

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

Soye Rotolo might have come from the enslaved-girl Briseis to Joseph Vasi's work and Renaissance Italy's Isabella d'Este also; her mother looks like a "Buber" type

FC

The book I finally found with a picture of Ben Fitzgerald was published in 2004 too, me just finding it in September 2015, by David Valentine, ^{of} what I call the generational-slave #1 type, I think it's titled like, "The Strength of the Wolves" about narcotics agents but I didn't have time to read it. By November I didn't have the time to go through the steps to write and get that 1 letter mailed, everything like an effort through and against the force of the system. They have all the resources and they saw me visit the Bronx and they cranked-out this book refuting my recognition of the fraud-parent in that picture over 10 years before I actually came across it. The purpose of the photo is to hide the human-brain "LSD" and other drugs and names for them "narcotics" business because it's all disgusting beyond description.

I mention Harry Anslinger was the Narcotics chief because that book or somewhere else mentions he was Andrew Mellon's son-in-law and ~~Andrew~~ Mellon was the one who'd bought from Russia and gave to the National Gallery of Art the portrait under the French Connection picture on page 4, the "Man In Oriental Costume*", which represents what I'm talking about, all or most of the different aspects. Only maybe the Prehistory interactions of the Autists with the Old Worlders they weren't involved with and hadn't known about before their island was invaded, that the Old Worlders had already been going through some intermittent hell for thousands of years, as far as I can figure. Andrew Mellon was one of this generational-slave #2 type. I don't know anything about the ^{Mr.}Anslingers, maybe a René I hallucinologist type.

*around 1932 maybe.

Also important is that people had been told that LSD comes ^{FC} from processing a mold called "ergot," that grows on rotted rye plants. It was discovered by Swiss pharmacist Dr. Albert Hofmann in 1946 and free samples were sent to all over and mostly through psychiatrists I think, eventually becoming very popular in Hollywood and Washington, till it was made illegal starting in 1966. In 1951 there was a big outbreak of ergot-poisoning in a little town, Pont-St-Esprit (sp) not far from the Bourriers area. I think Jacqueline Bourrier visited there twice in the 1950s, once that her sister Lee wrote-up a small cartoon-book about, along mentioned along with their other travels that summer, that she wrote about in a millennium retrospective photo album.

"St. Anthony's Fire" by a guy named Fuller, maybe John Fuller, was written about what Pont-St-Esprit had undergone, all of it bad, no psychedelic coloss. I wonder if the point was that the generationally-enslaved natives had heard that "LSD" hallucinogens come from ergot and were arguing that ergot should be used instead of their brains' liquids and the system decided to show them how good ergot really is by getting it put into their bread or water or air however, and people were shrieking and crying and jumping into the Rhone (ck) to cool off.

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

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

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

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, Mrs. Foshay's 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,

I've been trying to get back to about Longfellow Avenue in the Bronx, that it's occurred to me that poor Mrs. F. or "the fraud-mother" that I'd always called mom or Mom, might have come from an Etruscan background, the late-Prehistory people around the northwest coast of Italy. I think that because of some bizarre thing I'd been put through, just made up of the itty-bitsy details. I describe that I'd had a "vague, boring, blurry" childhood. This Etruscan idea only came up recently, unable to figure either of their's backgrounds and this is the only thing I've found for Mrs. F. so far but the lead-up to this reason for this is alot of boring verbiage. I thought it would lead to more recollections and something useful might come of trying to recall then and then I recall that around the time I'd heard 1 or 2 sonic booms, around 1961 it'd probably be, I'd met a girl maybe through school and she lived around the corner, where the map now says it's some street number but maybe then it was unmarked, 171st or 178th St, a quiet street of houses instead of apartment buildings, the girl, black, brought me to her house and I had a nice time and recall eating dinner there once and then maybe she'd taken me for a ride on her bicycle once or twice and one day her slightly older brother took me for a ride around the block and I'd seen him alone on the bike riding around and one day -- there goes an overhead "P.A." system it used to be called, announcement that for an hour and a 1/2 everyone is invited to a Martin Luther King Jr. memorial program in their auditorium.

they wouldn't let me into the apartment but finally they had, ^{Longfellow} that they'd been in there a real long time, and I added that —, the husband was there too. I guess that'd led to "fights" where really it was the fraud-parent brutalizing Mrs. F. while she cried for him to quit and me and the sister screeched and cried and tried to stop() the horror-nightmare, broken glasses all the time, maybe other dishes or items thrown but it was always drinking glasses like he was breaking the pretty ones from the sets of them they'd buy. The next time I saw the husband they'd moved to out by the airport -- and here they have a guy that is a little like Fiorello LaGuardia and ~~Vince Kane~~ ^{Kane} Valenti's type, -- and the fraud-parent had called me over to the couch where he and the other guy were and questioned if I remembered him and I said yes because of course I did and Tony was holding me sort of like you do with me between his legs and facing the fraud-parent and that was all, ^{and I went back to coloring} and I guess we'd visited them 2 or 4 times before we'd also moved and maybe once after that, then sort of "replaced" as a friend-couple then by the Manzis. The "Etruscan" thing is that in trying to figure if that peculiar-thing of being locked out for hours and hours had anything to do with giving me a guilt-complex that the guy had been taken underground and "disfigured," it occurs to me that he and Mrs. F. are like of a similar "type," their size and hair coloring, that setting ^{up} Mrs. F. to be attracted to him would have been easy. He was even maybe like an "Adulles" type except with reddish-brown hair, real big and muscular and nice and smiley and pleasant to my small awareness of adults then, but his wife

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 41-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 middance 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 frack-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 him 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 frack-parent with the moving ^(Frack! murgzi!)

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

241

and me trying to call Mrs. Foshay through the door had no effect (sic). Then a thunderstorm started and the baby was so loud that she drowned-out the noise of the thunder and I was hanging on the door knob but wouldn't turn it to go to the couch and wake "mommy!" I guess the storm was over but the baby still screeching and there was a baby-pillow set right on the bed next to the bassinet and I'd lightly plopped it onto about where I figured her face was, just to try to make a human tactile-contact with her, give her something to think about via the surprise soft thing, not just my voice as a contact, that mommy's right outside and would be there soon. - As I dropped the pillow in and just stood there listening for the affect on the baby after it had finally quit screaming, Mrs-Foshay opened the door and made her eyes wide and gasped and rushed to the bassinet. This became the girl's story that I'd tried to smother her (to death) when she was a baby, really. She must have heard that from Mrs-Foshay and states that interpretation as though Kathy, me, has always been a psychopath. So when I saw all these ideas-of-reference, like the leg-to-groin "where's the rest of me?" type-party, to people who might have underworld-knowledge or what cursed

Spr 15/ Baydenter

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 guinea 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 enslaved 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.

which is how that "short, pudgy type" pervert ^{Boy Chester} 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.

any money my only option would up being to call the fraud-parents^{NYC} and they sent Western Union money for a bus ticket from Marietta to Washington DC, the first, only, time I'd done anything like that. We were only in contact because I'd just been in New York City for 2 1/2 years so there were occasional phone calls and mail but no invitation to take a vacation by visiting with them, - for a long time they only sent occasional greeting cards or notes that sounded as though Mrs. Foshay was dead and those were undated notes with no specific mentions of anything as though she could have been kidnapped and forced to write them in advance so I wouldn't worry why I hadn't heard from her, whereas I had too many survival problems to be able to call people who only want to hear that everything is okay, nothing complicated. Then when she passed 4 years ago, I guess the fraud-sister left Georgia and maybe only made moving arrangements and has been there and things seemed to be communications-okay and I wrote 2 wrong or twistable things in a letter in Spring 2013 and I'm just like medically-ill garbage from starting that October to now. And the main thing is that I can never prove anything. I'm trying to get around to figuring what to do about the social worker's question. I think maybe, with so many forms to fill out as a homeless person being hustled since last year that maybe one place I'd given the fraud-parents phone# as the person to contact in an emergency,

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

^{BK}
I figure there was something ritual about me getting set up to go with the generational-slave #2 type and Cesar + I really had nothing in common and there were probably multi- ulterior motives to that, but overnight or while map-making ("draw" is a LURE-associated word ()), I put together from recollecting the shipping and 1 of the 2 times we were allegedly robbed and then that there were architect plans and house books around (and long drives into Westchester ~~and to City Island~~ to look at house-buying possibilities) ^{that} the Longfellow Avenue neighborhood had developed a bad reputation, ~~it~~ had become a dangerous place, and that's why it looks like my fraud-parent, to me, and not really the Federal, FBI I think, Federal Bureau of Narcotics, probably under Harry Anslinger in Washington around then, and not like the caption reads, "NY narcotics agent" Ben Fitzgerald, that Fitzgerald might have been advised not to go to Bryant Avenue. I'd always looked back on it as being a terrible place by the time we'd left there, "a bad neighborhood" that had become filled with drugs and crime. I thought it was the South Bronx until I got directions which train stop to get off at in 2004 and walked to but not past P.S. 66, where the "French Connection" building is on the other side of that big intersection that I'd never walked beyond. Except for where that Cross-Bronx Expressway is the Bronx looked lovely, but I've no idea what people do for food there or most other places. I think they were building maybe an underground mall around 174th Street. * maybe those were later.

8^{PM} I somehow actually did it in one try, since I'd blurted that that's what I'd be trying to do today, now I have to try to get at least 4 copies of it so I suppose it will have to wait for the morning.

I should mention the sordid business of "going with" this 17-year old that had looked alot like this Dr. S. except with severe acne to boils or boil-looking sore big pimples all down his back. There was another similar guy around then too (went with Dorothy Peterson.) I "guess" that he was the 3rd guy I'd gone with, all of them from that huge Edenwald housing project and as if they didn't know each other. I had "gone with" a boy named Cesar Romero the summer between 6th grade and starting the next-door junior high school #142, which is probably how these 3 guys had noticed or learned about me to come out and hang around the group long enough to meet and start ^{the} kissing-process. Cesar was in the other direction. I'm pretty sure meeting and "going with" him was a ritual toward using me as LURE-bait for "other" males, Seize-his Romeo, and related to the new fast-food hamburger drive-through, that I later got my 1st job at, the day before I turned 16 though, when it'd have been legal. (Break for Respiratory Therapy, the Albuterol.) [They had probably been watching from the underground with the fraud-parent asking for volunteers to try to "get-to" the stupid, cross-eyed girl. I drew an outline of the area in the 35-page letter I gave to the Basilica a few years ago. I should, would like to, check on how John Paul II had passed. (The 1st John Paul, 1 month only, looked like one of these "Neanderthoid" types, alot like the fraud-uncle #2nd type.)

Having sex with this 3rd boyfriend and feeling a little uncomfortable about just sitting there like that I heard a song on the

where alot of the American Revolution, and the Rockefeller family, had taken place, the Rockefellers originally from western New York by the Great Lakes, which was full of the transplanted Siberia-Turans posing as natives and trying to take over the planet for their kind alone, since before the so-called Trojan War, which was really a re-invasion by the hungry developmentally disabled mass-immigrant "Myrmidons" from being long lost in the New World, only this time they'd found and brought new partners with them for terrorizing the normal people and then also the new captured slaves from off of Japan who became what I call the generational-slave#2 type like pictured in the National Gallery of Art portrait, "Man in Oriental Costume," on the bottom of early page 4 who have been running this "Armageddon Show" all along as system-slaves. Then I figure I came from the system's Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research which is still next-door to the hospital I was born or hatched to, but called Rockefeller University nowadays, but I didn't see the social worker who's my only contact with the outside world, today, and nobody's returned my calls or read any of all this work, knows anything about me, and this really is the or one of the ways that the Armageddon-threat or promise is being fulfilled, putting my type of person as though a child of that terrifying brute and his unfortunate battered victim missus. "Mom-Foshay" I took to calling her and the fraud-parent objected to that and then she passed away and it's like I was/am supposed to be the victim, her passing in 2011 and me being deluged by all

I just put the note about the Great Lakes on page 464 and would add if there was room, but this is a new idea, that the American Revolution might have been a ploy to distract from the sneaking-in that the developmentally disabled (sic) were doing, via the work of these generational-slaves they've got held, and the more I think of it the more likely that is, just having read the first third of the Gore Vidal novel on Aaron Burr, and I can't look for pictures of Burr or by and of the artist Vanderlyn that it says he'd sponsored, but I have a feeling that Aaron Burr was descended from the so-called Indian named Ninigret and his son Ninigret-named also, sponsored by the generational-slave #2 type early colonist to Massachusetts John Winthrop, and his son/s then. Then Burr had shot Alexander Hamilton and he was from the West Indies and those were under the governorship of the generational-slave #2 type's former buccaneer Henry Morgan, so everything there has been what the system wanted, raising plantations of wrongfully- or disembodily-fertilized ova, from all that "'Canadian' for trade" time-period for instance. There's a good chance the American Revolution was mostly a cover-up for the illegal immigration and smuggling into the Great Lakes' areas of the Siberia-Tuva global system-core. Washington looks descended from Poland, paintings of people from there around back then, and that has a port accessible from the Arctic Sea and I think (I have to double-, triple-check every teeny detail) a river there from Crackow.

From 1992 until now there is always this refrain that that female is better than me.

It's only recently that I realized that the "Foshay son #4" must have been in on this horror to me all along, and they're doing this theme here like all I've communicate-attempted in this writing doesn't exist, only this made-up fairy story that there's any connection between me and other females of a particular few other types exist as though in competition with each other, any female that's either blonde or has long straight brown hair. So, seeing that these "Bridgepoint" people didn't show up it's seeming like all this has been pre-planned for being "the LURE" of indescribable proportions that I've been being lifetime-abused toward, which is toward that Armageddon.

There's seeming to be no chance of my getting out of here and to anywhere normal tomorrow on that holiday eve, that my injuries were timed for me to be stuck here and worrying about the worse.

seems connected to this accidental upsetting them both that I'd done, that it was in conjunction with them writing that she was getting married again soon.

I'd seemingly flippantly written that he was sending too many money orders all of the sudden, that it was making it seem like he was mostly supporting the Armageddon himself, me writing that because the money orders seemed to both each be coming with some curse or another to me sealed in with them and because I had all these "lookalikes" of himself around more when those envelopes arrived, and I'd somehow been flippant-enough, as though in correlation to my hurt at not being invited, again, to her wedding, to say that there seemed to be some correlation between my bad fortune and her good fortune, and that was it, that that was in like April and as punishment [redacted] didn't send the usual money order in October, and being short that 1 \$50 led to me getting real sickly that winter and all this cursed ill health problems horrorset since then.

moch, that this bizarre leg-pains I've got remind me that that might be connected to a curse off of what had happened to Ms. Johnson. Also there have been lots of "Armageddon Show characters" at the Federal-City Shelter named Johnson, all of whom have seemed bad for me, like I have a curse from the whole global or country-wide family-name of Johnson no matter who they are.

For reasons that could be anything, like with the drill sergeant/sargeant/sargent, Ms. Johnson never seemed to like me. She was very close with the aide who'd trained me, Marjorie, and I never heard anything in particular, but it was always difficult for me to get Edna dressed. She had some sort of a waist-down paralysis, and she seemed to use it to make my getting her up into the wheelchair extra-difficult, as she was like a big, healthy-sized lady and I weigh about 110 at best. The facility made a new top-floor unit for really ill people in 2002 and I got

community center being under the "est" in Baychester, then all the good-looking girls in those pretty dresses, and then I'm pretty sure that hamburger stand was recently-built, and then I was working there too. The manager who'd insisted I start work on Aug. 12th 1971 instead of waiting the day, which I think I'd then gotten off and then back to the cashiering-learning, looked a lot like Albert Anastasia, was that type, as was previously a security guard who'd caught me when the weird 7th-grade girl, who was a "genius" and is still around here somewhere, as is Paula who I'll have to get back to, help, had taught me to go shoplifting with her. I don't think she ever said she was a genius it's just that scribbling all this is tedious and that's a good summary. I've tried to figure if she's descended from D.H. Lawrence, a good friend of Aldous Huxley and of Georgia O'Keeffe's, a huge ova-donater/donator, that -- brings up the Great Lakes region, where I'd made an error just now in going back and scribbling on p. 373, about the long houses. The Washington Mall is that shape too. Massoud's smile next to that "long houses" of western NY state's early Indian "natives," then you look up and there's Massoud and Mr. Khalili smiling and that could be misinterpreted because I guess the long houses were one of the worst things but I have to fit everything onto the paper and ran out of room there. Most of those "early Native Americans" that are written-up about were probably plantations of disembodied-ovaries' mass-reproductions of the small dark-haired Artists, using the St. Lawrence Seaway to sneak into the Americas

Sabin

mostly fantasizing about her old teacher and supervisor Franklin P. Mall. She wrote a biography, was probably coerced by the RIMR's Simon Flexner first to write it, which dredged-up thinking about the little faked-death probably underground and watching while recollecting about him was a way for the underground to con her into masturbating for their ejaculation-donating facility, but I read the biography and there isn't a single word about his marriage and family life, solely about his work-character and I was like shocked and in this retrospect maybe Flexner had conned her into not-mentioning the guy's wife and child or children for some sort of a "privacy" excuse or had edited that stuff out, but there is this horrible picture of him making a face like sticking his tongue out at the camera, scrunching his nose at the camera and laughing while on a boat maybe for some business trip they'd gone on to Europe maybe. The guy's wife was Mabel Glover from the Glovers of this Glover Park in Washington, that the marriage was an underworld-approved event, with Mabel a student in the year before Florence, working for the money, could afford to get in, me not sure now how she'd gotten hold of enough, there being some big Baltimore fund-raising thing she and other girls had done too that might be mixed in there. So there are all these similarities between Florence Sabin and I but I couldn't understand how she could totally ignore the guy's marriage and children, unless that was a

trick by Flexner

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

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

that it did the world some good when I'd had the 1971 abortion and the New Year's Eve 2000 decision to try the Open Door instead of the CCNY where ^{to prevent} this "show" was all preparedly waiting, and probably defused the 9/11 a bit, where that's all only slaves doing the warfare, forced to do it by some tiny headquarter that has the whole planet tied-up.

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

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

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

So I'd had it in mind that that TV-movie ^{psycho} was based on what had really happened to Marilyn Monroe, she woke up and found herself locked in in a psych hospital, and then I learned that Herman Kahn had around then started his "Hudson Institute" right near the big V.A. hospital that's not far from the 'frank-parents', had moved to Craton-on-Hudson just before or after her death, reported death, and then I'd started reading about a company that then opened, called CACI, and it was also involved then in the 2003⁺ scandal at Abu Ghraib/Grahib, Abu Grahib probably, prison in Iraq. The CACI

company is real suspicion-category, me with the feeling that they went into mass-reproducing from Mr. Monroe's ovaries for free-victim-types for the underground boys to use for this brain-eating. It was like the main "coded" theme at the John L. Young, that that₂ was what was usually going on underneath there, with some types of the underworld-slaves' being injured (inured?) to passing around opened-up heads so the "audiences" like of tourists to DC, could use like tongs to pick out the pieces they wanted, like hors d'oeuvres, (sp.) that get one high -- and now a little scene with a tall white male's pottin' up or making an Infectious Waste sign look conspicuous, as the nurse had reminded me about lunch and I called the kitchen and saw him, 221

← As with JFK I can "wonder" if mm hadn't also decided to duck out on the regular people and go to fantasy-land underworld bother biographies, the biographies or material on her, are full of the cursing-type of people, all packed all around and being a victim-type I can notice the tricks.

I think maybe it-- the name of the Los Angeles or Hollywood hospital, underneath where Jodie Foster grew up. - Cedars of Lebanon Hospital? -- I guess that mm had had gynecology - maybe an abortion there that this system would have been likely to have kept ~~around~~ alive. And maybe that wasn't long after she'd met Martin Gang --. I always have to check the vital statistics, when and where people were born and I don't recall his birthdate, that maybe he was a son or a brother to Murder, Inc.'s Lepke Buchalter. They're a regular stereotype. When I met one recently I only recalled that I'd known one that looked like that, and I thought the guy was the offspring-descendant of the one I'd "gone with" and wrote him a note that I thought/think I'd met his parent or "father" or such, just before I left the Veterans On the Rise~~x~~ to go to the Safe Haven. The guy was a dark shade brown-black. Then I recall Stewart Udall as probably being that same "genotype". When I used the word genotype nobody knew what I was talking about so I say "type".

May it please the Court to not rule against my personal freedom so I don't have to try to appeal, in fear of attracting any sensationalism. The system is hyper-sensitive of criticism and that could cause the threatened-Armageddon, destroying everything rather than explaining the Prehistory developmental and anthropophagy and how to get out of it and back to nonsadistic normalcy problems. I want to stay in Washington for at least a year so I can secure my housing-voucher for transfer if necessary but this is where one could potentially do the best for the taxpayers and everybody and I know my way around here and its libraries better than I do anywhere else. I think I will be caught unprepared for the charges against me in court and will have to hope for a continuance on that ground plus to give Your Honor a chance to look at a copy of the 400⁺ pages of background that I'll still be working on while waiting to learn more about this. I don't even know what "ad litem" means yet, for instance, how difficult this is going to be, what the charges are or the evidence is said to be, yet. 4 PM, 1/20/16

Kathy Foskay

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

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

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