in 2005.
So that's 1 odd thing that has me wondering if, and
using poor little me as a LURE, these [redacted] - Neanderthals"
might have taken over, as I've been struggling to look for
assistance, the whole system using me as a gimmick-set,
multi-uses all toward the same Armageddon or world-takeover.

I've got a lot of evidence that this is all going to
TOTAL PLANETARY EXTINCTION, really.

I figure that when the invaders with the Paleo-American Autism
psychopathology and their buddy Neanderthal partners took what
became the Semitic peoples captive they had the Neanderthals
pretend to be the order-givers, they pulled a "switcheroo"
so that the new captives had to obey the big guys and not
realize that it was really the small people who did all the
thinking toward the psychopathy, and that situation-
appearance has kept the Semite-types prisoner to "Neanderthal" thinking.

4/26/14 (Saturday)

1- This oxygen theme is a hoax, where the canula interfered with my normal breathing all night and my nose-insides are all dried now, with a "boogers" problem, dried mucus I guess.

2- How the Autism psychopathy developed, took over the world and is taking us to extinction of the planet Earth.

3- My problem with the Neanderthal-types, that's like the linchpin to the Armageddon-making.

And there's also the more-interesting subject of Mr. + Mrs. Jack and Sozy Welch, him a longtime General Electric CEO and Plastics specialist, them married in 2004 and I'd just found a novel she'd written back in 1992 under her then-name of Wetlaufer, that's all allegory to this world-problem and explains that her type, her ancestors, showing up in the middle of everything had mistook the (Autism) psychopathy for not being too abnormal, had thought that the society had caused that character's problems.

Mrs. Welch's book, "Judgment Call" is a great way for explaining all this. Also I've got 400 or 500 good illustrations. I was trying to get a letter to a meeting at 425 2nd St NW that City Councilmember [REDACTED] was going to be at at 2 PM. At 7 AM the meeting area was still closed and I'd slipped the letter under the door, and it flew open to a page with Sozy Welch's picture big on it, the cover of her 2009 book, "10, 10, 10" and I'd had to just leave it that way, on the floor of that same, [REDACTED], Clean and Sober Streets program area, where the meeting was to be held, and then there was this rush to get me to here for "oxygen" where fresh air would take care of that. There's not been enough fresh air in the shelter areas and it must be a running Armageddon-strategy that open windows have been switched to this "HVAC" everywhere, in all the new architecture. The architecture in space all fell apart because we have this psychopathy-crisis here, then the Artists squabble to do buildings that are all the same.

Mrs. Welch is probably similar to Dr. "Safai" I probably misspell her name, they're probably similar-looking.

Now Dr. Safai walked in and corrected the spelling herself, but she doesn't really seem like yesterday's Dr. Safai. She wasn't wearing a name tag but sounded so familiar with yesterday that I asked if she was Dr. Safai and she said yes. But maybe she seems less Semitic now, which is my point, that inherited look. I use the examples of the 1432 "Bhent Altarpiece" and the painting here in the National Gallery of Art, gallery 48, "Man In Oriental Costume" by Giovanni Flicke, formerly called "The Turk" by Rembrandt as being the prototypes.

I'm saying that Suzy (with a star) Welch's old novel is allegory for the early experiences of those people when they left Japan, probably by captivity upon being found there, and went to the mainland and got all embroiled in this, and then they've been "on the side" of the Artists, which is enforced by the Artists' Neanderthal-buddies, and have done most of the global-set up, the stock market, religions work and this "Armageddon-making Show" to me.

Until I found Mrs. Welch's book I'd thought they knew what they were doing but the allegory shows clearly that all is confusion and mistakes and disaster, and this Armageddon-making off of me has nothing good about it after all, as I've been blindly hoping-assuming-

- Now I had 3 different visitors during breakfast, the tech for vital signs, Dr. Ahiri, and the R.N., not in that order.

He said that we should shake hands on that he's going to include a note in my discharge paper asking the shelter to put me in a bed by more fresh air than I've been getting, which is how this problem was invented.

This syndrome is all related to Mr. Welch too.

He and she are respective examples of generational-slaves.

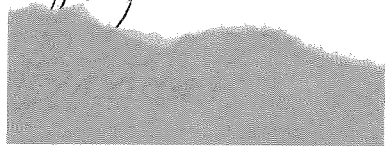
Then if she got pregnant the baby might look like the guy who arranged for the 425 2nd St, NW, building, Mitch Snyder, to be used as a homeless shelter, him looking like the son of generational-slave rocket scientist Hermann Oberth. The Welches make explaining EVERYTHING easier.

Jack and Sozy Welch's respective ancestors, and an Autist, were depicted on the "Pilgrims" panel of the big "Ghent Altarpiece" said to be painted in 1432. It's also called "The Adoration of the Mystic Lamb."

In Sozy's "Judgment Call" novel is the 1st time I've seen it written that dead bodies turn to black goop, to petroleum. It looks like "Sozy's people" were found and taken to the post-Trojan War, which was really an invasion, not a war, Asian mainland. The Autists already knew about leaving dead bodies to turn to liquid and liked that method and set about turning the "materiél" into explosives and then lamp oil-Kerosene then gasoline and airplane fuel, the airplanes invented for better hunting of people. A group of the early "stunt pilots" came over here and "seeded" everywhere from Canada to Argentina for producing more airplane fuel from this disembodied ovaries "growing" of people problem that the Autist-Neanderthal partners had learned you could do that from dead bodies too, and one of the pilots was Roland Garros and I don't think he'd died in 1918-WWI but had had facial reconstruction that turned him into Hermann Oberth.

Either way Oberth then set about trying to figure how to get to the moon, it becoming a goal for the Artists.

When it turned out that there aren't any easy riches in space to require that much rocket fuel this Mitch Snyder who looks like 1 of Oberth's (underground) sons, wound up here, arranging for 20-year use of the 425 2nd St building, 1986-2016.

In the meantime Jack Welch was working on getting Plastics invented from "materiél" for General Electric and I think I read that the whole business or section was sold to 1 of Prince Bandar's groups, Saudi Basic Industries, in 2005, Prince  being an employer of this Michael K. Deaver in 1987, like a contract Mrs. Reagan helped him to get, receiving \$50,000 a month for 10 months, for getting started as a lobbyist here as he goit the White House!

Reagan, also connected to General Electric, got abandoned by everyone, except his wife. He went to the White House with a family friend as a doctor for instance and he left and there was a stream of strangers.

It's difficult to pull all my blind-side little pieces of evidence together but it clearly looks like that from the time of the Ghent Altarpiece where they turned the scallop-shell logo of the Pilgrimage to Santiago de Compostella later into the Shell Oil logo, worn by a character walking between the large character like Sozy Welch's or Dr. Safai's maybe ancestor and the odd young boy with the Autism (psychopathy,) the character with the pilgrimage logo scallop shell maybe even looking like Jack Welch's ancestor. One that looks like Oberth/Mitch Snyder's type seen like peeking over the Artist-boy's head. From that time through to now they've been working on selling the black goop. I'm trying to explain that that's the sick idea of a mentally-ill child that's gone undetected, but the 20th century kept lots of records and files on everything and we can backtrack to see the Prehistory of the development of the Autism to get the situation untangled, to prevent TOTAL PLANETARY EXTINCTION.

Like a child the people with the Autism and their partners only don't want to get caught and retributed, would rather that the planet and everything on it just die off.

So I'm always trying to find assistance with this letter-writing to try to get the Autism recognized.

I've only found 1 book that's useful. Most of the material has what I call the "Past-Lives Captivity Trauma" confused for the Autism.

What I figure happened is that early walking people were entranced by the sight of the sun in the morning, as it looks like it's rising, but 1 group couldn't be deterred from trying to "catch" the sun before it "rises" from the ground and got ill forcing their way over Beringia, then were over in this New World with no other humans for no guessing how long, 40,000 - 250,000 years I'd guess.

It looks to me like they'd done their 1st home-takeover to dinosaur nests, moving in for warmth and the food brought to the hatchlings...

I figure that there were a lot of hallucinogenic plants evolving and the dinosaurs would bring back mouth-mashed flowers and mushroom-toadstools and toads with hallucinogens in their skin and such as that for diet for the young and the humans found no big reason to ever leave the nesting areas till extinction had occurred from their strategy of egg-smashing so the young weren't born to be competition for the food. Eventually the dinosaurs became upset and angry turned into all the enmity that began the psychopathy against the other New World megafauna war as a game to play during the days, running the animals to off of cliffs, then those habits brought with them as they found the route to the Old World, to our situation today.

I have nearly no resources, only what library books are available, but I saw a documentary on the CIA's MK-Ultra program that could easily be looked up on the Internet and help to show the dinosaur-hallucinogen habit connection, if I could get anyone to work on this with me.

The 1st thing I'd found on the Autism-hallucinogen connection was the early work by 1 of your lab doctors here, now retired I guess, Dr. Mary Coleman. Then she went into 5HT research and production and the early work got buried. 5HT I guess is like a synthetic serotonin brain chemical and there's a connection between high or low levels and the Autism, but all the Autism research petered off into mixing it up with the "Past-Lives Captivity Trauma"

There are 3 pieces of artwork I've noticed that connect dinosaurs and Autism

1- The untitled 50-foot statue by Picasso in Chicago's Daley Center

2- An altar painting on North Capitol's St. Aloysius Church

3- an outdoor mural at 713 S Street, N.W., near Howard.

This one has a depiction like Johns Hopkins hospital's

Dr.  on it.

(I think he has the Autism mixed with Neanderthal similar to the type I have problem with.)

When the people with the Autism went to the Old World they didn't have their hallucinogens available and this decapitation-for-hallucinogens began, leaving the body for mock.

Like, "You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear" you can't run a world like this for very long.

When the cannibalism started, which my image is that that had happened up while lost around Alaska, the North Pole, it was a crisis of being lost, cold and hungry for a long time, and I think it was a big, dramatic event and caused many spirits to leave space and try to come down and assist.

Between that and the earlier accidental extinction of the dinosaurs and the errant extinction of the other large, future-food animals, the solar system had had to cease evolving, there couldn't be new forms of life created only to be victims for the Autism psychopathy. Everything has just been on hold. But the Autism is in complete denial of everything except the few things it likes, which mostly "Sozy's people," who are generationally-enslaved all these centuries, thought-up and worked out for the Autism and the Neanderthal alleged "overlords."

Really the Autism wants to ditch their old partners and I suspect they've been concentrated in the U.S. with the hope they could be bombed-out here.

Then I have this horrible "Armageddon-making Show" with those all over me as my given-next-of-Kin with some sort of an Armageddon-army of a nation of offspring that have suddenly been all around as passerby-strangers, but who seem to be after my ovaries. I don't even know what's inside of me. I'm trying to get eternity safely restored and the regular Armageddon Show has been being done and increasingly there's been this new theme with the "Neanderthals" the looking like the given family Mr. [redacted] face as seeming to be the main torturer hoping to hospitalize me. Those people are all total strangers to me and I've been trying to explain for 9 years that Mr. [redacted] isn't my actual parent and seems involved with a cover-up of this ^{the} Armageddon-making and Show, through the Dept. of Justice, that everything would get covered up by abuse of the next-of-Kin status, - by letting me to involuntary confinement, much the way this appears poised to do to me now, at 6W and with the 425 2nd St. building's then discarding all my years of work on uncovering and getting the problems fixed.

I'd like to try to do the section or part of my thinking on Dr. Ahari's type, and Andres Balarce in a "Deco" room on the 1st floor here for instance and many people all over. I have a feeling that they also came from Japan, were the products of "island-rape" after the males of "Suzy's people" had been taken to the mainland, the females left with the invaders and then this type of people were maybe the original "hairy" Ainu*, the 2nd culture on Japan, and taken by the 1st culture later to be helpful go-betweens between themselves and the peoples with the psychopathy and the Neanderthals.

Nobody but me seems to have that idea but I really think that that's what happened.

The "uncle" type incorporated their assistance and a lot of it seems to be in food management. That seems to have started at a halfway-point between Ghent and Santiago de Compostella, a place called Congves where this type was dubbed "Saint Foy" after the earlier Sainte Foy. (saint of grill-cooking.) *Ainu = "Eye-see"


So it seems to me that Mr. Foshay was a, for whatever background his side has to all this, regular purchaser of underground-narcotic which would come from the Kitchens. And I guess that that was bought in exchange for similar, that the cost of some brain-serum was by a sperm-donation each time, and that that is how I'm seeing so many adults now with Mr. Foshay's face-looks. I don't know the history of his type's involvement except for a few little things, meaning that I don't know how much torture they also may (or may not) have been through, so I don't have many opinions on other people's business, only want to get the situation straightened out because there's no long future ahead for the race and the planet, the human race, but Mr. Foshay's always been pretty scary to me and I've been trying to get some attention to this pat cover-up, of everything being done off of a secret "show" off of me, that this is how the threats of the book of Revelation have been being pulled off. First I was in California from 1990-1995 and from 1995-2000 in a residential hotel run by a type that I usually call the Babar-people type,

Next 4 pgs
deleted for
Scanner's
rough edge prob.

Then I came here because I hadn't made any friends. I spent 2 years here and again no friends on any horizon so I tried living in NY City and after 2 1/2 years it was like the "Armageddon Show" had me in the right broke + exhausted shape for coming back here as this LURE-show and the shelter provided lockers and I've just gone to the library every day collecting background on how we're heading for extinction off of this Armageddon. One of the 1st books I found was by Pete Earley, 2002, on the Federal Witness Security/Protection Program, titled, "WITSEC." In it are 2 pictures of the founder and 1 of those looks like Mr. [REDACTED] and the background of his hoosey with a BRINKS Security Systems sign. The founder is similar-looking, looks like the 1959 Murder Inc. boss Albert Anastasia's son or young brother, Anastasia assassinated that year. I felt that I should be under some protection but since it's difficult to verify any of this underground business I just kept going to the library, like a shuttle from the Pratt hotel near the shelter to the 1 near the library, with both places doing excoriating exhibits of me. That's the Armageddon-making script thought-up by "Suzy's people" who go by many names and are probably also the "Jesus" type, but maybe Mr. Welch's type is also or was the original "Jesus" type, too.

However things exactly happened historically, what I've got is that Mr. Welch's ancestor, as a generational-slave, set up the Autism to be St. Patrick's Church at 10th and E Sts., N.W., now moved up to the G Street corner, in 1794, and from there they went into town- and world-takeover business that I'd guess was the main beneficiary off of doing this "show" off of me, that it finished their 200⁺ years of digging under the buildings and sneaking around to accomplish owning the town. In 1794 Welch's ancestor was the Bishop of Baltimore John Carroll, working for benefit of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, and moving their "cousin" into 10th and E Streets, Anthony Carroll, - but that's my supposition, where the priest was said to be an elderly man named Anthony Caffry (Caffrey, Caffry.) I think that that is probably the most important but all unknown thing about Washington history, and everything's followed from that. I think Anthony Caffry/Carroll might even have been the ancestor of comedian Lenny Bruce, d. 1966, and there are "copies" of him all over the place loving this Armageddon-making. The 2nd priest is said to have worked there for 50 years, overseeing everything, and alot of the copied-descendants of his are similar to the comedian Benny DeVito, the 2 types running things all over the country, and throughout the world.

Looking at 10th + E Sts, NW, on the map there's the FBI building and then Pennsylvania Avenue and then the Dept. of Justice, with the Archives to 1 side and the Internal Revenue Service to the other, and the Smithsonian Mall behind those, that I'm looking into that they'd maybe dug to make ovary-fertilizing "hatchery" labs for raising all kinds of security guards for themselves all those 200 years, that we have so many now. To the west then is the Dept. of Commerce and I was trying to make a letter for I think Penny Pritzker is the new Secy. of Commerce. I only know, not having much input from TV, newspapers or internet-web, that she comes from the family that owns the Hyatt hotels that flank my 9-year shuttle from shelter to library, and I saw a brief glance of a picture of her once, and it's a bizarre longshot that it's correct, but in that short glance it looked like she could be of Lenny Bruce's type. I'd gotten distracted from next writing to her about all this by seeing the big sign outside the new Central Union Mission location that reminded me of Temple Grandin's blueprint-drafting style and I'd expect to try to get back to it, where I think I have an angle that she might like. What probably happens most times though is that a front desk security accepts my letter, and I never hear back, even when I've enclosed a self-addressed envelope or postcard.

The angle is that "Suzy's people's script" would have it written-in for the Lenny Bruce-type descendants to do dramatic scenes of, after it's too late to do anything, find out about this simple Autism-explaining attempt I've been making about why nobody'd done anything about this, like yelling at the Danny DeVito types that it wouldn't have even cost anything. All that drama could be converted into before-problem proactive steps by Secy.  though without Google-access or normal communications I can't confirm that she is or still is the Secy. of Commerce, but it is likely enough that I'd go ahead and make it, 4 pages with a cute illustration describing that the 14,000-mile walk from around California into a nice climate in Asia gave the people with Autism the obsession for speed that is behind all the petroleum-obsession. It's so difficult to walk up to Beringia because travel wasn't wanted, things were being evolved and weren't ready for humans yet in the New World, but the fixation on the sun didn't abate. Then it took thousands of years to learn and then teach them the Earth-Sun connection and the Autism is just thankful for everything except the cannibalism-food, secretly. I just found a new book, God is Disappointed in You that looks useful to helping me explain this, where in its summary-set it looks like the Bible is mostly a 3-way book, amongst "Suzy's people, the Autists and the God-Neanderthals."

Their summary of the book of Revelation is good, too. They say the gist of it is about going after the pregnant lady, in chapter 12 there, and that's pretty much what my "role" has been, that character, only in 1976, 16 years old, I'd had a saline abortion and had been allowed to abort at home instead of in the hospital, which was lucky because I guess they would have kept the fetus alive, already way far gone, 5 1/2 months, because of all these peculiar problems. Doing that at home the fetus was multi-killed off by the time I got it to the hospital the next morning, killed from drowning in the toilet water as I'd purposely procrastinated for, and then I'd accidentally got in a piece of bom. as I'd groped to include all the pieces of placenta, and then it sat in that quart jar for around 12 hours before getting it to the hospital, had sat overnight like that. The aide at the hospital (Jacobi) told me gratuitously that it had been a boy. Mr. Foshay was about 38 years old and prime in his beast or dragoniness time, but that whole thing was a fizzle as far as this beast-anger Revelation goes. Then however the underground must have been "invisibly" stabbing me that I'd (sp.) hemorrhaged an unbelievable amount for about 2 1/2 months till I wound up in, I think it was Montefiore Hospital on Grand Concourse in the Bronx. There they took out the IUD I was trying to have, and did a D+C, and worked on the anemia. Mr. Foshay was in-on all that. The abortion was never mentioned there or otherwise that I knew of.

Around 1979 there was another attempt at making a baby for this Revelation-script and luckily that didn't work out, but there was still a whole script made-up and gone through with anyway, with a couple of allusions to it when I came here and got the CAT scan.

But it's "Sozy's people" who write these scripts and religious writings and like in the "Judgment Call" novel everything gets worse. I've been trying to explain that they were an uninvolved island-bound people taken captive before language-translation existed anywhere and the things that they came up with need to be gone over now that we have all these medical and police resources everywhere, should be reassessing instead of covering-up, and "Sozy's people" or all the Semites are likely prisoner to the Neanderthal types and therefore unable to do anything toward starting changes their own selves.

I have no idea what the Underground does or has been doing that no one listens to me when I offer flyers by saying, "Want to try to Rescue the Future from the underground?" and such to that effect. Nobody shows any surprise or interest. So I've been guessing that, over the 9 years of more or less this same theme, that there's been exhibition-example Killing of people who try to assist me...

In fact I think this theme goes back to 1964 and then 1971 when I started working at a fast-food Watson's hamburgers place, that Mr. Foshay or his family-type was always underneath the area so that me walking around sparked controversy with the other stereotypes and against any "normal" guys who'd get involved and say not to insult me so much, etc. I've been an excuse for LURING and attacking to kill off the "normal" males, to then the female-gain for the males with the Autism and their Neanderthal partners. But it all goes on underground so that I can only make guesses off of little specks of hints about all this.

In 1963 we'd moved to a new neighborhood across a street to a new high school dedicated to pretty famous Cardinal Spellman. He'd written a fiction book about a "voice" and similar was the film, "The Next Voice You Hear," with Nancy Reagan, and from everyone's behavior I get the impression that in the 1950s the underground "growing people" system had started installing radio transistors into the newborns. That's all you'd do is to admit that that had been tried and shouldn't have been and let's just forget it and grow out of malfeasances like that.

A lot of the things everyone is doing were written about in the 1932 "Brave New World" novella. The leader Mustapha Mond is like "Suzy's people," and the whole book coming from that type, that this is what they've set up for the people with the Autism, this world to be set up like described in that book.

The author's credit is given to Aldous Huxley, LSD-advocate, and he was maybe the bio-sire of this "Armageddon Show" scripted tall boy that was gone through with even though there was no baby-child-teen to argue about. Instead they did, do, a "jealousy show" where all the guys, especially from Stormville, are fans of a girl they call "Jolie" like I'm being invisibly torture-punished for being jealous.

With the "Brave New World" theme I was supposed to be like the barbarian Linda-character, but the baby didn't materialize, and the barbarian-theme is generally on me too. So for 9 years I've been withstanding all this in hope of reaching someone that will realize that this really is how they're sneaking the "Bible" threats through, and all I can do is call the torturers, invisibly, animals, and have less respect for the town as this suffering got worse, that "they" had me looking like a barbarian.

I'm trying to describe that the Autism had developed because the early people were just running amok totally on their own, and then I was in this similar situation all this time as I don't know what goes on that nobody wants to find out what I'm talking about with
Rescue the Future.

Also is similar that I was raised in this sabotage-family where it seems it was always pre-figured to live off of my ovaries and using me for a LURE against normal males. For the cannibalism-disappearance of those or however life under the Bronx worked around the [REDACTED] and I left in 1973, so that then time in the Army was healthier for me but basically I've only blindly been going around into different trouble situations with transient strangers, like Flotsom and similar to the running-amok theme, that the Autism is always trying to put their qualities onto normal people to criticize them for being victims falling into the tricks purposely laid out as though that is comparable to the willful forcing the way across Beringia, as though nature had been a trap-layer LURING them up to the North Pole on purpose to get lost and messed up.

About the only warning I got that this here might happen to me is hints around if I try to write to a particular person at the Carlyle Group, and otherwise no one has spoken to me about what I might could do, that I was surprise-moved from D Street to E St. where maybe the atmosphere is very different.

No, I have no idea what to think. All I know is if I, (God help me) finally find my papers okay it would be a more polite me. All I want to do is to reduce the amount by sorting them and at least 3 times this year I've gotten started in on that and some disruptive thing like this has happened and the

chance to do that was gone, some other chores or letters took priority. So finally I'm reduced to the expected worry-fretting to get out of here and run back to the same things I was doing, only probably more cheerful which isn't 1 of the problems. Generally whenever I feel cheerful for a moment the invisible-system sends someone or another to do anything that'd be annoying or insulting, to de-cheer me.

I'm really terrified about the papers. And that's only considering 1/2 of them, that the others are too much to think of.

If those were all gone what would I do, and the teeny chance I'd had with that chaplain has probably been swamped under and forgotten about by the time I rush over to check on if he'd take these next 6 pages I'd gotten ready for him. Likely his group will have forgotten about whatever I'm talking about. The letter to the Secy. of Commerce has hardly got any start yet and then it's unlikely it will reach her.

Oddly I know where her mailroom is from the bicycle delivery job I'd had here through 2001 for a boss that looked like a brother to Michael K. Deaver, that all that was a part of this.

But what more productive could there be?

I might have to try to type this, at the library.

If I was at the library I'd rather look up new material points for evidence than to type up this. I'd sit down and think how instead I could go look at some new book on Ford's Theatre, since the main group here with the Autism were working their way up 10th St. there. But it's hard for me to know how much history might be fabricated anyway so I haven't looked into that yet. Mostly the oil in Pennsylvania seemed on the system-people's minds,

4/27/14, Sunday

Jack Welch's ancestor or ancestry would also include Obadiah Brown, the co-founder of George Washington University. Brown looks obviously like John Carroll, (d. 1815,) who'd founded Georgetown University and as Bishop of Baltimore had set up the church-network, but as a captive. I think he'd made a trip to Montreal in 1776 and then in 1777 Obadiah Brown was born in New Jersey, then came down here and set up all the Baptist churches here and moved into the Ford's Theatre site, way before Ford's Theatre, that I think the St. Patrick's Church had already set up (I'd need to check my notes, and this is all difficult to piece together, everything is obscured and difficult about early Washington history.)

Then Catholic Charities was started at St. Patrick's by this Bishop Shahan, who is a big deal with descendants or copies, underground-made offspring, as bigshots around here today, and when I got back to Washington because my purse was stolen and my bank was here the homeless shelter building directed me to the D Street side run by Catholic Charities, then a Baptist group replaced them 3 yrs. ago.

They were, a good example of this bizarre little life of mine, where in 2001 the Open Door Shelter ladies, much like now too they were so mean-acting, but it's also about anywhere I go. It's like maybe the system only really likes anger-scenes and I make an easy target as a skill for that. Or maybe with Open Door it was about territoriality, that no new females are ever wanted.

Also though I believe I'd come here with this underground "show." Mostly pornography it seems to be based around, using that to trick people into death-positions.

That whole area near the Open Door's trailer shelters became the new Safeway store complex, where it was also the area I went to 2005-2007 for homeless people's soup and sandwiches every evening around 5 PM the McKenna's Wagon. So I figure they'd lured a lot of people to there, underneath there, because of this pornography-extravaganza, and the Safeway is geared for doing this syndrome and so I haven't been able to shop there, unable to find any responsible adult to learn about this situation, which is that the script that "Sozy's people" set up for the Revelation-doing is that I'm reviled wherever I go. If I walk into a store it's as though I touch all the foods with germy hands, spreading disease, and all the machine-noises get loud, and like a pornography "show" is done, etc. The "Semite-type" I describe like, "Mastermind," Sozy's type but male, take the stance that everything is loopy about me, but that isn't true. Everything is done under false pretenses. No one's fixing it though.

You can't substitute people for the missing food animals like the dinosaurs and big elephants that had been cliff-run in the U.S., New World. You can't do any of these bizarre things that are going on, like cutting out women's ovaries to grow your own copies. The solar system is just waiting for the psychopathy to be fixed.

Just now a doctor walked in, female, wearing the same color-theme top as Dr. Safai had had on Friday and eyeglasses like Dr. Safai had had on Saturday, like psychopath-Halloween here as there were at least 2 other females with the color-theme and eyeglass-style set also yesterday. I can't see much from the room you have me sequestered in, but everyone here has some computer-cart or another that they walk around with, where the 2 main signs and symptoms of the Autism are self-ness and repetition, so that you have each person with their own portable computer, lots of the same thing. I don't know why no one's worried about this. GWU seems to think they have a sustainable future, but their founder Obadiah Brown was a generational-slave. I don't recall about Luther Rice.

Mostly everything seems to be tricks. Cartoon-likeness all over. The bizarre building noises like a rocket to take off. They had those every day at the NASA building too.

I'd used their little lobby library for a few months. It was all this same strange stuff and my letters not acknowledged, except I wrote a note to ask a girl to cease terrorizing me and they told me I couldn't come back there anymore.

All of [redacted] came from this same "Bent Altarpiece" group's then going into the petroleum, melted people, business, the same "Sozy's people" to Hermann Oberth to this homeless shelter and Jack Welch's Plastics work.

After NASA wasn't an escape from the shuttle-routine of 2nd + D Sits. to the library at 9th and E Sits, diagonally across from the St. Patrick's Church, I'd spent alot of the summer at the Library of Congress, and the branch library at Eastern Market, S.E. Offhand it seemed like people were LURE-collected while I was at the LOC alot, then infected with these "slug pneumonia" germs I call this bizarre "cold" illness, where I cough up green globs like pieces of slug-leeches. It seemed like there was alot of that in the SE, and that that's how people are being turned to muck, by "consumption" from this slug-illness.

There must be something really "Artist" that has a slave-command center that all of this against-nature horror gets ordered from. How can this be broken through to? I've always or since about 1998 figured it's under the Siberia-Mongolia border. There's an old country named Tova there.

I think that's been the headquarters area since the early days when the people with the Autism learned to go back and forth that they'd befriended Neanderthals and used their caves as a base. They probably switched the Neanderthals to the Caucasus. Then around 1930 a guy that looked like John D. Rockefeller was the president of Tova. And he or a similar one did a small bit in the early rocket-to-the-moon film, Frau Im Mond, by Fritz Lang, Woman or Girl on the Moon.

From their secret headquarter around Tova they direct the slave-system, to Russia, Berlin, and then mostly Chicago it seems.

St. Patrick's Church's 2nd priest, William Matthew, was likely the progenitor of Stephen A. Douglas, who'd lived above where the church on N. Capitol is now, St. Aloysius with the Gonzaga school, and when Lincoln won the election Douglas went to Chicago, bought a lot of property in its south, and passed c. 1861. So Washington has a close relation with the set up of Chicago.

Then this library at 9th and G was like a gift from Chicago. The architect (allegedly Mies van der Rohe) looked the same ^{speed freak} ^{carries} the 1st Mayor Daley. Then I was stranded there all these years. To me it looks like there's nearly nothing left to it, the books are mostly gone.

Tuva → St. Petersburg → Berlin → Chicago-Washington.

I'd learned about St. Patrick's Church because I was trying to figure out what had happened with all the big deal about space and the moon landing, what had been learned and where was it headed.

One of the books was that [redacted] wife of an astronaut had been ambushed in [redacted] during an event in front of a

[redacted] in Arizona, [redacted] In looking at the pictures I recognized a visitor, constituent named Matthew Laos, that looks descended from the 2nd priest. Then it turned out that most of the main people also seem descendants from St. Patrick's Church here right across, near, the central library, MLK. Mrs. [redacted] looks descended from the 4th priest and her campaign manager looks like what I figure the 1st priest, Anthony Cafry-Carroll, had looked like; Lenny Bruce to the 2nd priest's Danny Delitto as the constituent's picture I'd recognized. The astronaut-husband may likely have come from Mrs. Mary Surratt's ova, as Gifford's ancestor had been there when Mrs. Surratt was hung for conspiring against Lincoln. The assassin looks like he could be the son of the husband. You, they all, Babby could, look at a picture of the assassin and he's just a young version of her husband.

The husband has a twin brother, I think they're identical twins, where the husband is a "Babar" type like Mrs. Surratt, but the identical twin brother actually looks like a John Carroll type,

like Jack Welch.

I don't know what the system thinks it's doing except it's ill with this Autism, repetition for selfishness.


To break through this, is what I'm trying to do and since I'm all alone in this I'm really frantic about my papers and running to see if they're still there and settling about doing this same thing. Secy. of Commerce Pritzker, she won't hear about a letter from me unless I can get someone to help me, which is all on hold while I'm here. These bizarre loud building noises are in the place of the natural noises that should be reaching the stratosphere instead of in contained buildings, whatever they are.

My hope was that someone would help me reach the astronaut-brother, Scott Kelly, Gifford's brother-in-law's name, because he's going up into space for a solid year, and if I could explain this Autism-explication work I'm trying to do perhaps he could muse on positive things toward getting the solar system started up again, which it can't do while life is all bizarre like this.

Mars and Venus on either side of Earth appear to have started to ~~grow~~^{evolve} and died-off, then between Mars and Jupiter there's a circling pile of rubble called the Asteroid Belt that I think had been broken to prevent new creations from meeting the psychopaths,

When they were readying to go to space there is the feeling that they were looking for food or to make progress or success. ✓

New pen from House Supervisor Murphrees it sounded like her name is.

They were preparing for different possibilities, and I got the feeling they'd have liked to base  on the moon and conduct war on us down here.

One of the 1st things they did was set up some nuclear equipment.

Space was probably filling up with spirits and spirit-architecture of the place when all this crying and then war-mongering kept drawing the spirit-people to see if there was anything they could do as regards all this of the Autism-psychopathy, helping or damage-controlling the situations. Now it's left like a crime-scene but no one can tell the difference. They seem to be using the space trips like fancy roller-coaster rides experiences, for people with Autism. It looks like they send up about 2 generational-slave types per 1 person with the Autism, the 2 like unacknowledged teachers, the 3 considered equals. And they ride around up there. It was meant for spirits to live in. I don't know what to do about this lack of interest in ^{the} reality of that. People were meant to be completed people, like hatching from the mental mold, with that entire universe to fill up. Now that there's been all of this education instead of fixing the past we've got this "security"-done holocaust.

Then I've just had 2 problems here, 1 with this DECO group giving me a strange paper to sign like I'm really signing my life away here, then a paper that I'm requesting medical assistance = medical help, which is the opposite of this situation, and while I ponder how I can't describe these tricks I realized that Dr. [REDACTED] just done one this morning as though his and my oxygen levels are supposed to be the same, whereas mine is low because I'd smoked, that that's what's going to happen, of course it's different. And when the girl from the DECO'd come in here now she'd said I'd been asleep when I know I wasn't so I wonder whether that's "ass leap," as signing that paper is bizarre, posed as being about asking for Medicaid but instead it's generic Medical Assistance, which is the last thing desirable in this phony world. Poor little me. I don't know what kind of crap they've got all over me, seems to go with the building noise. I'm really terrified they won't let me go back to 2nd Street, NW. As they'd moved me from the Emergency Room to up here I guess it was, they did a scene of the voice of the shelter-girl that I call the 2006-Italian that they call "Julie" alot, like the little Jewish-Mafia boss of the place role that's really strange, a voice like hers shrieking that she doesn't want to go, help.

Blood-curdling involuntary lock-up sort of a scene, but I was asleep and I guess just woken to tell me they were keeping me overnight.

Now the nurse brought 2 inhalant lung medications she says they are, that I guess I should try to read what they're supposed to do, Advair and Spiriva.

I was really expecting to have to sit up in the waiting room till it was light enough out to run try to reach that 1 chaplain, like the most Raggedy Annie person ever I've been running around here, like in prehistoric conditions.

It looked like 1 of my problems might have come from putting a letter to Stormville in the 5th + F St. mailbox, as there was a fire engine here that moved its door so the stretcher with me could get through the narrow space. I guess this thing & the medical problems was conspicuous enough it couldn't go on much longer, the underground doing them. One is real difficult for fear of getting the underground excited over it to mention, but it goes with one of the curses at the shelter - maybe I get it now, that I'd called or asked the girl about being swine, for getting in the shower ahead of me for no apparent reason. The word, epithet of swine came from all the Stormvilliness all over me. That girl did a scene the last day at the John L. Young and now I'd been having a torture of the voice grabbing + squeezing my heart, + you make a twisted facial expression like that girls.