

**BREWTOWN, USA**

**NOBODY PARTY'S LIKE WISCONSIN**

**AMERICANO BAR TALK**  
by  
A Modern Day Bohemian Vagabond

*Adult  
Content*

*Ladies*

*Hustlers*

*Whores*

*Gangsters*

*Princesses*

*Shysters*

*Strippers*

*Players*

*Rebels*

*Starlets*

*Gamblers*



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**A NOVEL OF  
DRAMA  
VIOLENCE  
HUMOR  
AND  
SEX**

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## **“AMERICANO BAR TALK”**

**Written by**

**A Modern Day Bohemian Vagabond.**

### **Prologue**

The back alleys, dusty back roads, and dead ends of America's drinking establishments have produced the heart wrenching stories of struggle, laughter, brilliance, immorality, criminality, addiction, and the hope of a better tomorrow. The characters come from all walks of life including the ignorant, insane, thug, genius, businessman, artistic intellectual, free spirit, and the common working man. Each one temporarily fills our soul along with the spirits of our choosing, with grandiose dreams of possible achievements; only to be lost in the after effects of returning to sobriety when the last call is bellowed out by the bartender. Travel with me and discover these lost souls of America as they reach for the stars against all odds, in their politically unorthodox manners and unconventional demeanors. Sail into the lowly nightlife as if it were a cloudy dream and discover the real heart of the United States pounding in discussion, thought, and bold reckless actions.

Judge not and hold back on the Victorian societal mental conditioning and Christian values, for when you are exposed to the underworld of thought and action, you

will find it hard to distinguish the good from the evil in your everyday lives from here on. You're world and all your so called previous values will come crashing down as you are mentally set free. You will be swooned into the true realities that this world as you have previously known it, has been a charade of disguised lies to enslave your thought process, and profit off your ignorance by designed mental conditioning. Once the fog has lifted a new value system shall emerge from within which shall be of a much higher order than what government, organized religion, or the business community has given you.

True enlightenment and freedom will be bestowed upon you, once the chains of mental conditioning are broken. One will be allowed to rise up to the clouds making a romanticized version of this world, appear one small step next to that reality. Boldly step up to the challenge and go forward to discover this life, for you only have a very short time to make a miniscule difference, before you permanently fade into nonexistence. Now open the novel and consume at a leisurely pace, since nothing in this world is really that important; except for the tax dollar Uncle Sam is waiting for from the purchase of this book. Now I must apologize to Uncle Sam, for this book is a charitable gift to humanity on behalf of truth.

## *Chapter 1*

*“Each player must accept the cards life deals him or her: but once they are in hand, he or she alone must decide how to play the cards in order to win the game”*

*Voltaire*

On a cold fall day somewhere on the lower Southside of Milwaukee, I entered one of the saloons for a bottle of Miller Lite. The bartender was a giant of a lug with a half barrel for a belly, as rock hard as a pregnant woman. In a boisterous Viking ceremonial scream he shouted out, "Hey, I am the Pollock who runs this joint. What the Hell can I get you?" I advised him of my drink of choice and he began telling me about the history of his establishment. He told me, "Things have not been the same on this side of the city since that Goddamn Father Groppi in the 1960's, started marching over the 16th street viaduct with the Jungle Bunnies. Now every Hooligan can set up camp here and trash the neighborhoods looking for a free ride." He reminisced about the decades of achievement and stability of the city under the former Mayor Maier and Police Chief Brier. He proudly displayed his portrait on the wall with him and the former decades long term, 4th District United States Polish Congressman, the legendary and once prominent Clement Zablocki.

The evening news came on in the tavern with President Obama rallying about the positive effects the Affordable Care Act will have on every American across the country. This drew jeers and laughter across the bar. One of the customers states, "I read the whole Obamacare law which is 906 pages of hoopla allowing a loophole for everyone in the insurance industry, pharmaceutical, and government a convenient way around the

law; to benefit themselves at the expense of every American from poverty level to the supra wealthy. Basically, this is a tax increase on every American without having to pass a formal blatant tax bill. Everyone will have less coverage at higher rates. President Obama even cut federal funding to low cost clinics that provide services to the working poor. So, it is hard for him to blame Governor (Doublespeak) Walker for not going along with him concerning increasing expanded coverage for Medicaid patients.

This scam plan originally came out of the conservative think tank Heritage Foundation in 1989 and was sold to the American people as a progressive and well balanced idea of a capitalistic version, of Western Europe's socialistic universal healthcare coverage. Now the Heritage Foundation is presently diametrically opposed to the implementation of Obamacare and denies it's origins. Politics of spin and opportunism. Obama used skilled rhetoric of a polished used car salesman to sell this Adam Smith for profit system to gullible Americans who envisioned things on the terms of successfully run programs like Social Security, Medicare, and even Medicaid. When the African American community finally figures out they have been bamboozled and hoodwinked by their own brotha, they are going to be eagerly and impatiently waiting to tie a noose around his corporate "Uncle Tom" neck on MLK Avenue in Washington, D.C."

Pollock yells out, "Jimmy, where do you get all those crazy brain surgeon ideas in your head? You need to get laid and quit reading all those damn newspapers and books. No one gives a shit. Ignorance is bliss. Look at me, I graduated from Pulaski, I didn't learn a damn thing but I am a successful businessman. I love this fucking country!"

At that moment, three gruff looking bikers walk into the bar and order three bottles of Pabst. The bartender engages in subtle quiet conversation with them at the end of the bar. Someone hits the jukebox and the song *Cocaine Blue's* sung by Johnny Cash comes blaring from the speakers. The joint starts to come alive as Stella a beautiful has-been in her 40's begins dancing all around the bar, promising each man a good time; if he buys her next drink. Rodney, a neighborhood drunk stands up and shouts, "This shot of Jameson is to the new Jesuit Pope: May he be productive in good deeds, merry in his creed, stay away from young boys, and find a good house cleaning lady to take care of his manly needs."

Danny Boy walks into the bar and is greeted with cheers, laughter, and hugs. Danny Boy was an ex prize fighter who in the 1950's fought many times at the local Eagles club that existed one upon a time in Milwaukee as a fraternal order, gym, dance joint, and social club. Danny Boy was a mover and a stickler and rarely got hit during his boxing career. His persuasive talk and charm even in his 70's was an inspiration to the down trodden. Danny Boy was the bar novelty who once worked with the local mob, that took orders out of Chicago from a bygone era. Danny Boy dressed sharp and drank heavy in a jovial manner. He is considered a grand historian on Irish history and was born in Dublin, Ireland. He had 13 brothers and sisters back in Ireland of which only three are still living. All of this information was passed on to me by a man named O'Reilly who was a dear friend of Danny Boy, who purchased myself a beer and a shot; as a new patron to their fine establishment.

O'Reilly expressed his love for Ireland which he visited on numerous occasions. As we clashed our beers together we shouted, "Eirinn go Brach" ( Ireland Forever).



O'Reilly grew up in Milwaukee in the Merrill Park neighborhood and attended West Division High School. It appeared that somehow or another, O'Reilly was connected to every Irish tavern in Milwaukee; as he gave me a historical run down on all the Irish pub owners in the city. He asked me where I was from and I told him, "I have been from here to there and almost everywhere, as a long lost traveler looking for work, and a place to call home." I told him how I had married an Irish girl from Cook County, Illinois and how she broke my heart and soul after 20 years. He told me that Irish women will do that to you. He stated, "They love you with a mad Gaelic passion when you are young but with the passing of time, the matriarchy takes over and all the financially unsuccessful husbands become despised; leading to drunken bouts at local pubs for relief from the anxiety of marriage. The pub is the common man's university of advancement, networking, and soul searching." O'Reilly then expressed the words of the literary great George Bernard Shaw, "Alcohol is the anesthesia by which we endure the operation of life." O'Reilly gave me a friendly ole Irish back slap and words of encouragement, as he headed on his way to meet up with Danny Boy. The old Irish words were sayings from Ireland, " May the road rise up to meet you. May you never forget what is worth remembering, Or remember what is best forgotten."

As I sat and stared and my half filled mug of beer, I began to reflect on my life's journey. A life of recklessness, extremism, loyalty, devotion, utter insanity, and misguided directions. I always knew that life would be harsh since I was extremely young but I thought love could be found to enforce the soul threw all adversity. I never expected the unexpected as I naively placed openness, trust, and loyalty at the root of my survival; in someone who never really suffered. How can one truly love if one has not

suffered in the deep agony of life's existence. A half of century on this planet and now I truly understand the words of Socrates, "All I know is that I know nothing."

A man named Harvey introduces himself to me from the West Coast and sits down to chat with me. Harvey explained to me how he had fought in Korea and Vietnam and endured the loss of 74 of his dear comrades in battle. Harvey told me about how he now travels the country and visits Veterans hospitals, talking with injured veterans about their lives concerns and challenges. Harvey rides trains all over the country and rides for free since he was a past employee of the railway. Harvey explained how governments use the common man as the bullet catcher for the wealthy, to do the ungrateful dirty work of killing a fellow man, who is in the same position as himself. A man just struggling to get by and fighting for survival in a war that will not benefit him or his family; and only possibly bring harm or dire destruction to the family. Harvey stated, "Most wars are for greed and power and rarely for the self protection and preservation of a nation."

Stella begins to work her way towards me and slides up next to me while rubbing my shoulders, while attempting to sweet talk me for a drink. Right then the three bikers who had been in the tavern all night explode on one of the pool players. Two of the bikers pick up pool sticks and begin lambasting the targeted pool player across the face with the pool sticks, while the lead biker lays his gun on the bar in a nonchalant manner. The victim screams out, "I never said anything!" as the two bikers continue to wail away and knock their victim to the ground. The bartender is mysteriously missing at the present time, as the biker with the gun grabs it off the bar, walks over and stumps the victim's head repeatedly with his right boot. The bikers then leisurely leave the scene on their

Harley's, after brutalizing their victim into a bloody mess. I figured it was time to call it a night and then proceeded to head out the back door for the evening.

## *Chapter 2*

*“Begin at once to live, and count each separate day as a separate life.”*

*Seneca*

Just the other day on the news I heard that 25 percent of fellow Americans have a criminal record. This country was founded by criminals, religious fanatics, and slaves. In the words of Malcolm X, " We didn't land on Plymouth Rock, the rock was landed on us." It appears in America that the system wants to keep building and expanding the prison industrial complex to house the politically uncooperative. Those people who find that working at poverty wages not only can't get one a date but leaves one open to the streets of homelessness, poverty, and addiction. In the words of Diogenes, "The great thieves lead away the little thief."

In the last 40 years we have lost nearly 8 million high paying manufacturing jobs in this country. Labor unions are at their weakest point since 1901 across this land. Jessie Jackson would always state, "Keep hope alive!" Now our streets are filled with dope, no hope, and violent crime. One can make numbers do anything but the harsh reality of the streets in America can't fool the people who live in that reality daily. No matter what propaganda fills the monolithic oligarchic airwaves of continual replays of mass indoctrination for robotic citizenry, the people staying informed and waiting their time, will eventually explode in a revolutionary fervor with an uncontrollable heated passion for justice. I feel this country is headed towards a sectional civil war where the break up

of the United States is near at hand. The puzzling aftermath in the next few years could witness four to five nations out of the original one nation under God.

There seems to be a law for everything on the books at the present time, allowing for the arrest and conviction for almost anything when needed. In the words of Tacitus, "The more corrupt the state, the more numerous the laws." The National Security Agency has the power to monitor everyone but do they truly have the manpower to control everyone? Big Brother may be watching but the expense of running the machine may eat away at the very core and soul of America as a nation. I will begin this day with a poem to ensnare the beauty of the moment from the pleasant skies above, casting the sunlight of vitamin D joyously thru my body and mind.

### **Poetry is My Friend**

I am a flamboyant poet.

A poet with a black pen.

That shoots spectacular satire

And hit's my mark on target again.

I am a poet who is passionately shouting Amen.

I am that poet who is volatile with the ink pen.

Hallelujah, I am a God given and inspired poet.

I write poetry while listening to the classic blues.

I write poetry while watching the evening news.

I write poetry in my shorts and worn out shoes.  
Damn, I write poetry every opportunity that I get.  
I am a poet with style who can write for a long while.  
I am a poet who loves to hike to the open sky.  
I am a poet whose emotions rush high tide.

I the poet, am a genuinely courageous soul  
With my notebook, I can really begin to glow.  
The poet is me and I am the poet you see.  
I love ravishing women to be all around me.  
I am the poet, always searching for the truth.

I love natures roving hills and dangerous seas.  
The tall Redwood trees are astonishing to me.  
I the poet, am a remarkable and sincere man.  
For when I write, I am higher than a kids kite.  
I the poet, often travels to the nostalgic past.

I am the poet and I can't stop when I write.  
The sun keeps me going and when it sets,  
The night inspires my full blown passions.  
I am the poet, the poet, until the very end.  
Only death can silence the poet in me.

Though the poets' words speak for eternity.  
I have something to always say from my mind.  
The poet is a rebel rousing genius of mixed emotions.  
The poet in me, awe inspires me.  
I am a creative, fascinating poet.

Filled with all soul burning fire and fury.  
An offshoot of old William Shakespeare.  
I am the poet, let the whole universe hear.  
My life may be as a chosen traveling bum,  
Except for poetry has made me number one.

For I am quick with the pen and sizzling hot.  
I've traveled this country and drank in taverns, a whole lot.  
I have met hardworking laborers and very skilled tradesmen.  
I have their stories in my soul and one day I will part with them,  
And deliver these stories from the heart, in a poetic work of art.

Poetry is all inspiring, poetry can make women cry and fall apart.  
Poetry embraces, poetry chases, and erases hardships of the many.  
Poetry is the friend of the lower classes and can unite with the culturally diverse.  
Poetry is my best friend and keeps me alive and moving forward, until life's end.

As I lay back listening to Bruce Springsteen in my cell block hotel room browsing through the jobs ads, I become frustrated and discouraged at the lack of opportunities to be a valued member and asset of society. The urge to drink as the evening approaches rallies my adrenaline for a night of Hell bent destruction. I convince myself to commit to a wild night out by recalling some of the great philosophers of alcohol and partying. In the words of Frank Sinatra, "Alcohol may be man's worst enemy, but the bible says love your enemy. Basically, I'm for anything that gets you through the night - be it prayer, tranquilizers or a bottle of Jack Daniels. I'm gonna live till I die." How could Frankie be wrong, he did it his way, and the ladies loved him for it. To seal the deal, I call on those famous words of Hunter S. Thompson, "I hate to advocate drugs, alcohol, violence, or insanity to anyone, but they've always worked for me. Some may never live, but the crazy never die." I have finally convinced myself and I am off to the nearest seedy gentlemen's club.

Walking into the flashy dungeon of classy, assertive, vibrant, and sexy exotic strippers I immediately fall prey to Cassandra. She is a tall, slender young blond with a friendly disposition, articulate, and smooth in her movements and sweet confidence. As she glides me to the bar in her elegant long dress, I am mesmerized by her style and beauty. She casually draws more information out of me than I care to give under normal circumstances.

After a short time of captivating conversation I told her, "I don't have a lot of dinero but I appreciate the time you have spent with me, engaging in riveting and erotic conversation. I will let you take care of your business now." She explains to me, "I am



not worried. I have never had a problem meeting my evening financial goals.” After seven, eight, or nine *Captain and Cokes* with a loss of time in my mind, Cassandra drops her phone number in my shirt pocket. She then states, “Call me tomorrow, I will take you out for a night on the town.” She leaves me with a groin caress and a tender quick kiss on the lips as she whispers in my left ear, “There is much more to come tomorrow.”

As I sat at the bar watching the bar swirl around me like a merry go round, a large heavily tattooed guy introduces himself to me, calling himself Bonkers. Bonkers was missing his front teeth and spoke like Tweety Bird. He told me his whole life story in about 15 minutes. Most of his life was spent in foster homes, juvenile detention centers, and prison. Bonkers was a career criminal who was arrested for everything from burglary, battery, possession of firearms, assault with a deadly weapon, and drug trafficking. Bonkers lived for the day and was a member of the Aryan Brotherhood. It wasn't that Bonkers was really a racist, he just understood the safety of prison politics and advancement in a brutal world he had no say in nor created.

I can relate to all extremes and everything in between. One can find common ground with almost anyone. In reality, many peoples lives have been chosen for them and not vice versa. Free will is for those who can financially afford it. Many people are not as far apart as their heated rhetoric may display itself. Life is a game of political mumbo jumbo words. In life, I have seen far more compassion at times come from a so called racists to someone they supposedly despise, while a leader of an ethnic community will screw his own people in business and politics for pure Judas greed. Bonkers stated, “God didn't give me much in the way of natural skills or brains, but I have managed to get by in life with loyalty and commitment to orders.”

After about an hour of amusing conversation with Bonkers, he invited me to a friend's tavern on the far Southside of the city. I drunkenly accepted this invitation against my better judgment as he promised me the time of my life. Bonkers had a early 1970's black Camaro which he exceeded speeds of over a 100 mph, while driving through red lights on our way to the next tavern. This was one of the few times in my life that I was silently praying for a cop to be around to enforce the law, before I become permanently disabled. I was gladly appreciative when Bonkers decided to make a pit stop along the way to visit a friend to get some Chronic. I thought this might be the opportune time to escape from this raving lunatic and his death ride.

Unfortunately, Bonkers invited me into his friend's drug house where everyone was watching porn. While inside Bonkers began smoking crack cocaine and wanted me to take a hit. I told him, "Thanks but no thanks, I don't party because I am looking for the type of employment that requires drug testing." Bonkers then states, "That's cool man, to each his own." The crack lord who owned the guarded up cage of a home was happy to see Bonkers, who I guess was one of his most loyal customers; since he treated him like royalty.

Bonkers asked me if I wanted some pussy and before I could answer, he called the crack whore of the house Anna to come out of the bedroom and service me. He told me she was on the house with every visit and that she was in his words, "A real knob gobbler." Not wanting to offend my new found mad man of a friend, I went into the bedroom with her. I asked her if she could undress and just as I expected, she had needle marks all over her body. I gave her 20 dollars and told her, "Everything is okay, we don't have to do anything." I made it to the bathroom just in time to barf in the toilet.

After returning to the main room where all the crack heads were getting high, I noticed Bonkers getting a little weird while smoking crack. He started to go into an epileptic type seizure leaning sideways, while he kept frantically telling the crack lord to make sure the little dogs are locked up. He kept stating over and over, "Those little dogs scare the Hell out of me when I am partying, please don't let them out. Promise me, you won't let them out." Then all of a sudden Bonkers stands up while clutching his right arm and runs out the door faster than Carl Lewis.

After a momentary initial shock I attempt to follow Bonker's but by the time I get outside, he has apparently vanished. Then a few seconds later he comes out of nowhere running as fast as the Road Runner in every zigzag direction geometrically possible. Suddenly he stops for a brief pause and then makes a mad dash to his car, jumps in, drives his car halfway down the block, stops, and then backs his car up to the initial position. As he repeats this maneuver numerous times, I took this as my opportunity to escape from this deranged crack head who is completely out of his mind.

As I arrive at a main street to catch a bus to my dump I kept asking myself, "What the Fuck just happened and how did I get myself into this mess? What the Fuck!" Upon reaching my hotel room, I immediately fell upon the bed and began reciting the Hail Mary over and over in Latin. After sobering up a little I began to write a few poems.

### **Life is Hard**

Living on a razor's edge

My mind bleeds and pleads

I am almost bursting on the inside

Nowhere to run and nowhere to hide

I have to endure this torturous ride.

Life has much adversity to climb

The struggle is an endless rhyme

One day time will run out in this bout

And I may end up beaten down all about

From Life's wrecking crew called time.

Health only lasts so long when crippled

Crippled by pain and neglect over time

I must laugh with all jest, that I am truly a mess

On the inside and the outside and all about me

I want to scream and shout to the Lord up above.

How much more can one man, humanly endure?

So many God given gifts, yet everything has gone

With the wind and I am spinning violently inward

A tornado on the inside of sadness and lonely despair

Fully ready to deliver a mass world wind of mortal sin.

No hope and no love from friends up above

No understanding of why my life is a wild ride

Hippity Hop and they don't stop, to drop me a line.  
A line of encouragement and a line for these times.  
I'm being swallowed up like a goldfish in a toilet swirl.

I am way older than my years say in time  
I am battled and bruised all over my mind  
My body has become weakened and tired,  
One day I am all fired up to dance another round,  
The next day I am burned out and feeling quite down.

Rise to the occasion, lift up to your prime  
Don't ever forget, God loves you all the time  
The battle of darkness goes on and I grow weary  
Though tomorrow is a new day, I shall claw my way  
To the top of the mountain, like a roaring lion for the day.

Each day will be a fierce battle and struggle  
Each evening a cumbersome sleepless night  
Up from the anxiety of the night to the morning light  
I shall enter the struggle like a bright newborn warrior  
Willing to do battle in the fierce brawling ring of life.

### **Living on the Edge**

Give me the bat by my hat  
Like I am a crazy Moth Fucker  
Living high on the streets  
Money is tight, ready to fight  
The Lord can't save me, alright!

Life has been rough and the sun  
The sun ain't bright when dark clouds  
Cover the sky all day and night  
Pollution clouds in aerial flight  
Everyone ready to explode, right!

All comers want to challenge you  
Like they all are hard ass gangsters too  
Tupac, how do you do? You had a message  
It is true, all these drug peddling street fools  
Have no political intellectual revolutionary tools!

Women are all out for the mighty green dollar  
They come out when I holler with the 100 dollar,  
Folded in multiples in the street hustling wallet.  
When I was young I was home spun in street battles  
Fighting in the house and in the death alleys of life.

Watch out being to soft, the knife cuts deep!

The friends stay until the money runs out

And the women have not changed

Since the beginning of ancient times,

They will rob you for every single dime.

If you are broke they won't give you time

But money makes even enemies rise up

To meet you in camaraderie and peace

I am hungry to get by or just plain quit

And take that jump from that high bridge.

Sinister demons taking over my soul

The rosary and mother Mary might

Protect you if the church will oblige you.

The flames of Hell burn in my soul

In a world that wants to destroy you!

Strung out junkie once looked young

Middle class yuppie has all the answers

Rich totalitarian trashing the environment.

Si Se puede, when La vida loca is all around

People with hope, even if they are inhaling dope.

Shadow boxing in my mind all my anxieties  
Feeling cornered like Iron Mike Tyson  
People force you to come out fighting  
Savage jungles of life and a hypocritical wife  
Angels descending and touching my soul.

So many people full of hate against those  
Those who are in need and want to be freed  
From all the prejudices against the hard life  
Why can't we all be calm and just get along?  
Manipulation and hidden disguises by some.

Love can make a normal man go insane  
Living a life under total surveillance  
By Gods angels and the midnight cruisers.  
Control the rage and steal a page from  
The Holy book to deal with the inner rage.

**I'm tripping!**

Sadness tires me  
Love is beyond me



Friendship is far from me  
I am left alone in the cosmos  
Like a dead end stepping stone.

I await the inevitable  
Death is not faraway  
Disaster is everyday  
Time does not matter  
My head is on a platter.

It really all does not matter  
I don't dig the game of life  
I lost my sneaky malicious wife  
Now I am in a prison of my mind  
I will probably be here for a life time.

Come smoke and toké from the peace pipe  
It is ripe for us to find peace and tranquility  
I might just have another imported Heineken beer  
Everyone around me is a happy go lucky queer,  
I am not talking about the gay queen but the weird!

Like Charlie Sheen standing on my head in my dream

I awaken to a loud bang and discover my alarm clock rang  
But nowhere do I view the daylight reality, only the dream  
My whole life has been just one big non reality of reality,  
I guess that is just the way it has to be for people like me.

### *Chapter Three*

*"Better pass boldly into that other world, in the full glory of some passion, than fade  
and wither dismally with age."*

*James Joyce*

I bounce out of bed early in the morning and shadow box for 15 minutes, feeling like my brain is preparing to explode through my cranium. As I began reflecting on Cassandra and the possible evening of good fortune that may lay ahead, I became overfilled with joy and grandiose visions of pleasure. I start blasting Jim Morrison on the radio and now I really know what it is like to actually, "Break on through to the other side." I pick up my pen and begin to write.

#### **The Strip Joint**

The stripper strips to tease  
All she wants to do is please  
Your pleasure is her desire  
She sets the room on fire.

She shakes her booty really fast  
Up to you she comes for the cash  
Her large breasts appear right in front of you  
There goes your twenty in her strap from you.

Now here you are with your drink  
You fantasy is over, so you think  
But she sits her ass on top of you  
Moves in figure eights all over you.

She tells you, you're her sweet darling bunny  
And she wants some more of the honey money  
So you do play the fool, it's comical but true  
And so she gets another twenty, from silly you.

This poem will abruptly end without an official date  
Unless you are drunk enough to survive your short fate  
For after work she might take an admirable liking to you  
And for \$300 she will deliver you and even pray for you

To the Gates of Heaven in splendid Ecstasy, just for you.

That evening Cassandra picked me up in her Lexus looking as elegant as the previous night. She then took me to a French restaurant and ordered me and herself numerous glasses of the best French wines. As we ate and conversed, I asked her, "Why have you chosen me of all people to entertain, with such a splendid time and heart warming hospitality?" She smiles and then states, "It is in your eyes and face. I instantly read the many roads you have traveled and the hurt and pain you have been through in

your life. You reminded me of myself, you resonated with me, and I could feel the instant chemistry. You would do the same for me at a moments notice, if you had the means too.” I blushed and was at a temporary loss for words. After a few moments, I repeatedly thanked her for her heartfelt compassion and integrity. She told me, “Just don’t worry so much about things in life, it will always work out for you in the end. Enjoy our time together, it is a blessing from God for us to meet. I am here to lift your spirits, so you can go forward and accomplish what is in your heart and mind.”

That evening she took me to Heaven with tender, gentle caresses, sweet soft kisses, and the style and grace of a ballerina. When I awoke early the next morning cuddled tightly, securely, and safely in her arms; I felt a ray of hope shine thru my spirit. After cooking me breakfast and driving me home, she left me with the most remarkable sensual kiss and the kindest words I needed to hear, “You are a good person. I will always be with you in spirit, and one day you will find what you are looking for in life.” Upon entering my pig’s pen of a dump, I fell onto the bed with a quivering heart and mixed emotions. I thought to myself how could one person in such a short time lift me so high and make me feel like I knew them for a whole lifetime? I started to feel again for the first time in five years.

I began reflecting on my ex wife who I was with for almost 20 years and never did really know or understand. As I delved into the past, I recalled those famous words of my ex wife, “I am loyal, you can trust me.” Then the memories came flooding back that I had suppressed for so long. My mind started to remember everything from my marriage. I began analyzing long lost thoughts in my head and prepared a speech in my mind to everyone who has taken me as a villain in life. In defense of my character, I delivered my

speech to the assembled audience of individuals gathered in my mind. I placed forth the truth as I knew it with all the vigor and finesse of one skilled in the art of rhetoric. I let the truth unfold as never before.

One day my wife out of the blue told me I was the greatest husband in the world. I thought it was a little out of the ordinary but I accepted the award graciously and humbly onto myself, within the confines of my own mind. I never thought anything was wrong in our relationship but low and behold, three weeks later and abrupt 180 degree turn around was in store for me. All of a sudden she wanted a divorce, no negotiations on the matter, and no marriage counseling. She stated, "It was over and nothing I would say or do could change her mind in the matter at hand." Then the punch of ruthlessness was in store for me while I was railing back from utter astonishment and bewilderment. Talk about being prepared, she had already been to six different law firms and discredited me everywhere where she needed too. It was a well planned course of action that would have made Mussolini proud. She hid as many assets as she could muster and made me look like she was married to the extremely violent Al Capone.

The actress without a heart had more in store for me and was not finished with her vile and unwarranted hatred for me. In her diary found by her children, it foretold of her deep seated love of my suffering which brought her great joy. She went on about how she wished she had listened to her mother and never married me. In blunt fashion she claimed in writing, "My mother was right and I had made an utterly humongous mistake in spending nearly 20 years with him and producing two children." My amazing and predictable ex mother-in-law is a woman with no compassion in her heart. She only has enough brain cells to accomplish daily tasks like eating, crapping, showering, gossiping,

going to a place she calls work, and spending money. Her expertise comes in pretending to be royalty and going to expensive and upper class restaurants while sipping tea. She and her companions imagine that all the well ordered gentlemen of wealth are just waiting to discover them and sweep them off their feet. In their delusional mindset they believe these dreamy fantasy men are going to deliver them to a world of unlimited luxury, decadence, and opulence. I the so called evil tyrant had no need for these types of people or their gluttonous ways.

At the present time and most likely for all eternity, I have been totally erased from my ex wife's mind. I am a nonexistent person who never existed and no references of me are ever mentioned, when she speaks to my children. I do recall many times during our marriage how she would tell me to quit philosophizing and analyzing so much because I was hurting her brain. She claimed, "My father use to do this to me all the time and I could not stand it." I guess my evil comes from searching for the truth of life's existence and why so many people must suffer. After reflecting deeply, I realized I had buried some truths and realities in the back recesses of my mind concerning my ex wife.

When my ex wife was employed as a registered nurse in Northern California, there was a labor dispute between the hospital and the independent company union representing the registered nurses. The administration of the hospital was calling for pay cuts of up to 10 percent of the employees' wages. A business representative from an international union had met with my wife and gave her over 700 pages of documents from their research department, concerning past unethical practices of this law firm that was now representing the hospital administration. We were able to convince the nurses to picket the hospital while hitting the elite hospital with a public relations nightmare. The

nurses distributed a compacted mini version of this research material to the general public concerning the most heinous assaults against labor, committed by this law firm representing past clients. In the end, the nurses received a four percent pay raise instead of a 10 percent pay cut. This was a savings of nearly 10 thousand dollars a year for each nurse. At the time, approximately 450 registered nurses were employed at the hospital.

Afterwards, the international union representative asked my ex wife if she could endorse the union by handing out union cards to employees at the hospital that lacked labor representation like the following: nursing aides, janitors, cafeteria workers, etc. Her reply was "No" and she blew him off with the kind of total disrespect one would give a leopard in the times of Christ. I later asked her, "How could you do that to this guy after all he has done for us and the nurses?" Her sarcastic and wicked reply was, "How dare you question me?" I knew not to say anymore. In my mind I knew that one day she would do to me what she had just done to this individual, it was only a matter of time. Ten years later it was my time to be served with her seething wrathful vengeance of a diluted unjust mind.

My ex wife never had any long term boyfriend before me or after me. I always thought it was quite odd that someone went through all of high school and college and never had any type of long term relationship or commitment. It was mind bogging and puzzling to me to comprehend how someone could merrily role on in life this way; and truly be a sincerely wholesome and happy person. When one has an empty soul anything is possible, I guess. One can spend 20 years with someone and think you may actually know something about that individual when in reality, one knows absolutely nothing.

After finishing my defense to the nonexistent audience that I fabricated in my



mind, I went to noon mass on the Southside of Milwaukee on 6th and Lincoln. Saint Josaphat Basilica was built by Polish immigrants and is taken care of by my favorite religious order in the Roman Catholic church, the Franciscans. Now it is home to a large Hispanic community and stands as a monument of the city's deep held treasures. On the way walking home after mass the song *Low Rider* by War kept playing over and over in my mind as I grooved, shuffled, and moved down the street; smelling the delicious Mexican food in the air when passing by the local restaurants. Upon arriving home I am stirred to sit down and write a couple of poems with intensity and truth.

### **A Poet's Tirade**

Poetry in flight

Running on 2 legs

In the middle of the night.

Caught up in a dangerous fight

A fight for a reflective life!

The muse listens in solitude

Wondering what he can do

But in reality we all have the blues.

Giving us hope with some good news

I am ready to stand up and party all night!

Jim Morrison your music is still alive.

I am working in a computer flash drive

Examining my head and whether I am alive.

Edgar Allen Poe had the black cat in his head, alright.

While I climb the walls like Spiderman in cartoon tights.

The wind blows from the ocean and the seagulls are in flight.

While my mind twists and turns while I walk and talk to myself

The battle of the birds takes flight in air force formation tonight.

I am man, derived from cave man, ancestor to all men alive.

And I can Google them and meet woman and produce kin folk.

We must find the wise man from the other land who smokes a pipe

And writes letters with the other hand about philosophical insight.

The best of both worlds too, I know that since I have my cake to eat too.

The rubber band man comes forward looking into the land at hand

And he boasts of weapons, ladies, and a good card playing hand.

This poem causes me to roam while my mind goes in and out.

Like a kettle screaming and shouting and smoking all about,

Fired up and spitting words while I sit back in a lazy chair

I wonder if I ever will arrive on planet earth without a care.

A poet writes to express his soul but life is ripe with danger we all know!

### **Finances**

Financial problems  
I just can't get by  
To many problems  
Falling out of the sky.

Partying and women  
It all cost to much  
Not just financially  
But on your heart and soul.

I need that special woman  
But she cost way to much  
Everything is a hustle  
I am ready to bust.

No real personalities  
No compassionate care  
I am just another to be taken  
Like a sucker with no cares.

Women are con artist  
Who really as a whole  
Are conniving and gold digging

Who will destroy your soul.

People will use you

Some may abuse you

But women will get to you

And then you will be through.

So surrender before you begin

There is no way you can win

They have breast and a tender ass

And can deceive to the last end.

I would like to punctuate

Everything to this date.

Like if a fellow could be a loser

I have reached that present state.

For I get suckered by women

And to me they are all the same

You hug them and you squeeze them.

But they don't even care to know a name,

Except for Washing, Jackson, Grant , and Benjamin.

I just can't seem to win, so let my drinking come to an end.

So I can save some money and live the life of a Mormon again.

Which is more gratifying in the end and will save me from sin.

## *Chapter 4*

*"There are simply no public figures today who so challenge the elite business and government establishment and so champion the working class as Jimmy Hoffa did almost daily and with arrogance."*

*Charles Brandt*

On the Westside of Milwaukee, I entered a tavern where a group of Teamsters from locals 200 and 344 were gathered discussing union politics and the state of the economy. I could hear fellas arguing about the “Sons of bitches” from the Federal government and how they need to get the Hell out of the Teamsters Union. One fellow expressed his sentiments stating, “Twenty five years monitoring the day to day happenings and operations of our union smacks of Soviet style totalitarianism to the maximum degree.” Another man shouts out, “And Fuck that peanut farmer Jimmy Carter for signing the trucking deregulation bill in 1980.”

An elder long haul trucker expressed frustration in recalling the UPS victory years ago, “Yeah, and look what they did to Ron Carey when he was President, when we brought UPS to their knees in two weeks during the 1997 strike. The bastards from the Internal Review Board immediately bow to big business pressure and expel him for life from the union. Then the Feds hit Carey with a ridiculous 7 count indictment as payback for winning the strike. Even when he was found not guilty of all counts, he still wasn’t able to get back into the union.”

One other union member then states, “We just can’t win, the Internal Review Board keeps draining the union of it’s resources with their high wages and costly supervision of our elections.” One union member employed by UPS states, “It has cost our union over a 100 million dollars since 1989 to have elections and discipline our own union leadership. In some cases lifetime banishment from the union by the IRB has been given in the flimsiest of cases for personal acquaintances or friendships with so called members of organized crime. Freedom of association does not exist for the International Brotherhood of Teamster’s and their leadership.” The bartender barks back, “It is okay for big corporate America pricks to steal employee pensions, commit ravaging hostile takeovers, and rob the little guy of his lifetime investments to only receive a slap on the wrist; while descending on a golden parachute. Even if they are unlucky they might spend a short stint in a luxury Federal prison with no gates or fences after profiting from their crimes.”

A charismatic Teamster then speaks out, “Tony, Johnnie, Frankie, Sal, Vito, Jose, Pedro, Jesus, O’Brien and the rest of you knuckleheads: It’s time for a toast and a salute to our legendary brother who endured Hell’s Kitchen and brought the brotherhood the *National Master Freight Agreement*; James R. Hoffa.” This pronouncement by a Teamster named Sammy brought standing cheers and a rainfall of beer and broken glassware to the bar. One of the other more drunken Teamster’s shouts out, “May I one day have the opportunity to kick over the tombstone and spit on the grave of that spoiled revengeful hypocritical opportunist weasel brat, Robert Kennedy.”

Then a burly Teamster in a union jacket of numerous patches proclaims, “May James P. Hoffa rise and follow in the footsteps of his father while bringing this union

back to the days of glory, militancy, and independence from the chains of government oppression.” The drunken Teamster who spoke against Robert Kennedy was not so far off the mark concerning the well known personality of this man. Robert Kennedy in his own words often bragged about himself in the following manner, "People say I am ruthless. I am not ruthless. And if I find the man who is calling me ruthless, I shall destroy him."

Sitting back and listening to these guys gave me hope that not all warriors are dead in this country. The passing of the generations that did most of their battles in the streets has been a cause for alarm. New leaders with sophistication and street smarts will eventually come to the forefront, with a determination and will power to demand and effectuate change. Each day is a fight for survival for the common man and those toiling away under him near the bottom depths of society. In the words of Mother Jones, "Injustice boils in men's hearts as does steel in its cauldron, ready to pour forth, white hot, in the fullness of time."

That evening after arriving home, I begin to write two poems with one poem about the Teamster's union; while fading into the darkness of the night while dropping my pen to the floor. Though not before I finished the late night poetic chores inspired by the words of James R .Hoffa, "Never let a stranger in your cab, in your house or in your heart... unless he is a friend of labor. I may have many faults, but being wrong isn't one of them."

### **The Teamster's News**

Are you feeling extremely blue?



No money and not a thing to do.

Get up, stand up, and sign up

With those Teamster's cards.

You know, it's the right thing to do!

Don't just sit back and wait and wait,

Like someone else might come around

And make things eventually happen one day.

Organize and spiritualize the factual good news

Of Higher wages and time off for vacations too.

Your life can be so much better

And you can marry that sweetie too.

Since you will get health insurance

And a decent pension for you and the family too.

You'll start to feel good about yourself, it's true !

When you have a union card

Your life will go extremely far,

And you won't have to get pushed

Around from some management clown.

You can file a grievance and take him down.

In the union you will get much respect.  
In the union your job will be blessed.  
In the union you will get time and a half.  
In the union you won't work every weekend,  
And break your ole back, over and over again.

Tell your friends at the bar  
You can drive that diesel far,  
But never before did you score  
Until you reached the union door.  
For better wages and a whole lot more!

### **Tired of Begging**

I not going to hide no more.  
I'm not going to take it no more.  
My feet are bad and sore  
But so is blacklisting for the poor.  
No job for me you see

I'm just reduced you see  
To a beggar and a bum.  
Now take me to the slum  
What can they do with me

The Diabetes is killing me.

I am on the highest amount of medicine

Just ready to stroke or die.

What use is it to me

When they just want to ridicule me.

And say I am okay to work today,

But when the time does come

They then have their fun

And my feet do bleed

They turn black and blue

From all the work I do.

Since I can't do physical activity

There is no intellectual job for me.

I guess I am to radical you see

But I am that way you see

From all the years of abusing me.

You may make me a bum

But I still hold my respect you see

You are never going to take that from me.

I will die before you smile with glee  
Your not going to get the better of me.

I will stand and fight you see  
Attend every demonstration for jobs  
For all the people carrying union cards.  
For all the ones on the street  
With no food or a place to sleep.

Just remember me, I'm also an outcast  
You see, this is reality, it don't benefit me,  
But I don't care, since I know what is right.  
I am going to stand up and fight  
Against injustice everywhere.

Even if I have no shoes on my feet.  
I am alive in the street, I will organize.  
And if I die on the street, it will be on my feet.  
The Lord will carry me, way up high you see  
To that tower in the sky, where the wind don't blow.

But everyone I know, will be waiting for me.  
The union banner will be long

The angels will be singing songs

John L. Sullivan will be there,

I won't be no damn square,

Because Jesus done laid

His body in the grave

So man could see

What it was like to be free,

With salvation at hand.

Jesus will claim, I am a union man.

I am a progressive you see

A long haired hippie

I've got the good news

You don't have no more worrying about the blues.

You are saved with me

You are financially free

No more bills do you owe.

There is camaraderie here

You are safe and free.

And no one will bother thee

You will live in happiness

You will smile with glee

Cause your in one big union

In the sky you see, now rest and be free!

## *Chapter 5*

*Always forgive your enemies - nothing annoys them so much.*

*Oscar Wilde*

I arise to the neighbor's jazz music and feel as happy as a lark. I turn on the television and there on PBS is an old rerun of *Monty Python's Flying Circus*. I feel this is a perfect day to start out drinking a six pack of Heineken that I have been saving in the fridge for over a week. I begin cooking up some macaroni and cheese and start laughing to myself. My life has been one big circus of entertainment, amusement, and laughter. How many people in this world can just give up everything in a winks notice without looking back with regret? My life has been a shambles of letting the dice roll where they may and worrying about the after effects another day. I have met every kind of person one can think of on this planet called earth and like the Grateful Dead compilation album, *What a Long Strange Trip It's Been*.

I feel lucky today, so I decide to go to a local sports bar and place a bet on a basketball game. I have been having strong vibes about the outcome of this future game, lately. Ever since I was a young child of about three to four years of age, I have been getting these vibe like premonitions. These premonitions mostly come as warnings of danger but sometimes they come concerning meaningless issues in life. I believe that is meant for me to trust in these premonitions so that when the real dangers arise, I wont second guess my natural intuitions. Plus, I need some money for the rent or I will be out on my ass in a few days time.

When I arrived at the sports bar the local bookie took my 10 percent down, 50 dollar payment with a chuckle. He states, “You’ve got some balls kid, the way the Irish have been playing lately, you are going to need the Luck of the Irish.” I told him, “I am 12.5 percent Irish and I was once married to an Irish damsel.” He burst out laughing and then states, “You’ve got one point coming to you, Start saying your Hail Mary’s and get the Fuck out of my space for the time being.” I thanked him and obliged him for the opportunity to do business with him.

The game was a stressful event with Notre Dame down by 10 points at halftime. In the second half the Irish came out possessed knocking down their first five shots and cutting the deficit to three points. From that point on the game was a saw saw battle with the lead changing numerous times. With less than 30 seconds to go the Irish were down by two but they had the ball. With seven seconds to go the Irish hit an arching three pointer from the corner; that nearly made me fall off my chair. A one point lead and I began to panic of all the possible worse case scenarios. Lucky for me and saving me from a sudden heart attack, the Irish stole the inbound pass and ran the clock out. I may have been “Born to Lose” but it ain’t tonight. I was in a wild euphoria and began to drink with an exuberant passion since, *Somebody Up There Likes Me*, in reference to the 1956 movie about the life and times of Rocky Graziano. It felt like my grandmother was truly looking over my shoulders delivering me a ray of hope and relief.

My jubilant spirit and drunken state of mind landed me in the arms of a big cheerful woman. She was only too happy to kidnap me and take me to her place for a night of unadulterated carnal enjoyment. The next morning I arose with the reddish and sorest tomato ass one can imagine. The crazy bitch beat my ass all night telling me, “I like to be



in control and dominate.” I quickly made it out of her place while she was snoring like a bull, fearing that if she awoke, I might end up being her permanent slave for life. Now I truly understand the old English proverb, “With friends like these, who needs enemies.” After that beating I can sort of understand why the monks of the 13<sup>th</sup> and 14<sup>th</sup> century may have found spiritual comfort in the ritual of self-flagellation. Hell, I’m not mad at anyone anymore, I forgive everyone, including myself ! Upon arriving home and before falling asleep in bed, I begin to reflect on my life while writing some poetry in the process.

### **Just a Wanderer**

I am a wondering soul

Lost from everyday reality.

Stressed to the maximum.

Relieved by music from home

Like the jazz and the blues.

Listening to the everyday good news

About revitalization and salvation

Faraway from the proper style of living.

Confused about my plenty of misgivings

And in need of a good solid loving woman.

So I can build a foundation at home.

And relieve my sons from my errors

And total destructive and partying ways.

Rock the world from a beat down

Jesus Christ I have been partying

Partying all over this crazy town.

Ali, I am talking Muhammad once said

"I float like a butterfly and sting like a bee"

Well I am Nordic God, the beer drinking

Beer guzzling champion from Milwaukee.

Headed for the Gutter in many ways

Because of my so called evil ways.

Strippers and whores I love them the same

They seem better than an ordinary dame.

I am headed for a brick wall and free fall.

People need to understand that to be down

Doesn't always make one a happy clown.

It might really be a upside down frown

I need to get the Hell out of this partying town

Before the roadblocks set me up and take me away.

And I am incarcerated and messed up  
Time is running out and my health is done  
There is not much time left for me to change.  
I need to workout and quit all this shit  
And spend quality time with my kids.

**I just don't know!**

What is wrong with me?  
I say what is wrong?  
I just don't know?  
Maybe I need a lobotomy?  
Since love is far from me!

Why can't I find that special date?  
I try too hard, fail, and wait.  
I need time to contemplate.  
I have a heart that bleeds  
Emotions and sincerity are my needs,

I believe that many people  
Have a heart of stone  
And just want money  
And date a bag of bones.

This world confuses me much

I think I need a magical crutch.

People laugh and stay in touch

With their cell phones and acquaintances

But in reality all their friends are just snuff

Like the tobacco you take in and spit right out.

Having compassion and sincerity

Are not values in this time of greed.

Everyone is just out for themselves

And what you can do for them

Is what it is all about, so shout!

Shout it from the mountain top.

Shout it from the empty streets.

Shout it from the mighty roof tops.

Just the very least, shout it all about,

That I need genuine love and kindness, too!

### **Self Destruction onto Myself**

I can't get no love, no love

Might as well put a bullet

A bullet in my cranium

Or to the back of my head.

Life is a bad trip that is a bitch

One can't get a smile from another

The world is full of hate you see

Especially from those who are financially

Financially free from abject poverty.

I am not asking for much in this world

Just someone to trust and tenderly touch.

Sometimes in this world I don't understand,

I don't understand why there is so much hate.

Nobody liked Sonny Liston but when he died

They all paid their respects, Las Vegas Style

To the champ that took the fall for the mob.

Some people never get their due

While others seem to have it all.

Though love and respect is all

One needs to keep going in life

Otherwise the streets are the only

Way for reality in the back alleys

Street hustling just to survive

Until you get popped and die.

Or pop yourself from lost respect!

## *Chapter 6*

*"Adapt yourself to the things among which your lot has been cast and love sincerely  
the fellow creatures with whom destiny has ordained that you shall live."*

*Marcus Aurelius*

I arise in the coldness of the morning with the song, *Subterranean  
Homesick Blues* blaring on the radio. I look out the window just in case the “Big” lady  
from the evening before has not somehow found her way to the front door of my dump,  
which I call home. I receive this instant urge to write so I rush to the desk and grab my  
pen and explode with words, emotions, and more:

### **Rapping Rebel**

I am a rapping rebel  
Rapping all the time.  
A Guerrilla Warrior  
From the back alleys  
Of the pure sublime  
Gardens of Utopia.

Casting my street name  
In the halls of red flames.  
A street rapping rebel

With no last surname.

A revolutionary architect

Uniting the hopelessly insane.

Caught up in the hustling game

Giving hope without the dope.

Providing relief from the heat

From the rogue cops on the beat.

Just another day out in the street

Shuffling and moving my tired feet.

Casting a ray of light by night

On all those willing to fight

For the right for a better life.

Leaving behind the depression

Brought on by unemployment

Plight of those hit hard by life.

A genius of love and insight,

A garden variety cast about,

A juggler of the stresses in life,

Hanging on for the better life.

Influenced by radically cultured



Progressive gangster insights,

Of Jesus preacher's of equality.

Doing what is right by natural law

Not the uncivilized societal law.

Having my feelings left in check

With all those who are oppressed

By the masters of economic excess.

Sometimes my brain waves

Feeling like giant tidal waves

Ignite invariable neutrons in flight

Causing me to gain true insight.

To another world of pure pleasure

Buried in total serene, tranquility.

After the poem I start to think about my life and childhood. Who am I and where I came from? I recall living wild and hanging out in the streets. I recollect the pure insanity of life around me concerning booze, beer, and partying. Hard living for people who experienced *Hard Times* right out of the Charles Dickens's classic. My mother's family came from the uneducated backwoods of the country. While my father's family of 10 children lived off a waitresses' salary, theft, and the hunger pains of days without food at a time. My grandmother always had a religious card on the refrigerator with a saying

made famous by Father Patrick Peyton during the Roman Catholic Family Rosary Crusade, *“The family that prays together stays together.”*

A friend of my father named Howie was an ex con with a large family, who drank to extreme excesses of madness. One day he brought a dead deer to his home and threw it down on the kitchen table. He then grabbed a saw and began to saw the deer’s head off. As the head with large antlers fell to the ground, it was instantly snatched up by the dog who darted upstairs causing much commotion and chaos; while people were attempting to catch the lightning quick maneuvering dog. Howie had a Caucasian slave for four years who lived in the cellar called Hack Bastard from Oklahoma; whom he won in a card game. I knew at that time that slavery ended over a century ago with the Emancipation Proclamation and the passage of the 13th Amendment to the US Constitution but Howe lived in a different world. In Howe’s world, one could throw his wife “butt naked” out of the house, until the police would arrive. I recall the police who were outside explaining to a drunken Howie on the inside, how he had to let his wife back into the home. I recall Howe’s reply, “She came into this marriage with nothing and she leaves with nothing.” Howe was a human cannon ball of insanity but still made it to work remarkably each morning. Nothing about Howie was normal and during card games when a hungry rat would run by, Howie would take out his gun and blow it away. As kids we thought Howie was pure fun and enjoyment as he would drunkenly and recklessly chase us all over the yard with his car, up over the grass hills and down the sidewalk.

My father even had more crazy friends just like Howie and life was always interesting. Charlie Brown from the cartoon screen to real life invaded our life with drunken humor. Charlie Brown would ride his bicycle to work with his lunch box and a

pair of brass knuckles on, since he was always prepared for a fight. Then there was my mother's uncle Tiny from the country who moved to the city. This was great error of judgment by Tiny since the police would walk into his home almost every weekend and warn him about getting too drunk, rowdy, and terrorizing the city. Eventually one day the police lined up the whole family in the middle of the night in the street in their underwear, after assassinating their dog by gun for sadistic joyful purposes.

My father's neighborhood best friend from grade school was Butchy K who grew up with my father in dire poverty. He had a good heart but was the kind of guy that had no luck and not many skills; nothing ever seemed to work out for him. Though he was a fantastic story teller and he would often tell me insanely crazy stories of things he and my father had done. I would get a great laugh out of his story telling capabilities and was greatly influenced by this world of lunacy, as if it were normal. Butch was a laborer in the laborers union and he would usually get laid off first, when the cold winter weather began arriving in Wisconsin.

One year while Butch was out of work and desperate for cash he went over to the crane operators union hiring hall, and somehow he was able to bullshit the union representative that he was a crane operator journeyman, who had misplaced his union journey man's card. It just so coincidentally occurred that a contractor was in dire need of a crane operator, so the trusting union representative immediately sent Butch down to the job site without having verified his credentials.

Upon arriving at the site, the foreman had Butch instantly jump into the crane to begin working because they were behind on their scheduled job. Butch confidently plopped into the driver's seat of the crane and began looking at the controls. He figured

this would be much like driving his race car. Though things did not start off too well for Butch, as he could not recall if he pushed a button or lever first. All of a sudden the crane began to swivel erratically from left to right and Butch began to panic so he tried some levers. Now things really became interesting as the wrecking ball began to swing in all directions. Construction workers began to run for cover. The foreman started screaming, "What the Fuck are you doing?" Butch went into a horrified frenzy as he tried almost every push button and lever in the crane. It was amazing that the wrecking ball did not kill anyone or hit anything of value. Butch was having an anxiety attack as the crane and the wrecking ball went in every which way possible. The foreman began screaming, "Get the fuck out of there you crazy son of a bitch! You are going to kill someone. Shut that fucking crane down now!"

Somehow the Lord had intervened and Butch was able to end the nightmare for the crew of construction workers. The foreman chased Butch off the construction site with a hammer while yelling, "If I ever see you again, I will have you fucking arrested you crazy mother fucker." The foreman called the union hall afterwards and bitched out the union representative stating, "What the fuck is wrong with you guys sending that imbecile to my work site? That crazy fuck almost wiped out my whole fucking crew!" Needless to say, Butch never worked again in the construction industry. It was what one would call an early retirement.

I decided to visit a tavern in the city of West Allis that evening, to meet up with someone whom I had not seen in some time. While inside the bar, it is not long before this drunken fellow comes up to me and asks me to buy him a drink. The owner yells at him and tells him to leave but I tell the owner it is alright; and purchase a drink for the

inebriated man. He begins telling me his story about how hard it is for him to get work. He explains to me how most of his jobs are just daily one time gigs he gets for work. He told me he was a Native American and that he had fought in Vietnam. After showing me his long scar from his chest down to his belly, he had me feel the metal plate in his head. He walked with a limp from the war and he reminded me of the song, *The Ballad of Ira Hayes* written by folk singer Peter La Farge but made famous by singer Johnny Cash.

My brief acquaintance with this man made me ponder, “How many people sacrifice for their country and end up in a disgraceful pool of death to be forgotten and remembered by no one?” Reminiscent thoughts of former Veterans I had met from the streets and their stories began accumulating in my head. I began recalling men whom I had met who told me they served 37, 38, and 39 years in the Air Force; only to end up in the streets with no military pension. Just at that moment my daydreaming is broken when my buddy Suave Devil walks thru the door and shouts my name. The Native American war hero has vanished from sight and my beer mug is near empty.

Suave Devil spent 10 years in prison for narcotics trafficking and his story is written on his body, filled with many knife and bullet wounds. Suave for short is a child of career criminals. Both parents are graduates of the “Big House” and they spent a large majority of their adult lives living incarcerated. Though you would never know because Suave was always in a good mood and never at a loss for words or charm. Suave was a real smooth talking ladies man who could finagle the last dollar out of any Shylock, with no intention of paying the money back.

Suave was always contemplating new opportunities to make money thru ingenuity and street smarts. This sweet talker had more lady friends and lovers as financial donors

than he knew what to do with, including the many complications that go with this dangerous lifestyle. He was always playing with fire in his relationships concerning a woman's unbridled passion for love and commitment. I would often repeat to Suave, "You are playing Russian Roulette with these women and one day your going to be all over the newspapers as a casualty of a emotionally distraught, venomous, and vengeful woman." He would always laugh and tell me, "I can't help myself. I have some sort of love for each of these women in my own odd way."

Suave would often brag with a small sense of guilt, about how he would often receive a grand fellatio from some of these women who had boyfriends. Then not more than 10 minutes after the oral sexual act he claimed, "Some of these same women would be kissing their boyfriends without ever having brushed their teeth or taken some type of breath freshener." Then rolling in laughter he would often times state, "I might be a pig but these women have no sense of shame. You really can't trust any woman."

Suave orders a bottle of Coors Light and asks me, "How have things been going lately? You working?" I told him, "Things could be better but I am looking for work. Do you know any places that are hiring bartenders?" He said, "I have this friend from the Southside who bartends in the Riverwest neighborhood of Milwaukee. I will give him a call tomorrow and ask him if he can get you in." I told him, "Thanks, I sure in the Hell could use some cash and get back on track in life. I've been getting hit hard lately with the bill collectors and I am barely able to pay for all the damn medications I need." Suave then laughingly states, "That's what happens when you start becoming an old fucker like yourself."

A little while later I told Suave, “There is this party tonight in Fox Point by this ultra rich dude allowing all invited party participants to drink for free. Are you interested in going?” Suave contemplated for a moment and said, “Damn, I have to work early tomorrow.” I told him, “Worry about tomorrow when it arrives.” Then Suave stated, “You sure you can get us in? Every time I go out with you the most insane and Fucked up things happen.” I told Suave, “Don’t worry. I got your back. Plus, I know the girlfriend of Richie Rich, so we will have no problem getting into the party. Have you ever not had a good time with me?” Suave stated, “That is what I am afraid of man! Fuck, let me think this over.” I told Suave, “There is no time for thinking, lets just roll.” Then a split second later Suave stated, “Fuck it. Alright- I’m in. Just make sure you get me to work on time.” I laughed and stated, “No problema, Senor Suave Diablo.”

When we arrived at the party it was filled with beautiful women everywhere and all sorts of upper class business people. The first place we headed too was the dining room where we ate approximately six plates of food. This is where Sabrina the girlfriend of the guy I refer to as “Richie Rich” found us. She then courteously and politely introduced us to various upper class rungs of society. Sabrina had a hot looking sister who took a liking to Suave named Brittany. Later that night, Suave would be banging Brittany doggy style up in the top floor bathroom of the mansion. It doesn’t take long for Suave to work his magic on women. As Sabrina gave us a tour of the mansion, Richie Rich came up to us and introduced himself in a pleasant manner.

Richie Rich was a friendly guy who really didn’t seem like he fit in with the rest of the arrogant cats. He took over the tour for Sabrina and showed us the bar and the dance floor which was packed with all sorts of gorgeous women. One of the younger

ladies took off all her clothes and ran and jumped into the heated pool. Looking up from the party room to the upstairs reminded me of the movie “*Scarface*” with Al Pacino. The scene when Pacino came out in the end of the movie firing the machine gun with the grenade launcher. When we were done with the tour by the host, me and Suave quickly headed to the bar to get intoxicated.

At the bar I became so drunk that after awhile, I knocked myself out for the 10 count. I was able to get up about a minute later. I had somehow tripped, fell, hit my jaw on the bar, twisted sideways, and jammed my ribs right on top of a knocked over bar stool. While I was attempting to get up I recall people saying, “Is he alright? I wonder if he needs a paramedic? I have never seen anything like that in my life? Who is that guy? I bet he broke his neck.” As I stumbled to get up I could hear Suave laughing his ass off in the background. I have been in hundreds of fights in my life in and out of the ring but never before have I been hit so hard; especially by inanimate objects. It felt like I was hit by a Mike Tyson uppercut followed by a rib shot from Irish Micky Ward. No wonder I didn’t make the 10 count.

As the night wore on I discussed philosophy, theology, and politics in my tanked state of mind. I entertained the astonished gents with shouts of various Black Panther slogans like, “All Power to the People!” I didn’t stop there. I went on and on shouting various revolutionary social justice chants and slogans like the following: “Si se puede. Si se puede. You have nothing to lose but your chains. Hell no we won’t go, we won’t die for big oil, ya know. As-Salaam Alaikum. No justice! No peace! No murdering police! No war but class war. Whose streets? Our streets. Whose streets? Our streets. What do we want? Justice. When do we want it? Now. The people united will never be divided.



The people united will never be defeated.” If that wasn’t enough, I lambasted these upper class hoodlums with a short poem entitled:

### **Revolution**

It’s a evolution of a revolution.

Were going to systematize, energize, intellectualize

The rise of our masses of people to dominate and regulate their own individual fate.

To give rise to each and everyone their own, God given right to enjoy the fruits of life.

These are the words that I have heard from the almighty above, let the revolution begin!

I recall some individuals calling out before I passed out, “Who is this lunatic anarchist ? Who invited the nutcase ? Send that Fidel Castro Marxist back to Cuba.” I passed out somewhere on the floor without my shoes, when Suave woke me up after his sexual escapade with Brittany. Suave then proceeded to drive me home in my car after discovering my shoes on another floor of the mansion. He told me he would drop my car off tomorrow after work.

When I arrived home I began to sober up a little. I had a couple hundred dollars left on me but not enough to order a call girl. Though I had enough to order one of those massage girls on Craigslist. A beautiful Puerto Rican girl came over and gave me a full nude body massage in the nude. Her beautiful heated muffin felt great on my lower back and buttocks as she massaged my shoulders and back; while her large soft bosoms swayed back and forth against my body. It was the grandest massage I ever had in my life. I felt completely grateful considering the broken condition I was in concerning

getting beat up by the bar counter and bar stool. When I eventually fell asleep after the massage girl left, I dreamt I was in a Roman orgy on a ship filled with pillows all over the place.

## *Chapter 7*

*"No one saves us but ourselves. No one can and no one may. We ourselves must walk the path."*

### *Buddha*

In the late morning, I woke up to Tupak Shakur's song, *Hail Mary*. It was only fitting given the events of last night and how they unfolded. Yes, I made a fool of myself but then again, "Fuck those cocky ass arrogant pieces of shit, who don't know what it is like to suffer in life." As I dug deep down to the bottom of my inner soul, I tried to figure out how my life has taken such a disastrous turn. Where did I go wrong or was I totally fucked up from the beginning? How can I rebuild from this cesspool of life that I am drowning in? Certain phrases of Eminem's song, *The Real Slim Shady* keep going thru my mind over and over like a scrolling text marquee:

*And there's a million of us just like me*

*Who cuss like me; who just don't give a fuck like me*

*Who dress like me; walk, talk and act like me*

I feel like I am ready to explode as I drive my fist through the wall. I feel like I belong in prison because the outside world is a freaking nightmare of fake ass mother fucker's, caught up in a make believe world of doing everything they are told. Little fucking yes men all prim and proper and well behaved. The same conceited fuck's who walk by with an uppity brush off, when a homeless guy asks for some change. I head butt

the wall numerous times in order to feel numb, so there will be no feelings in my mind. Now I can be just like all these other selfish and uncaring Puritan hypocrites living in their own private Disneyworld. I feel like I am backed up against the wall and suffocating in heart wrenching pain. "Is there a God? If so, why does he let so many suffer on and on? What kind of sick mind would let all these degrading, crippling, and inhumane injustices accumulate daily? I recall the words of Iron Mike Tyson in my head, "I feel like sometimes that I was not meant for this society."

All the haunting screams from childhood come right back in my face, "Telling me I am a worthless loser who will amount to nothing." I recall the words of my ex wife when I planned to eliminate myself because she was deserting me, "Just make sure I don't get into trouble, for what you may do." I scream from the top of my lungs, "Fuck this world, I am prepared to die!" If only I had a gun, I would blow my brains sky-high, like the 4th of July. I then grab my baseball bat and drive it on top of my laptop. The fold up table on which my laptop is on goes crashing to the floor. On the ground I write one quick sad poem before standing up and falling backwards onto my bed and passing out.

### **I Hurt**

Damn I hurt real bad

Nothing I do is right.

It's been 5 long years

Since I lost my wife.

Nobody wants me

I am starting to die  
On the inside you see  
No more living for me.

I have had enough  
Life is way too rough  
No one will love you back  
I might as well be on crack.

I am starting to give up  
There is no hope you see  
Everyone is out for themselves  
Especially women, one can see.

My heart is completely broken and apart  
Love is a cruel token for the likes of me  
I am tired, lost, distraught and pouring rain  
On the inside of me, as I can plainly see.

I am done with all the fun  
I am a total and complete bum.  
I might as well drink a bottle of rum  
And drop a bullet in my head from a gun.

I am awoken by Suave Devil, as he comes crashing into my room with laughter and a couple 40 ounces of ghetto beer. He says, "Get up, you old ass Fuck. I got a job appointment for you with my homeboy, Ta'koe. I would learn that Ta'koe was a loco Puerto Rican who grew up with a crack mother and numerous brother and sisters from different fathers. Ta'koe loved his hydro and was a laid back cat considering all the crap he went through in life. As a member of the "Spanish Cobras" he lost one brother to gang violence and another to a long stint in Federal prison; including numerous relatives. Ta'koe had a good heart and could really move on the dance floor with the ladies.

That evening Ta'koe greeted me and gave me a quick five minute overview of the bar, threw me a bar rag, and told me to punch in. I thought to myself, "If only all jobs were this easy to get hired at and to begin working." There was an odd ball allotment of customers from eccentrics, artists, intellectuals, gays, college students, and a few thugs who would find their way into the bar. The music was blaring loud and everyone was either dancing around or engaging in drunken revelry. It was mostly your typical young east side crowd partying with mommy and daddy's money, until the day of inheritance arrives. The young pretenders of liberal principles with shallow and hollow personalities, were always able to run back to the security and safety of luxurious high society.

During the evening I met a stunning refined French girl named Zoe, whose accent and exquisite smile instantly grasped my heart. We talked about the arts and the Louvre museum in Paris, France. I told her, "The grandeur of the Baroque period concerning art, architecture, and music lifts my spirits and mesmerizes me. Caravaggio's famous Crucifixion of Saint Peter brings a combined realism of a controlled fear and acceptance of the present horror and the final outcome, of one's very near physical destruction. The

painting makes one feel like they are not only inside the painting but inside the body and mind of St. Peter and living the terror, but grateful they have an escape route from the final outcome." I asked Zoe, "Would you graciously enlighten me concerning some of your favorite heartfelt works of art in the Louvre?"

Zoe looks into my eyes and states, "With pleasure, though I must admit, I am deeply impressed and moved by your complete emotional description of the painting by Caravaggio. I have a special place in my heart for the *Odalisque* by Ingres. He captures the form, tenderness, and elegant beauty of the female nude. The humble woman of fortitude is given class and stature to match her alluring charm, astonishing subtle confidence, and adoring magnetic facial attraction."

We discussed medieval art, the Renaissance period, and the love songs of the French troubadours. She expressed her admiration of the medieval Benedictine Abbess Saint Hildegard von Bingen, from the 12th century. Zoe stated, "Her deep writings of spiritual love and music are touching, placing God deep inside one's heart; effecting one's everyday internal thoughts and external actions. She was the first female theological scholastic given authority by the Roman Catholic church, to instruct on church doctrine. Her wide array of knowledge concerning science, medicine, psychology, and philosophy proved incredible for a woman of her times. Ten of Hildegard's visions were brought forth in her three volume work entitled, *Scivias*, *Liber Vitae Meritorum*, and *Liber Divinorum Operum*, which brought forth her mystic visions in glorious and understandable terms of creation and beyond." I expressed to Zoe, how the sacred music of the "Gregorian Chant" brings about a soothing of my mind and spiritual elevation of the senses and an opening of the heart.

Looking at this young, articulate French princess with long black flowing hair with sophistication and grace, made me feel grateful and fortunate to have become acquainted with her. She was like a dream of female purity and femininity. I imagined in my mind of unrealistically moving to Paris to capture one of these divine creatures. Though here I presently am, stuck in the frozen tundra of the Midwest, on the bottom rungs of society. I would spend 10 years in prison in exchange to meet and marry a woman of this type. I would consider this as the grandest accomplishment I could ever have in life because my amazing woman of choice would make every day on earth, feel like a Utopian ecstasy inside Heaven's gates.

That evening when I arrive home, I am inspired to write. Though I can't keep my mind straight because I am caught up in the little French girl, Zoe. Her magnificent and dynamic personality, style, and beauty has me off kilter. I can't concentrate, so I write anyway, even with writer's block. I start a poem entitled:

### **Writer's Block**

The reality of writer's block is now here.

I want to snatch a tall can of ice cold beer.

I fear my words have gone very far, faraway

High up on some bird in the solemn night sky.

Deliver me Lord, help me to expressively write.

Damn this very wicked night.

Embellishing words of fright,



Carry me from this awful blight.

I know it, I can still openly write

But this is one terrible dark night!

Start with a word one can hear

Like a word describing loud noise

From a shotgun my sweet loving dear.

Like a bullet flying thru the hot dry air

Hitting garbage cans, almost everywhere.

I ponder, I think, and then I write.

I have no vibes going this very night.

Who else can understand or even bare

The reality of words, not going anywhere.

The storm in my mind just won't clear.

Twisted and tied up words I must now tear

Tear to tiny small pieces of, I do not care.

Bully for me and bully for the likes of you.

Push out words and make them all groove.

Place a word here and place a word there,

I want to place a word almost everywhere.

Hard words, soft words, and flexible words

Favorite words in a cosmic rhythmic flight.

Words for a Bimbo, and words for a man

Even words for a person who wants a tan.

Words for the invincible, words for your glands

And words for the nomads who never stay on one

On one piece of land and off to the Bohemian plan.

Words of wisdom and words for a lovely ghetto date.

I will begin this poem before it's way to freaking late.

Toss that ball, toss that solid gold plate.

Toss that heavy girl who wants a date.

I'm starting to get tired and it's very late.

I must go to sleep in this worn out state.

I will begin tomorrow, for Heavens sake!

A few hours later, I awaken in the early morning and begin to write a poem inspired by my heated passions for Zoe. I write, I write, and I write until I get it right. I have to get these feelings out or I won't sleep at all in anyway through out the day. An old fool with a pen. I need to immediately write again about the impossible dream, which won't let me sleep. The heated passions enlightened by Zoe come from very deep with the internal soul.

### **Precious Delight**

I am in high drive  
Feeling totally alive  
Just give me a chance  
I will lovingly romance  
Your sweet tender face  
And caress you with grace.

Oh Lord, I do thank you Jesus  
To have produced such perfection  
Renders me in fanatical fascination  
She is a beautiful knockout sensation  
This is what totally immobilizes me  
I wish she were mine for eternity time.

Zoe, I want to take you to dine  
Dance close and kiss with wine  
As for your black curly long locks  
Will do dances on my cheeks a lot  
Your full breasted voluptuous chest  
Uplifts my already high blown spirit's.

You are fine, tender, and sleek

With luscious cheery red lips  
You can really move them hips  
I want to caress you from behind  
And that thong will feel damn fine  
Since you are a perfect erotic delight.

You are so very exotic, sexy, and bright  
The words twirl from your lavish tongue  
With an articulate smooth accented style  
You are a cultured French Mademoiselle  
You are so charming, intelligent, and wild  
I just want to hold you tight in a starlit night.

## Chapter 8

*"Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player, that struts and frets his hour upon the stage, and then is heard no more; it is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."*

*William Shakespeare*

In the late morning I arise and I am galvanized to write more poems. I am on a roll, in a rhythm, in sync, and like the old classic blues song made popular by Muddy Waters, *I Got My Mojo Working*. I don't even think while I am writing since everything comes pouring out like a flood from a busted dam. Thoughts are just flying threw my mind carried by pigeons, dropping words of enlightenment. I scramble as fast as I can, to write down everything before each precious phrase is lost, as the popular 19th century expression goes, "In the dustbin of history."

### **Speaking Truth**

Reflections of Babylon dance in my head  
The Egyptian Sphinxes are culturally dead  
Roman gladiators who died in the far past  
Have sprung up their roots in flowery beds.

WB Yeats was so naturally culturally inclined  
In the aspects of poetry and soothing the mind

IRA rebels who fought with their life  
Are now long gone from misery's sight.

Saint Ignatius and his spiritual exercises  
Elevates God's due glory time after time.  
Franciscan Missions along the California coast  
Are a pleasure to see and make a good boast.

Plato and Socrates gained wisdom's path  
Athens and Sparta would fight to the last  
Picasso the artist formed Cubism in art  
The US Marines tore Latin America apart.

Pleasures fill all our personal desires  
Old men weep because they were liars.  
I am fond of blondes I will blatantly state  
Voluptuous ones bring me near heavens gate.

The tiger will violently kill in fierce battle you see  
It's about standing your ground and protecting your turf  
The Columbian FARC rebels they will always fight back  
They have nothing to loose and are not afraid of US might.

The Israeli forces they come in the silent dark night

And kill women and children without much of a fight  
The Palestinian stands with blood stained broken hands  
And pray to Muhammad to deliver them their own land..

Man will do raging battle till the end of time  
Mothers will loose children in war and crime  
People will be debased in various pathetic ways  
Yet Christ our savior will save us in small ways.

### **Ancient Times**

Historical dark back roads  
Take me back to the unknown  
To the King of Persia, Xerxes I.  
Behold the bold Macedonian King  
Alexander the Great, the conqueror.  
I want to meet the daring genius Hannibal  
The Greatest military commander to date.

Cleopatra was a stunning date.  
Julius Caesar and Mark Anthony  
Sure did appreciate her style.  
Watch out for little Napoleon  
He was a dictator for a while.

Then there was Caligula  
Who was a megalomaniac.

And Nero liked to start massive fires.

Charlemagne was King of the Franks.

And Genghis Kahn was the grand  
Emperor of the Mongol Empire.

Pope Gregory the Great was a test  
Of fortitude and endurance at his very best.  
For 14 years he struggled hard in that regard.

Now King Solomon had all the ladies.  
He always wondered with a sly smile  
Which beauty will I choose each night  
To get extremely wild in player style.  
Attila the Hun, King of the Huns  
Was severely ferocious in battle  
He harassed the Romans daily.

I want to walk the road of this ancient remarkable past  
To see how everyone lived then before the great decay.  
To meet with all the leaders of the greatest bygone days.  
To talk with Spartacus and all the loyal and brave slaves.



Ancient world I hear you calling me from so very far away  
Take me in the gusting winds into the wide open blue sky  
And fly me away into your courageous and dangerous past.

I feel relieved to have found my way even if temporarily, out of this block of writing and depression. I receive a call from an old friend named Monique, telling me to come visit her in Chicago for a gallery opening displaying some of her works of art. I have not seen her for a long time but her upbeat personality and loving charm convinces me to take that drive to Chi-Town. Monique is one of those Madonna lipstick lesbians who dates an equally beautiful lipstick lesbian. Two beautiful women kissing, really does turn me on. Monique's girlfriend is a violin musician involved in the Chicago symphony.

On my way into the Windy City, I hit the typical wall to wall traffic of Chicago. I just love them Chicago traffic cops. There can be bumper to bumper traffic and nowhere to go but the cop will be blowing his whistle, telling you to move on. The same goes with the rest of the Chicagoans who will blow their horn continually at you, when there is no more than six inches of space between your front bumper and the back bumper of the auto ahead of you. No wonder the people of Wisconsin refer to people from Illinois as FIBs, "Fucking Illinois Bastards."

Upon arriving at the art gallery I am met by Monique's girlfriend Bridgette who greets me with open arms and drags me quickly along to meet up with Monique and their group of friends. I am instantly impressed with this group of ladies who are not only very attractive but have that cultured city artsy look about them. While talking with these ladies odd thoughts began popping up in my head, " If only I was born a woman, I would

definitely be a lesbian. Then I could whore around and have all these beautiful ladies on a daily basis. Though, I would not be able to keep my hands off my breasts and I would probably be showing them off to everyone daily. I am 100 percent sure I would be lesbian since who needs horny bar farting sweaty balls all over you every day." After the art exhibit we all head to a downtown restaurant followed by a night on the town at a lesbian nightclub. The bouncer at the door was a tuff looking butch lesbian with arms like Arnold Schwarzenegger in his prime. Thank god, she allowed me in without having to arm wrestler her to gain entrance.

Once inside the nightclub everyone was dancing and partying away. A group of gay men who know Monique and the girls came up to greet them with hugs and kisses. As a new piece of meat on the market, I drew their immediate attention. They wanted to know if I was available and the girls began to giggle. I told them, "I am already taken and in a serious relationship." As I then headed to the bar to get a triple shot of vodka and cranberry. The bartender was a friendly guy who made my Cape Cod with about a shot of cranberry and the rest vodka. He didn't even charge me while telling me, "This one is on the house."

One thing I can say about gay people is, "They are a friendly lot and you don't have to worry about someone starting a fight with you in their establishments. One can never really tell who is gay because they come from all walks of life. The old stereotypes still exist but are vanishing as more and more people openly come out and freely admit their sexual identity. After a few Cape Cods I started feeling good, so I began dancing all over the dance floor and made many new friends. You can have a good time with anyone if you just accept people for who they are in life. I was getting so high that I began doing

cart wheels and round offs on the dance floor. On the way back to the bar someone slapped my ass as I was moving thru the crowd. I guess thinking about it, "It was no worse than what football, baseball , and basketball players do to one another after someone makes a great play. Then I chuckled and thought, "Maybe they liked my gymnastic moves?" When I arrived back at the bar the bartender gave me another drink and a wink. Then it dawned on me, "This guy has been giving me free drinks all night. I hope he doesn't expect anything in return. Come to think of it, I think he has been giving me winks all night."

I work my way through the crowd to the bathroom to take a long awaited leak. While I am standing and relieving myself at the urinal, a lady comes into the bathroom and walks up to a urinal near me. At first, I freaked out thinking I accidentally went into the women's bathroom but a split second later I realized women don't piss in urinals. Then the lady lifts up her short dress, pulls out her Wang, and begins pissing in the urinal. I couldn't help it but I busted out laughing. She then states to me, "You like what you see?" I told her, "Nice dress. It does wonders for you." She thanked me and I left the bathroom frazzled and forgetting to wash my hands.

When I returned back to the bar everyone was discussing gay marriage. I blurted out, "Why the Hell would gay people want to be part of a failed institution like marriage? More than half of the heterosexual people end up divorced and the other half of the remaining couples who stayed married, half of them don't like each other. They only stay together because of finances or they are just to complacent to make any waves because of the family or inconvenience. One guy named Timmy responds, "We want equal rights, the ability to have health insurance for our spouse, and other legal rights that go with

marriage. I respond stating, "You have a point but in the end divorce court is a very expensive and traumatic experience; everyone loses except lawyers." Timmy replies, "That is true but everyone should have the opportunity and the same equal rights to fall in love and have it recognized by civil law as a legal marriage, even if it ends up down the road to be an error of judgment. It is a civil rights issue." I thought about this reply for a few seconds and then state, "You have made a good argument and one very hard to refute when you put it in those terms. Equality of misery. I like that sound of that all to familiar tune."

After leaving the nightclub we go to Monique and Bridgette's place for an after bar night cap. While everyone is drinking and socializing I lay down on the couch. Bridgette gets a nice big warm comfy blanket and tucks me in. Monique gives me a big kiss on the cheek and tells me, "I've missed you so much and I am so happy you came down to visit me and Bridgette." While I was resting on the couch and listening to everyone talking, I began to contemplate things in my mind. Reflecting on history, I realize that nothing in this world is really new when it comes to people. There have been gay and bisexual people since the beginning of time. History always repeats itself and what is vogue today may be considered evil a century later or visa versa. The world has been a crazy place since the beginning of time. I guess all people are nuts and you have to be yourself and do whatever makes you happy. As long as you aren't hurting anyone who really cares what you do. To many people in this world are always trying to make people become just like them. I say, "Live and let live, to each their own."

In the morning after a huge breakfast and a warm felt goodbye from the girls, I begin my drive back to Milwaukee. I feel better about myself for not really hating anyone

since life is hard enough. It is a lot of work to hate and it only effects the person who hates because it brings them much frustration and darkness. Plus, in this world now days anyone is subject to the possibility of getting arrested with the criminalization of society to control society. You never know who might be on your jury? It might be that one person you were kind to at one time in life who will save your ass with a hung jury. Hell, there is a law on the books for almost everything. I wouldn't doubt it if one could possibly get arrested for picking their nose while driving. My motto in life is, "Respect everyone, make as many friendly acquaintances as possible, contain enemies, but take no shit from anyone," On the way back I absentmindedly fail to make a proper exit and drive right pass one of the tolls on the interstate. Just so they know I didn't do it on purpose, I wave to the toll booth person as I pass by while reducing my speed. I hope they find it in their heart to give a cheese head a break but given the fact that the Packer's have been beating up on the Bears the last few years, I doubt it.

When I arrive home I receive a call from Crazy Al who invites me over to his place for a cold outdoor barbecue and refreshments. Al is a gear head who gathers with his fellow gear head friends to fix cars in his garage. It is always a fairly wild event because after a few hours in the garage these guys usually hit the taverns afterwards, with a wild passion for getting totally high and intoxicated. Al has a beautiful young girlfriend named Debbie who is sincere and friendly but not naive. She once informed me that Al was a sexual maniac who wore her out. She told me, "I can have sex at most, maybe two or three times a day but Al is overloaded with testosterone. Even if I have sex with him, he still spansks his monkey about six more times a day." I thought to myself, "Boy, I wonder if this is what James Brown was talking about in his song, *Sex Machine*?" I once

told a good lady friend of mine about Al's proclivity to fondle himself to a geyser like ecstasy on an hourly basis. Her reply was, "That is just sick. What is wrong with him. That is so sick." This reply struck me as so hilarious that I could not stop laughing my ass off non stop for at least five minutes.

When arriving at Al's place I was served with barbecued chicken and his traditional Miller Highlife. The gear heads were working away under the hood of a car while discussing life in the military. Kent was a former MP in the army and entered when he was 17 years of age. Nothing but trouble followed him after his days of military service. Legal problems, financial problems, jail, and the constant changing of new jobs was his portfolio. He was your typical NCO, meaning no chance outside. Some people are meant for prison or military service where all major decisions are made for you, while you just follow orders and go along with the program. These structured environments are comforting to some especially those with no skills, education, or abilities to adapt to the outside civilian world.

Leapfrog was a character and often bragged about his imaginary sexual conquests. This guy was a real knuckle head and had the personality of a doorknob. He could be quite funny at times when he was completely intoxicated and often laughed like *Beavis and Butthead* characters from MTV. He was lost in a world of heroin addiction and once spent time in prison for robbing and vandalizing a Catholic church. A real loser who was accepted because he was a fairly descent auto body repairman. He was the kind of guy that annoyed most people to the point where they wanted to punch his lights out.

Sailor Joe spent a term in the navy for eight years of active duty and enjoyed his experience but didn't want to make a career out of it. He fell in love, married, had a child,

and ended up divorced in just two years. He was a fervent patriot who listened to that head banging hard metal music. He was a bartender in the country who often gave away the bar, stole the tips of other bartenders, and kept the bar open many times past closing for a couple of hours. He was an after bar specialist in closing all the lights down, sealing off the place, cranking the music, and having a prepared lookout for law enforcement.

This merry band of misfits was lead by their leader Crazy Al who was a career criminal, who was not very good at his trade. He was often caught for the most blatant of crude, savage, and basically down right ignorant actions. I believe he actually enjoyed going to prison. It seemed like he was happier on the inside than on the outside. In jail and prison he could lift weights, learn new con games, and didn't have to worry about having to get a job. Some people in life can't be rehabilitated and belong in prison. They are just too uncivilized and savage to live among common people. This crazy bastard once threatened a law enforcement official from his jail cell in writing. He boldly told the officer how he was going to give him convict justice, by basically lighting up his home with automatic weapon fire and then burning it down. He was just crazy enough to do it but too dumb to accomplish the task at hand. He never knew when to shut up and had the limited intelligence of a roaming donkey.

I don't really know why I hung around with these derelicts of society, at times. I guess I was bored, lonely, easily swayed, and amused concerning what insane actions this group of misfits might do next on one of their drinking binges. I mean, Al did have a friendly disposition concerning meeting people but it always bothered me how he treated his girlfriend. I guess, I mainly stuck around to make sure he didn't kill her in one of his violent episodes. She was a true sweetheart who was madly in love with a hopeless

violent career criminal who was not worthy of her love or affection. He would sell out anyone in life including his own mother or girlfriend. Many women are sort of off their rockers and prefer guys with money, the bad boy, or the con artist who tells them what they want to hear in life. In life as with women, "Nice guys finish last."

Debbie went to work that evening so Al immediately called this older "Bitch" named Heidi from Florida to come over. She had five grown sons and was madly in love with Al and his penis, which could never get enough action to satisfy him. When Heidi came over Al had her pose with everyone with her top off, while these circus clowns all were grabbing her breasts for the camera. Al wanted me to join them all in a camera shot, with everyone sticking their dicks in her mouth but I wanted no part of it. She was only to happy and willing to oblige Al concerning anything he wanted her to do. I thought to myself, "What kind of fucked up mother are you at that age, to be acting like a common naive slut?" At that moment, I receive a call from work by Ta'koe asking me if I wanted to come in and work tonight. I told him, "Hell Yeah." He replies, "Ok bro, I will see you in an hour." I was only to happy to leave this sorry ass get together and go make some money. I then saluted everyone off and headed to my car to go home and change for work.

It was a slow evening at work but I still did well in tips and met an interesting businessman from New York. I can relate to New Yorkers since they tell it like it is and keep things real. New York people have a great sense of humor which is different from the rest of the country. The New York spirit of congratulations to anyone who can screw the system is my kind of people which I can relate too; since the system is always



screwing everyone anyways. Actually under their tough exteriors, New Yorkers are some of the friendliest people whom you will ever meet in this country.

Sonny was an owner of numerous restaurants and apartment complexes. He was married three different times and had four children from his first marriage. He presently resides in Manhattan but grew up in the burrow of Queens, as an old school cat who made his money the hard way. Sonny earned his money thru ingenuity, street smarts, hustle, business savvy, moxy, and a charismatic sales pitch. Sonny could talk up a storm and convince potential investors to rush aboard and jump on the band wagon, earnestly unloading their money to him. Guys like this are the real slick and polished entrepreneurs without the advantage of being born with the "Silver Spoon" and the connections that go with wealth.

In the words of Sonny, "In New York, anything is possible." The city of eight million people dealing with the promises of the American Dream, are represented by the Statue of Liberty. Sonny didn't care for lawyers and all the shenanigans that go with city politics but Sonny new how to maneuver and had a sense of timing on when to act.

I told Sonny, "I attended a private high school where most of the students were from wealthier families. I am probably the biggest failure in the graduating class. Most of my friends were from public schools from all over the place, since I really didn't feel like I fit in at the private school. I explained to Sonny about the private university I had attended where I was one month away from receiving a bachelor's degree, and then split to California. The promised land, the land of milk and honey. I figured I had enough of the institution's uppity arrogance among the administration, faculty, and students. In my opinion, "They could shove my diploma up their ass." I could go on without their piece of

paper and the so called credibility that goes along with it. Sonny laughed and replied, "You got some Cahoonas." I told Sonny, "I thought I was going to save the world but now I need saving from the world. When the going gets tough, the tough really do get going. They are nowhere around to help you when you are down, even if you gave it your all for them. It truly is a dog eat dog world and every man for himself." Sonny replied, "Your right about that but in the words of the Yankee Hall of Fame Great Yogi Berra, "It ain't over till it's over." Sonny paused and then stated, "You still have a lot of fight left in you. I wouldn't be to concerned about the final outcome. The natural flow of nature has a universal equilibrium which tends to eventually balance out. Meaning your day is coming, so just hang on until it arrives."

We talked about sports and the up coming season for the Yankees. Sonny stated, "I have been a fanatical Yankee fan since I was five years old. I am a season ticket holder but I can usually only make about half of the games." I told him, "I am a Yankee and Dodger fan since both of these two franchises have class, along with a winning tradition. Sonny stated, "You mean the Brooklyn Dodger's." I replied, "Your right, the Brooklyn Dodgers." We both laughed and had a toast to that one. Sonny left me with a 100 dollar tip and he told me, "Thanks for the good evening of conversation. I had an enjoyable time. I will give you some Big Apple advice about your concerns, " Fuggedaboutit." With that in hand, Sonny tipped his hat and walked out the door. I closed up the bar and then headed home. After arriving home I quickly wrote two poems and then enjoyed a great night of sleep.

**Bore Me!**

The world is one crazy place  
And I am caught up in the chase  
The people are reaching out  
To collect their friends  
And the mass media  
Makes walking zombies

No one is friend or foe  
They are mechanically  
Engineered you know  
They eat their veggies  
And all their fruits  
And toot their horns to boot

They talk on the cell phones  
Play games on the cell phones  
Take pictures with the cell phones  
Eat lunch with their cell phones  
Go on Facebook with their cell phones  
And live their live on their cell phones

People meet in the restaurants' at bars

Only to get on face book and tell their friends  
And ignore the present, on their android phones  
They need to make a booking to outer space  
Cause they lost their sense of reality in the human race  
Since they talk about a whole lot of trivial nothingness

Boring, boring, boring- now I must laugh  
The square headed fools think they are kool  
Everyone is caught up in knowing someone  
When they don't even know themselves  
They can't even have any resemblance of fun  
Because their intellect is frozen and numb

Maybe they just need a bottle of fine rum?  
And a trainer to train them in the art of fun.  
For my mind is whipped up and tearing at the seams  
I might as well chat on the internet with a straw hat  
Get my dates from a computer dating service  
And find like minded cats wearing the same hats

### **Comatose Humans**

Comatose humans walking by  
Caught up in consumerism

And don't even know why  
No one believes in allegorical Jesus  
Just in the mighty multimedia God

I think they are all strange  
And numb from living a lie  
They follow behind anyone famous  
And ask no questions why ?  
They all are greedy for money

And all the materialism it will buy  
But most of all they want to be popular  
For this gives them their true high  
They like to tell everyone what to do  
These white people that belong in the zoo

They have all the answers to everything  
Even though they live a strange odd lie  
Is life worth living this bizarre way?  
Sometimes I want to blast myself  
Just to get the Hell away from myself

Since they drove me to destruction

That is the key to their function  
Believe me when I say to myself  
Mother Mary she will intervene with help  
I must not resist or get tangled in their bliss

Life can end up a folly if you let it  
Just remain jolly and forget it all  
Cause time on the planet is short  
And I need to hang out at the resort  
To cool my premonitions and self

This poem needs to come to an end  
So remember my dear old friend,  
Don't let the haters hate and you return  
Return their open fire with the same desire  
To seek revenge and build further hate on end

## *Chapter 9*

*"Character cannot be developed in ease and quiet. Only through experience of trial and suffering can the soul be strengthened, ambition inspired, and success achieved."*

*Helen Keller*

In the late morning I am awoken to a cold breeze from my window which I had left open the previous day. Upon going to the window to close it, I am blown away by the amount of snow that has accumulated during the morning. I turn on the radio full blast to the tune, *Born On The Bayou* by Creedence Clearwater Revival. I then grab a large energy drink, sit down, and attempt to write. My mind is foggy like a London day, until the Fats Domino classic *I'm Walking* opens my mind for some momentum. Thoughts of the outstanding and absolutely gorgeous actress Penelope Cruz begin to dance around in my head, as I reach for a pen and begin to write.

### **I Like Lullaby Land**

I was just stroll'n along the street One beautiful day

And this is what I saw

A Drug Dealing Sugar Daddy

Standing on the Corner

Next to a Paddy

Conversing with a Cop

While listening to Hip Hop

Along comes a cart toten, pot smok'n, bag lady  
Sitting on the curb is a man named Bird  
And he sure can Sing something Sweet  
While the girl on the corner Smiles and Stares  
She ain't waiting for the bus- cause she ain't got no Panty Wear  
While a Salsa singing Chicano posts flyers Everywhere  
Next to a White Guy in a business suit  
Whose is looking around the Corner for the girl who works the street  
A ghetto Rapp'n Jamaican, is singing about African Unity  
Nearby is a Hairdressing, Cross Dressing, Beautiful Lady, walking on her Tip Toes  
While the trouser cleaning Asian is running like Lightening  
This is all before 4:00 o'clock, ok- so I must sit and Stare.

When all of a Sudden

Big Bad

Drug Dealing

Gun toting

Super Thug

Jive Talk'n

Street Hustl'n

Sugar Daddy

7-11 Hold Up Man

Confronts me



About the Stock Market  
While I'm just resting on a Bench

So I told him, I haven't been a Capitalist for a Long, Long Time  
And the only Markets that I attend, are the Produce and Farmers Markets  
And he stared at me with a Grin, "There's No Options to this Market" he said  
He wants to be rewarded with some Dividends from my leather wallet  
As a personal investor in my global enterprises and Financial Success

So this is what I told him  
Listen you Pea Brain Mr. Nobody  
Don't cheat yourself like some Fool  
Educate your mind and Play it Cool  
Wait for the Big One, with the Cash fold of Money  
Now be off with you, I've got some work to do  
Cause here comes that sexy Senorita in my View  
With the Blue Dress that Rouses my Libido, Whew!

Damn, Why do Dreams have to End  
When the Good Times just Begin!

Just after finishing the poem, I receive a call from Country Rick who wants me to  
come out to the backwoods and party with him. Rick tells me, "It's a small town with

beautiful country girls that love to party, get freaky, and wild. It ain't to far of a drive and these folks are hospitable, so you will have a grand ole time." I state, "Well, I am not one to turn down a good time, so where exactly is this place?" Rick explains, "It is in the town of Norway, in an area designated as Wind Lake. Call me about an hour before you leave and I will tell you where to meet me." I respond, "Alright, ok, I will talk with you later." When I hung up the phone, I pondered about what the night might have in store for me. I have the urge to write one more poem, so I pick up my pen and sit down and begin to write once again.

### **The Prayer of a Radical**

Years of persecution, oppression, depression, and isolation  
Haven't slowed me down, for I'm as happy as an insane Clown.  
I can't be tied down because I am always popp'n up like  
Jack out of his box.

My mind has been educated from the Gurus of the Past.  
From the likes of Plato, Mill, Shakespeare, Chaucer,  
Epicurus, Aurelius, Cicero, Epictetus, Polybius  
Augustine, Aristotle, Aquinas, and Seneca at Last.  
Have mingled with the elements, that have cemented my soul.  
For I have built my body like an Egyptian Pyramid  
But my mind, I have increased Ten fold.

Just like Rousseau said, "Man is born free, and everywhere he is in chains."

"One thinks himself the master of others, and still remains a greater slave than they."

Well, I am about ready to throw off those dusty chains.

For I have been anchored at the bottom way to Long.

But like a root beer float, I'm going to rise to the top.

For I am in tune with the wishes

Of those who are oppressed

To spread the Gospel of Truth and Solidarity.

For we are all self inviting ourselves as Guests,

To dine at the table of the luxurious Fat Cats.

Since I was eight years old all I would do is sit and read

About my favorite Gangsters and their Camaraderie.

I'm talk'n Jesse James, Pretty Boy Floyd, Jesus Christ, Socrates,

Dillinger, George Jackson, Bonnie and Clyde- along with Billy the Kid

All classified as Outlaws with a common Bond.

The will to Resist, Integrity, and a Free Spirit.

Some were Militants of Action.

Others just stood up and let themselves be hit.

But these outlaws of compassion

Have stood the test of time.

Ain't nobody Romancing about the Rockefellers or Carnegie

Or the rest of the Robber Barons from the industrial Pits of the past.

Who crucified the immigrants and commoners, in back breaking tasks.

You see, the only real criminals live on Wall Street

With maids, a few Mercedes, a mansion, a wife, ten mistresses, and a cat.

God brought me into this world to test my soul.

I've been hit with lefts and rights from the beginning you know

But my stubbornness has always took hold, and kept my balance at hand.

I have formed my own set of principles along the way

Since true directions aren't always a gift everyday.

I keep hearing a number of the Fools at the gym,

Talking about living to eternity with sin.

Afraid to walk the path of life, and afraid to die.

Sometimes getting popped by a gun is a blessing in disguise.

For I've seen my Aunt suffer from Cancer and the effects of Chemotherapy,

And ask myself Why?

Why should someone once so beautiful and young  
Become 200 years old, with a small voice, crying out for help?  
Angels of Mercy, I must ask, where were you then?  
It always seems like you cater in mysterious ways  
When those who are feeling so Low  
Need your immediate attention you know.

I've been called a radical and an extremist  
And cursed a whole lot, by those whose economic interests I have messed up a lot.  
Though I take great pride in my commitment, to my free thinking ways.

When a poor man kills a rich man it is considered the most heinous of crimes.  
Though when a rich man kills a hundred or more of poor men  
It's just a regulatory accident of the times.  
Like the toxic chemicals just escaped  
In the slum where you work and live.

I have always been anti authoritarian  
For I have never volunteered to be cuffed into slavery.  
I have never been afraid to step into the Ring of Life  
Though, I sometimes wonder what it would have been like?  
If I would have drowned when I was eight years old, while sinking down.

Though there is a plan for me  
And I shall not be derailed.  
For there is a time for fighting the system.  
A time for partying till your Pale  
But most of all, each day is to be remembered.

Every token of Love expressed  
In the eyes and expression of those Nearest,  
To be absorbed and welcomed as Dearest.

The smiles of my family, the laughter of my grown kids  
The remembrance of the dancing, singing, and the jumping on my chest  
That is what I owe my life too.

All of the world is meant to be one big family.  
I want my family to live in harmony with this larger family.  
I must fight like all thunder and lightening for this reality  
For anything less would be an insult to my integrity.

God loves a Radical, that is why his only son Jesus was sent  
For when Jesus was tearing up the temple, he was not Hell bent.  
He was just another revolutionary, delivering the message that was sent.

Knowing of the spiritual other world,  
That we all pass into when we are dead,  
This cosmic reality soothes my apprehensions of death.

For when it is all said and done, I will come to meet  
Spirituality with all, in a Universal embrace.  
For all of the past, present, and future shall meet  
And God's Utopia will bring ecstasy and harmony  
To enlighten me for all Eternity.

Amen.

After finishing the poem I am exhausted, tired. and feel like a hypocritical liar. When one is beaten down to the very bottom street curb gutter in life and seen almost every type of wretched soul, you know that there is more to give by way of your inner soul. I have at many times been derailed off the track of life and let the evil around me influence me in the wrong directions. The need to feel loved can drive one off the cliff of life, in terms of principles and a proper way to a sound and meaningful life. The only thing one can do is to keep hammering away and attempt to hold sway, while making the best of each and everyday.

The doorbell rings and I answer it. There on the doorstep are two young Hispanic kids wanting to sell me some candy bars for their school. I tell them, "Are you trying to kill me? I'm diabetic." They laugh and say, "No sir, we are just trying to raise money for our education and school." I tell them, "Well, I guess I can part with some beer drinking

money for a good cause." I hand them a 10 dollar bill and tell them, "Keep the chocolate bars for yourselves to consume and enjoy but make sure you see the dentist next week." They both smile and state, "Gracias Senor" and run off to meet their friends standing on the sidewalk.

I decide to make me some toast and then jump into the shower, in preparation for a long evening of a country hoedown. After the shower I call Country Rick and he informs me where to meet him in country direction terminology, which fill up almost a whole sheet of paper. He tells me before hanging up, "You are going to have the time of your life, plus my lady friends Ashley and Katie can't wait to meet you." I decide to give my bud Too Tall a call and see if he would like to accompany me to the bar. When I called he wasn't home but I left a message on his answering machine on where to meet me, if he was interested in having a good time. I proceeded to turn off all the lights, lock up, and head out to the dangerous unknown. On the way to the bar and not far from the bar, I ran over a humongous raccoon as big as a large dog, which cracked my front bumper on the passenger side seat of the car. After giving the raccoon his last rights, I drive off feeling a little down. I was wondering if the raccoon had a family that needed his support, guidance, and assistance. I finally arrive at the point of my destination filled with a crowded parking lot of suburban trucks and pickup trucks. Blaring from inside into the outdoors is playing the song, *The Outlawz* by the Moonshine Bandits.

As I enter the country establishment of merriment and boisterous laughter, I am met by a nearby crashing beer bottle against the front wall, and the greetings of Country Rick with his two promised lady friends. The saloon is hopping as folks are dancing all over the place in this good size tavern, with no formal dance floor but a few pool tables.



The welcoming party team of Ashley and Katie who are impressively pretty, give me an abundance of heartwarming country hugs and kisses. The tavern is filled with bikers, townies, and many fine looking country women. The ladies immediately guide me to the bar where a pitcher of beer and a glass are waiting for me. Right then the song, *The Boys Round Here* by Blake Shelton comes on and everyone begins hooting and hollering. The chorus of revelry reached a crescendo each time the repeated lyrical phrase of, "Backwoods legit, they don't take no shit. Chew tobacco, chew tobacco, chew tobacco, spit." was played. Within 10 minutes I must have been introduced to everyone of the bar patrons nearby Rick and the girls.

When the *Cupid Shuffle* came on all the ladies lined up and started dancing in a ecstatic sexual frenzy. The *Wobble* came on next and everyone started dancing doing the country line version, while Ashley and Katie dragged me from the bar to line dance with them. After this song many of the ladies took to the top of the bar to dance, with more than a few of them showing their breasts to the crowd. The saloon began to smell like reefer, when I noticed a circle of about eight people smoking and passing a few blunts around. The bartender working that evening shift was Dakota, and she had many talents besides being beautiful and having a friendly disposition. She could bounce her breasts off the bar, then circle her hooters at high speeds, while keeping an amazing groove on with her hips and buttocks. Every guy in the tavern appreciated her talents, while rewarding her with large dollars of gratuity down her top. Plus, she made a fairly powerful drink.

Just as the song by Alabama entitled, *Song Of The South* began to play, low and behold my friend Too Tall comes walking through the door. Too Tall is a cat I met while

bartending at a sports bar on the lower south side of Milwaukee. Too Tall is actually one cool ass midget who can drink up a storm. One night while I was bartending at the tavern, one of the bartenders who was a blonde bombshell with large tan fake breasts came into work on her night off, to party for a while with everyone. It was my first introduction to her when she climbed over the bar, showed me her breasts, and then jumped into my arms while wrapping her legs around my waist. She then proceeded to climb over the bar and throw "Too Tall" to the ground. Then she proceeds to jump on Too Tall and starts humping him in front of all the customers, while lifting her top and exposing her battle guns to the happy little Leprechaun, who had a smile from ear to ear. The whole tavern was rolling in laughter while I thought Too Tall might die of a sudden heart attack, from all the pleasure he was receiving from the goddess sent from the heavens.

When I introduce Country Rick to Too Tall, they take an immediate liking to each other. Rick even gave Too Tall his cowboy hat to wear for the evening. It looked good on Too Tall, since he looked like a miniature version of Jessie James with the cowboy hat on. Not only did Ashley and Katie immediately fall in love with Too Tall but all the women began coming up to him to compliment him, hug, and kiss him. Some of the girls even stated, "He is just so cute, I want to take him home." Since he was receiving all this attention from the ladies, I had to let them all know that he was a friend of mine. I mean hell, I don't mind taking any of the left over girls even if they are from a midget.

Too Tall was a pool shark who decided to get his game on by taking on and beating some of the best pool players in the tavern. After that, everyone lined up to play him in pool. I don't think Too Tall paid for one drink the whole night since everyone was

buying him drinks because he kept winning at pool. Later, some of the bikers took a liking to Too Tall and invited him outside to take some hits of Wacky Weed. Damn, every time Ashley would bend over at the bar, her low cut jeans would show this beautiful light blue thong. It just drove me crazy and I would have paid her for the pleasure of eating that thong right off her sexy gorgeous ass.

I decided to rock the joint with some of my favorite classic country and bluegrass tunes as I went to the Jukebox and played, *Rocky Top* by the Osborne Brothers. This reminded me of the days I had spent in Tennessee where my first son was born. It brought back grand memories, along with the pleasant memories of the beautiful "Southern Bells" and their sweet southern accents. Southern women always act lady like, plus I love the dresses they wear on a almost daily basis. I would always tell guys, "If you are looking for a good wife, go down south. The women in the south if they like you, they will ask you out on a date." Southern women are not hesitant or shy when it comes to this aspect of life. The next song I played was *A Boy named Sue* by Johnny Cash. I even threw on some Bill Monroe the Father of bluegrass along with the song, *Blue Moon of Kentucky*.

As I looked around the tavern I noticed that Too Tall had gotten himself into a drinking match with a beautiful small slender young blond. They both had two large double mixed drinks in front of them when someone yelled, "Go." Too Tall grabbed a comfortable lead but he quit too early with some drink left in his glass. The young girl was able to catch up and so it ended in a tie, or so it seemed for the moment. While the girl was celebrating about tying her new friend Too Tall, it was not more than seven seconds later that she went down for the count. She had attempted to get up a couple of times but

she was so wobbly that she looked like she was hit by a Smoking Joe Frazier left hook to the head. With this technical knockout drinking victory for Too Tall, he became extremely excited and jumped for joy throughout the bar. Later that evening Too Tall stated, "I had the greatest time of my life at this country tavern." Too Tall was a hit at the country tavern and everyone was taking pictures with him, while he made a whole lot of new Facebook friends. People wanted to know where he hung out so they could come and visit him sometime.

I even made a large snowman outside of the tavern which other tavern patrons helped me to build. We stuck a joint in his mouth and a beer in one of his hands. Someone even gave the snowman their baseball hat, along with a sign in his other hand. The sign stated, "Help Me. I Need Balls." Later that night some of the more intoxicated women built the snowman a pair of testicles and a phallus. The new sign stated, "I Am Happy Now." The saloon had to shut down a little early because of a snowball fight that had begun outside, and then entered the tavern with a mad passionate zeal of ludicrous buffoonery, in par with a "Three Stooges" slapstick comedy. Along with that action someone had brought their huge Saint Bernard into the tavern, which ran wild knocking over all the drunks and anything else in it's path.

We were able to hit one more nearby tavern with a group of 15 of us before the official closing, concerning drinking establishments came to an end for in the darkness of the night. The saloon we came upon was half filled with older townies who all new each other in the community. This tavern had a talking deer on the wall and these people would laugh forever and ever at the same joke, when the deer spoke. These people were actually funnier than the deer. A new friend I had met from the other tavern named Tyler,

was having a grand time talking with this couple who had just moved to the area from Illinois. They seemed like a typical fun married couple and the older woman was not bad looking, plus she had a huge rack on her. They invited everyone over to their place for an after bar night cap, so about half of us hooligans went along in attendance. Ashley and Katie at this time were very drunk and horny, as they were in a sexual frenzy all over Country Rick. Country Rick asked me and Too Tall if we wanted to spend the night at his place, since he was about ready to leave concerning a two on one special that evening. Tyler then stated, "They can crash at my place." With that option in place, me and Too Tall did not want to interfere with Country Rick, and his carnal night of pleasure that was sure to unfold. So we accepted Tyler's invitation while the girls escorted Country Rick out of the tavern with their hands and lips all over him.

After about an hour of heavy drinking people started to head out, while Tyler gave me and Too Tall his house keys to get into his place. He told us, "I am going to stay, this broad is all over me." I replied, "What about her husband?" He said, "He is already passed out in the bedroom." We laughed and me and Too Tall started walking to Tyler's home which was about a mile away. Too Tall states to me as we were walking, "That lady was old enough to be Tyler's mother." I said, "I know." Then we both laughed and talked about the craziness of the evening on the way to Tyler's home.

When we opened up the little shack of Tyler's place, it was like a small log cabin that Abe Lincoln might have grown up in. There was a pool table that was turned into a kitchen table and two La- Z- Boy recliners. There was no TV and just a small refrigerator. The bathroom had just a toilet and no shower with bricks laying all over the place occupying space. Me and To Tall instantly crashed for the night in the recliners.

Well, Too Tall slept well but I was kept up much of the night by his Choo Choo Train snoring. It was kind of funny, it would first start out sounding like a train but then the train must have stopped at a factory or something. Next, his snoring would sound like a busy factory with a whole lot of commotion going on. This cycle would repeat itself all night over and over again. I eventually became so tired that I went into a dead sound sleep.

The next morning about 7:00AM, Tyler comes home bursting thru the front door laughing and stumbling around. After making sure we were both awake, he anxiously tells us, "You would not believe the crazy fucking night I just had at that house; with that woman. While her husband was passed out, she took me into another bedroom in the house where we got naked and she threw me on the bed. Then she tells me to wait a minute and she comes back with this fucking huge ass strap on dildo. I said, "What do you plan on doing with that thing?" She says, "I want to fuck you." I told her, "I don't play that game." Anyway, we had some great sex for about an hour and she wore me out, this old cougar. Then she makes me get out of bed and she gives me a tour of her house. We have a few more drinks and she makes me some breakfast. Then she shows me some pictures of her two college age daughters in the living room and tells me, "I would like to see you date one of my daughters." The daughters were hot looking babes. She then says, "I would like to see you more often, You can come over anytime you want since my husband is out of town quite often, and I get quite lonely." She then tells me, "I am still feeling quite horny and I would like to have another round of sex Tyler, before you leave." My reply naturally was to agree and I quickly get off the couch to go another round.

This time she takes me to her bedroom where her husband was passed out in. Right before we walk in I said, "What about your husband?" She says, "Don't worry about him." We enter the bedroom and her husband was gone, I figured he must have went to work or something. Anyway, we had some more crazy sex and I fell asleep. Then all of a sudden I am awoken to all this screaming. Her husband was in the bedroom screaming at the top of his lungs. I thought it was the end for me. So I pulled the covers over my head and hid, hoping she would save me from getting shot or beat up by her husband. After the initial shock, I started to listen to what her husband was saying. He was yelling at her for forgetting to place the plow on the truck up the other day, while she was driving around town. He screamed at her, "You fucked up the bottom of the plow." Then as quickly as he had come in, he quickly disappeared; as I could hear him leaving in his truck outside. After coming to my senses I figured out, this guy didn't give a fuck that I was in his bed sleeping with his wife. If he had cared, I would already been in a paramedic ambulance on the way to the hospital. Hell, I 'm a lover, not a fighter. She told me she would give me a ride home afterwards but I decided I wanted to get out as quickly as possible with no problems. After saying goodbye to her, I sprinted all the way back here non stop without a rest."

Me and Too Tall were rolling on our ass in laughter during this story. I asked Tyler, "Are you ever going back to visit her again." He states, "The fuck if I know? I can't think straight right now. This is the craziest fucking thing that has ever happed to me." Too Tall then states, "I wonder if she fucks her husband with that strap on dildo?" We all start laughing. Then Tyler states, "Yeah, that fucking dildo was bigger than you Too Tall, she could probably strap you on instead." Then Too Tall states, "I don't want to get stuck

up her husbands ass. Why is everyone always picking on the midget?" We all start laughing and call it a day. Tyler then drives us to the tavern where we had left our cars the night before. On the drive home I began thinking to myself, "I am getting way to old for this crazy shit and this Looney Tunes world, I am presently living in." Upon arriving home, I walk thru the front door and straight to the bed where I crash for the day, but not before I am finished writing one poem in my notebook, while laying in my bed.

### **Just Thinking!**

My life is just the way it is  
Women are just the way they are  
2 Pac says things will never be the same  
Though I am living on the very edge.  
I always just cared about everyone  
While not caring about myself.

My children are my life, that's right!  
Cause they are the future in this world  
To be everything I could not be  
I want them to be happy and free.  
Spread the love from me, oh yeah.  
Hail Mary, thank you for my children.

Now Lord I have something to say



I know you work in mysterious ways  
But I still don't understand the plan for me.  
I mean I am gifted with many talents you see  
But everything about me seems to be failure to me.  
The only thing I DO RIGHT is make people laugh

That's right! Though my mind is educated and up tight.  
I feel like rapid fire and getting it so damn right.  
All this knowledge and no place to let it go.  
Skilled in speech and rhetoric but filled with no opportunities  
I guess 2 Pac was right- that's just the way it is, all right!  
I miss love and that special someone to become one!

Sometimes my life feels like it is getting better  
Than these assholes with petty personalities  
Want to be petty superheroes and talk glory days  
Like they think they are in high school, to be popular, hey  
When my problems are way to much to deal with simple fools.  
Just the other day I was thinking, I love my kids, I will keep on living!

I guess I wont blast myself, love for my children, there's some love for myself.

## *Chapter 10*

*"Prosperity is the measure or touchstone of virtue, for it is less difficult to bear misfortune than to remain uncorrupted by pleasure."*

*Tacitus*

Suddenly, I am awoken in the late afternoon by a call from my oldest son in California. He tells me he is coming to live with me and to attend college in Wisconsin. I am filled with joy and finally have something to live for, in this life. After talking with my son my mind is spinning out of control, as I attempt to plan for the future. I start reflecting on all the good times I had spent with my two children. I started recalling when we had lived in Northern California in the San Francisco Bay Area, when both of my sons were real young. I recollected how we would travel all over the Bay Area and visit numerous art museums, art galleries, theatrical productions, dance productions, sporting events, ethnic festivals, political demonstrations, beaches, parks, universities, and music genres of all types. If it was free or five dollars or less, then we were in attendance. These were the grandest times of my life, spending time with my young children.

I then began reflecting on the good times in Southern California as my children were growing older. I started to reflect on everything including the times we spent traveling, hiking in the mountains, home schooling, the enjoyment of watching them surf in the ocean, and proudly attending the various competitive sports competitions they were involved in; which included swimming, boxing, wrestling, and judo. We were attending

competitive competitions on Thursday thru Sunday and meeting all types of famous athletes and interesting people. Life couldn't get much better for a family.

The thirst for knowledge began itching away at my mind today, so I decided to go to the library to get some books to read. At the library, I easily became distracted with the many books, videos, CDs, and newspapers. The next thing I know, coming on the loud speaker was, "We are closing in 15 minutes." I had become lost in time as the four hours in the library had felt like only 30 minutes. I began to quickly check out books on philosophy, theology, history, and classical literature. I could not wait to arrive home to begin going thru all these books and filling my brain with endless enjoyment, plus new found ideas for personal enrichment.

Upon arriving home the first book I opened and began to read was, *Candide* by Voltaire. I started to eagerly consume chapter after chapter of this novella at a rapid pace, until I was finished. The satire and wit of Voltaire brought me to tears of laughter. As the protagonist Candide faced misfortune after misfortune traveling with his philosophical mentor Dr. Pangloss, the philosopher never lost his optimism. After each tragedy Pangloss reminds Candide, "All is for the best in the best of all possible worlds." All this tragedy began because of Candide's short romantic encounter with the young and beautiful Lady Cunegonde. She also faced very harsh misfortunes along the way and encounters Candide at various times throughout the story. Cunegonde, throws Candide under the bus, when she agrees to become Governor Don Fernando's mistress, because of her shallowness and love of the good life; even though she does warn Candide to flee since he is going to be arrested. Cunegonde is saved near the end of the story from servitude by Candide, though now she has grown old and hideously ugly. Cunegonde

now pressures Candide and reminds him of his promise to marry her. Poor Candide, repulsed by her looks but feeling obligated, marries the old hag anyway.

I then began to read other books I had checked out concerning Voltaire's life and written works. Voltaire was truly a character, the kind of guy I can relate too. A rebel rousing genius who spent two tours in the Bastille for his satire and wit, in defying and mocking powerful authority figures of nobility. So many of Voltaire's quotes ring humorously true. Concerning women and marriage this is what Voltaire had to say:

*All the reasoning's of men are not worth one sentiment of women.*

*The husband who decides to surprise his wife is often very much surprised himself.*

*Divorce is probably of nearly the same date as marriage. I believe, however, that marriage is some weeks the more ancient.*

In setting back and reflecting on Voltaire, I decided I wanted to bring him alive and discuss life in general with him. I felt like I really knew this cat and wanted to get to know him even better by conversing with him. Even though we are a few centuries apart that shouldn't stop us from engaging in intellectual and witty conversation. I mean being one of the founding father's bringing forth to the people the *Age Of Enlightenment*, I believe he has probably kept up to date with the present situations around the world. So, I devised a poem appealing to our minds, while pulling Voltaire right out of these books he has been incarcerated in for so long, in the back dusty shelves of the public library.

### **Talking With Voltaire**

“Everything is fine today, that is our illusion.”

Monsieur Voltaire

"What troubles me is the illusion of my own existence.

Descartes repeatedly claims, “I exist therefore I am.”

Might I only be a figment of someone's imagination?

Just passing time in this splendid carcass, called man."

Bohemian Vagabond

“It is dangerous to be right in matters on which the established authorities are wrong.”

Monsieur Voltaire

"The matters you speak of, are of great interest and concern the love of free speech.

Free speech is only as free as the freedom we speak of, in our own epoch of time.

The ignoramus travels thru the back drop of eternity, in mindless bliss blowing wind.

Man must be careful in speaking truth and wisdom to the blowhards of oppression."

Bohemian Vagabond

“It is difficult to free fools from the chains they revere.”

Monsieur Voltaire

"The circus clown always travels with the great majority

The court jester never forgets to play the frolicking fool

Man thru Satire receives a good laugh in educating the simple fools."

Bohemian Vagabond

"The infinitely little have a pride infinitely great."

Monsieur Voltaire

"All the mythological gods would agree with thee on this aspect.  
The more exorbitant pay the smaller the intellect but that is our society.  
They demand the utmost respect with a raving Napoleonic contour  
Though little do they know, they are way too much bamboozling fun."

Bohemian Vagabond

"To succeed in the world it is not enough to be stupid, you must also be well-mannered."

Monsieur Voltaire

"You are much too rough on our fellow man  
The simple fool is too simple to know life  
Wise men know not what the fool possesses  
The vaudeville chimpanzees were wise to keep it cool  
The Gorilla monitors every bold man's walk.  
Most of us walk the walk, to the masters talk."

Bohemian Vagabond

“When it is a question of money, everybody is of the same religion.”

Monsieur Voltaire

"I could not agree with you more about this proven fact.

Today we have demy gods in business and entertainment.

Man will pay anything to kneel in their debasing decadence

Though some men walk the path of Christ and do go it alone

And when they walk that path they usually get severely stoned."

Bohemian Vagabond

“He was a great patriot, a humanitarian, a loyal friend; provided, of course, he really is

dead.”

Monsieur Voltaire

"No truer truth has ever been so well spoken.

Just the other day I dreamt a beautiful dream.

I dreamt I was a sailor who cruised on the sea.

Many great words were spoken of me, while I had a few sips

Of the greatest red wine, as I did a full back flip over the ship

And the last think I heard was "Bon Voyage" from all on board."

Bohemian Vagabond

“He must be very ignorant for he answers every question he is asked.”

Monsieur Voltaire

"Bravo. Bravo how correct you are my dear friend  
For he who speaks forever, does not speak clever.  
He drains what little he has and eventually curses  
He curses his words until he is well out of breath."

Bohemian Vagabond

"Common sense is not so common."

Monsieur Voltaire

"Its been a pleasure Monsieur Voltaire and now we must part  
And go our separate ways into the solemn dark dreary night.  
You back into the great books of philosophy and literature  
And me to ponder with another author about man's true fate."

Bohemian Vagabond

As I begin to float into the late night of early morning hours, I begin to smile to myself. I have all the answers there are in this world in front of me. They are in the books of all of the great minds and they don't even cost a dime. I am blessed. I thought to myself, "I didn't even have a beer tonight, what the Hell is going wrong with me? Maybe I am actually moving forward? Maybe life isn't so bad, after all? "Then off I go into the silence of the night, in that dream like state of mind. I am later awaken in the middle of



the night by a horrific nightmare of past government harassment, so I write poetry for the next hour at an extremely rapid pace. I then fall back to sleep in the stillness of the night.

### **FBI**

The FBI has nothing to do,  
That is why they follow you.  
If your trying real hard  
To bring social change  
These nuts from the bureau  
Will try to neutralize you.

Their history is known  
From Hoover in drag  
And their anti union bag.  
Of goods they deliver  
From their burglary bag jobs  
To isolate and slander you.

Now you think they would harass  
Just people in the top brass,  
But it is much easier to play  
With people who don't have  
Much money or much say,

Since revolution begins at the bottom, anyway.

They are foot soldiers for the corporate freaks

Who are anti union and want everyone weak.

To divide and conquer and to destroy altruistic ways

So everyone is out for their own with no feeling of home.

Though people weren't naturally meant to be that way

We are social animals and most have a heart, I would say!

Though if everyone is blindly looking for much money

And nothing else to do in their life except for their honey,

They will fall prey to the ideological just me way,

And be all Hell bent in the wrong direction each day,

And find out they aren't happy in the end acting this way.

The extremely wealthy run the puppet politicians and the bureau.

This is why we have so little to say in America today.

The FBI and the CIA plant articles in the news for us to consume,

To help brainwash us to the American way of consumerism everyday.

How intellectually empty this can be when our brains are used this way.

Cointelpro and all the old ways are better finessed in these modern days.

High technology and the always available Judas the informant will play for pay,

To sell out his brother or mother for a few bucks each day.  
Now every government has it's way, since all are totalitarian in different ways,  
To abuse and misuse their people in so many different and vile ways.  
Our forefathers warned us about the government in so many different ways,  
That is why it is funny when people act so naively ignorantly patriotic  
To a flag that represents the fortune 500 companies in so many ways.

People have died for every country but they are worth more than a flag.  
A piece of cloth that represents the American multinational way and oppresses  
Countries since WWII in Latin America in numerous untold of ways.  
We as a people are much more than a country, for every man and woman  
On this earth has value, even in war the other side dies because of their government.  
It is always the wealthy elite of every society who get people involved in war for profit,

But when it comes to fighting and dying in these wars it is the little people,  
The ones who will never profit from these wars, wars for the ruling classes.  
Now I say throw your cloth flag away and give the people who fought and died  
A war pension for their families and the survivors each day they are lucky to survive.  
Though there will always be the ignorant and the dumb who can't see thru the thick fog  
Who just want to believe they have been right living an ignorant self deluding slave life.

Now I say to you it is alright for you to carry on in your childish ways  
For that flag you wave each day is comical in many truthful ways

Since our country has committed crimes in a variety of ways.  
Though there is good that has also been done by coincidence  
But the flag waves on everyday to be protect the very wealthy  
Who want to keep things in the status quo each and every day.

And they use the flag to manipulate us in so many ways.  
Jay Edgar Hoover was a patriot one could possibly say  
And he violated every ones rights in a vast number of ways.  
It doesn't matter to me that he dressed in girlish fashion  
But the surveillance system he left in place was a behemoth transgression.  
Now we can monitor every fax, email, phone call in quick fashion.

Does anyone have privacy in this high tech bureaucratic fascist passion?

**Government keeping me Down.**

The government keeping me down  
To many laws and restrictions  
One can't keep employed  
Cause the world is annoyed  
All licenses impossible to get.

Like life for the common man  
Is life in a permanent ghetto plan

Designed by the man to keep you down

No wonder there is so many pissed off

Pissed off mother fuckers ready to die

Only way out is to be a snitch or a fink

The world stinks and one needs change

Change for the better world in this land

Home of the free but some of us are chained,

Chained to poverty but most of us are deceived.

Flying off with no regrets just for self respect

Taking in to much pain, we must end this game

Doing battle and ready to die cause all doors are locked

And my mind is rocked with anxiety and depression

I can't get through the door of isolation you see.

Every rich mother fucker is my enemy

Since their hearts are like cold stone

And their callousness won't leave me alone,

I ain't going out or down without a fight

Send me to the depths of hell this very night.

**Stirred to Speak**

The Penitentiary and economics  
Political clout and you stay out.  
Crime is based on survival  
For uneducated hood fools.  
No jobs, no hope, no future  
Crime is always prime hiring.  
People stirred to just hate  
Like you don't want to work.  
Though isn't crime an incentive  
To be your own boss in capitalistic terms?  
Women only care if you have money  
They sleep with anyone who impresses  
No wonder they get referred to as bitches.  
You are the way you act and play out.  
I am going nowhere with more talents  
Than any middle class piece of hypocrisy.  
Education and integrity makes one a fool  
When the world works on total bullshit.  
The only thing free is laughter and getting high.  
Someone will always buy you a drink  
When you make them laugh and play the jester.  
Stay high and you will ride the world and get by  
The only thing on my mind is sweet pussy.

Day and night I must endure to survive  
Cause even the high hopes in life are burning out.  
Like my grandmother wrote before she left the world  
“The flame of life has burned out“, there’s nothing left!  
Dance with the keg and do the Irish Jig while smoking a cig.  
Strippers, call girls, party girls, booze, partying thru the night.  
My mind is a blurred vision of a dynamic felt vibe sensation.  
I can’t pay the bills but does it matter when the night is right?  
Stay loose way into the night and fight to do what is not right.  
Jim Croce and Bad Leroy Brown the ceiling will eventually come down.  
Laugh at your self and commit one more hustle to survive another day.  
Fuck the World and then you control the outcome till the end of your days!

**A little messed up!**

It seems to me  
I can’t be free  
It appears to me  
I have no money  
I know it to be  
A point of unity  
When one is not free  
Free to move about  
Then you have no clout

And you hang about  
With people just like you  
And share your tales and troubles  
In a unity of brotherhood  
Since you share the same hood  
Share the same bad fortunes  
Share the same misfortunes  
And trouble is all about  
Even the cockroaches in the closet  
Talk about you behind your back  
People then think you just slack  
No wonder it is hard to get up  
Since people are talking all that smack  
It almost makes you want to do crack  
But you survive and visit a dive  
I'm talking a bar with 3 dollars in your car.  
What are you to do when you are feeling blue?  
Listen to music and dance the boogaloo  
Chisel my fizzles Mrs. Dizzle, I say  
There is no meaning when your feeling  
Feeling like stealing something new  
Just to be proud you have a craft, it's true  
Now look beyond my stare full eyes



And you will see a monster in me

I want to hold him in but to my surprise

He has already jumped out and punched your eyes out.

## *Chapter 11*

*"You don't develop courage by being happy in your relationships everyday. You develop it by surviving difficult times and challenging adversity."*

*Epicurus*

I arise late this morning and decide to go to noon mass very soon at Saint Stanislaus church on 5th and Mitchell which has a daily Tridentine Mass. I walk out the front door to get a breath of fresh air and check the mail. I notice someone has left me one of the local daily editions of the city newspaper. So I pick it up to check out the local news, sports scene, and entertainment. The sun is out today in full force with no clouds which is a rarity in Wisconsin. It must be an omen signaling for a good day today, which lays ahead. I clean up my place and have some cheerios for breakfast. I turn on the radio to a song made famous by Johnny Cash but written by Carl Perkins entitled, *Daddy Sang Bass*. The song brings back memories of my early childhood. The next thing I notice is that it is almost noon so I head out quickly to attend mass on time.

During mass, I start reflecting on the healing masses I had gone to by a Marquette Jesuit priest named Father Faricy, while in California. I also recall him explaining how evil can move in and overtake someone, when they allow themselves to go so low in life. He claimed that one ends up opening doors wide open to evil spirits, thus letting them in to take over and control your life. I then began to reflect on the many times I had taken my grandmother to church. I recall how she was so sincerely dedicated and overjoyed but

would panic if she missed a mass. After mass I stood outside the church for awhile and admired the architectural structure.

When I returned home from mass I took a short nap and woke up for an afternoon shift of work at the tavern. When I arrived at work I was instantly pulled into a political conversation, between two 40 year old business guys discussing Wisconsin Governor Scott Walker. These guys were involved in the real estate industry, so they naturally had big heads and thought they knew everything. It was comical in a way, listening to them talk about Walker's accomplishments. They talked about Walker's projected billion dollar surplus for the budgeted years of 2013-2015 and how great this has made Wisconsin as a pro business climate. As they talked I began to reflect on the facts in my head. I began analyzing the figures and debate the issues to myself.

The state revenue came from the backs of 230,000 government workers who lost about 12 percent of their take home pay due to increased contributions required for healthcare and their pensions. As well as state cuts in K-12 education totaling 1.6 billion from Walker's last budget. This governor with unlimited resources because of his backing from the Koch brothers, Diane Hendriks, and other wealthy donors is just a stooge for big money interests.

Walker's simplistic rhetoric in attempting to move Wisconsin to a backwoods state like the deep south is spreading like a cancer. He wants to make the state a "Right To Work State" and eventually eliminate the state income tax by increasing the regressive sales tax. If one wants to be like Mississippi well so be it. I don't see anyone moving to Mississippi in large numbers for a better life. Nor do I see businesses moving to places like Mississippi concerning high end development and investment. High paying jobs

come from an educated workforce but Walker has shown us that he not care about education, nor does he really care about attracting high paying jobs to Wisconsin. His only purpose is to redistribute wealth from the middle class and the have knots to the ones who have everything. He is a true socialist for the wealthy and a merry marauding "Stalinist Robin Hood", who steals from the poor to give to the rich. He is a simple whore who has sold his soul to Satan, while pretending to have the heart of the former Mother Theresa, including the interests of the common working man at hand. Woody Guthrie sang about cats like this on his guitar which was written, " This Machine Kills Fascists." Walker can be summed up best in regards to his concerns for the poor and the common working man by the great writer Leo Tolstoy, "I sit on a man's back, choking him and making him carry me, and yet assure myself and others that I am very sorry for him and wish to ease his lot by all possible means - except by getting off his back." Yes, Walker needs to get off the common mans back instead of using sophisticated and deceptive financial, regulatory, budget, and tax means; while maneuvering at every angle to make sure that there is a redistribution of the wealth in society from the poor, common working man, and small business man into the pockets of large corporations and the already wealthy individuals of society.

While reflecting and listening to these guys talk made me wonder about the sorry state of many colleges and universities, whom are greatly influenced by their "Board of Trustees", who propagate the mass production of degrees to individuals of this type. These type of people are best expressed by folk singer Malvina Reynolds song entitled, *Little Boxes*. People who can't think for themselves and are more like parrots who are prone to just following mindless orders, instructions, and demands in a repetitive manner.

They mimic their counterparts in blind mesmerized non thinking fashion with no analytical and reasoning skills; living in their secluded fuzzy warm world far from worldly reality.

Even the Wall Street Journal or the Financial Times does not express themselves in such ludicrous crude terminology. Look at California and places like New York where you have a stable skilled and educated workforce. These people not only have a much higher standard of living but business survives and even prospers at a greater rate, with a large well paid union population and an educated skilled workforce. To further illustrate this point, all the countries with the highest standards of living and quality of life are found in countries with a high level of unionization of the workforce. This in no way affects their long term productivity as these people who live in places like Germany, Switzerland, Sweden, Norway, and Finland have secured the "Good Life". The "Good Life" that Aristotle spoke of and Huey Long wanted to create for Americans as expressed in his speech entitled, *Every Man a King*.

Scott Walker is so backwards, that he even refused the 800 million in federal money and the good jobs that would have been created with high speed railway for Wisconsin. Walker in true ruthless fashion refused 119 million in federal money for Medicaid expansion for the 2013-2015 budget. The impact on the economy is the loss of high paying jobs from the healthcare industry that would have been created, along with the money it would have pumped into the state economy. The owner of the failing Milwaukee Bucks looking to keep the team in Milwaukee asked Walker for financial assistance, though he was turned down without even exploring options. I am not one who advocates government subsidies to business but big time professional sports does bring

cultural standing to a community and social status to attract other industries.

While other states are moving forward in the 21st century facing up to the challenges of a competitive global world, high technology, research, education, and cultural expansion for a better life: The primitive Neanderthal Governor Walker is bringing Wisconsin a economic package of failed backwards conservatism from the deep south. Walker has truly made a mockery of the Republican Party's symbol and discredited the famous words uttered by Horton, that lovable elephant character in Dr. Seuss's children's classic, *Horton Hatches the Egg*. When Horton spoke, "I meant what I said and I said what I meant. An elephant's faithful one-hundred percent!" he was probably inspired and reflecting on ole Abe Lincoln. How was poor Horton to know that Walker would come around one day, to make rubbish of his inspirational words.

Just looking at the facts makes these two clowns from the tavern seem to appear from another planet in a far off galaxy. During the final quarter of June 2012, Wisconsin ranked 42nd in job creation, as reported by the Federal Quarterly Census of Employment and Wages, which is a survey that represents approximately 96 percent of the state employers. The 2012 United States Bureau of Labor Statistics ranked Wisconsin 44th out of 50 states in wages, as private sector wages fell 2.2 percent. During this same time frame the state sector wages dropped to 49th place in the country. A report known as the Kauffmann index has shown Wisconsin to be ranked 48th for two years in a row, concerning the years of 2010 thru 2011 in job creation. Also, the quite mouse gubernatorial candidate Mary Burke's claim is correct that Wisconsin did have 84,000 more jobs in 2007 than under Walker in 2012.

I guess I can relate to people being uniformed but if you are part of the business community and talk this idiotic, I feel you deserve a colonial style tar and feathering. Many wealthy individuals don't believe the garbage they are presenting to the public, it is just that they are serving their own short term self interest. Though some of the so called educated fools are actually gullible enough to believe anything that these authority figures present to them, on paper or thru the mass media. After finishing with all the thoughts running thru my mind and debating the issues concerning Governor Walker, I began to feel at ease. Naturally, I go along with everything these two clowns at the bar have to say, while collecting a large tip from both of them.

Storming into the tavern comes a bunch of college girls who have just finished playing intramural volleyball at their college. All hyped up and ready to party these girls are talking and giggling away in their problem free world. They order a couple of pitchers of beer and head to the tables at the back of the bar to socialize. One of the tavern regular's falls asleep on the bar and spills his beer all over the bar. Another customer keeps asking me for a free drink but I explain to him, "This is a business not a credit union or bank or even a social service agency. You have to purchase a few beers before you get a free one, you can't expect a free beer right after your first purchase." The bar begins to start picking up, when a few guys who work for the same company come inside and order some drinks.

I meet one cat from the neighborhood who came in for a drink, who is presently attempting to market his Hip Hop music. He works at a local pizza joint part time and is struggling like so many of us in this society. He went by the name of "Center Street Malik" and was a cordial fellow who told me all about his interesting and heart breaking

life. He was born in Jefferson Parrish in Louisiana but grew up in Chicago with his auntie. He had 13 brother and sisters of which three are dead from gang violence, one from a drug overdose, and two are currently residing in prison. He told me he hasn't seen any of his brothers and sisters in over ten years. As we were chatting away, all of a sudden Malik stands up and pulls out a harmonica, he then starts dancing and rapping away at the bar. He gets the crowd rolling, while almost everyone in the tavern joins in dancing and grooving to Center Street Malik's rhythmic beat.

After enjoying the entertainment, I gave Malik a free drink on the house, while he told me about a nightclub on the north side he often attends. He said, "Some of the city's best kept secrets of aspiring writers, poets, artists, musicians, rappers, and song writers socialize and entertain here." I said, "You're talking about the Hood, where white folk's don't travel to in the darkness of the night." He states, "Yeah, but I can get you in and secure your safety, while showing you a good time." I began laughing and state, "I will have to think about it." Malik then states, "Well, think about it while shooting some rock tomorrow at the King Center where my people gather every late morning close to noontime." I then state, "Alright, but I am out of shape and might need CPR. He states, "Don't worry, Latisha will be there and she likes white dudes. She is a big momma who has a whole lot of air in her to give you, for mouth to mouth resuscitation." We both laugh and I gave Malik another complimentary drink on the house.

After closing up the tavern and heading home I could not sleep, so I turned on the television, radio, and the internet. I was surprised that my laptop still worked after the baseball bat smashing episode. The screen was cracked but it was still visible and I could surf the internet. My mind was wondering as I attempted to cram as much sensory input



into my head that was available at the time. I started to think about living in Florence Italy during the Renaissance period and then traveling thru time and discovering the Inca empire. I stopped for a moment to listen to the PBS show on television where Stephen Hawking was on, explaining how he masters all of his complex problems in his mind concerning the universe; despite his continual declining physical health and abilities. I began thinking that my problems are small in comparison to the universe but I am still in discovery on what all my problems in this world are, at the present time.

The song entitled, *Man in Black* comes on while I am surfing the internet concerning matters relating to psychology and sociology. Then flashes of ancient Latin phrases began to pop into my mind one at a time. "Nosce te ipsum. Per angusta ad angusta. Morior invictus. Aut cum scuto aut in scuto." Meaning: "Know thyself. Through difficulties to greatness. Death before defeat. Either with shield or on shield." I end up knocking over one of my library books and go to pick up the open book, while noticing a phrase from Plutarch in the book. The phrase stated, "Painting is silent poetry, and poetry is painting that speaks." So I began to write, and write I did, concerning poems from the heart.

### **Lazy**

Depression, recession, and obsession

I want to write a poem from mi casa.

Fleeting moments of full excitement

Rain clouds bursting forth with all might

A bitter Wisconsin extremely cold night

What is a recluse to do but sit and write.

Creativity lost in a bored solemn filled life  
Keep the poem going in a rhythmic flight  
Stranded in the back alley of a lonely life.  
I want to jump and free fall this very night  
Though I am bound up in a straight jacket  
With problems of many but feeling plenty.

Plenty of nutrients to fill my whole body  
But still the mental pain, just won't let go.  
I want some reaction but I just don't know ?  
Does anyone care about the symbolic plight  
Of those knotted up in a very confused life ?

BB King, Johnny Cash, Al Green, Whitney Houston  
Inspire the tired beggars from poverty stricken lives.  
Evening bells of sweet glory burning extremely bright  
More soldiers back in wheelchairs from the Afghan fight.  
People are walking but ain't nobody talking on the outside.

I must stand up and hide the misery tide  
Laugh and you will laugh on the inside.  
Break the walls of silence and enter

Enter the unknown dreams of hope  
Fight the despair in the polluted air.

Adonis, Madonna, the Holy man walks  
People crowding the stores like bores.  
My mind is running wild on speed dial  
Creatures of hope taking all that dope.  
Just sit back and watch me readily hide  
Hide from the reality of my wretched life.

I stand up tall and scream exegesis of life  
The Holy Land may be nearer than supposed.  
Human tears from empty promises, over years  
Eminem, 50 Cent, and Tupac screech in the air  
The vital movements in my cranium do appear.

Dancing onward in life on a caffeine fed kite  
Fists of Glory raise me high, in sky blue flight  
I want to develop the spirit of true known bliss.  
Winds of the Beatnik's Howling in the open air  
I feel my inner mind beginning to turn this night.

Ancient hipsters of the Egyptian Pyramids Past

Nothing ever changes from one end of this globe  
It's a story repeated over and over from times past.  
The Birth of Venus swoons thru my numbing head  
Mark Twain moves like Sugar Ray Robinson in my visions  
Stick and move stick and move, let that pen grind and groove.

### **Getting Off the Canvass of Life**

J.Lo with the Halo  
Magic all around  
My mind is spinning  
I think I'm falling down  
One Knee to the ground  
Now I'm full face down.

Six, seven, eight, nine  
Now I bounce right up  
Just to be met with  
A mighty uppercut  
Jaw popping up high  
I bring it in just in time

I hear the landlord calling  
I 'm going very fast asleep

The boss man says I'm fired  
The creditors are real upset  
I keep getting jab popped all about  
But my brain isn't crushed, yet

I have the bob and weave going  
Rocky Marciano did help me out  
Robert Deniro, Raging Bull  
Sly Stallone, Rocky Balboa  
Shooting Stars, Lady Erotica  
Dancing Elves are in my head

A vision of the knockout  
I slip and pivot just in time  
And miss another left hook landmine  
To survive another day with a dollar nine  
Tomorrow brings another continual battle  
The battle of life's real fortunes of survival

I sit and stare at what I have just written and decide I need an upper, so I rise out of the chair and grab one of my cd's from the library. I throw on Rock'n Dopsie, Jr and blast the music as loud as I can in my home. I start dancing all over the place, since there is nothing that music can't cure. Music truly does "Soothe the savage beast in all of us",

which is a well accepted alteration of poet William Congreve's words from his play the *Mourning Bride*. The neighbor upstairs starts pounding on the floor probably because it is 4:00 AM and she must not like Cajun Zydeco music. So I take the broomstick and start pounding it up on her ceiling and yell up to her, "Quit your bitching, This place ain't the Taj Mahal. She yells back, "Fuck You." So I yell back, "And Fuck you too, my fair lady." I didn't give a Fuck, I was having a good time letting loose and getting my groove on.

The music brought back memories of New Orleans, when I had traveled there before Katrina and drank in every tavern on Bourbon Street. When I was all worn out and sat down to rest I began to laugh uncontrollably. I recalled a place that I use to rent in West Allis which was across the street from a factory. I lived downstairs and the guy who lived upstairs was funny as all Hell. Every night when he would come home from work he would play the same song with the goofiest lyrics over and over. I mean he would play the song like 20 to 30 times in a row each night. The name of the song was *We Didn't Start the Fire* by Billy Joel. He played the song so much that I could never stop laughing, it sort of became funnier each time he continued to play it. I would always wonder in my mind, "What kind of good drugs is this guy on? Maybe the squirrels from outside are coming into his place and using him as a storage facility for their chestnuts? Like maybe the squirrels are climbing right up to his shoulders thinking he is a tree and storing their food in his head thru his ears?" I decide to write one more poem before I go to bed because I am in a happy state of mind.

### **I am Flying High**

You only bleed when your in need

Help me recite the Apostles Creed.  
The Nirvana of the soul is real deep  
Helping old ladies to cross the street.  
I want to transcend but I can't say Amen.

Flying Injuns from days gone long ago.  
I can't help it but my car is low on gas  
Not enough dinosaurs died from the past.  
I want to sail far, far, far, away to play  
The music by drunken sailors all day.

Polynesian women dressed in straw  
Everyone of them looks so real raw.  
Dainty flowers placed in their hair  
Blowing in the breeze without a care  
These eccentric beauties are full of flare.

Marilyn Monroe was everyone's dream  
Wow, what a gorgeous piece of sexy ass.  
Now Maureen O' Sullivan  
I'M talking Tarzan's Jane  
That was one pretty, Irish Dame.

Mother Theresa you float thru the air  
While Mother Angelica sits in her chair  
And I stand around without a care  
Singing Jimmy Crack Corn ,and I don't' care  
While firestorms blaze burning red in the air.

A desire to inspire, a man in need  
Or to help out a mother, learn to read.  
This world can be chaos but we still believe  
That the Lord our Savior, will understand thee  
While we are moving around and drinking tea.

A blast from the past to fill my desire  
I can and I do, reach so much higher.  
For the grand sky it is sunny and blue  
And I am drawn to the likes of you  
I wish I would have married you.

Father Coughlin you preach one good sermon  
Down from the mount comes a man named Herman  
And he is one large broad shoulder bar drinking German.  
I fly into a rage to get to the stage, to listen to bebop  
In the end I find out, it was only a recording of hip hop!!!



What's a man to do, when he has no girl, it's true?  
The lonely feelings of despair will feel like cold air  
Unless you frolic with some hot lady in her underwear.  
Now I'm down with the beat, so try to stick with my heat  
I am a coal burning desire, for every woman to set on fire.

John Lee Hooker, he was a blues singing man  
Dolly Parton could sing country with any man.  
Now I am beginning to lay down in my old bed  
Watching the stars that look so very far ahead  
And begin to wonder, if I am still alive or dead.

## *Chapter 12*

*"We must develop and maintain the capacity to forgive. He who is devoid of the power to forgive is devoid of the power to love. There is some good in the worst of us and some evil in the best of us. When we discover this, we are less prone to hate our enemies."*

*Martin Luther King, Jr.*

My alarm clock goes off at 10AM, I arise out of bed tired and begin thinking to myself, "There's something not right with me but that's okay." I start thinking about getting into shape again and reorganizing my life. So, I begin the day with six three minutes rounds of jump rope in my room. I realize that the last five years of my life have been a world wind of destruction. The divorce, short term employment, cancer, uncontrolled diabetes, high cholesterol, depression, anxiety, bad decisions, alcohol, and lack of exercise have taken a toll on me. I previously had spent over 30 years exercising two hours a day and fighting the system with a wild passion. I figure now that I am in the last round of life, I might as well go out with a bang. Someway or somehow I am going to make my presents felt in this bizarre and messed up world.

When I arrive at the King Center, I am immediately greeted by Center Street Malik and the rest of the crew. After about 10 minutes of warming up, we then shoot to pick teams. I am on Malik's team and we end up playing a full court game. During the game, I get my first open shot blocked by some guy with long arms who could jump like a grasshopper. I mean, I thought I was wide open to shoot but the cat leaped from such a

far distance that it shocked me. I started thinking, "I hope this isn't going to be like the time I played in Oakland, when every cat on the court was slam dunking." Malik wasn't a bad player, he was fast and could shoot good from the outside well, plus drive to the hoop with some good "Shake and Bake" moves. This big heavy guy from the other team that I was guarding was hitting shots from "Downtown", way beyond the three point line. He started to get cocky though and thought he could penetrate the middle and drive me over. Even though he probably outweighed me by about 50lbs, he found a brick wall when it came to down low in the court. I was able to make him miss his shots with aggressive defense or knock the ball out of his hands.

As the game was continuing I was getting frustrated by the grasshopper that was covering me. Even if he didn't block my shots he was able to effect my shooting, while nothing was going in the hoop. So, I decided to pull out the only card that I had left, the infamous *hook shot*. In grade school I began practicing this shot all day long after watching Kareem Abdul Jabar use his "Sky Hook Shot" so effectively in games. I developed a more looping hook shot from his traditional sky hook because of my naturally smaller size. It use to make life much easier when you were playing pickup games against older and taller kids. When I worked myself close to the middle, I was able to get the first *hook shot* off and amazingly it bounced around the rim and went in. This made everyone laugh, while some of the guys made comments like, "I haven't seen that shot in decades. No one uses that shot anymore. The Vanilla Kareem." Anyway, as the game went on I nailed my next four *hook shots* before missing. One guy was laughing so hard that he eventually stated, "I can't believe that shot is working for you." We must of played at least four games before we all retired for the day. It was a good time and not

like many of the pick up games at the outdoor courts. At the outdoor courts you will always seem to find some guy who will become pissed off because he thinks he was fouled while trying to showoff; and then he will hold up the game talking shit while holding onto the ball.

After the hoops game, Malik invited me again to the nightclub for tomorrow evening. I told him, "Yeah, ok but I can't dance. I have the white mans disease. I have two right feet or is it two left feet?" Everyone started laughing and Malik then states, "I will have you doing the *Clown Walk* in style before the end of the night tommorrow evening." The *Clown Walk* originated in Los Angeles in the 1970's by Crip gangsters known then as the *C Walk*. Anyone else who was seen doing it outside of the gang or set, would get a serious beat down. Though today it has become part of the pop culture especially among the youth in dance clubs. I told Malik, "I guess it might come natural for me, since I have been a clown most of my life." With that being said, I headed home to take a shower and prepare for an evening at work. On the way walking out of the gym "Latisha yells out, "Hey fine white boy, I will see you at the club tomorrow night."

When I arrived at work there was a large crew of construction workers who were mostly Roofers. These kind of cats usually drink heavy and get fairly wild, so I figured I might have my work cut out for me this evening in cleaning the place up. I have worked at numerous gentlemen's clubs, night clubs, sports bars, and neighborhood taverns over the years, and rarely did I have to make anyone leave. Most people are fairly negotiable even when totally intoxicated if you give them respect, while keeping a good sense of humor going with them. The ones who become violent when drunk aren't to hard to handle because most people can't fight when they are drunk. It's the ones who imagine

they were offended you have to worry about, since they are the ones who might come back with a gun, knife, or a crew. So when I have to make anyone leave I usually tell them they are invited back the next evening, with a complimentary drink or two on the house.

The construction crew of guys ended up being a fairly good group of fellas, after they wore themselves out from a couple of arm wrestling matches; including wrestling matches on the bar floor. Terrence the biggest and tallest of the guys had his t-shirt half ripped off his back, from having three of the guys on his shoulders and back. Terrence then ran with the group of men hanging on to him, whom he eventually all dumped onto and over the pool table. It was kind of funny but scarred the Hell out of some of the older patrons who were chilling at the bar. Basically, Terrance was just a huge Teddy Bear who wouldn't really harm anyone. Well, maybe if you took his meal from him while he was eating, might bring out the Grizzly Bear in him.

The guys from the construction crew purchased me a couple shots and we played some bar dice. Most of them were married with kids and they were proud to show me all of their family pictures, especially ones of their children. A couple of the guys were divorced and went thru the ringer in life but when it came to their kids, they proudly bragged up a storm. One of the guys named Rob caught his wife in bed with his best friend and went ballistic. He ended up beating up his best friend so bad, while his wife was hitting him from behind with everything but the kitchen sink, that he ended up serving a year in jail. Talk about getting screwed doubly over. While he was in jail his wife filed for divorce and moved out of state with his former best friend, taking his children with them. I recall reading a divorce statistic not so long ago, that reported 67

percent of divorces are filed by women who have children. It seems like the only thing the women's liberation movement of the 1970's accomplished was the break up of the American family.

I asked the guys where they were from? The vast majority of them responded, "John Matuszak Country" meaning Oak Creek. Big John grew up in Oak Creek and he was also known as the Tooz. He played football in the National Football League from 1973-1982 as a defensive lineman, mainly for the Oakland Raiders; where he was part of a team that won two Super bowls during his presence. The Tooz was a giant of a man who would every once in a while visit the gym where I worked out at in West Allis. This was always an interesting event because the Tooz who stood at 6'8 and probably weighed about 300 pounds at the time, would walk around the gym singing at the top of his lungs. One of his favorite songs I recall was entitled, *Eyes Without A Face* by Billy Idol. He looked like he was even bigger than his 6'8 frame since the man had a head three times the size of a normal person including huge bear hands. I recall the Tooz one day walking over to a guy who was bench pressing and he stated the following, "You need some help?" Then before the guy could answer, he grabbed the bar while the man was bench pressing and he began curling the weights. He use to show up to the gym in a limousine with a driver. This was during the time he had lost his license for awhile for drunk driving. He use to love driving around drunk in metropolitan Milwaukee while shooting out the street lamps with his gun during the evenings. Well, one day he just split quick from the gym with the limo leaving the limo driver abandoned and in a state of confusion. He did return three hours later to pick up the poor guy at the gym. I remember the limo driver having stated the following when deserted by the Tooz and awaiting his

fate, "I don't know what I should do? I don't know if I should call the company or not? I don't want Tooz getting mad at me." It is understandable to be able to relate to the fear the limo driver had in not wanting to upset the sometimes jolly but always unpredictable Green Giant amongst the common man.

Tooz was a partying terror at the night clubs in Milwaukee and the surrounding areas. One time I witnessed him walk up to a guy and tear open his buttoned shirt and then state right afterwards, "Now you are He-Man, Master of the Universe." Later he picked up two guys in the club, one in each arm and walked around with them proclaiming, "Look I have two dumbbells." He wasn't the kind of guy you could say no too, if you were targeted for embarrassment. First of all you would need a step ladder to climb up to hit him. Secondly, I think the normal man would have definitely broken his hand on his humongous head. One time at a crowded nightclub in the city Greenfield, my friend who was a short guy whom we nicknamed *The Gremlin*, due to his appealing resemblance to those fuzzy creatures, he decided to have fun with the Tooz. The Gremlin began yelling at the Tooz from across the oval shaped bar, "The Raiders Suck." The Tooz became enraged and began chasing my friend around the bar approximately three to four times, before he escaped into a deeper crowd of people with his life intact. It was quite cartoonishly funny at the time, and if it wasn't for my bud being short enough to maneuver through the crowd, I fear he would have ended up an hors d'œuvre for the primordial giant.

The construction crew ended up staying until closing time. I can't figure out how these kind of guys can walk around in the early mornings hours on those high roof peaks without falling, since many times they are hung-over and most likely still inebriated from

excessive partying the previous night. The construction crew did spend a load of money at the bar this evening and were good tippers. They were all fairly ripped so I called them two taxis to drive them to their destinations. Before they left they kept telling me to come visit them someday, at their neighborhood tavern in Oak Creek. I told them, "You can count on it, as long as the ghost of the Tooz isn't around tearing the city up." They all laughed as they walked out the door chanting, Tooz, Tooz, Tooz. I then closed up the tavern and headed home for the night.

When I arrived home, I received a call from my younger son in California. He told me how he had been jumped earlier in the evening by three gang bangers coming out of a mall in Southern California. He explained how they came up to him with a gun and demanded his money. He said, "The big guy had the gun and he wanted my wallet." I said, "What happened then? Did you give him the wallet?" He said, "No, I told him to Fuck Off and I went after him." My son ended up fighting the three dudes to a draw before escaping, and then driving off to a hospital with his wallet of money. He then told me he just arrived home from the hospital and that his hand was in bad shape from the fight. My son stated, "I had emergency surgery but the doctor claimed I may need further surgeries in the future." During the fight one of the assailants stated in referencing my son, "This Mother Fucker is Trippin."

After hanging up with my son, I felt really bad for him because nothing seems to be going right for him since the divorce; just a long string of bad luck. The dreadful guilt I felt was beginning to consume me, even though I have no realistic way of helping him, due to the geographical distance. I then proceeded to the table and sit down to write, to work out the many problems in my head, so I can sleep peacefully for the night.



### **The Corporate Machine**

The corporate machine decides what everything means.

They elect our politicians from their Super PAC machines.

The US Supreme Court has ruled them a single person.

How does a corporation become a person like you and me ?

They wave the US corporate flag and are very keen.

To donate to the Universities and run the Board of Trustees.

The newspapers write what the corporations claim,

Since advertisement is the name of the corporate game.

Large corporations, transnational, and multi national corporations

Some are larger then many nations and bleed some nations dry.

They run the police, the army, and the whole political nation.

Labor unions and other organizations are run by the corporate domination.

They brand us consumers as brainless wonders and careless fiends.

They sell us so much of everything that we don't even need.

Wealth and riches, we are taught are proper American dreams.

Just think of yourself and ignore those without the necessary means.

Our ministers and churches know whose the boss

They design their sermons to the corporate boss.

Everything is run by the large corporate sponsors

Like they have some moral authority, one wonders ?

It's blind loyal allegiance to the large corporate machine.

### **America**

We have a failure to communicate America.

One of six people living in hunger in America.

A college education sky rocketing out of control in America.

A national debt of over 17.5 trillion in America.

Foreclosure filings in 2011 were at 2.9 million in America.

The true unemployment rate is near 20 percent in America.

People are falling out of the middle class in America.

Programs for the poor are being cut all over America.

Total greed is alive amongst the wealthy in America.

Corporations are running everything in America.

People have loss their minds in America.

People are like walking Zombies in America.

People are giving up their dreams in America.

People are living on the very edge in America.

Less than 12 percent of workers are in a union in America.

To much money is spent on foreign wars in America.

Nearly 50 million people without healthcare in America.

Millions of people homeless, in urban and rural America.

Multimillions of people silent due to indoctrination in America.

People's personal debt is getting way out of hand in America.

The Koch brothers live like Greek Gods on Mount Olympus in America.

Wisconsin Governor Scott Walker spreads lies on a daily basis in America.

The Bill of Rights is being chipped away at on a regular basis in America.

Crime is a bureaucratic and public institution in good ole America.

Lets get real America, how much longer can we hold out in America ?

Then we have the Disneyland middle class and upper class in America

Where everything is fine and wonderful in their harmonious America.

There are no fights, crime, unemployment, poverty, in their America.

They don't notice any problems in America, except when their televisions

Their televisions are on bringing them bad news in America.

They are just one step away from turning off reality in America.

They get by when they shop in fine upscale stores in America

When they eat at the finest restaurants, they feel real good in America.

They drive Mercedes, Rolls Royce's, and Lexus autos in their America.

They have Cadillac health plans in their perfect and well balanced America.

If you don't like or appreciate the way they live in America

You can always stay free of charge at one of their prisons.

Yes, prison institutions that they have built across America.

They can jack up your rent and have you evicted in their America.

It's called gentrification, and it's going on all across urban America.

Now it is all not that easy to understand, when it is said and done in America.

Some wealthy people may want to be the common man's friend in America

And some criminals are just plain cruel, ruthless, and dumb in America.

But something has to be done about this coming Armageddon in America

Or everything will catch fire and brimstone, in this warped divided America.

United we stand, divided we fall

The supra wealthy can't have it all.

If the politicians can't get it right

Then let them see our solid might

With a French style revolution this fall.

### **The sacred word police**

Word, Words, Words

They make people mad  
The words are killing me  
So I might hold them in

Words of truth, they get passed all around  
Causing others to become enamored in hate  
To destroy all words as terrorists to the state  
The words they must run and hide to survive  
Up into the cupboards or high into the sky

Keep these words safe from the word police  
And scramble them in your book bag of peace  
The prisoner will even hide words from his cell  
He will even hide words on paper up his Kazoo  
So keep words safe from those employed to hate

Words must hide since they are now despised  
When combined properly they refuse to tell a lie  
So religious tyrants who hold vile false truths  
Are attempting to kill words and warp the truth  
Since profit seeks not a word of real truth  
But kills the messengers holding the truth

Eventually all words will come to die  
Because man has become Roboticized  
He needs not words but input commands  
To pull his strings and make him prance  
To the wishes of the slave master dance

Henceforth this day it is now understood  
Anyone who uses words combined of truth  
Is now hereby proclaimed to be fully insane  
All words shall be silenced and destroyed  
Since these words play and toy with the mind

Now search and seek for all words and destroy  
For we are short on time and the Master wants  
He wants to dine, pleasure himself, and sleep on time  
Keep these words safe and hide them securely away  
Like in your trousers or else the word police may or might  
Kill you with a military drone while using your cell phone.

## Chapter 13

*"Time and tide wait for no man."*

*Geoffrey Chaucer*

I arise around noon on this fine sunny day and look around at the mess I have made over the past few weeks. I then pick up one of my books that I have been slowly reading, sent to me from a friend. It is a book by a deceased professor named Harold Rugg entitled, *Imagination*. The book delves into the roots of the creative imagination and how it works, can be understood, and even taught to anyone. He was a controversial educator because of his genius in search for understanding, no matter where it leads one. Lesser minds with personal political agendas always find a way of silencing the discovery of truth, if it interferes with the status quo or their political agendas. Yes, Dr. Rugg is a hard man to find in our public libraries and universities.

I decided to get dressed and head to Kosciuszko park to sign up for the gym. Afterwards, I head over to the indoor Pulaski pool, to find out the schedule for open lap swimming. A clean body and mind begins to bring one out of the depths of *Dante's Inferno*. I even decide to go shopping for some healthy foods to prepare for my journey to the Promised Land, that Dr. Martin Luther King talked about in his last speech entitled, *I've Been to the Mountain Top*. When I arrive home I take a good look at my feet which are beaten and bruised from a lifestyle of neglect verse the battle against diabetes. I decide at that moment, "If I am going to go down in this world to an early grave, let it be at a full six foot in height and not chopped up to my knees or upper thighs. I fear not

death, the government, nor any man but to fall into such horrid circumstances will have destroyed the quality of life and the will to live." I feel like I have lived over 100 years emotionally and physically in this life with no regrets, except for not having the financial means to help those dearest to me. I turn on the radio to liven up my spirits and the song, *I'm Different* is playing by 2 Chainz. How fitting because I really am different. I don't even understand myself and I've been talking to myself for a half of a century. I decide to throw on some *California Love* by Tupac and Dr. Dre to get into the mood for this evening, while I write some humorous whacked out poetry to get me in the mood.

### **Kerplunk**

Just trying to take a dump  
Than there is the kerplunk  
The toilet flushed just right  
But low and behold, oh my  
Things are not going so right

Quick get the plunger  
The water is coming fast  
We might have a disaster  
If we can't go any faster  
Noah's Ark is very near

Turn off the water from the rear



Things are swirling all around  
It appears something is going down  
The adventure is coming to an end  
WOW, I think were safe once again.

### **Erectile Dysfunction**

When your little man is feeling so sad  
And he can't stand up because he's mad  
It's called erectile dysfunction.

When you work him hard  
And he still wont be a star  
It's called erectile dysfunction.

When he can't compete  
To that special female treat  
It's called erectile dysfunction.

When you drug him up on Cialis  
And he still can't rise to the occasion  
It's called erectile dysfunction.

Hard times are ahead for him

But you have always been there for him.

You will both get by, so give it another college try!

### **The Brute**

Born an ignorant brute,

Able to be soothed with a flute.

Walking around like King Kong

Reflecting in the Mirror a terrible sight

An ugly hairy monster of fearsome fright.

The brute steals and eats with his fingers.

He scratches his head and his love shack.

He walks around with a great surprise

Why no one does think him very wise.

Could it be because of his funny disguise?

The brute likes the attractive woman next door

Even though she is the town scandal and whore.

The brute has urges which need a womanly fixing

But first the brute must pee in the beautiful garden.

Nothing is too good for the enormous brute you see.

The brute won't read except for "Sports Illustrated."

The brute is a sight of true Wal-mart style fashion.  
His T- Shirt is ultra tight to expose his mighty fright.  
The brute works in an industrial pit with a passion.  
But don't ask the brute to engage in intellectual conversation.

The brute plays the air guitar, when he's at the bar.  
The brute uses many profanities like bitch and shit.  
The brute will fight you just over a mug of cold beer  
Or the brute might just bite you and tear off your ear.  
The brute is just one crazy huge ass giant lug of a man.

The brute just may be the guy living next door.  
The brute don't fly right, cause the brute is uptight  
The brute don't change his clothes or underwear.  
The brute just might be right out of prison or jail.  
The brute is usually a thug who likes to talk a lot.

Until the child sits down and teaches the brute his ABCs  
Then the whole magical world opens up for the brute you see.  
Full of words and imagery, the brute gets very scarred cause  
The ignorant brute can't really even read, or write, or spell.  
The brute feels like he came from Hell but the child was right  
Give the brute time and even he can excel from a fiendish life.

Just as I finish writing I receive the call I have been waiting for from Center Street Malik. It is time to go party and have some fun so I lock up my palace that really has nothing to steal. Upon arriving at the front door of the nightclub I am greeted by Malik and Latisha. Latish picks me up with a grand bear hug and swirls me around a few times like a rag doll. Since it appears that I am the only whitey around I think to myself, "Maybe I will just tell people who might not like whitey, that I am an albino with black parents." There were many gang members in the front lobby when I walked in along with older OGs, known as Original Gangsters from the old school who still live the life style. They are more fearsome and connected than some young upstart, since they have the connections to accomplish any task at hand. When we reached the dance floor area the whole dance floor was packed, and damn those black ladies were dressed to kill. There wasn't much left to the imagination as the ladies tore up the dance floor in an exotic frenzy of rhythmic dance moves, which made one feel like they were at a wild orgy. Black women can really shake and move them booties in every direction, with each having their own unique style.

We went to the bar to get some drinks and met up with some of Malik's crew. The first thing one of the cat's said was, "Is he a cop? He looks like a FED." Another guy said, "You look like one of them Elliot Ness Feds, You FBI?" I said, "I am just an old man who is out of style. A real square old daddy lost in the Hood." Everyone laughed and one guy stated, "You right about that white boy." As we all walked over to an area in the back with tables, Latisha grabbed my ass with such force that she nearly lifted me up off the ground.

When we all sat down everyone introduced themselves and they were pretty cordial, even with all the fun they were having jive talking with the white boy jokes. One of the ladies named Akira was a beautiful former model who was highly educated. She received her bachelors degree from Morehouse College and her Master's degree from Princeton University in English. She was planning on moving to New York in the next year to attend Syracuse University to work on earning her Ph.D in English. Akira had the present day beauty that was possessed in historical and mythological accounts by the Queen of Sheba. She was a modern day mesmerizing African American Queen returning after 3,000 years of absence and seclusion. She spoke softy but elegantly and moved people more by her sincerity and charm, than one who was skilled in the art of rhetoric could have ever done.

Akira was very interesting to listen too as she talked a lot about Langston Hughes and Maya Angelou. She quoted Maya Angelou, "There's a world of difference between truth and facts. Facts can obscure the truth." This profound truth can be seen regarding numbers and words and how they can be formulated in anyway you want to get the guaranteed conclusion, one is looking for at the time. A great accountant or economist can manipulate numbers to make anything look the opposite of reality, just like a magician. The same goes with what a persuasive prosecutor or judge can do in the court room with words, they can manipulate the law and someone's freedom to serve their own agendas at the present time. In the process they can make it appear that they have a foundation of integrity in defense of justice, on behalf of civilian society. A great orator can make a saint appear evil and a evil man appear to be the saint. It is the game of words where common sense logic is undermined with creative fallacies of rhetoric.

The next Maya Angelou quote that Akira brought forth would make middle class people stick their nose up and claim utter absurdity concerning it's relative ness to general societal worth and value. The quote by Maya Angelou is the following: "My mother said I must always be intolerant of ignorance but understanding of illiteracy. That some people, unable to go to school, were more educated and more intelligent than college professors." Life has many ways concerning the expansion of knowledge and experiential learning also known as learning thru experience, is probably the best form of learning. One can take for instance a university professor who has a Ph.D in philosophy, who actually knows very little concerning life, even if he has a photographic memory and may have read all the major works of every well known philosopher from ancient times to the present. Without real life experiences and the suffering which produces knowledge and eventually wisdom, someone without these experiences is left uncultivated and stunted in their true educational growth. It would be like a great scientist and mathematician understanding all the geometric angles to shots in the sport of basketball, knowing all the rules, and having a command of all the mathematical statistics involved in every aspect of the game; he would still not know how to play basketball with any success without having the real life experiences of playing the game on a continual basis.

This same scenario plays out concerning SAT scores from wealthier high school districts where the instructors teach to the test, as the above listed basketball scenario. The impoverished school districts don't have the luxury and advantage to relay this knowledge to their students, while these students must then attempt to completely consume all the knowledge presented to them. Naturally, individuals with just average intelligence from wealthier neighborhoods are going to out perform even a very

intelligent individual from a poorer school district for two major reasons: The first reason is having to do with not having been exposed to all the higher level code words in life that make one appear to be more intelligent; by basically having a larger vocabulary base which is recognized by established authority. The second reason is if one can strategically study for a test with only having to memorize a portion of the test, this almost guarantees a high probability of success regarding the SAT's. No intelligent mind, no matter how great it is can memorize everything. If someone has to read a novel and face the possibility of being tested on any aspect of the novel, this person has to study more and know way more than the person who has been trained to the test. There is no comparison here and it is only natural that the wealthier school districts would out perform and score much higher on the SAT tests. This does not even include the other challenging factors impoverished school districts face concerning limited funding and scarce resources everyday of the school year. The financially strapped school districts also have to deal with the overwhelming student problems of nutrition, broken homes, anxiety, stress, depression, and the daily chaos of life that goes along with living in poverty; in these economically depressed neighborhoods contained within these school districts.

Akira spoke on a wide array of topics from literature, history, philosophy, politics, psychology, and sociology. While listening to Akira speak, I ridiculously fantasized that I wanted to take her brain home with me in a jar and dissect it, thought she was way to pretty to perform such a Frankenstein style experiment on. Hell, I didn't even like dissecting the frogs in biology class in high school. It was nice and refreshing to hear someone openly speak the truth concerning Rosa Parks and the civil rights movement. Sometimes in life almost everything appears to turnout as a fairy tale. Rosa Parks was an

asset to the NAACP where she with great devotion and education volunteered on behalf of, for many years as a secretary. The real Rosa Parks was Claudette Clovin, who was arrested nine months earlier for not giving up her seat to a Caucasian person. She was charged with assault and violating the segregation law of Alabama. The media style Rosa Park's event was a staged event by the NAACP, since Rosa Parks was looked upon as a better spokes person for the African American community, to represent to the general public.

Anyway, Latisha wanted to dance so she dragged me away onto the dance floor. She was actually a real good dancer and had the "booty shake" down to an art. She was even out performing the thin girls. I was the flashlight in the crowd or you could say the main component for the strobe light effect on the dance floor. Actually, I had just enough to drink that I felt the music vibes and performed quite well on the dance floor; in my inebriated personal opinion. Even with clown feet and size 15 shoes, I didn't trip or step on anyone; plus I kept my rhythm and beat going while dancing. Latisha said, "I did good" but I think she was a little biased. Everyone else told me they would be sending me my "Soul Train 101" certification card in the mail. So I started to do the *Funky Chicken* on the dance floor as expressed by singer Rufus Thomas, Jr., who brought this hit and the dance moves to the music scene in 1969. I had everyone in our group rolling in laughter including other people on the dance floor. I think I missed my calling in life, since I should have been a comedian. Looking up at the ceiling in my drunken state, I felt the presence of Rufus Thomas beyond the ceiling, sitting up there somewhere on a cloud or a star; while he was looking down on me with a huge grin.



## ***Chapter 14***

***"To be yourself in a world that is constantly trying to make you something else is the greatest accomplishment."***

***Ralph Waldo Emerson***

I arise to the freezing cold morning with the tune, *The Devil Is A Lie* by Rick Ross featuring Jay Z. As I hop out of bed I receive a call from a cat I haven't seen in 20 years named Red Zany. He asked me if I wanted to come to San Francisco for a few days to get out of the cold and relive some old times. Knowing this was a dangerous proposition, I would probably need extra cash for bail money to visit this cat. He was always a good time but you never knew what he would pull or get you involved in. I recall when I first met him around the age of 15, he invited me to this expensive restaurant in Milwaukee. He told me not to bring any cash because he would catch the bill, since he had just received a settlement from a car accident he was involved in the previous year. While we were eating at the restaurant, he kept encouraging me to order more and more food. He would say things like, "Hey, that steak was good. Why don't you try some lobster." He kept calling the waitress over and ordering more and more food. It came to the point where I could hardly breathe, as I was attempting to stuff the last fork full of pasta down my throat. Red Zany then tells me, "That was some good food, you sure you don't want some dessert?" I said, "I probably won't be able to walk out of here because my stomach is exploding and I can hardly breathe in any air."

The waitress then came by and delivered the bill which was way over a hundred dollars, as Red Zany graciously thanked the woman. Red Zany then tells me to stand up

and walk quickly but casually to the front door, and then sprint once outside." I said, "What the fuck are you talking about?" He then told me, "I don't have any money but if you want to stay and negotiate with the restaurant, maybe they will let you do the dishes all night to pay off your bill? Though, I highly doubt it since you ate like a pig all evening. I am leaving in the next 10 seconds, so you better make up your mind fast." I remember running down the street being temporarily chased by the one of the cooks, who was cursing up a storm and waving a butcher knife.

Anyway, I accepted his invitation to come visit him, since after tonight I had a few nights off; due to business slowing down because of the cold frigid weather the state was hit with for the last week. Plus, in this industry it is not hard to get someone to cover for you, since everyone is usually behind on their bills. I decided to relax this morning by popping in an older film entitled, *Pulp Fiction* a classic directed by Quentin Tarantino and co written by Tarantino and Roger Avary. Tarantino who was born in Knoxville, Tennessee has been quoted stating the following, "I was kind of excited about going to jail the first time and I learnt some great dialogue."

Many great writers, entertainers, and athletes are naturally of the artistic spirit. They carry that underlining rapid current of passionate violence within them, that comes to the surface in a split second like a volcano, when feeling betrayed or personally insulted. Film director and writer Tarantino was once sued in 1997 for assaulting film producer Don Murphy over a dispute regarding the screen play of Jane Hamsher's book *Killer Instinct*. Don King took a beating often from "Iron Mike Tyson" because of Mike's frustration with Don King and the disappearance of much of his wealth. The Italian Renaissance artist Caravaggio killed a man who was a known pimp during a tennis game

in regards to one of his prostitutes, whom both men desired. Boxing legend Emile Griffith killed a man in the ring who was constantly referring to him as a maricon (Spanish: meaning faggot) before the fight at the weigh in, where he even pinched Griffith's ass to infuriate him further. Griffith had the man in the corner and furiously unloaded a whirlwind barrage of punches like an avenging cyclone onto the helpless man.

It is my philosophy in this world to attempt to get along with everyone as best as possible and treat everyone with respect. Though some cats are just too dumb or arrogant to get it. There is always some fool out there who wants to challenge you or demean you over something petty, irrelevant, or even non existing. One can take these fools up to a point before you either have to walk away like the allegorical Jesus Christ or do a Mike Tyson on their sorry ass excuse for a human being. Words are meaningless or trivial unless the intent in the tone is set to degrade for no reasonable purpose. These cowards are of a low intelligence and usually hate themselves, since "Misery loves company." Though they are not dangerous since the true cat that is dangerous is usually quiet and has that wild look in their eyes, who is living on the very edge of life's existence.

There are certain events or circumstances that can happen to one in life that can change their whole world upside down around them, in an instant. Thus, sending one into a whole new realm. Into a world that they would have never traveled into before or seen, if it was not for the life changing incident. Mine life changing incident began in the 1980s, when I was arrested for a felony and two misdemeanors regarding a fight in a tavern. It was a large fight that broke out between 20 to 25 guys in an Eastside nightclub in Milwaukee. I was with a group of four friends and we ended up getting involved in this country western style fight in the hallway. I only learned a decade after the fight that one

of my friends had started the fight by throwing a shot glass at someone sitting at a table, who was with a large group of friends. The eruption that followed would have made a good scene for a western movie set had it been recorded.

According to the police report, "I was described as punching four to five males to the ground, kicking one repeatedly in the head, while driving another patron's head into the wall repeatedly. During this fight the undercover officer claimed, "He had hit me numerous times in the back of the head with a black jack." Then he alleged that I turned around and he stated, "Halt, I am a cop." He then alleged that I said the following, "I don't give a Fuck who you are." He further alleged that I proceeded to body slam him with such force that his gun flew out of his holster. He alleged that as he tried to get up, I had forearmed him three times to the head and dropped him.

After nearly four years of motions and hearings we finally went to trial. The prosecution was seeking a postponement but I had enough and wanted this case to end one way or another. In the end, I learned that the real criminals many times are the ones whom we hire to "Serve and Protect." The case was filled with so much deceit that they (The System) was attempting to just cover everything up, with having me plead guilty to a misdemeanor. The way the law is written, when one pleads guilty to a resisting arrest misdemeanor, you are really pleading guilty to a battery charge. In this case it would be pleading guilty to a battery charge to a police officer. The prosecution was offering 10 days in jail when I knew the minimum would be six months.

My first attorney was able to get the confession I never gave removed from the record. The initial district attorney was removed from the case due to legal improprieties which my initial lawyer caught her on. The major prosecution witness testified during

the trial that, "I was only attempting to protect my friends during the fight at the nightclub." During the trial in the court room the police officer who alleged I assaulted him, was forced to admit under questioning by my trial lawyer, that he had been drinking on duty the evening of my arrest. One could tell that this case was heading towards a landslide victory, until the sneaky bailiff decided to ask the jurors if any of them would like to go home early for the holiday, to be replaced by an alternate juror. Low and behold, they get this alternate juror lady on the jury whose husband was high up in the fire department within the city. While the rest of the jurors wanted to throw the case out, she fought hard as all Hell for a full conviction on everything count; since one could hear her screaming in the courtroom from inside of the jury room.

The system like a magician always has a mixed bag of tricks up their sleeves. Many of these characters could make excellent writers for children stories, short fiction, or out of this world novels. They have amazing imaginations that go along with their warped ideas of reality for the pleasure of amusing themselves; at the expense of truth. In the words of H.L. Mencken, "The penalty for laughing in a courtroom is six months in jail; if it were not for this penalty, the jury would never hear the evidence." The prosecutors are best expressed in the words of Mark Twain, "Get *your* facts first, then you can distort them as you please." The legendary Clarence Darrow was correct when he stated, "Justice has nothing to do with what goes on in a courtroom. Justice is what comes out of a courtroom." And finally the great William Kunstler affirms reality, "When we talk about justice in America we're really talking about justice brought about by the people, not by judges who are tools of the establishment or prosecutors who are equally tools of the establishment or the wardens or the police officers."

The rest of the jurors after being exhausted decided to reach a deal with the clamoring biased juror who the system fudged onto the jury. The jury demanded that I receive no felony, no jail time, and no probation. The worse case scenario was a possible fine to be determined by the judge. After the trial two of the jurors came up to me and apologized about the verdict. Sometimes there are small victories concerning justice in America but that is not without a long hard fought struggle, many resources spent, and definitely some luck. My main trial lawyer told me after the verdict, "You beat the system, nobody beats the system." I didn't really fully understand what he meant by those contradictory words at the time. Now I do understand, after living a life in search of the truth.

Once you enter the criminal justice system you are a number to be mass processed and it has nothing to do with justice. The government does not like to lose or become embarrassed, since they will wait a life time to get even. They deliver their own style of ruthless revenge from behind the scenes, in a long and patient subtle style making sure your life is effectively monitored and controlled. Things that a regular person may think might have happened to them by chance, are quite often a designed program towards your eventual destruction and demise. When one leaves the courthouse steps, that is when the real sophisticated war begins. One will face many uphill battles in life from combined clandestine forces encompassed within the many tentacles of the government bureaucratic power structure.

I decide to call Ta'koe from work, in an attempt to receive an extra day off of work. This way I will have four days to spend on my trip, to the big international city of destination for travelers, from all over the world. Afterwards I call my sister to have her

go on line and order me a plane ticket to San Francisco, for tomorrow morning. I end up writing one poem before taking a nap in preparation for an evening of work.

### **The Tavern**

They sit in the bar

Just drinking the drink

And staring in the drink

Sometimes they surprise you

While they hiccup in the drink.

Total stoners, wishful loners

Washing away the stink

That fills up in their life

And they keep filling up the drink

While I began to reach the brink.

Who are these consumers with nothing to say ?

The bartender comes by and keeps filling their drink

Somehow the music blares on, for one of them can think.

They stare at each other and have another sip of their drink

My mind starts to wonder, "Should I spit in their damn drinks?"

Liven up these bug gars, what do they really think ?

Their minds are consumed by Jose Cuervo and Brandy.

They begin talking politics, now I must really laugh!

They talk about Niggas and all that crap!

What should I do, the bartender looks fine?

Maybe she will stop filling up their glasses and we can have time,

To talk to each other about something intuitively inspiring with wine.

While romancing the time, in this tavern of dead bodies passed in time.

Is this all a dream, could people be this dumb, or maybe it's the rum?

I have to leave this place, before someone snatches my package of gum,

And I become one of these lonesome thunderhead, bar drinking bums!!!

At work this evening I meet an interesting individual named Carlos from San Diego, who is involved in the independent film making industry. Carlos was an encyclopedia of film knowledge, that reached from the very beginning of the film industry, with a special love for silent film. He spoke much about Mary Pickford the silent film sweetheart from Canada, who captured the heart of Americans with her smile and long beautiful curls. She was probably the most famous and loved woman in the world, during the zenith of her career from 1910 thru 1930. Carlos explained how the original 1914 film version, *Tess of the Storm Country* had catapulted Mary Pickford beyond all imagination, into the heavens with her miraculous performance. I agreed with Carlos, since the climax scene shot near the end of the film was of such a heartfelt breathtaking performance.



In the film Mary Pickford played the part of Tessibel, a peasant girl dressed in rags who entered the church to have a dying baby baptized. Tessibel enters the church with the illegitimate grandchild of the unknowing evil landowner. Tessibel has been secretly raising the child for the landowner's daughter, as her own to save the reputation of the landowner's daughter. When Tessibel reaches the front pew of the church near the minister, she is abruptly rebuked by the landowner for attempting to have the child baptized. Tessibel stuns the Victorian churchgoers by baptizing the dying child herself, with the heart felt passion of a true biological mother. This dynamic emotional portrayal in this scene by Pickford captivated the audiences in the cinema. After this film the public became in awe of Mary Pickford, as she was elevated in the movie industry to a regal stature of what all women inspired to be as a woman, and what all men wanted in a woman. She had reached Goddess like status and people were mystified by her abilities, charm, and enduring lovable traits.

Carlos compared Nicole Kidman to a modern day version of Mary Pickford, as someone who could carry a movie by herself, even if the script or plot wasn't that great. I personally thought Nicole Kidman's greatest performance was in the 2001 film entitled, *Moulin Rouge*. There are very few actors since the beginning of Hollywood who were able to pull off such feats, as carrying a movie almost single handedly by themselves. One of those actors was the spectacularly famous Marlon Brando. His acting skills were extra ordinary and tremendous in movies like, *A Street Car Named Desire*, *On the Waterfront*, and *The Godfather*. Then you have other outstanding performances by such actors as Jack Nicholson in films entitled, *One Flew Over the Cuckoos Nest* and *The Shinning*. Carlos was a Robert Deniro fan and was impressed by Deniro in such movies

as *Raging Bull*, *The Mission*, and *Goodfellas*. We both thought Paul Newman should be on our greats lists because of his performances in *Cool Hand Luke* and *The Hustler*.

Carlos stated, "One cannot forget the classics that Elizabeth Taylor performed in, with amazing vivacious performances in *Cleopatra*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, and *Whose Afraid of Virginia Wolf?*"

Carlos brought up the independent film made in Mexico in 1992 entitled, *El Mariachi*. This film was written and directed by Robert Rodriguez. Carlos stated that, "This film was made with all amateur actors on a \$7,000 budget." Carlos claimed that this film and films like this helped bust the doors wide open in the early 1990's, concerning the advent of the independent film industry. Columbia pictures was so impressed with this motion picture *Mariachi*, that they purchased the United States film rights. Robert Rodriguez produced two other sequels entitled, *Desperado* and *Once Upon a Time in Mexico* in which the films became known as the *Mexico Trilogy*.

I informed Carlos about Milwaukee's fine past entertainment with *Nightmare Theater* that use to be on every Saturday night beginning in the 1960's. The shows host was Doctor Cadaverino and Igor was his headless assistant. Carlos thought this was funny as all Hell, and he wanted to know if they still played reruns of this local show in Milwaukee. I told Carlos, "We even had a popular guy here known as "The Crusher" who wrestled for the American Wrestling Association and the World Wrestling Federation back in the day. He was as comical as they come and he grew up in South Milwaukee. He bragged all the time after his matches about how much beer he was going to drink that evening. He would go on talking about all the dollies he was going to party with along Wisconsin Avenue after his victory match. He would tell the wrestling announcer that he

trained by running at the lake front with a large keg of beer on either one of his shoulders, while afterwards he would keep fit by dancing all evening with Polish Barmaids. He would finish guys off with a bolo punch, full nelson, or the famous Crusher Claw. This guy would talk so hilarious and crazy that he was loved in Milwaukee. He was very proud of his Polish heritage and probably could have become mayor of Milwaukee, if he only had the time for this do nothing office position.

By now, Carlos was laughing so hard that he needed to drink Milwaukee style. So Carlos followed my suggestion and ordered the Four Wiseman. This shot is usually ordered with one part each of Johnnie Walker, Jack Daniels, Jim Beam, and Jose Cuervo. Since Carlos was having such a good time, he wanted one shot of each liquor lined up in a row, to slam down one right after the other. I advised Carlos that this might not be what the Four Wiseman would advise but that I would make sure he didn't leave the tavern with a gal, he might regret being with in the morning. When Carlos finished his four shots he stated with a huge grin, "This Milwaukee is one crazy place, it is like a cartoon or something. I am having a Helluva goodtime." I replied back to Carlos, "Yes, we are a lot like the characters in the *Flintstones* cartoon. This is due in part to our large consumption of alcohol, in order to keep warm during the depressing cold winter nights in the frozen city, blanketed in snow and ice."

Old man Heinrich who is a regular, walks into the bar and orders his traditional shot of booze and a beer. I ask Heinrich, "How are things going today?" Heinrich states, "What do you think, the Jews run the money supply in Milwaukee, while the rest of us common folks have to scratch and claw to get by in life." I state to Heinrich, "I know, I remember a time when the Jews were as poor as us, when they were only lawyers and

doctors. Now most of them are all Bankers or CEO's for the fortune 500." Then I tell Heinrich, "I would like to introduce you to my Jewish Mexican friend named Carlos from California." Heinrich states to me, "Where is his Kippah? Then Heinrich states the following to Carlos, "Hey Carlos, you ain't related to any of the families of Herb Kohl, Max Karl, or Bud Selig are you?" Carlos bursting out laughing states, "No Sir, but I work with many of the Jews in the entertainment industry." Heinrich then states, "Yes, they own Hollywood, most of the porn industry, all of congress, the media, and most of the atheist organizations have their secret funding." Carlos then states, "Sir, I am a full blooded Mexican American Catholic and I promise to never come under the influence of any communist atheist propaganda." Heinrich states, "That's good my son, you will go far in life with God on your side." Knowing where this conversation is headed, I change the subject since Heinrich can go on all day with facts and figures to back up his claims. I tell Heinrich, "Everything is Kosher, as the next shot is on the house. How has your wife been treating you, lately?" Heinrich replies, "You know Emma, she can go on all day bitching up a storm, that is why I purchased these here ear plugs over 20 years ago, when I retired from General Motors. When my ears get sore from the ear plugs, then I come here for a drink and relaxation."

At that point, Carlos was starting to feel his buzz and was getting it on. With shouts of "Viva Mexico!" and "Viva Zapata!", he had me laughing up a storm. Heinrich replies, "Oh no, there goes Texas, California, and the rest of the southwest." Working in a tavern is an interesting place, since there is always live comedy. I decide to have a shot of Jaeger and join in the chorus of shouting with my own shouts of "Yabba Dabba Doo! Wilma, I'm home!"

Entering the tavern comes some *Damsels in Distress*, looking for an ice cold beer and a good time. Two of the ladies head to the jukebox to get the place rolling, as if it hasn't been rolling enough to begin with this evening. The two other friends named Lisa and Jessica approach the bar to order drinks for their friends. Lisa introduces herself and Jessica, and she orders four bottles of Spotted Cow for herself and her friends. Jessica looks sort of gloomy so I ask her, "Did you have a bad day today? You appear to be a little down." Her friend Lisa responds for her in kind, "We are out to have a good time tonight to celebrate Jessica's official divorce filing today. We brought her out to lift up her spirits." I said, "Well I am sorry to hear that but one would think that the person filing the divorce wouldn't be the unhappy one." Jessica states, I caught my husband cheating on me and it blew my mind away." I reply, "Isn't there anyway you can work things out?" She said, "Hell no, the bastard was cheating on me with his best friend. I caught him and his buddy playing baseball on the living room couch when I came home from work early." I burst out laughing and state, "What do you mean?" Jessica replies, "My husband was catching and his friend was pitching; while butt naked. All along I had thought they were just best friends but I had no idea they were lovers." I reply, "Wow!" Jessica then exclaims, "Wow is right! I don't have anything against gays, lesbians, or bisexuals. Though in any relationship in which I am involved in, I am the only one who is going to be the bitch." I couldn't help but chuckle at that comment, so I decide to give the girls a round of free shots on the house, to help them in uplifting Jessica's spirits.

Carlos already had worked his way into the comfort of the other two friends named Patricia and Cheryl. Both of them were big breasted women which is hard for any man to turn down. Men are suckers for these type of women. In Carlos they found what

most women want in a man, someone that can potentially bring them fame or financial security. I decided to call all the ladies and Carlos to the center of the bar for a round of shots. I then asked Heinrich if he would also like a shot. Heinrich stated, "I better be off home, this crazy world is too much for one old man to take anymore. I think I miss Emma yelling at me?" In one chorus everyone shouted, "Have a goodnight Heinrich!" As Heinrich walked away he shook his head and stated quietly, "Crazy young ones."

Carlos was getting funnier as the night progressed. Carlos had Cheryl sitting on his lap while he was bouncing her like a new born baby. Carlos seemed mesmerized by the hooters on Cheryl, since he appeared to be focused in and talking more to Cheryl's breasts than her face. The only time Carlos would look up is when Cheryl was French kissing him. The lady's had played an array of girly tunes from female singers such as Madonna, Mariah Carey, Miley Cyrus, Lady Gaga, and J-Lo. My favorite song that evening was J-Lo's, *Jenny from the Block*; since the girls in their enamored state sung this song in unison. Women are so damn cute when they are high and acting silly.

When everyone was pestered out for the evening and went home, I closed up a little early to pick up a pizza from one of my favorite pizza places, on the Southside of Milwaukee called Pepi's. I am a notorious pizza connoisseur who has probably tried almost every pizza in the metropolitan area of Milwaukee. I am into the thin crust New York style pizzas with some of my favorite pizza places being Maria's, Balistreri's, Tanino's, Pepi's, and Flippo's thin crust pizza. The Milwaukee area has always had some great family owned pizza places and it seems unfair to only recognize five of them, since the list is endless. When I arrived home and finished off my large pizza, I then had enough energy within me to write some poetry before calling it a night.

### **Mysterious Woman**

She has words of splendid gold.  
Her baseball cap fits just right.  
Her breast are bold and in flight.  
Her pants are filled so really tight.  
And her curves are just outta sight.

She will play with you for awhile.  
Catch your attention a little while.  
And then go back and do her thing.  
But from the corner of the wood bar,  
She is starring at you all the while, in style.

She has the upper hand, as only a woman can  
To lead and stall and then talk for a short while.  
She is mystified and trying to figure you out.  
What kind of man are you and do you fit her style?  
She is sweet and soft and it is a pleasure to here her talk.

Though when she begins to walk, you rise to the vibes in her beat.  
She might play you for a while, then maybe meet you for a date.  
When you smooth her over, you might have just opened the flood gate.  
The first touch and kiss will be sensual and make hot temperatures rise.

And that chemistry that started out, will flicker for the evening all about.

### **The Informant**

The informant always gets wise to you.

The informant always sticks close to you.

The informant always wants to be your best friend.

The informant will go to all ends, to befriend you.

The informant is a shallow empty box, my friend.

The informant always tries to get to you.

The informant is as yellow as they come.

The informant wants to do things for you.

The informant is always complimenting you.

The informant is hip to everything you do.

The informant always has the eyes on you.

The informant wants all the news on you.

The informant will always backstab you.

The informant loves to investigate you.

The informant can't wait to see you arrested, too.

The informant might be a Jehovah's witness.

The informant might be a working bartender, too.



The informant might be your landlord, it's true.

The informant may even live right next door to you.

The informant might even be you girlfriend and savior too.

Though one thing is for sure, the informant is always keeping a tab on you.

## *Chapter 15*

***"Great spirits have always encountered violent opposition from mediocre minds."***

***Albert Einstein***

I arise this beautiful morning to Hungarian folk music on the public radio. As I start to pack for my trip to San Francisco, I start to reflect about multiculturalism and political correctness in America. I start to wonder if multiculturalism is a failed experiment in the United States or in matter of fact, around the world? Can people actually get along with other cultures when most of the time, they can't even get a long with their own? Is political correctness an absurd idea that raises everything to a phony upper middle class standard of typical hypocrisy? I feel political correctness stops debate and stifles intellectual progression, while leaving underlying hostilities boiling, until they eventually evolve into reactionary forces against a harmonious equilibrium.

I once spoke to an 11 year old youth living in Fremont, California from war torn Afghanistan, in which he enlightened me more than any adult ever has with a simple phrase, "People just can't get along." Just that simple. If you look throughout history, there hasn't been one group of people who have not suffered injustices on this planet; while many times these injustices have come from their own people. These injustices usually happen even before any outside group is able to get their hands on them. Many times family units can be the greatest downfall to one, especially envious relatives hoping for the worst to happen to you; while secretly smiling behind the scenes.

Political correctness attempts to pretend everything is hunky-dory when it is not. We just pass another law for another special interest group and the problem is fixed, while making one group the total bad guy. This is not only dishonest but creates further underlying hostility, which down the road will explode in deep divisions. Very few controversies in this world are completely black and white, like a fairy tale. Many times the truth comes out in various shades of grey. An evil person or an evil group may be speaking some truths if not many or many truths with ulterior motives. This should not cancel out the argument expressed just because those who presented the factual truths as evidence; may come from a despised group in society. Truth stands on the factual evidence and is the sound basis for all justice and harmony in a society. The truth holds no allegiances and stands on it own as a guiding light for humanity.

When you pass a law it has to be a universal law for everyone. When people get into their high morality kick and have all of our speech and actions controlled by the government, then it is time to line up and receive our mind control implants to become the robotic citizenry, that the government so desires. In reality, people need a handbook nowadays in attempting to understand how to get along with each other, since the invention of all the numerous political correctness etiquette rules. The great uncle Sam will teach us everything we need to know, when eventually it will become a crime to dissent in any particular way. There isn't one person who hasn't violated one protocol of political correctness etiquette in this country in at least one facet of their life, unless they are equivalent to a saint, and we don't presently appear to have many of those type of people running around this world. If someone claims they are pure then you know for

sure they are a liar. Hell, if people get mad and curse their own God which everyone has done at one time or another, they sure as Hell have cursed someone else or another group.

Concerning stereotyping, everyone does this on a daily basis. Most stereotyping is just convenient expressions of truth which are usually correct on the probability scale, concerning the vast majority of a people in an ethnic, religious, or alternative lifestyle group. Everyone stereotypes all the time and at times it does serve good measure. If some guy walks by you with a tear drop tattoo by his eye, most likely the SOB has killed someone. Oh yes, there may be some guys who are just sweat hearts out there who like to wear these tattoos for design, though do you want to stick around to find out? If you are going to walk around in life and act like a thug, while in reality you are a wonderful person, then don't be surprised that some people may be cautious of you bases on probability statistics.

Then you have all these different groups who feel they own words, and are just ready to explode on someone who uses the same words as them. When you run this route you end up creating unnecessary enemies through hypocrisy who will become alienated with you, your causes or your people. Now you have created divisions unnecessary divisions and weakened your positions, self, and group progressive cohesion. This is how the world goes round and the world is made up of to many different types of people. When you challenge anyone to control them, you will eventually create a backlash. You lead by the example you set, which is reflected upon in the mindset of everyone you meet. You are what you portray. When you act like an animal for no purpose with complete ignorance, you not only reflect on yourself but on your group. When you attempt to blame your ridiculous actions on others, it will come back to haunt you with a

boomerang effect. There are times and places for everything including bold action and war, but to have crudely offended as many people as possible in the process, gains very little sympathy for you or the group of people you claim to represent. Everyone makes mistakes but to get caught up in an endless nightmare of daily mistakes like some kind of bully, will eventually end in your dismal down fall. Begin a new life by correcting the error of your ways, and start reflecting on your true inner self , as you go forward and demand justice. Nothing is fair in this world but one can find happiness in their own comfort zone of spiritual awareness on a higher conscious level. Then fight on.

I begin to write at random in my notebook in order to clear my mind for the day. Everyone in America is striving to be the Man, Numero Uno, and the Big Shot; when in reality the simple things in life are the most rewarding. I recall once when some homeless guys offered to share their limited food with me. People who had much less than me, this did more for me than one could imagine. I recall another time when I was instructing a 4th grader at her home concerning her homework, where she would stop at times to have small talk, and then proceed again with the homework. She taught me how to be more patient and instruct better, since people generally want to get to know you better, than they will proceed again but at an amazing rapid pace of learning. Her grandmother would also come by and make sure I was fed and happy. Small acts of kindness by people less fortunate can have lasting changes on the benefactors minds and thinking habits, than anything else in this world.

No government or military no matter how powerful can change people, the way people can change one another. The greatest hearts and souls live in the beaten lives of those worn down but not finished off by the world. Sometimes the less you have, the

more happier one can become. Though if you battle anyone to low you make a monster out of them and they will lose all sense of humanity and proper direction. Human nature is more simple and honest than any government bureaucracy or organized religion would have you believe. You cannot have eaten with a man and his family and sell him out afterwards, if you are a part of the human race. Just like in war, everyone becomes a brother in the brotherhood. Anyone who was defending his brothers back in the time of war is a solid friend for life, even if they may have not liked one another in the beginning. Anyone who still hates his brother after sharing blood and death with his brother is not only not human but naturally evil. No one is perfect but certain experiences build solidarity and change that lasts a lifetime.

Life has no easy answers and forgiveness does more to change people than anything else. This can easily be seen by people like Nelson Mandela and many people captured in war, who forgave their enemies for torturing them. To hold onto the hate only destroys the victim and makes him eventually just like his enemy in the end. He will thus commit bigger atrocities than were done to him, once given the opportunity. Everyone walks a different path in life and life can be a dangerous evil place, where survival is a daily struggle. There are no simple answers and many times we loose our way on the path to elf discovery. The only things free in life are humor, music, love, family, and friends. Sometimes even these things are not free. I guess I am still in search of the truth and must except finding only small pieces of it daily, no matter where it leads me. I think the one thing that does torture me daily, is not having all the major answers to life. You can't make everyone happy, the truth does not always end up where you would like it to be, many things are not that easy to figure out in life, and no matter how hard you try you

are only human and bound to fall short. You can only try your best on a daily basis and learn from your mistakes; and hopefully make some kind of positive impact while you are here on this planet they call earth.

Again, when we pass laws they have to be universal laws for everyone. Like how about not being harassed at work for any reason by one's employer, except for poor work performance or attendance. Not just because of their ethnicity, gender, or any other reason. The employer should have to give every employee respect universally as a member of the human race. This way it is even easier for people of any color or religion even at the present time to win a case for harassment. It is presently legal for a employer to fire one for any reason except for general civil rights laws or union activism; so we have passed laws for special members of society. The present federal and state laws even in their present form concerning a black person for instance, faces an extremely insurmountable uphill battle to win, since all the employer has to do is blame the firing on another reason other than ethnicity. You have to prove racism and the onus is on you. If the employer were not allowed to harass anyone for any unreasonable reason, the onus would then be on the employer. Thus these type of universal laws would not bring envy like hostility but would bring the power of unity.

Since we as employees have to treat the employer with respect but the opposite is not always the case for the employer. These people are not God's on earth. The people of extreme and unwarranted wealth should be humbled and forced to collect garbage, while also helping in fixing the homes of the bottom levels of society. This way one would stay closer within the confines of humanity while forming bonds of friendship and love. The

wealthy should all be forced to act like former President Jimmy Carter, who cleansed himself from the days of corruption in politics.

The way the system is set up we reward vices and pay lip service to virtues. The business world is made up of many of the vices to financially succeed, while the people doing services in the form of virtue concerning the bottom half of society, are looked down upon and paid lowly no matter how educated they are in this life. The whole system is upside down and backwards. Most community events should be free for the masses of people for cultural growth and spiritual awakening. Organized religion than can be relieved from the constraints of preaching sermons of no relevance while withholding the truth, due to the fear of going out of business; if they don't heed the words of the master class. At present we have organized religion, government, and large corporate businesses as the sponsors and corrupters of society. Organized religion tells you to blame all the problems of the world on yourself, as they galvanize you to force submission with these same defeatist attitudes with strict obedience on everyone else. When one becomes docile one can ignore all the sufferings of everyone else, while just concentrating on your own selfish personal salvation.

Many people wonder why they are not happy in this world even though they have wealth, prestige, or power. The God of materialism and success does not bring happiness, since happiness comes from helping others. Though, when you won't appease the forces that be in society, they will just cut you off from participation in mainstream societal activities. The way things are presently going in this country concerning societal values, it is probably better to not be involved in society, while watching it's great decay from the outside looking in. It feels like the reality of government, organized religion, and the



business community is to just break people's spirits, as to gain the conformity they desire, while offering no guiding light to humanity for spiritual community growth as a society. The big three above stand in the way of true human development and progress, with all their conflicting messages and ulterior motives causing most of societies real problems.

There should be a certain reasonable standard of living guaranteed for everyone to live at least a comfortable life in society. The powers that be design laws to pit us against each other and most of us, eventually fall for this tactic. I don't believe that the power structure can't set a minimum wage level high enough to guarantee a comfortable living for everyone through general work. I don't care how educated someone is in this country, things are way to out of control concerning compensation. People on the bottom deserve the same respect even if they are a janitor and who cares if he is not educated. He is working just as hard and more likely harder than the people on the top of society. How would the lawyer or executive like to clean up crap all day?

Education should be a choice into better employment one prefers that is mentally more rewarding but not this present day extreme wealth inequality. The bottom level people of society are forced into a job that they don't like in order to survive. This is not mentally rewarding, so these people should be rewarded financially well; since no one else wants to do their job. In the present day reality the person at the bottom levels of society do not have the same human rights because of the education issue in this country. This person is still productive to the world no matter what job he or she is doing. The Hell with this attitude of arrogance contained within society, where one should get paid so low that you are just considered lower than the house pet of the upper middle class and wealthy. We may not all be equal in talent but we are equal in human rights and this is a

human rights issue. You don't need a six bedroom house if you have a family of three. You can just live as comfortable as everyone else, so that a family of ten can at least have a reasonable three or four bedroom house.

Income inequality is so great in this country as so called organized religion justifies this in terms of their in action or silence, proves they are a racket for elitism and the status quo. Then everything they claim about Christ is a racket too. If we are intelligent enough to send a man to the moon, create all these new advances in medicine and technology, than you can't tell me we aren't intelligent enough to cure the extreme excesses of wealth in this country. Though, if you don't go with the total capitalistic way of thinking they will just call you a Marxist, Socialist, or a nut. One must tell it like it is, that we are a greedy ass people in this country. We pay lip service with no real intentions for action but for show. Go along with the program of greed or be alienated from society. I believe people would still create great things without the extra monetary luxury just as a painter or athlete would still give his best effort even if he didn't have the extreme excesses of wealth. Everyone wants to create and build something magnificent but not being overly fed won't make one work less productive, since one is doing something they love. I don't have all the answers but there are enough bright people in this world to figure out a way for universal equality of spirit in sharing the resources of this earth.

One can even provide poor people with jobs of their choosing with a seniority system to later get jobs more to their liking. For instance, one could rise from janitor to an opening within a recreation department in a city, if he so desires. Or society could move people around so that the poor can change jobs on a rotating basis, so they don't have to be stuck in many of these mundane jobs that stifle the mind. One would be able

to float about different employment positions, so boredom does not come into play, like on a rotating basis. As one becomes more educated, then more truly rewarding jobs will come to them. Also, all education on all levels should be free. People would complain how are we going to do this financially? Instead of spending ridiculous amounts of monetary wealth on the military to control and destroy the world, we can spend it on free education for everyone. Everyone should be allowed to continually go back for further job education with the opportunity to begin retaking tests until they pass. Just because one fails it should not be the end all of the world. No one is that bad that they can't eventually be taught or trained in a certain field over time, in order to eventually pass the tests needed to excel further in life. There are huge undiscovered potentials in everyone.

I look up and notice the clock and I only have a short time to get ready. So I place down my pen and call my sister, in order for her to come pick me up and take me to the airport. As my sister pulls up to take me to the airport it is only fitting that the song, *Going Back To Cali* comes on the radio by Biggie Smalls. When we arrive at the airport my sister slips me 50 dollars, knowing I am traveling on an almost empty budget. When I arrived at the San Francisco airport in Emeryville I had to catch a bus to the North Beach neighborhood of San Francisco. It was here where I met my bud Red Zany. I dragged my heavy bag of luggage up three flights of stairs where I parked it in his cell room of a pad. We then visited one of his favorite hangouts in North Beach, that lead to a long night of boozing it up.

Most of the cats in the tavern had known Red Zany for over 20 years. They were a wild allotment of San Francisco natives. People who were born and raised in San Francisco and take great pride in letting outsiders know they are native inhabitants of this

great city. The whole lot of them were interesting and colorful characters with animated personalities. The one cat from San Francisco named Bruno, use to travel the country and wrestle in various wrestling federations and organizations. Bruno stated, "You have to earn your stripes when you first start out in any of the professional wrestling organizations. It is a whole lot of entertainment and fun once you get name recognition but the new guys get the living crap beat out of them when they are just learning the ropes in practice. Many of these guys have played various sports in the past and have excelled in many combat sports." I asked Bruno what he thought about the December 1984 interview with the 20/20 reporter John Stossel with professional wrestler David Shultz. Bruno replied, "The Bitch had it coming to him. You don't insult a man's career by telling him his employment is fake. Only people in the industry understand the hard knocks one has to go through in order to reach the top. It is a violent sport. It is just like a stunt man who risks physical career ending injuries during every stunt for entertainment purposes. Stossel had it coming to him when he was bitched slapped upside both sides of his head."

During the night all the patrons had a watch out for all the beautiful women that walked down the street, from inside the tavern. There was no political correctness in this establishment, as the men whistled and yelled compliments to all the gorgeous ladies walking nearby the tavern. The male patrons would get all rambunctious when some of the ladies would blow them kisses or send them agreeable waves. At the end of the night I, Red Zany, and Bruno left the establishment together in a highly incapacitated state of mind. At that moment a middle age couple walking their two dogs were passing by the tavern. The man who was walking a large dog next to the woman who was walking a

much smaller dog near him encountered a disruption. The large dog was violently barking at the smaller dog. All of a sudden heroically sensing the injustice, Bruno jumps in front of the dogs and their owners stating, "That ain't right that the big dog is picking on the little dog. I will do you a favor and body slam the big dog for you. He needs a lesson taught to him." The couple not knowing what the Hell was going on became quite nervous. The woman stated, "Please no, everything is okay. The two dogs actually like one another." Bruno replied, "You sure you can control that big dog and his temper." The couple stated almost in unison, "It is alright, the bigger dog is just having a bad day." Bruno then stated. "Well if you need any help, just let me know." The couple thanked Bruno for his understanding, as they hurriedly walked away as pleasant as possible. I thought to my self, "I bet they will never walk down this street again, since the new dog sheriff is patrolling the neighborhood. They are probably wondering if this guy had lost his mind or something of that nature. I guess professional wrestling can make one punch drunk like boxing and other sports."

While walking down the street the next morning in North Beach with Red Zany, Red points out this guy who is heading our way from up the block. The guy looks about 67 to 70 years of age and he is a big dude dressed sharp in expensive clothing. My buddy tells me, "This guy use to be a hit man for the mob back in the day before he lost his mind. He is crazier than a pit bull now." As the guy walks by he is tearing apart a piece of chicken like a wild dog or wolf who hasn't eaten in days. My buddy goes up to him and says something nutty to him but the guy just growls back at him and continues on walking. My buddy told me, "All the restaurants give him free food so he will just leave and not cause a commotion and tear up the joint. No one wants any problems with the

guy because North Beach is a tourist industry, and no one knows what he is capable of doing if angered. Nor does anyone want to find out. People figure the guy went nuts probably from killing so many people in his life time."

Afterwards my bud who has already been drinking this morning decides he wants to do some shopping. We visit every store in a circle like radius around the block, while Red Zany takes the liberty of a free shopping bonanza. This was right out of a comical Benny Hill show, with my buddy waddling thru each store with his big sports coat on and taking everything in sight which he needed. It wasn't even like he was attempting to be sneaky, he was totally obvious and complimentary as he left. It was so obvious that no one thought anyone would just grab what they needed and walk out waving goodbye. I mean he walked out of one place with a mop and some produce. He then proceeded into the next store where he blatantly grabbed what he wanted or needed in this store. He even had the gall to ask one store for a bag, for the things he was departing with from them. I decided to keep my distance because I was laughing so hard and I didn't want to get involved in any crazy ass shit. He must have hit up about eight stores in the circular route for close to 200 hundred dollars. When his crime spree was over I asked him, "What the Hell would you have done if someone came up to you and claimed you were stealing from them?" He stated, "Oh, I would just tell them I forgot to pay and I would just hand them some cash. Hell, I am a little short this week. I will catch them back down the road when I have more money." When we arrive back at the pad, we left the mop outside the door of his apartment next to the bathroom. When we were about to leave Red Zany notices the mop is gone. He then states, "You really cant trust your neighbors anymore.

Nowadays, they will rob you blind. I really can't believe they took my mop, what bastards."

We head out to one of the local taverns for a tune up for the evening. We enter a tavern that has some blues music playing with a live band. My buddy meets this girl named Lulu who dances up a storm with him on the dance floor. Afterwards, Lulu goes out with us on a drinking spree of good times which lay ahead. We pass by one of the public libraries on the way, on our way to a tavern in the Mission District. I stopped and told Red Zany and Lulu to, "Drop in the library with me, so I can get a quick library card." Once inside the library this nice looking, friendly, and helpful librarian behind the counter diligently works on getting me a library card. The librarian then steps out from behind the counter to help me finish the last procedure, before receiving my official San Francisco library card, at one of the computer terminals. This became the delight of my life as she walked to the computer in the shortest miniskirt on, that I have ever seen in my life. As she stood in front of me while bent over at the computer to show me the final steps in the process, I was blown away by her assets. I instantly thought to myself, "My God, they sure don't make librarians like this in Wisconsin. I think I am in library heaven. No wonder this library is crowded. If all librarians looked and dressed like this, the country could wipe out illiteracy overnight." When she turned around I politely stated to this spectacular librarian, "Thank you for being so courteous and helpful. By the way if you don't mind me asking, what is your name?" She smiled and replied, "My name is Melissa." I then introduced her to everyone in our group and told her I was an avid reader. She stated, "That's interesting and good to hear." Then Red Zany blurts out, "Yeah, he has read every nursery book and comic series ever printed." Melissa starts

laughing and I ask her, "Would you be interested in going out with us this evening for a night of relaxation and enjoyment, after you are finished here at work?" Everyone gleefully attempts to convince her as she contemplates the idea. She states, "I have a prior engagement but it won't last all night. I could meet up with all of you afterwards." Lulu was extremely excited and she joyfully blurted out, "That is fantastic, we will all have a great time." I gave Melissa my phone number to contact us, when she was ready to party with us for the evening. While we were walking out of the library Lulu stated, "That chick is hot. I cant wait to get a piece of action with her on the dance floor tonight." I laughingly reply, "Hey listen bitch, that bitch is mine for the evening." She replies, "This is a market economy based on competition and I have a very marketable ass and tits that you don't have." I defiantly state, "You don't know if she is bisexual?" Lulu then states, "This is San Francisco, all the women here are bisexual." Red Zany then states, "Well, what about me? I thought you were with me beautiful? Lulu then states, "I am baby but I love doubling my pleasure."

We finally enter the joint of our destination after about a mile and a half walk thru the city. This tavern has a mixed crowd of people and everyone is in good spirits. Red Zany asks me, "Why did you want a library card since you are only going to be here a few days?" I state, "For three reasons. One, I am a library card collector. Two, I am drunk. Three, and most importantly- I am somebody now in the city of San Francisco!" He starts laughing and then states, "You always were and still are, one crazy Fuck." I tell Red Zany, "Let us go to the bar right now and have a few shots of liquid cocaine and salute Charlie Sheen. All three of us line up at the bar and down three shots in a row of liquid cocaine, followed by the chorus of "Senor Charlie Sheen, a la salud y el amor y el



tiempo para disfrutarlo." Meaning, "Mr. Charlie Sheen, to health and love and the time to enjoy it." I then began to shout out my favorite Charlie Sheen phrases at the bar, as I raised by beer up high in my intoxicated state of mind. "You can't process me with a normal brain. I have a different constitution. I have a different brain; I have a different heart; I got tiger blood, man. I am on a drug. It is called Charlie Sheen." With that the night was on. as strangers purchased me drinks and wanted to party with me all night.

About an hour or so later, I received the call I was waiting for from Melissa. She told me that she was ready to come out and party with us. I told her where we were and she said, "I will be there within the hour." I was extremely excited when I hung up on the phone with the hot sexy librarian. When Melissa did arrive Lulu didn't waste much time dragging her on the dance floor and feeling her up. Afterwards we all slammed a few shots and headed over to a neighborhood sports tavern, that wasn't too far of a walk. When me and Melissa finally did get a chance to sit down together and talk, we did share many common interests. She picked at my brain and tested me on a vast array of literature. She wanted to know my inner feelings and romantic tendencies. She didn't seem to care about finances, employment, or material assets like most women. She wanted to know more about my sincerity, creative spirit, and my bonds towards humanity. She talked much about eastern culture and meditation. After a sweet gentle kiss she told me, "You're inner soul is genuine, truthful, and beautiful. It is your mind that is perplexed from processing everything and taking it directly to the heart. There are things that happen to us in life that need to be placed on a shelf and left to the rational part of the brain. One can only rely on a strong universal acceptance of truth and love for all creatures of the world. Moderation of one's life and time, will eventually heal all

wounds. The slow path to justice comes from within, and the acceptance that we are all just one small particle of the universe which goes on long after our existence. I told Melissa that tomorrow was my last day in San Francisco and that I would be leaving very early the next morning. She then invited me over to her place the next afternoon to spend time with her to talk and read together. I thanked her and looked forward to learning more from her and discovering new ideas. She gave me a hug and a kiss and told me, "Don't stay out too late tonight with your friends, I want to explore the full you in the highest spirits. By the way, bring your luggage over to my place with you. I will drive you to the airport." With that said, she kissed me on the forehead and hugged Lulu and Red Zany, while saying her goodbyes.

Lulu and Fred Zany decided to get a fancy hotel room for the evening, so Fred Zany gives me his apartment keys. He laughingly states to me, "If you get horny tonight, just knock on the neighbor's door to the left of mine. The ladies name is Frenchie. She is retired and uses a walker. She drinks a lot and she will take real good care of you. This way she might not bother me so much each day when I come out of my room." I then laughingly state, "And you say I am fucking crazy." Lulu then gives me a goodbye hug and grabs both of my ass cheeks when she is finished. She then states, "I have been meaning to do that all night." We say our goodbyes and depart for the evening. On the way to my friends apartment, I notice this guy with a tire iron who is chasing a tourist down the street. The San Francisco cops grab him and throw him on the ground. They lecture him for five minutes and then leave with his tire iron. In San Francisco you have to be a complete moron to get arrested, since the last things the cops want to do is make an arrest. This is an international tourist town and the last thing the city wants is high

crime numbers effecting tourism. The cops in San Francisco are the friendliest cops, I have met anywhere in this country.

Fred Zany arrives home at about nine in the morning, as falls down into the room when I open the door. He has a bottle of whiskey on him and he tells me that him and Lulu fucked all night. He states, "She was a nymphomaniac. She must have taken about 50 nude pictures of me and her, in about 20 different positions. It was sex the whole night from entering the hotel room until leaving. I think she broke my dick. Every time we finished having sex she kept stating, "We have to get him started up again" as she yanked and pulled on my penis like a rubber band all night." Me and Fred Zany decid to go get some breakfast at a nearby restaurant. Even for breakfast Fred Zany orders beer with his eggs, toast, and bacon. He even loudly starts singing parts of Mozart's operatic piece Le Nozze di Figaro (The Marriage of Figaro). He must have done alright because the customers were clapping when he finished.

After breakfast we stopped back at Fred Zany's pad and had a few drinks before I departed to Melissa's place of residence. Fred Zany states to me before I leave, "Hey cheap Fuck, bring more money next time. This place ain't Wisconsin where you can get a pitcher of beer for five bucks." I reply, "Ok, alright but I was just saving for my Bar Mitzvah." He then pulls out his switch blade and states laughingly, "I will give you a Bar Mitzvah, alright." With that said we depart and Fred Zany crashes out into his bed with his bottle of whiskey in hand. On the walk over to Melissa's place I take in the fresh air and the cool breezes from the San Francisco Bay. Walking by two of the major Catholic churches along the way I am spiritually moved by the National Shrine of Saint Francis of Assisi and Saints Peter and Paul church. No matter how many times one passes by these

monumental beauties, there always seems to be a spiritual encountering or connection of some type.

Upon arriving at Melissa's place and ringing the door bell, she answers the door in her bathrobe. She invites me in and tells me to make myself comfortable, by undressing to my briefs. She then takes off her robe revealing her mind blowing lingerie and she asks me if I would like some tea. With my head spinning I answer, "Yes, Melissa. Please." She then tells me, "We won't be having any sexual encounters today but I feel being open will help us in truly getting to know one another for three reasons: First, when one is unclothed they are themselves and forget about their hang ups. Secondly, the natural stimulation and sexual energy can be turned into a higher alertness in engaging in intellectual conversation. Thirdly, the spiritual trust and bonds that are built go beyond the sexual act, allowing for two people to really get to know the soul of each other." Naturally I said, "I diplomatically and gratefully except those terms and conditions on all levels. Cub Scouts Honor." After we finish the tea and some small talk, she had me carry a load of books to her bedroom.

As we lay in bed cuddled for the next eight hours taking turns reading passages from a wide array of books, in which she had underlined her favorite sections, I became a little sore and tired. She then gets behind me in the bed and massages my shoulders, chests, and arms. She then begins to massage my temples and kisses my forehead, while delving into my past by having me express everything since childhood. She had me confessing my pains, struggles, anxieties, and bound up confusions. She brought me out of the dark clouds into the sunlight of hope, peacefulness, and tranquility. She kept telling me, "Please let go of everything and just relax, it will all be better soon. Let all of your

emotions come flooding out, everything is going to be alright." She had me flowing in tears as she then straddled herself over the top of my chest. She began kissing my streaming tears and eyelids while whispering in my ear, "You will be stronger now and be able to see things in life more clearly." She then took off her lingerie and my briefs and we slept cuddled tightly for the next few hours with her heart beating on my chest.

When we awoke it was time to leave for the airport. I felt embarrassed and confused because I think I fell in love with this woman overnight. The fool that I am who always falls in love so easy. On the way to the airport she held my hand so tightly that it sent shivers up my spine. She told me when we were almost to the airport, "Next time you come to visit, we will make beautiful love." I told her I don't have much money and I don't know if I will be able to make it back this way." She states, "You will be back, I know your soul." I foolishly blurted out, "I think I love you." She then states, "I know, you have a big heart. We are kindred spirits and soul mates for life." When she dropped me off at the airport she kissed me farewell and stated, "Stay strong and keep in touch until your return." I promised her with all my heart I would stay in contact and felt deeply sad in leaving. She then gave me the tightest hug and most sensual French kiss as we departed. I didn't want to leave

On the plane I was trying to think of other things besides Melissa because it made me want to unrealistically jump off the plane and go back to San Francisco. I tried to think of everything but her to make time pass by without the deep heart felt yearning I had for this woman. I started feeling overcome with fear, since I know that love is a dangerous game, more dangerous than war. Love can turn into a slow agonizing death to be feared much more than violence. So I began to write some poetry on the plane about

anything except love. I started to write on some napkins until one of the other passengers gave me some paper to write on. The passenger from New Jersey seated next to me asked me, "Where are you from originally and are you a writer?" I told her, "I am from Wisconsin where everyone owns a cow, one pair of OshKosh B'gosh bibs ,and drinks beer everyday. I only write to conquer my demons." She laughed and so did the other guy sitting on the other side of me. She then states laughingly, "Well keep writing, I would hate for your demons to come out during the plane ride." I said, "Ah, don't worry my demons are on vacation now at some tavern in Wisconsin drinking some Beast beer, known as Milwaukee's Best." I wrote three poems while on the plane and afterwards engaged in comical dialogue with the passengers on board of the airplane.

### **I'm Dangerous with Words**

You don't want to mess with me.

I will riddle you with words you see.

I'm the Machine Gun Kelly with words.

I will mow you down and belittle you with words.

I will totally El Capone style assassinate you with words.

You can compete with me, just surrender and take a walk

Why let me make a fool of you, there's nothing you can do.

I will do a Mohamed Ali on you, with intellectual fervor.

I am a dynamo, a rapid AK-47 spitting words in cosmic style.

I have the rhythm and beat and can't be stopped in the street.

Walk away while you can, otherwise I will word whip you.

You, your crew, and your whole Damn family too, you dig it.

What? You want to shuffle with me, I will do a Marciano on you!

I've been from here to there, no man can out vocabulary me anywhere.

My words are ear cracking thunder and lightening fast, so just beware!

Listen you ape, I have had your wife on a date, your children worship my style.

There is a earth crater where your brain should be, you understand me you Neanderthal?

You have anything to say for yourself, or are you just going to stand there and stare?

I am messing up your whole world, you should just stick in your tail and race out of here!

Look at you mumbling something over there, the words are caught in your gargling throat

And you can't even get no air, your starting to look like the dance master, Fred Astaire.

I'm done messing with you, you can't compete, your just another chump from the street!

### **Cosmic Worlds**

Little Bernie Madoff entrepreneurs

Slinging rock for sale in the streets.

Disco burning electro lesbians

Dancing to a hip hop summer beat.

Thrashing rockers bashing heads.

Married Newlyweds breaking beds.

India Indians saying, “How do you do?”  
Driving taxis with turbans on their heads.  
Men masquerading in dresses with puppets.  
Little midgets fondling their hairy heads.  
Microscopic newspapers having all the news.  
Mother Nature drinking all the good booze.  
Uncle Sam arrested on the evening news.  
Don King finishing his doctorate degree.  
All the elves tell Santa, “We want to be free!”  
The Easter Bunny is really dead and his true name was Fred.  
This poem is a diversion from reality as anyone can see,  
It’s better than drugs and it makes one happy and free!

### **The Party**

She snorts a line of cocaine.  
The party music is blaring live.  
The people in the togas laugh,  
And the nudists in the pool  
Are afraid of the one who crapped.  
The make shift tents are all the same.  
In the yard they are burning flames  
From hotdogs and marshmallow treats  
Talking of Lady Gaga and her beat.



Familiar words are spoken very rude,  
The next think you know is that a punch  
Is drilled from someone's fist to someone's head.  
Like the Old Irish saying goes, "It is often  
That a persons mouth broke his nose."  
The police arrive shortly on the scene,  
Only to discover that the cat has left the scene.  
The music is shut down and the party's over.  
One hectic night and many have a hangover.

When I arrive home from the airport I jump into my bed exhausted from my journey. The sweet memories of Melissa begin to fill my head making it hard to sleep. So I stupidly send her a text message stating, "I miss you and love you with all my heart." She replies back by text stating, "Me too sweetie, get some rest. I will talk with you soon." I feel totally high but like a clown. I pace around the house until I place on Vivaldi's violin concertos entitled *Four Seasons*. I then begin to calm down and get some rest and finally dose off into a long deep sleep until the next morning.

## *Chapter 16*

***The whole aim of practical politics is to keep the populace alarmed (and hence clamorous to be led to safety) by menacing it with an endless series of hobgoblins, all of them imaginary.***

***H.L. Menchen***

I arise in the morning feeling good but I am annoyed by the political news on the radio. As I reflect on the modern state of affairs in this country and how they are reported, I arrive at numerous conclusions in my mind. All governments including democracies cannot be trusted and all governments are corrupt. To believe anything else is to fall for any tomfoolery in this world. The news is sent to us packaged as a comical second grade level of logic, while we are suppose to ignorantly and gullibly swallow this buffoonery they call news. In the words of Mark Twain, "If you don't read the newspaper you are uninformed; if you do read the newspaper you are misinformed." To place it more bluntly we have the words of H.L. Menchen, "A newspaper is a device for making the ignorant more ignorant and the crazy crazier." The mass media delivers us news mostly of a dark slap stick nature on the television screen for our consumption, while attempting to parade it off as something valuable and useful to society. The powerful elite feel that if they can dummy us down to such a ludicrous level of logic, that we will thus become the clowns they are looking for to lead astray, into a circus of simpletons fighting meaningless battles over meaningless issues. Our forefathers had it correct regarding the dangers of government and patriotism as expressed in the following quotes:

*Government is not reason; it is not eloquent; it is force. Like fire, it is a dangerous servant and a fearful master.*

*George Washington*

*Every government degenerates when trusted to the rulers of the people alone. The people themselves are its only safe depositories.*

*Thomas Jefferson*

*If tyranny and oppression come to this land it will be in the guise of fighting a foreign enemy.*

*James Madison*

*Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.*

*Samuel Johnson*

*No people will tamely surrender their Liberties, nor can any be easily subdued, when knowledge is diffused and virtue is preserved. On the Contrary, when People are universally ignorant, and debauched in their Manners, they will sink under their own weight without the Aid of foreign Invaders.*

*Samuel Adams*

*Government, even in its best state, is but a necessary evil; in its worst state, an intolerable one.*

*Thomas Paine*

Our forefathers were against large standing militaries because of an understanding, in which they could be turned and used against the people to control and subdue them. They understood the rights of the people to bear arms to keep the government honest and free themselves from unwarranted advances against liberty and freedom. Our forefathers understood that the government is not your friend and is only there for the communal good of society in a limited form, until they go beyond the hand that feeds them. The following intellectuals have expressed their beliefs in government in more basic and easily understandable terms, regarding the awareness of government as the monster and magician, in it's continual appetite for amassing power over the citizenry.

*Withholding information is the essence of tyranny. Control of the flow of information is the tool of the dictatorship.”*

*Bruce Coville*

*In every age it has been the tyrant, the oppressor and the exploiter who has wrapped himself in the cloak of patriotism, or religion, or both to deceive and overawe the People.*

*Eugene V. Debs*

*Power tends to corrupt, and absolute power corrupts absolutely.*

*Lord Acton*

*Government is an association of men who do violence to the rest of us.*

*Leo Tolstoy*

*It is lamentable, that to be a good patriot one must become the enemy of the rest of mankind.*

*Voltaire*

*How does it become a man to behave towards the American government today? I answer, that he cannot without disgrace be associated with it.*

*Henry David Thoreau*

*The most dangerous man to any government is the man who is able to think things out... without regard to the prevailing superstitions and taboos. Almost inevitably he comes to the conclusion that the government he lives under is dishonest, insane, and intolerable.*

*H. L. Mencken*

After further reflection I come to the obvious conclusion that government and the powerful elite indirectly and directly support the expansion of crime. There is no better way to control and easily take away the civil liberties from the people, then through the fear of each other. The United States is the most powerful economic nation on the planet with an annual Gross Domestic Product of over 17 trillion dollars, as of 2013. The United States represents five percent of the worlds population but 25 percent of the worlds prison population. According to the 2011 US Bureau of Justice statistics almost seven million

Americans were either incarcerated, on parole, or on probation. This in effect produces an army of government informants who are at the beckon mercy of the justice system, to provide any information seemingly valuable to authorities, to get out or stay out of prison.

One will never convince me that the most powerful military in the world with the most sophisticated counter intelligence cannot stop hardcore drugs from coming into this country, if they wanted too. Hell, we toppled democratically elected regimes in Central and South America that were not to our liking in the past by planting false news stories, paying off labor unions, financing front groups to rebel, providing military aide, and supporting future tyrants that were to the liking of US business interests. The criminal justice bureaucracy will never ask to be laid off, they will only grow larger, that is the nature of the beast. The criminal justice bureaucrats have no interest in giving up their power and looking for new employment, since it is much to profitable in their present state command posts. Plus, the criminal justice system is always a spring board to higher political office and special bureaucratic appointments within the large vast government octopus of state power. Governments only fear those who can effectuate change that would disrupt the economic and bureaucratic status quo, in attempting to shrink the size of the government bureaucracy. These are considered the real criminals of society by the powerful elite in government and those powerful elites and corporations subsidized by the government in multifaceted nefarious ways, against the interest of the common people. The other common criminals in society are of no real threat, since they can be picked up at any time for their continual criminal enterprises. In reality they are actually doing a service for the government, in helping to promote state expansion into the lives of

the citizenry. Everyday these assaults against the freedom of the people continue and grow stronger, until the eventual final act is delivered in full view, where the people are considered an enemy of the state.

When one can articulate change that inspires, one becomes an enemy of the state. You will have more government surveillance on you then you could ever imagine. Government intelligence programs are designed to neutralize individuals of this nature through subtle covert large scale harassment coming at all angles including employment blacklisting, character assassination, and the eventual demise of the individual over time through criminal investigations and false arrest. Most people crack way before the government with unlimited funding, ever has to reach this high level of constant pressure for any long period of time. In the end one will think the whole world is out to get you when it is all just a well designed plan making it appear that way, by using numerous people at different calculated times to cultivate a mindset within one of helplessness, against an overwhelming invincible power. Expert psychological warfare learned in military combat and war zones is used on civilians who become a major problem. Nowadays in the United States it is considered strategically more applicable to have one self destruct by suicide, psychological mental breakdown, or eventually commit a crime from being financially squeezed; then to have to knock one off and make a martyr out of the individual. The long journey of discrediting a person wears on even the most soundest of minds since everyone has an eventual breaking point.

There are so many fools in this country that jump on the bandwagon of lunacy without ever knowing the true facts about someone, while helping in the stomping fest of that individual. So many people are so use to taking whatever they hear as fact, since they

secretly desire and want to be part of the parade of destruction, that one has to wonder if this is not engrained within the genetic code of the human race? It gives one a feeling of power and uplifts their egos, since the rest of their lives are spent living like wretched cowards. Everyone loves a good hanging for the great spectacle and roar of the crowd. For instance, there are many people who listen to the two minute news clip on any matter and they will have instantly formed conclusions, without having any real hard evidence but their own prejudices and sound bites. Even Christ had to desert his hometown of Nazareth before the people were going to throw him off the cliff. Nothing here I am stating is new or profound, it is all part of the historical nature of society, that keeps repeating itself over and over in this world. Only in the United States are people so vastly politically naive on such a grand scale, because so many have been living the good life all their life; while shutting off their brains to the common sense realities of this world. At the same time many people have developed a numbness in their heart toward the sufferings of other people here and around the world, while only caring for their own personal aggrandizement and selfish interests.

There are very few truly happy people in the United States and they for sure don't come from the classes of people in this society, who are not suffering. Many of the upper middle class lead empty lives and are diluted into thinking that money, materialism, titles, and fame will bring them happiness. They keep heading in exactly the wrong direction in their futile attempt to reach true bliss, while they act like the mythical Sisyphus portrayed well by Albert Camus in his great philosophical essay. These people are the great pretenders who are always telling everyone how great of a time they are having at the most absurd mundane events, which add no real values to life or enhance societal well



being. The United States has become one big never ending advertisement, sales pitch, and con job of unhealthy fast food destruction for the mind. Everything is built on fraud and deceit, mixed with flattery and the smell of bullshit in the air. There is no loyalty or real friends in this country since the almighty dollar has become the God of the masses. These squares think they are going to live forever in their pretend world, believing they are the multi cultural alpha cool Ken studs and beautiful Barbie dolls in their fantasy dreams, which is only an empty existence of nothingness. Nice guys do finish last in this world as can be seen by the nailing of Christ to the cross, though I would rather be last than be an empty soul with no purpose, except for being a mindless consumer of things I don't need. Some of these people who think they are so popular and well liked are just fooling themselves. For instance, if one becomes severely handicapped in life the extremely vast amount of so called friends will soon go their own way while forgetting about your existence; including the majority of spouses. Yes, these true pretend friends are so nice to have around, that I would rather drink with my enemy than with these heartless frauds parading as human beings.

Concerning the corporate defense industry in the United States, they profit handsomely by selling weaponry all of the world for destruction and mayhem. The US military budget as of 2012 represents 41 percent of the worlds military spending. The US has budgeted approximately 645.7 billion dollars for the year 2013, on war materials for destruction. Our closest competitor is China, who we out spend by roughly six times that amount even though they represent a little over 20 percent of the human race, and four times our population. Even the most conservative estimates claim the US with it's 5,500 strategic nuclear weapons can blow up the world five times over. I think one time is

enough to accomplish this task? We are the new Napoleon's of the world attempting to push the rest of the world around to be just like us. No country can rule the world no matter how powerful their economy and military might be at the present time. We just can't keep our nose out of everyone's business as we attempt to monitor and control the world for our own agendas. The outside world has to be truly looking at us as the big spoiled brat tyrant of the world, while we think we are so charming and nice kicking the crap out of anything that gets into our way in pure ruthless fashion. One can only wonder how many jobs could be created if only the military budget was decreased to half it's size in the United States.

I know that I am in a pissed off mood today because I am attempting to crush the feelings I have for Melissa. I want to call her or write her but then one has to open themselves to the impractical long distance dangers of the unknown. I have been dealing with so much depression in my mind since I was a young child, that it is sometimes comforting. At least one knows the turf they are dealing on, then to go blindly into the unknown and be smacked with more pain, which can be even more severely devastating. I am easily swayed in life by my passions which have taken me down the road to Hell and back. I unrealistically take everyone as a friend who I meet in life and not just as a mere acquaintance. I am interested in their stories and life while wishing them the best in life. I guess this is not how the world works, since so many people just want to have a one way conversation to brag and boast about themselves. There is no journey or any real attempt to get to know one another. I always give the benefit of the doubt and trust everyone at first, and then I eventually come back to the same conclusion in the end, to trust no one. I guess if you want trust or loyalty in this world, it will come only from an

animal and not a human being. Maybe that is why people domesticated cats and dogs around 10,000 years ago, knowing the natural tendencies of humans to envy, greed, and jealousy? You are only convenient to people if you can do something for them in this world, otherwise you have no real value as an individual. To die young is truly a blessing in disguise than too witness people sell you out over time or discard you as one would the trash, in their garbage bins of used up products. I do believe that Hell is here on earth since trust, loyalty, and true friendship is a fictional story made for Hollywood.

In this country the extremely wealthy charlatans have even taken happiness from the poor in making the United States a country of charlatans. The warped value system of pure greed is cloaked as benevolent generous Good Samaritans; as we screw each other in order to just get by and possibly prosper. In the words of Honore de Balzac, "Behind every great fortune lies a great crime." I feel myself wanting to withdraw more and more from society. There are very few inspirational people in society anymore especially in the United States. There are no more Harry G. John's in this country who attempted to practice what their heart believed was correct and proper. Harry John was a philanthropist who was born in Milwaukee who attempted to help as many people around the world as was humanly possible. He cared not for the spotlight and would drive around in an old car and jeans when meeting with the poor, feeling he was no better than anyone else in this world.

I notice time has flown by while I was meditating in my chair reflecting on life and the ridiculousness of it's shallow existence. I decide to take a quick nap before getting ready for this evening. When I arrive at work the tavern is fairly busy with a group of insulting individuals who were very demanding. I can take a lot of abuse though

some people in life just get off by insulting people for no reasonable purpose. People who aren't really drunk but have an insulting nature and who just enjoy ridiculing people.

Anyone who has ever worked at low paying jobs understands these type of people. They tear down others in order to feel good about themselves, since these type of people feel they have a natural right to disrespect one due to their income level. I have never understood these type of people in life, except that they may have low self esteem and possibly a latent loathing for themselves. Like the old saying goes, misery loves company.

Ta'koe stops by the tavern to pick up his check and asks me how my trip was in San Francisco. I told him, "It was a wild short goodtime filled with many interesting people." Ta'koe then tells me, "If you are interested when you close up tonight, there is an after set party on the Southside where many of us will be partying; including some of the customers from the tavern here." After thinking about it for a few seconds I said, "Hell, why not. With the kind of night I've been having, I probably need some relaxation." Ta'koe then gives me the name and address of the tavern, while having me get him a shot of Patron before leaving. The tavern was a mess at the end of the night so it took me longer than usual to close up. While I was getting ready to shut the lights off, I remembered that I had forgotten to check the bathroom stalls at bar closing time. After a quick look and knock in the ladies restroom, I then went into the men's bathroom and flew open the stalls quickly. To my surprise one of the damn customers was passed out sitting on the toilet, with his pants pulled down. I said to myself, "Ah Fuck, what the Hell else can go wrong tonight?" I had to keep yelling and banging on the stall for a while to wake the guy up. He kept stating, "Where am I ?" I kept telling him, "You are at a tavern

taking a shit pass bar time, so you need to hurry up and get the Hell out of here before I loose my bartender's license." The guy finally stands up but he falls out of the bathroom stall with his pants down to his ankles. I kept saying to myself, "What a fucking nightmare, what a fucking night." I finally get the guy to stand up and pull his pants up while I order him a taxi. When the taxi arrives I end up paying for it, since the guy had lost his wallet and had no money on him.

I eventually arrive at the after set while things were beginning to wine down. When I see Ta'koe he asks me, "What took you so long." I reply, "The tavern was a mess and I overlooked one of the customers passed out in the bathroom." He laughed and brought me a drink. Ta'koe then states, "We are heading to my place very soon, it's only a few blocks away and there will be much to smoke and drink. I had nothing better to do so I decided to head over to Ta'koe's pad for some relaxation. When everyone began arriving at Ta'koe's casa, the place filled up fairly quickly with about 17 to 20 people.

Ta'koe began rolling a few blunts, while a few Puerto Rican gang members from the neighborhood began laying out lines of cocaine on the kitchen table. The three gang members were snorting line after line up their noses in the kitchen. One of the gang members named Jimmy was a real arrogant piece of shit with a wise ass attitude. He started to Fuck with me for no purpose, delivering demeaning insults one right after the other. It was almost like this simple fool thought he was superman because he was so high with snow powder all over his nose. There is only so much one person can take before even the calmest of people snap, and let loose on a piece of shit of this nature. His last comment was the final straw when he stated, "Hey Punto, why you looking at me? You want to suck my dick? I then flipped over the kitchen table and drove a right cross

into the center of his nose sending him wheeling into the wall. His two friends drew guns on me and pointed them at my head, while yelling some unknown curses in Spanish. I think they were more pissed off that all their cocaine went up in a puff of smoke, then me striking a member of their crew. As Jimmy sat on the ground smiling with blood streaming out of his possibly broken nose, he pulled out a switch blade and said, "You are finished bitch. I am going to cut your heart out." I reply in turn, "Try it, you punk ass bitch, since I guarantee I will take you to Hell with me in a split second." Ta'koe then stepped in and proclaimed, "Nothing happens here, this is my place." Ta'koe then gave the other two gang members some cash and a bag of weed for the their losses. At the same time Jimmy was trying to intimidate me by waiving his blade in slashing movements in front of my face while stating, "The streets are a dangerous place gringo, you never know when the face of death is coming. "I just stared at him with no comment and blew him a kiss as he left with his crew." On the way out the door he kept shouting while passing people, "Dead Man Talking."

When the trio left Ta'koe states to me, "You know this isn't over." I replied, "I know." Ta'koe then states, "You owe me 200 hundred dollars that I gave them for the Coke. You don't have to pay me for the weed I gave them but I suggest you start packing a piece." I state, "I really don't give a Fuck, I don't need a piece." He then states, "You are as loco as Suave Devil claimed you are in regards to caution. I think you are on a suicide mission." He then passes me a blunt and states, "Let's have peace and enjoy the morning." I knew that if it wasn't for Ta'koe, there would have definitely been a couple of body bags in the room that evening. Only out of respect for Ta'koe did Jimmy and the members of his crew leave without committing numerous felonies and a attempted 187.

As I was getting high I thought to myself, "No wonder nothing can ever get accomplished in this world because of low life's like Jimmy. No brain and violence for no purpose. I can understand the need for his reputation on the streets in order to survive but he is counterproductive even to his own people. Though cats like this with limited intelligence have nothing but bravado and without a gun, knife, or crew they are nothing. They are just gun slingers who eventually enter prison and find out they really weren't shit to begin with in life. If the convicts don't get you in prison, then the guards will in the most dastardly and cruel ways known to man. People like Jimmy can't be educated since their minds are so Fucked up, from so many types of hardcore drugs. Jimmy is the type of guy the system loves. The guy who helps destroy the avenues of social justice, with his no mind violent animal criminal activity and conduct. Upon returning home early in the morning, I begin to write a poem while I am still high, before going to bed.

### **Marijuana High**

A thousand years go by  
Evil serpents must die.  
Arabian knights in the sky  
Hungarian traders and merchants survive.  
People catapult to the moon while alive.

Men in push carts deal in weed.  
Everyone carries the Holy Book  
Looking to do a very good deed.

Summer heat kills the crops

Agrarian revolution on the top,

The top of the universe is a thrill.

Mannequins look like humans still.

People drinking from old tin rusty pots.

Men on horseback tearing the land apart.

Computerized robots taking on personalities.

Man, woman, and child becoming extremely wild.

Native tribes still hiding in the unknown wilderness.

Peace and war still survive by each coming generation.

Nuclear warheads pointing at all, in all directions.

Here today but tomorrow we may all violently die.

Cosmopolitan girls in red dresses,

Men wearing flashy little bowties.

Fisherman fishing until the river runs dry.

Agnostics cursing daily and telling lies.

The rain falls in buckets from the sky.

I sit here and contemplate why?

As men smoke cigars and walk by,



Never knowing where there paycheck went.  
The Gregorian Chant fills my head real wide.  
Gothic teenagers skateboard by and wave Hi.

Artistic intellectuals sipping tea,  
Colonized people still not free.  
The International Monetary Fund  
And The World Bank has control,  
Control of everyone wanting to be

Financially and politically free.  
Renegade zealots shooting dice.  
Some people surviving on rice.  
Gambling for others is their vice.  
I am not here to give any advice!

Holistic entrepreneurs in bars  
I need a telescope to view Mars.  
The Irish deity called Angus Og,  
Gives us the most lushes beautiful  
Of the Irish women, we do know!

Mechanical yes men watching TV

While gallant warriors die while

Attempting to gain liberty and be free.

Mother Jones rises from her weedy grave,

As Shakespeare screams at all the knaves.

This poem will be done, before I reach my grave!

## *Chapter 17*

*"We are just an advanced breed of monkeys on a minor planet of a very average star.*

*But we can understand the Universe. That makes us something very special."*

*Stephen Hawking*

I arise about 1:00 PM in the afternoon in a fairly joyous mood. My brain is in a knot and I feel a little groggy, so I decide to fix myself a pot of coffee. I decide to give a call to a Dominican Sister that is retired, whom I have not seen for sometime. Sister Ellen is a writer of mythical science fiction, which she incorporates into her Catholic theology making life a transcendental experience through time and space. I stand up and grab the cell phone and leave a voice message for Sister Ellen, to please call me when she is available. I then go to the nearly empty refrigerator and grab an apple, then I sit down to contemplate life. At that moment I receive a call from my oldest son in California, telling me he will be arriving in two weeks by plane to live with me. I tell him that I will be looking for a new place for us to live, and let him know that he can stay at my sister's house until I get the place. My son states, "I don't mind where we live, any place is okay with me." I tell him, "I will try to find a place where we can get a small dog but first I am going to have to find a second job, quickly."

As I hang up the phone with my son my head is spinning, as a whirlwind of thoughts go thru my mind. I pause to listen to the birds chirping outside and walk to the open window where the signs of spring are approaching in the air. Fervently, I begin to search for places to live and jobs to apply for on the internet and in the old newspapers

laying around on the floor. Hope filled with the reality of despair and images of loved ones flash into my mind. I begin to panic as the anxiety of possible dreams, begin to torture my mind. The tortures concerning the inability to have control over the outcomes of life, in order to ensure a station in the realm of happiness are gaining strength. I begin to reflect on when I was young and use to visit with my grandmother in her room. I would sit and stare at the statue of Jesus Christ with the thorns stuck in his head, with the blood streaming down his face. I recall asking my grandmother, "Why did they harm him in that way?" I would sit and stare the whole time while my grandmother was praying, as I would run my fingers down the blood stained face of Jesus Christ. Over and over in my mind I would say to myself, "How could people do this to someone?" I would study the sadness in his face and felt his presence in the room. The unending perplexity of why he had to suffer this way when he never harmed anyone, would continually gnaw at my mind each time I was in the room. I always looked forward and felt privileged when I was able go into this holy sanctuary to meet with and spend time with Jesus.

I looked up and noticed my rosary after my reflections, so I began to pray while reciting the rosary. My anxiety began to leave as only peace and serenity began to fill my inner soul. The phone rang a few moments after I had finished praying and it was Sister Ellen on the phone. I asked Sister Ellen if she had any available time to meet for some spiritual guidance and discernment. She told me she would be available at 4:00 PM today for a short time, and she would meet me near the chapel as usual.

Later upon arriving at the chapel and meeting with Sister Ellen, we entered the chapel and sat down in one of the pews. After about five minutes of prayer Sister Ellen asked me how she could be of service to me this very day. I explained to her how my life

is spinning out of control and how I wished for eternal peace in the dark cold nothingness of the dead. I told her, "Life is a cruel joke with no meaning or purpose but misery, cruelty, humiliation, and degradation. In order to survive in the world one must become like the slime of the earth and swim in the filth that sticks to one daily, deforming one's own soul in vile magnitudes of monstrous ugliness. I view life with distain and want to escape from it's contamination, even if that means further suffering for all eternity; in defiance of the so called creator."

Sister Ellen grabbed my hand and replied, "The creator has given us an unlimited imagination to explore the mountains of nature, the deep blue ocean, and the infinite cosmic space of the universe. Our creative imaginations even in the darkest depths of misery can blossom beyond our present predicaments, in order to grasp pieces of the beauty of heaven each day. Even if our desperate surroundings appear invincible to overcome, the creative beauty of the imagination can take us beyond the confines of evil to paradise; thus allotting us a brief glimpse at what God has to offer us in return for our steadfastness in enduring the pains and man made evils of life's existence. The mind has no limits in place and in solitude the "Gates of Heaven" open to us all, as we are allowed to create our own designed fantasies of another world, where beauty and harmony reign supreme. This is the coming world that awaits us in due time for we are only here a very short finite time. One must treasure all the good in their lives and expand on it on a daily basis without letting the debauchery of life overwhelm and consume us. Small joys are to be found in the most simplest pleasures in life, as we go forward each day one step closer to the final destination of eternal joy, with all those who have come before us since the beginning of time. In time, all answers will come forward as there is no need for

impractical impatience due to the anxieties of this world. Each one of us is a gift to this world and we must not lose sight of this fact, otherwise we shall dismally perish into the morbid lost souls of a maddening underworld of darkness and despair for all of eternity. One's spirit can glow and shine even from inside prison walls, while the decadence of luxury and power can have the storm of debased vileness brewing in the background, from the corrupted spirits of darkness and utter moral decay. Look forward to the future, smile, and be grateful for the gifts of God since we only have short time here and must make the best of it for each of us."

When I arrived home I tried the best I could do to prevent one of my bouts of depression from taking hold. They come in like a storm cloud and can last for a couple of weeks and then suddenly lift and disappear, as fast as they came in. The storms feel like a trip of suffocating despair into Hell with relentless onslaughts of internal punishing pain. There is no escape except suicide, as one is imprisoned in their own mind in a dark dungeon pleading with the dark forces of evil to take your life. These occurrences have been with me since childhood but they have grown heavier as the continual defeats in life have mounted, while taking a large toll on me. I can remember all the way back to three years of age, while being too sensitive to the world around me. I lived in a dreamlike world in which I did not care if others were around me.

I was content by myself but as I aged to five and six years of age, I kept receiving premonitions that God has suffering and poverty in store for me. I even became fixated on the age I would die but I had no idea of why God wanted me to suffer in life. As I entered grade school I just wanted to be happy and get along with everyone but this is not how things work in life for children or adults. Cruelty starts young and I became

disillusioned with a world I could not understand. I became defiant in a world where I viewed adults even more cruel than children. Kids four to five years older than me would enjoy kicking my ass everyday in a group because when they were done with me, I would still flip them off, while they would jump me all over again feeling righteous in their actions. The older kids would see me the next day thinking they had taught me a lesson while laughing at me and insulting me but to their surprise, I would tell them to Fuck Off and take another beating. I could not figure out how this world works but I didn't care if I had to get the shit kicked out of me everyday, I would take whatever punches I could land in return and be grateful.

Even today I still don't understand how this world works but I do know the world can make a naturally good person with a good heart, into a person who loses their direction in life. I decided at a young age that I was not going to be walked on by people no matter the consequences. I had a open heart and wanted to get along with everyone but the world is filled with cliques that start forming when you are very young. It felt like the world was about violence, cursing, abuse, and drinking. No one gave me the tools to know how to deal with this world, as I was confused and disoriented by life. I could feel for other people but it seemed like the other people could not feel for me in return.

While growing up I learned that adults are more evil than children, since all the children's bad traits came from mimicking adult traits and actions. In grade school I recall an incident on the playground, where I had a confrontation with a young adult college age employee from the recreation department. He had taken me and two other kids into his office, while locking the door as he proceeded to give a tongue lashing. He then stated, "I dare anyone one of you to call me Turkey now, you cowards." I was not one to back

down from a challenge so I called him, Turkey." He beat the crap out of me for five minutes, while he was throwing me into lockers and knocking me to the floor before I finally escaped; only to call him a Turkey once again.

After a baseball game in grade school in which our team had won by 20 to 0, I and another teammate were left behind, since there was no room in the cars at the time to drive us back home. While we were waiting for a ride about 15 kids from the losing team approached us and they were pissed that they had lost so bad, so they started insulting us and knocking us around. The other kid with me was getting scared but I told him, "Fuck these pussy's, let's kick their ass." I smashed the first kid nearest me in the face, as the vast majority of the kids jumped me in the ensuing melee. My teammate was only jumped by about three of the kids while the rest pummeled me. Even on the ground I was able to exact some sort of revenge, as I was able to get a hold of one of the kids ankles and take a bite out of it, as I could hear him scream to the blue skies. Physical punishment never bothered me in life, it was the tone of the words used against me, especially by adults that did the most damage to my mindset. I just could not figure out what was really right or wrong in this world, as I came to the conclusion that all people were basically bullies when given the opportunity. I figured the world is about violence and in order to have safety you have to become more violent than the world; even if it goes against your true nature.

As I began to use Sister Ellen's advice and began imagining a world where everything was hunky dory, I brought forth a picturesque scene of numerous tropical islands within 33 planets, all within the orbit of Galaxy X where I resided and was the ruler. In this galaxy I gathered many of Sister Ellen's favorite mythological characters



and let them all live rent free within the zone of my influence. All the minions who were enslaved before I occupied galaxy X, were allowed to be free to do as they please. I think they even have their own movie now? Mermaids would control the seas and direct the traffic of large ships and blow kisses to everyone. Fairies would fly through the cosmos and deliver food and drink to the freed happy ex minions. Everyone now loved each other as elves, dwarfs, and leprechauns would dance the night away in music and joyous bliss. No one would fight or argue because everyone loved one another as much as they loved themselves. I would ride a unicorn each day with my beautiful wife, the true master and ruler of Galaxy X.

There would be no lawyers, judges, police, or military since harmony would always be in the air because of the sweets sounds of music that would be played everyday. Things would be going so fantastic that even Jesus Christ would come into our galaxy, and would often be seen laying on one of the beaches sipping a martini. Everyone would be apologetic with a kiss and there would be free universal health coverage for everyone. Angels would give free back massages to everyone and Mother Mary would bless everyone daily. There would be no need for money as everyone would give a helping hand to their neighbor. Everyone would take great pride in helping each other, since envy and jealousy would be non existent. Everyday would be some sort of holiday, where everyone would use their own personal talents to help society as a whole to grow and prosper.

There would be no standing armies but armies of love with flowers, along with partial free flowing nudity all around. Pixies would be flying everywhere and they would be more numerous than mosquitoes. When anyone was feeling down the whole

community would come to their aid with hugs and compliments. Everyone would be equal and happiness would reign supreme. Even Sister Ellen would be able to fly like the "Flying Nun" so she could watch the daily happenings and growth of the community, as she would report back to the almighty creator, who could finally be afford some rest now with only limited responsibilities. Any invading forces would be seduced with love and melt under the heated touches and kisses of love, until they naturally submit under their own free will. There would be no gluttony because everyone would be thinking of everyone else, since we would all be one large happy family. Everyone would eat ice cream and cake and never receive a cavity. All the creatures would play volley ball in the outer space confines, directly within our orbit of harmonic influence.

The only tears there would be is from laughter in our galaxy, because everyone would be full of energy and true happiness knowing that helping one another is even better than sex, since the high would last for eternity and not just a few momentary seconds. Sexual intercourse has that brief climax where a lightening bolt traveling through all of history into the heavens at warped speeds of ecstasy, would now last each second for all of eternity when it is true love. Men would finally even understand the complex mysteries of women in this new lovable galaxy. Even in this present day, the smartest man in the world scientist Stephen Hawkin's is completely baffled and has to admit, "Women. They are a complete mystery." Everyone would begin to compliment one another each and every day. No one would ever be so rude and not flush a toilet at any public restroom, so another would be so unfortunate and forced to view someone's debris floating around in the swirly bowl.

Sister Ellen was correct and I am beginning to feel much better than I had been feeling. I just may be able to divert this storm. Marijuana, alcohol, or prescription happy pills cannot compare to this therapy of sunlit brightness traveling through the mind. Happy pills kill creativity and make one numb to other peoples sufferings, including making one as selfish as the vast majority of society; whose only concerns are their own personal happiness and maybe a few loved ones around them. Some reasonable degree of suffering makes one more compassionate in life to others who suffer like them, along with wishing the best for them. You feel glad to see them succeed but if you don't suffer one becomes consumed in the material world of selfishness, while the forces of evil take hold and the sickness of greed, envy, and power begins to consume the soul. Even good people can get caught up in the indoctrinated euphoria of the masses, while becoming swept away temporarily and sometimes permanently. Suffering breeds compassion and creativity if it is not overdone, otherwise it will make a man more vicious than his abuser in the end.

Our prison systems in this country are designed with the intentional purpose to create monsters through the purposeful allowance of degradation, humiliation, violence, rape, hatred, isolation, and drugs within the prison system. Eventually the system will let loose on society these monsters they have created, to ensure their power base and backing from society to increase their budgets. If one was not a hardened criminal to begin with in life before prison, one will be after a stint in a state or federal prison. This fear factor also keeps the masses docile and in line from challenging the system knowing that "The Man" can at anytime, throw you in with the demonic wolves that he has created in isolation from love or hope. You will never be the same person again when you come out of the

prison industrial complex, even though the majority of the people who enter the modern day prison concentration camp systems, enter as non violent offenders. You will lose part of your humanity and life will be a societal stigmatized Hell of no hope, except crime until your eventual demise in the due course of time. Even the wild animal kingdom sticks together in packs and herds and are far less barbarous to each other than the human race is to each other as a whole, in so called civilized society.

After my reflections for the day, I decide to apply for some bartending jobs in person before going into work this evening. On the northwest side of Milwaukee I stop into a tavern to fill out an application, where I instantly receive an interview with the manager of the tavern named Alexandria. She explains to me that they are looking for someone for a couple of days during the week. She then states, "If things workout and the customers like you, one can eventually pick up more hours during the night shifts."

Alexandria pleasantly states, "I feel you will fit in with the chemistry of our establishment, so I will forward your resume to the owner. If the owner Stan likes what he views on the application and my recommendation to hire, he will conduct an in person interview with you. If you pass the five minute interview with Stan you will probably start within a few days." In a spontaneous spurt of joy, I thanked Alexandria for her time and her kindness in forwarding my application to the owner. Alexandria tells me before I leave that, "It has been a pleasure talking with you and I am confident Stan will like you." With that said, my spirits began to pick up with the hope of a possible job and the partial relief of some of my anxiety.

When I arrive for my evening shift at work the tavern is crowded with many college students and other young people. The night goes by fairly fast, since I was kept

busy working with not much time to talk with the customers. Around midnight most of the crowd had left and by 12:30 AM the tavern became dead. Then around 12:45 AM a group of six people came into the tavern. After serving them some drinks and making some small talk, they told me they came in from out of state for a swingers event, at the Pfister hotel in downtown Milwaukee. From what they explained to me, they had a Midwest gathering of about 40 couples, where they had rented some hotel rooms for the weekend. They were all in a happy mood, while Carla and Benny from Minnesota claimed they have been involved in the swinger life style for over 10 years. Carla stated, "The swinger lifestyle has made our marriage stronger by being honest with each other with no conniving or cheating behind one another's back, like many traditional marriages. The trust, fantasy experimentation, and the elimination of jealousy has built powerful bonds in our marriage. The alternative lifestyle is not for everyone since most couples cannot rise above their own strong jealousies, including the fears that their partner might leave them."

Just when I thought the evening could not get more interesting a dominatrix comes prancing into the tavern with her slave. It just so happens that she was friends with the swingers and had been at the Pfister this evening. All the swingers were happy to see Vixen the dominatrix, as they told her they were glad she was able to make it to the tavern. Vixen was from Las Vegas but her slave whom she had on a leash, she referred to as Fido. Vixen had a small leather whip with her, which she would loudly and violently slash Fido with whenever she became angry. Half the time I could not figure out whether she was play acting with Fido or she was really pissed at him. Fido who was wearing leather pants with two circular wholes in the buttocks of the pants. He played the part of a

scarred dog, in which he played his part well or he was truly scarred to death of Vixen and her whip. Hell I was kind of scarred of the crazy bitch especially when she screamed her orders, yikes. One of the swingers told me that Fido was from Milwaukee, which made me wonder where he worked for a living? I thought to myself, "What would happen if Fido's employer found out that Fido was running around the city pretending to be a dog, while carousing the city and being viciously beaten with a whip in public? This isn't San Francisco where people are extremely liberal and open to almost anything. Someone might call the guys in white coats to come and take this guy away to the *Funny Farm*." I did have to admit that Vixen was a good dog trainer since this guy could catch a dog biscuit better than any of the dogs I ever had as a pet. She had Fido doing all kinds of amazing and spectacular doggy tricks. Even when Vixen threw Fido a dog biscuit ceiling high as it was heading over the bar, Fido was able to leap while being choked by his collar, and still catch the biscuit and devour it. I asked Vixen, "Can I throw Fido a dog biscuit and see if he can catch it?" Then Vixen screamed at me in a ear piercing chalkboard screeching voice, "When I command You!" I instantly replied, "What the hell, I am not Fido. Why are you screaming at me?" She then laughed while handing me a biscuit and said, "Sorry Hun, sometimes it is hard to get out of the role." Then Vixen turned to Fido and said, "Sit you pretty little bitch, right now!" Fido then sat back on his hind legs and I threw him the biscuit, which he caught and ate promptly. I told Vixen, "He's good. That was kind of fun but aren't all those biscuits going to make Fido sick?" Vixen replied, "Fuck no. I had the little bitch eat a bowl of Purina dog chow earlier, she has a stomach made of iron. If I pissed on the floor right now, she would lick it up real quick." I said, "Please don't do that, I can't bear to watch Fido lick up piss off the floor."

Vixen then asks me, "Are you interested in becoming one of my client pets? I replied, "Hell no. I was already a slave for 20 years to my ex wife, who bossed me around all the time and kept me in a box, and then she was done with me she threw me out like an old piece of furniture. Plus, you are to damn intimidating. You can get real fucking wicked with that voice of yours." Everyone started laughing as Fido began barking in appreciation but he received a good whipping for his misbehavior.

One of the swingers named Genelle told me, "You seem like a friendly guy and not bad looking either, you should think about maybe getting involved with our club. Do you have a girlfriend, since I notice that you have no ring and are not married. I replied, "I don't have a girl friend since I am a broke ass bartender to mixed up in my head since my divorce. I might have done something like this in the past when I was younger but I am older now, and attempting to lead a life of moderation. My passions have always seemed to get me into trouble and I am attempting to avoid trouble at all costs now, at this point in my life." Genelle then said, "Well if you ever change your mind and meet a nice lady friend, here is our club card and just give us a call."

As everyone was about to leave, Fido started acting crazy and broke off his leash, while running around the tavern like an excited dog. What a mistake! Vixen does not fool around. She grabbed the leash and chocked the Hell out of Fido, while kicking him in the ass numerous times as he whimpered in compliance. That part did not appear to be part of the game, so I kind of felt sorry for Fido. If it hadn't been so late I might have called the Humane Society on Vixen for cruelty to a pet animal. When everyone left I began reflecting and thinking to myself. "No one who works here is going to believe what just occurred here this evening, when I tell them. I mean I know that things like this happen in

private since I use to work at a strip club. There was even a relative of mine who was involved and profiting off this type of business activity. I attempted once to figure out how to get involved in the industry to make some money but was unsuccessful. This industry is controlled by crime, vice squad cops, and politicians. One needs connections and big money for payoffs, plus you are entering a violent world where there is no free enterprise involvement allowed. It was a stupid idea by me but I have never been to realistic in dealing with this world, thinking that anything might be possible, so why not give it the ole college try. When you are totally broke you will try just about anything in life. I wanted to even make my business totally legal by just offering the spanking services without sex figuring into the equation. I figured there was a large enough market available from what I had learned from people's fantasies sexual proclivities.

In my world I have always been a type of curious chameleon, who would do just about anything to find out how people from different groups operate in life. In the end this had made me a more open minded person but one can get caught up in a lifestyle that is corrupting to the soul. Life is about moderation but I have always been an extremists because of my passions while making a fool out of myself numerous times in life. I guess one does need to be rational and use reason when dealing with most things in life. When one is lead by their passions and too open minded, this can lead to a dead end of destruction.

Everyday I attempt to self analyze myself to see if I am a good person or not but I definitely know that booze and prescription happy pills are not the answer. One thing about happy pills is they take away common sense and place one into such a relaxed state, that one is to relaxed to make sound judgments. It is like you are living in a dream



world with no proper borders set up, as you start making one bad decisions right after the other in life. I know I needed the happy pills when I went through my divorce because I could not function but the pills placed me in a dream like state of mind. I made many foolish decisions during this time in my life which I regret. When I look back I am embarrassed by my actions but I felt so low that I would do anything for friendship.

My ex wife wiped out any self confidence I ever had in myself, as I began to loath myself. I felt I was the lowest human that ever walked the earth after she left me, while the separation tore me to pieces in the process, as I endured the most demeaning insults to the psyche and heart. In the last three years of the marriage, I gave up any principles that I had formulated along the way, in order to agree with her and make her happy. In the process I lost who I was as a human, while placing her on a pedestal as the all knowing. I became a village idiot in attempting to always make her happy and not caring about myself.

My life has become a wasteful tragedy with no possibility of being a productive human being. I gave up drinking during my marriage and tried every way imaginable to be a better person, as I attempted do whatever my wife wanted of me. That was a mistake because I then gave up my own self worth just for the hope of being loved. I was always truthful and honest with her but now when I look back I don't think she ever really cared about me. She was the important one and I was just her pawn, who she would throw away when the kids were old enough and she did not have any further use for me.

My whole life has been a joke except for my children who were the best thing that ever happened to me in my life. If one could take every wrong turn in life, I was that person. I was gullible and trusted everyone and gave everyone a chance no matter who

they were in life. I always tried to look at the good side of people and concentrate on their positive qualities. My life has been a disaster and the only hope of possible salvation left in my life comes from the words of William Blake, "The fool who persists in his folly will become wise."

When I arrive home from work this dark and silent night, I sit down at the table. It is here where I take out a notebook with some older poems I had left from my past, which I did not destroy after the marriage. Some of the poems I had written right after my separation from my wife. I had thrown out hundreds of poems after the separation along with numerous files about my life. At the time it was the burning of the past while preparing for the emptiness of the future. I know open the notebook and begin to read the poems that appear to be a relic from the ancient past.

### **Friends**

I have no friends

Just ac·quaint·ances

I have no friends

I do things just to hate myself.

I hate myself for being born

I have no friends

Friends for me, no way you see

I have no friends.

Friends are those you can trust

I have no friends

Some friends turn into enemies

I am glad I have no friends.

Friends can even sell you out

I have no friends

Friends are for people who work

I have no friends.

Friends will stand by you

I have no friends

Friends will even backstab you

I have no friends.

I am not even my own friend.

### **Being Human**

I failed at being human

From past to present date.

Nothing to say for myself

Nothing to pray for myself.

Nothing to cook for myself

Nothing to work for myself

Nothing to believe in myself

Nothing but nothing for myself.

Nothing to love in myself

Nothing but my children

They give existence to myself

They love my wretched self.

### **I Don't Like Myself**

I hate myself, I hate myself.

I can't even stand myself.

I don't want to be in myself.

I want to get out of myself.

How did everything go so wrong?

I can't stand anything about me.

I don't want to be me or alive.

I hurt in myself all by myself.

I don't even like to look at myself.

I am alone in this cosmic world.

I am all alone by myself.

I don't like myself at all.

Someone help me hurt myself.

I don't even know who I am?

I can't function by myself.

Why don't I just kill myself ?

I hate everything about myself.

I hate, I hurt, I hate, I hurt.

I just can't seem to get along,

Along with wretched self.

### **Forgiveness**

I forgive you father for beating me straight.

I forgive you mother for screaming in my face.

I forgive you my false friends for deserting me.

I forgive you ex wife for stopping your love for me.

I forgive you fellow Americans for seething hatred of me.

I keep damn forgiving but nothing much changes.

I forgive you for this, I forgive you for that.

I forgive, I forgive, I forgive, I forgive.

I forgive myself for hating myself.

I forgive someone and everyone.

I forgive you before you even hurt me.

I forgive you while you are hating me.

But when in the Hell is someone going to forgive me?

## *Chapter 18*

***"Do what you will, this world's a fiction and is made up of contradiction."***

*William Blake*

I am awoken by the bright sun shining into my room as I stand up to get a glass of water. As I go to walk into the bathroom I receive a call from Melissa on my cell phone. I want to answer the call but I am afraid too because of what I might say in my mixed up state of mind. I want her friendship and even love but at the same time I don't since I am a mixed up person. I have nothing to offer anyone but a baggage of dirty luggage and many mind problems, not to mention poverty along with bad health.

I start thinking to myself, how in the Hell can a poor guy get some breathing room in this country to survive? There has to be some way in this country for the little guy and the poor man to out smart the wealthy, with all the power to get a fair shake in life. The wealthy have unlimited power due to their control of government, police, the national guard, and the military at their disposal. The system is a designed monopoly game with the winners decided ahead of time for those who already have the power. The use of scientific advanced methods of psychology and sociology are designed for the guy on the bottom to accept their fate, while the middle class is actually naively led to believe that they have the same opportunity as the rich. It is a rigged con game where the vast majority of Americans end up in debt. When one is in debt they are easier to control, since they are less likely to take a stance knowing that a few missing paychecks may mean the streets or foreclosure on their home, following with the eventual desertion of family and friends.

While living in Northern and then Southern California I attempted to figure out how the game was played, within the system we call the United States of America. I attended over 500 demonstrations, political events, and political meetings amongst conservative and liberal organizations. I found out that the social justice organizations are just there in symbolic form, with not much action and very little effort expended on their part. You help a few people just for show and the rest are left to fend for themselves. The game is designed this way to make it appear you are helping people, when in fact there is hardly any money to help the common man in dire need and assistance.

The other scenario that has evolved is concerning the people on top who are running these organizations, since they are greatly overpaying themselves and getting rich off accomplishing nothing. It is all just for show but most poor people know this while the middle class believes the elite propaganda machine, which through corporate media expresses that these government programs and non profit private organizations are in fact helping the downtrodden. Nothing could be further from the truth. I still can't believe the amount of people especially in Wisconsin who talk about all the welfare the poor are receiving. These people must have fallen asleep like Rip Van Winkle and are living in another decade. Wake up! Welfare has been dead for a long time in Wisconsin. The last traditional welfare check was printed in March of 1998 in this state. The only welfare that exists is corporate welfare for corporations who are already loaded, and who need demand as a form of bribery, tax breaks to come or stay in this state.

Even organizations and social justice groups that start off with good intentions are easily controlled when the offer of money is waived in front of them. These organizations jump at the funding but there is a price to pay once you start getting fed and that is docile

compliance to how the system wants you to operate. If you stay good and follow all the rules and accomplish nothing, while putting on a good show like in Hollywood you can begin to profit by increased funding on the city, county, state, and federal level. The leaders of these organizations quite often fall into this trap and eventually siphon off the monetary funds themselves, while spending very little on the issue or causes they are suppose to be advocating. They will even appear legitimate with numerous volunteers while their administrative costs are outrageous due to over paying the people who are running the organization, who have become docile for personal enrichment. Again, another con job in the good ole USA.

I have spent over 15 years studying how government surveillance, organization infiltration, and individual neutralization techniques are used to control the citizenry especially activist or anyone who challenges the system and upsets the maintenance of the status quo. I keep trying to figure out a way for the little guy to succeed in this corrupt world without having to have everyday a struggle to survive. In the poor neighborhoods people pay more for car insurance, food, and other necessary supplies for life. While the people who have more money are able to get things cheaper and of a better quality. You can have the same corporate food chain in a wealthy neighborhood as in a poor neighborhood but there is a major big difference. The wealthy get all the best meats, freshest fruits, and good bread. The poor receive the bad fat meat, the older fruit, and the stale or hard bread. There will be many more in store deals at these wealthier stores, than they have for the same store in a poor neighborhood. You stay poor long enough in life and you do eventually lose part of your mind thru anxiety, depression, and the lack of hope.



I have researched an unbelievable amount of independent data over the years, read all those government economic reports, studied and read vast amounts of history, philosophy, theology, psychology, sociology, and politics and have come to the conclusion that the whole world is made up of bullshit except for the sciences, mathematics, and technology. We reward people with large scale wages for increasing unnecessary consumerism and pay people crap wages who help make the world a better place through social justice employment. I can't understand why the wealthy have to have so much, while everyone else on the bottom has to beg for even a shilling increase in pay. We can throw outrageous amounts of money at entertainers, athletes, and CEO's as if they were God's, while others must suffer with the degradation and humiliation of poverty, along with the misery that accompanies it.

Concerning the perplexity of the human race, I can't understand the how and why so many people are docile in accepting the systematic abuse of the power structures, and have done so since the beginning of time? If there really is a God, one should have had a choice on whether to have been born into this world. How unfortunate is it to be born into this world for so many people who suffer degradation, poverty, and humiliation. Sometimes I feel that maybe the wealthy might have it harder in life. The sickness of greed along with the constant pressure of dealing with so many people who are false friends, who are just out for your money with bad intentions, is enough to drive one over the edge in a constant state of paranoia alert. You have to live a life of trusting no one in this elite world of high class monetary greed. The world makes no sense to me.

I am starting to feel the butterflies of love in me for Melissa that I want to suppress but it is getting harder and harder to do so, and I feel very weak. All I really

wanted was to be loved in this world and to have a family unit, which I could help support and possibly make a positive contribution for the betterment of mankind. I guess all those dreams are unrealistic in the real world, even for people who have money since the world is a conniving cut throat place. I have a total of six people who love me in this world which is probably less than a serial killer from a large family. I guess I should just be happy with what I have and live out my final days, as faraway from the human race as is possible. There are millions of people in prisons around the world that have no one who loves them nor cares about their existence. This is more torturous than the prison walls and the brutality they face daily. When we are young we dream of all the possibilities, hopes, and aspirations. In the end, life is just a Shakespearian tragedy.

I listen to my voice mail from Melissa in which she states, "Please call me. I miss you. I hope things are going well, I need to hear from you." My heart sinks and I feel ashamed that I did not answer the phone. I begin day dreaming and attempting to understand this world and its whole meaning. I reflect on the words of Alfred Austin, "Public opinion is no more than this: what people think that other people think." The vast majority of people are just cattle and followers in their own small selfish world. There are truly very few people in this world one can trust, while the truly good people are a small and rare group. If you go outside the box and don't accept your fate, the system will make you look like Joseph Stalin, which you will eventually turn into personality wise when all the hate is turned on you.

The people of power in society are made to look like Mother Theresa's in life, when in reality they are the farthest thing from compassionate and kind dispositions. The world is a messed up place where advancement is determined by going along with being

covertly ruthless, while bowing down to the powers that be in society. One can be as ethically corrupt as you want to be, as long as you work within the acceptable guidelines of society. The modern society appeals to the natural envy, greed, and jealousy of people in order to maintain and control society. If one is to survive in society you have to follow Christian style indoctrination and either become a stepping stone to be walked on daily or you have to become a Friedrich Nietzsche "Superman", while giving up emotions like compassion and the belief in an after life, in order to ruthlessly get your justice and rewards in today's world. There is another impractical option where one escapes from society and the world as much as possible with seclusion, and the lack of participation in society in order to keep their integrity, independence, and piece of mind. The powers that be won't allow this pure honorable freedom since they control the mindset of the masses, to beat one down on every angle into conformity in their pitiful value system concerning existence. The masses do most of the dirty work for the elite in society, to enforce uniformity due to their own natural cowardness. I know my end is coming soon in this world and that is the only relief, I have to look forward too. My life has been a wasteful existence due to grandiose visions without understanding the complex cruelties of life, concerning the hopelessness of loyal human bonding in this world.

My cell phone goes off and I receive a call from the tavern in which I had an interview the other day. It is Alexandria and she asks me, if I am available for an interview with the owner Stan around 1:00 PM in the afternoon, tomorrow. I tell her I am available and that I am looking forward to this meeting with the owner. After I hang up I make an appointment with my diabetes doctor, who is one of those phenomenal rarities in this life inhabited on a place called planet earth. She is one of the good people who

actually cares about people in this world. In today's modern world there are few people not corrupted by the indoctrination of this society. My doctor actually cares more about me than I care about myself, which makes her all the more likable. I know she probably makes all her patients feel this way, which gives people more hope than the medicine she is prescribing.

One good thing about having no health insurance in this society is that you are not a piece of meat for profit. You might not have the funds to get the best medical care to prolong your life of misery but at least you are not a slab of meat for many of the greedy doctors and dentists out there, who meticulously examine your insurance coverage first, and then decide what your condition is based on your coverage. Unnecessary surgery for profit is about as pathetic as it can get in this world. Even lawyers only steal your money while doing nothing most of the time. It's no wonder that dentist have the highest suicide rate of any profession, since you only have so many teeth to work on, so they have limited profit margins compared to doctors. The doctors have a whole body of profit and can specialize in each area for the greatest profit margin results. The best and kindest doctors and dentists I have met in this life come from those who work with the poor of society.

When I finish making my medical appointment, I take a quick nap before going into work for the evening. When I arrive at work there is a group of educated intellectuals discussing the meaning and relevancy of life at the bar. The group is talking about feminism and the advancement of the female in society. They are so optimistic in their outlooks concerning life, since feel that technology will cure all of societies major problems. They talk about the great strides the world has made in human rights around

the world. In their world credentials mean everything, since they gullibly believe everything they have been brain fed in their colleges and universities. As they talk I get the feeling they believe they will live forever, and there is no need for spiritual exploration. Science and success in the capitalistic world has all the answers for true bliss. I listen to them talk but I never here anyone mention God or any set of principles they have, which they live by for guidance in their life. They have all the answers and feel they are uncorrupted by life's unending pleasures. The more they talk the more I become nauseated by their conversations which appear meaningless and add little value to life. They have an aloof superiority that displays an emptiness in their hearts and minds.

In their world they are caught up in advancement, the power of titles, and financial success. They feel they are of great importance to this world of temporary existence in which they have been enshrined with all the answers. The conversations become so fraudulent, as they compliment one another for their engaging thought provoking intellect. I hear them brag about the donations they have given to the poor, homeless, and veterans in society. In their world they have did their part and know they will enjoy the fruits of life in this world, the only world that matters to them. They are the coed Supermen of the world, whom Nietzsche proposed we become in his writings. In reality they do not understand how weak they are for they have never been battle tested. Under severe pressure they would break instantly and do whatever is needed to survive. They feel they have a moral superiority over the masses who struggle, in which they will boldly show them the guiding light to an empty world of titles, materialism, and power.

In a way their sense of self importance is bizarre as most of their issues only deal with equality, amongst the ones who already have everything.

I begin to ponder if any of these so called educated intellectuals have ever sat down and talked with a poor person or a homeless person. In their elevated glory of themselves they are hardcore patriots, feeling the United States is the greatest country to have ever existed. They are unable to read between the lines, though most likely they know but don't care since their world is a heaven on earth. Each one of them are fashionably dressed but while observing them, it feels like they are just actors in a play. Everything in their life seems like an act in which they are just posturing, maneuvering, and glorifying their already bloated ego's. If this is considered success in life and the ultimate attainment for an individual, then I want no part of it. It is safer to be with the masses of poor people then being in their diluted mindset and pretend world of constant pleasures.

In their philosophical world of Nietzsche god is dead. They have become Gods and they will show the uneducated masses the way to the pleasures of consumerism, in this best of all possible worlds. They have filled the void of life and replaced it with materialism and meaningless conversations of fabricated greatness concerning one another. I can't help but feel sorry for them since the true path to life ends in our ultimate destruction. The grotesque fear they will have on their faces when the end is near, knowing that their life actually had less importance and meaning than the poor who inhabit the earth. If it wasn't for the beaten down people of life and the wretchedly miserable, I feel that all of mankind would lose any ideal of love and compassion in this world. In this world if you have a title or are wealthy you can talk as unintelligent as you

want but are considered more educated and enlightened than the rest of the people under your existence. In this modern world the most enlightened mind that lives in poverty is considered an ignoramus or a nut, even though they may have the knowledge and wisdom of life through their many trials and tribulations. In the end it really does not matter I guess because we all end up in a body bag having shit and pissed our pants before we die. Even the most powerful are humbled in the end. Even if there is no God, the mortifying fear of the end must be a real horrifying experience for the powerful and those with all the earthly answers to life.

When I close up the tavern and go home I begin to reflect on life before retiring for the evening. The blows that life gives one can make them loose their direction temporarily in life but anyone with a heart will come back to the core principles they were taught in life, when everything else has failed. When we are down so low we lash out at everything around us and cannot see clearly until the slow relief from the emotional scars and the pain has lifted. We look back and realize the errors in judgment but it is not always clear on the way to get back onto the high road. My ex wife told me numerous times that everyone likes her and that no one likes me, giving me a feeling of evil about my existence. As I attempted to hold on at all costs to any principals I had attempted to form along the way, they began to evaporate under her constant badgering negative influence. Eventually under constant assault from my supposed best friend, I slowly began loosing any kind of principle to be more like her, since she acted as if she had all the answers, leaving myself feeling like my whole life was one grand mistake by design. So I discarded everything I believed in and became lost in a world where my only outlet was my children.

In my children I found solace and I wanted to prepare my children for every possible disaster one can face in this world mentally and physically, while I was losing my own direction in life. I began falling into a dark hole with no outlet since my ex wife was never concerned with talking much or helping me through the difficulties in life. She claimed in the end, that I made her life Hell and that the marriage was never any good, though in reality she was never really a partner. You can never mix people from different economic backgrounds in life because the value systems are so different. I understand that I had many psychological problems from childhood, but if I was allowed to participate in society and do something that would have made me feel good about myself, I might have been a different person. I have always been denied the outlets to make one feel good about themselves and then ended up with the wrong people of influence.

Society just wants to bully people into compliance but even a child can see through the uncaring hypocrisy. Acting like you care about someone and then offering them guidance, goes much further than extreme strictness and harsh words. This only creates further militant rebellion and disgust for everything this world stands for in life. As one starts feeling worthless they will even intentionally do things on their own to degrade themselves even further, into the dark abyss of life. Nothing seems to matter as you even want to prove everyone right that you are a worthless human, as you turn to alcohol or drugs for temporary relief. There becomes pleasure in degrading yourself as much as possible, because life has no meaning and you are the human rubbish of the world, since the day you were born. You even begin to feel that God despises you and your existence, in regard to his divine plans in the matters of this world.



I begin contemplating about my two sons and begin feeling good since they have good hearts in them, like their grandmother did in life, who was on my father's side of the family. My other grandmother was a good person even though she was a little nutty but she had a good heart. I feel like I have hurt so many people in life but the whirlwind of destruction came out of nowhere from the beginning in life. I know there is an evil side and a good side of me. I don't know what is right anymore but I know the answers won't come from society. If God does exist, why won't he provide me with the proper guidance in this world? It feels like every path I choose in life is the wrong path and I have no idea what I am doing in this world. It is getting harder and harder to laugh in this world by the day, as sleep becomes the only psychological comfort. Sometimes I think I might be partially retarded, since I can figure out extremely complex problems in this world, while other basic things that everyone else understands since childhood are dumbfounding to me. Over and over I remain clueless and repeat the same mistakes on a regular basis. I only feel good when I write, so I guess I will write until the end comes in this world of make believe, much like the *Wizard of Oz*.

As I start becoming sleepy my mind begins to float off into a dream like world of being a happy sea otter laying on my back floating around and clapping, until I am thrashed by the killer whale who repeatedly throws me around like the poor seal, as a form of play in this ritual killing exercise. In the trance like dreamy state of mind I picture the lovable small penguins attempting to go out to sea, only to be devoured by the predators in waiting. Only the dolphins are safe who cruise the seas as noble forces facing the evil sharks in battle. Eating one another in the food chain to survive in a world makes one feel that life is an insane place created by a madman.

Reflecting on my youth I recall my former childhood friend the bastard rabbit Thumper, who ate off the ears of the baby rabbits we had as children. How the fuck could he do that to his own kids, especially since he was fed well? How he haunted my mind throughout childhood and pissed me off with disgust. If there is a God, I sometimes want to punch him in the face. Show yourself and quit hiding, as I have some screaming at you I want to do, it cannot wait until I am dead. What kind of sick circus are we living in concerning this adventure thru Hell. You enrage me so intensely that I might as well choose the devil, who appears more honest than you. In a short bit of time man will have proved you no longer exist and that love does not exist in this world. No wonder everyone is making a pack with the devil, since you are letting man create at will and at rapid technological speeds, where he won't need you anymore. Why are you letting all of this happen? Where are you? Show yourself and unleash your fury. Bring some justice and sanity to this world you have created.

There are people starving and being slaughtered all over this world, yet you stay in hiding. If you wait any longer we will all be lining up to get into Hell, and party in torture with the Devil for all eternity. Let us all sin, the Devil has won and you don't seem to care. Throw down a ray of hope. The world is beyond understanding. Why did you not fight back when they humiliated you and spat on you while carrying the cross? If you are there and listening you puzzle me beyond my limited imagination. Everything I learn through life ends up to be wrong, as there appears to be no correct answers to life's existence. Why did you let my wife leave me without giving me a chance to fix any problems? You could have warned me that there was a storm brewing in my relationship or that things were heading in the wrong direction? You keep letting me drown where I

am constantly consumed in filth. SOS please send me an anchor. I want to live properly though I cannot understand.

The new pope he appears to understand but I feel he is not able to let the world know at this time, for he will be consumed in hatred by his own people if he does. The world is a dangerous place with evil lurking everywhere, inviting us to temporary relief from the pains of this world. The lion roars in anticipation of his next meal, as a new victim in the food chain will be devoured in a frenzy of bloody delight. Draw me to your guiding light to leave the darkness I am in. You spoke to us as dunces when you proclaimed, "Why are you afraid, you men of little faith?" Now we dance with the devil and parade him through the streets in the world of entertainment and business. We have created our own God's here on earth. Bring forth the benevolent dictator Julius Caesar for Brutus was confused on principle regarding the republic. God you must exist for Michelangelo could not have created the Sistine Chapel and produced the Heaven's, right here in the Hell you placed us in. You make me want to become inebriated in anticipation of some kind of an answer.

Is Sonny Liston up there with you in the unknown? Why must we conquer evil by being as evil, as the people we conquer who are evil? Do we not become as evil as them in the process? The victor always drags by chariot the dead and the half dead through the streets in romanticized glory to the sound of trumpets and cheers. You only give clues which many times lead us into the unknown realms of the mind, searching in endless darkness while wondering for truth. I am losing my mind on this endless journey while running into brick walls, as keep pounding my brain repeatedly against brick and concrete. Help me to envision angels in my head before I decay into the earth from

whence I came. " Ashes to ashes, dust to dust." If you exist, I will find you before my time expires, you rascal of creation. You created this whole mess and now everything is coming together in preparation for a dynamic volcanic eruption of dark Satanic spiritual explosive moral chaos, murder, mayhem, and utter corruption. Who in their right mind would create something like the universe and then let it fall to pieces, with no type of mitigating intervention. Insanity is the word that can only define these reckless inactions, by the so called creator.

## *Chapter 19*

*He who thinks and thinks for himself, will always have a claim to thanks; it is no matter whether it be right or wrong, so as it be explicit. If it is right, it will serve as a guide to direct; if wrong, as a beacon to warn.*

*Jeremy Bentham*

I arise in the morning to great laughter when I hear the news and the so called fighting of the Republican and Democratic parties in this country. It is grand buffoonery to believe there is any difference between the parties on major issues concerning business, government control, and the dismantling of unity. Yes, they differ on the petty issues to occupy our minds concerning bantering as showmen on issues of small concerns. Though when it comes to control of the masses and the great mass of wealth, they the politicians are all lined up and ready to lick the boots of the supra wealthy elite. The real and established wealthy in this country have their wealth hidden, diversified, and like to keep a low profile. This is the means to their continued power and they shun the spot light for they are intelligent enough, not to make themselves targets of the media like Donald Trump. Occupiers of true power never allow themselves to become potential targets of sudden momentary shifts in political winds, to be caught off guard as possible scapegoats. This avenue is for the new wealthy of less financial power who lack the real connections and understanding of how this society really works, in this country and globally. These supra wealthy elite are the people to be feared since they can come at you

from all angles, whence you will never have any idea or traces of who was behind the source of your troubles and problems.

The politicians of both parties are just salesmen and minor players in the comedy of American politics, playing the good cop and bad cop routine. They are just small time puppets on strings dancing to the tune, played by the masters of society. The members of congress should be forced to wear carnival outfits of various bright colors, with the shoes of clowns on their feet. The president is just a peanut in the charade and only a toy symbol for the masses. He is the master wizard of showmanship and has placed in power because he is the grandest comedian, which the powerful elite felt made them laugh the most; thus he would be a lovable comedian for the masses as a temporary fixture of relief. The president should be made to wear the wizards cone funnel dunce cap, since he sells us the comical remedies of relief; just like the old western snake oil salesmen did with tonic medicines in the past to cure all ailments.

Our state and federal judges should maintain their ridiculous robes but wear the Darth Vader masks to portray the reality of the moment, each time they float into the courtroom. The people should all be allowed to laugh when they enter a courtroom since they know that a spectacular theatrical show is about to take place. They should even charge for the occasion to help support the judges drinking fund of martini's during the performance. All non violent prisoners should be lead away on the shoulders of the populace to jail, with donations coming from the Defense Department to the convicts family. Since we have reached beyond equality of the genders the police men will arrest people in dresses and the police women shall arrest people in suits and ties. Just so men

won't feel they have been cheated all genders will be given 40 pairs of shoes paid for from the Federal Treasury.

The common people will wear white uniforms representing their purity from the evils of the black robed judges, who are just funnier versions of the puppets from congress. All the common people will march around every evening singing songs concerning the greatness of their billionaire God's, who live in marble places where they are not allowed to travel. The upper middle class shall recite nursery rhymes each day, since they believe whole heartedly in the make believe world that the ultra rich God's have created, in their hide outs in Mount Olympus. Marijuana should be free and legal to all of the community, so no one has anything to complain about anymore. The populace will now be too high to care about anything and they will be more loving and grateful to the billionaire God's on Mount Olympus.

In the courtroom the magician will come out with the rabbit in his hat to toss a coin in the hat to determine the courtroom verdict, which will be much more fair than the old ways of doing business. The rabbit will announce the verdict by leaving both ears down for not guilty and one ear up for guilty. Afterwards the judge will bring out the ventriloquist dummy to decide the sentencing. All violent criminals will be rehabilitated through tickling sessions by the civilian population, until it has been determined by a board of certified psychologists wearing juggler outfits, that the criminal appears to be rehabilitated. There will be no more need for the military since the whole population has been feminized to the point that all they want to do is frolic around, shop, and read romance novels. Scientists will keep researching ways in which men can become pregnant, so women will have more time at the gym to work on their figure and beauty.

We will all become totally equal in rights except for income distribution, in which we will all think the same. In our new profound wisdom we must bear the burden of gifts to the God's, while thanking them for our new found equality at the expense of individuality. We will all be fervent patriots and demand unblemished loyalty to our country, as we walk the streets carrying the US flag representing the 50 stars of the largest corporations and the 13 stripes of the wealthiest God's on Mount Olympus. Don King will become entrusted as the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court since he is the most patriotic man to be seen or found anywhere. His natural talent with dealing with lawsuits and the ping in his hair from his love making abilities in patriotic underwear will promote a new breed of justice, where the lawyers will finally get screwed everywhere. Then we all can be proud Americans and stand tall giving a Heil Hitler salute to our God's on Mount Olympus, hidden from the known reality of the masses of common folk. Goerge Orwell's 1984 reality has finally arrived, so let us just sit back and enjoy the deranged comedy, until the real guy shows up who society has dumped in a waste paper basket somewhere, stuck to a wooden cross on his way to the garbage dumpster of history. We of such little faith have found new and more powerful God's to entertain us, in grand astonishing style.

I receive another phone call from Melissa again so I decide to pick it up today since my television has enlightened my spirits to a humorous joy of good laughter. When I answer the phone Melissa asks me, "How is your day going? Why have you not been able to get back to me?" I said, "I was practicing my part in playing the fool for society and I became overwhelmed with the part, since it was to big for just one man to partake in." She laughed but then replies, "I sense a little hostility in your tone are you angry that



I have called you? I said, "I don't know but your voice weakens me in the battle of life." Melissa then said, "Do you wish me to disappear like the happiness that attempts to enter into your life?" I begin to panic and state, "No, No, definitely no. I am sorry." Melissa then states, "Have you been writing lately?" I state, "Yes, but it has been on the dark side of life." She states, "It is good that you are writing and you will find your way out into the light. Just keep pursuing the writing daily. I have a surprise for you. Are you interested in listening?" I stutter and say, "Yes, what is it?" If you are interested and you want, I am able to come visit you in two weeks for a couple days?" My body and mind receive an adrenaline rush, as Dopamine fills into my brain as my voice cracks when I reply, "Yes, I would love it if you came to visit, Thank You." "She then states, "I want you to keep writing daily until I arrive and call me as often as you feel up to it. Stay strong and everything is going to work out for you in the end, I promise." After I hung up the phone everything went wild through my body and my head, making me feel like I was floating four feet off the ground. I look up to the ceiling and yell to God, "Are you awake? Are you there? Thank You!"

I arrive for my interview ten minutes early and the owner Stan is talking with some of the customers. He notices me coming in and waves to me while finishing his conversation. The bar is mainly filled with customers who have reached retirement age but are still a lively and energetic crowd. Stan comes over to me and introduces himself stating, "You must be the guy I am interviewing today. Alexandria spoke well of you." While we were talking two of the older customers around the age of 70 become enraged at each other. The one patron clobbered the guy next to him in the face with his fist, while knocking his hat off into a pitcher of beer. The other guy immediately struck back and

sent his assailant sailing and reeling into a crowd of three older gentlemen, politely who caught the man. The rest of the old men broke up the fight and the two guys who were fighting then shook hands and went back to drinking; while talking to one another like nothing had ever happened. The owner Stan then states, "We usually don't have problems at the tavern, since this place is mostly a senior citizen drinking establishment. Earl must of had some bug up his ass today." Then Stan yells over to Earl, "What the fuck Earl, did you wake up on the wrong side of the bed this morning?" Earl replies, "It was nothing. I thought Ted took my ten dollar bill but it fell on the floor." Stan tells Ted, "Hey Ted, I will get you a shot. What will you have?" Ted replies, "A shot of vodka. Like from the top shelf." Stan then states, "Oh, so now we are getting a little greedy." Ted then states, "I think I might have a contusion on my outer artery leading to my temporal lobe, cutting of oxygen to my brain which may cause a possible stroke. You could at least give a guy a premium shot before he passes out and dies on your tavern floor." Stan laughs and states, "A cockroach exterminating crew couldn't kill you Ted. I will get you a shot of Grey Goose." Ted replies, "Thank you Sir Stan. You are a real gentleman and a scholar."

An older woman with crooked teeth named Edith shouts out, "Yes, I too am a scholar and an Ivy League Harvard one at that, your royal heinous King Stan of the finest nobility in the tavern industry. Look at my new polo shirt I just purchased from the thrift store. It only cost me three dollars but I have already gained status from wearing it today. One person held a door open for me already, another waived to me for no reason, and the waitress at the restaurant this morning actually expected a tip from me; thinking I actually had a pot to piss in." A guy in the tavern who they referred to as Old Man Jim, then took his false teeth and chattered them together up and down with his hands as he yelled out,

"The King's court is now in session bring forth the court jester for execution since the timing of his humor was in appropriate, causing the King to burp while sipping his wine and ruining his royal garment." Everyone at the bar then raised their glasses and shouted out, "Long live the King." Stan then laughing tells Old Man Jim to, "Please, place your teeth back in your mouth before the heath inspector comes in, and you scare off my new bartender standing here."

Stan turns to me and states, "Well if you want the job you can start tomorrow but as you can see, it is a bit of a nuthouse. They are all just harmless screwballs who spent their lives working 40 years doing monotonous factory work for the master class, only to end up screwed on their pensions and heath and welfare benefits." One of the customers speaks up and states, "We will have to think of a nickname for the new bartender. All of our bartenders have nicknames." I laugh and tell them, "You can call me "Mr. Nobody" if you like." One of the customers named Eli then states, "It is a true democracy at this tavern unlike this country. We will have a meeting and vote on your nickname, where you will be ceremonially crowned in the high secret society brotherhood of moose lodge bartenders. You will have to take an oath to never reveal the society or it's members. The consequences can be as severe as having to buy the whole bar a round of drinks, if you are found in violation of the secret oath." I then raised my hand triumphantly and said, "I solemnly swear to be faithful, truthful, and in compliance with everything the brotherhood demands, No forces good or evil will stand in the way of my dedication to the brotherhood. Even if it means prosecution, death, or castration I will hold up to the integrity and the tenets of the brotherhood." Everyone laughed and the lady with the crooked teeth states, "Honey, you don't have to go that far. You can keep your balls in

your pants, since I may one day like to see them in action at one of our bowling tournaments." One of the customers shouts out, "I like this guy. He is loyal. The brotherhood can use someone who goes a step beyond the call of duty." Another customer states to me, "You are going to like working here, You already fit in." I then waived goodbye to everyone and wished them a wonderful day, until we meet again.

On the drive home while listening to the radio the news came on, after the sports show I was listening too. More talk about the economy and foreign relations were discussed in the typical manner of simplistic propaganda, designed to dummy down the mental abilities of the common man. I thought to myself what garbage and rubbish we have to listen too, it is just as bad as a regular advertisement or commercial. They just keep saying the same thing over and over until everyone accepts it as a fact, since the masses are too caught up in their lives to check anything out; in order to decipher the bits and pieces of truth in the dunghill of elephant crap. I reflected on the words of the well respected journalist Russell Baker, "An educated person is one who has learned that information almost always turns out to be at best incomplete and very often false, misleading, fictitious, mendacious - just dead wrong." I start thinking to myself that ignoring all the news will make one more intelligent because common sense is much more practical concerning reality, in order to make proper decisions in life. I guess this is better than being way off in the wrong direction. One probably can learn more worthy news from just watching cartoons because nothing is really new in most avenues of life, since history keeps repeating itself with just new angles of corruption. Sometimes ignorance is really bliss.

When I arrive home I start thinking to myself concerning what is a so called good American, that the powerful elite want in this society? I believe to them a good American would occupy the following traits: 1) Only concern yourself with yourself and the material rewards of this world. 2) Believe in all authority institutions and authority figures since they naturally have your best interest at hand. 3) Have a good slave mentality and stay docile, since you will always have an opportunity to be promoted and then you can exert power over others in your small world. 4) Have no conversations of substance except about how to make more money in this world. 5) Pretend that you really care about others by attending church, community events, or organizations that claim they are helping people. Don't actually get close to the people who need help since they may be contaminated. 6) Don't bring up anything controversial since this is not politically correct and might cause one to actually use their mind, which could very well damage brain cells and bring unwelcoming feelings that could ruin your day. 7) Continually brag about yourself, your accomplishments, and new material possessions because it will give you an elevated sense of self worth; as if you really accomplished something for the betterment of this world. 7) Have ridiculous conversations with friends about how much fun you are having in this great country as a massive consumer of garbage you don't need. 8) Think and act like everyone else and stay within the bounds that society has set for you because it is nice, safe, and rewarding acting and thinking the same as everyone else. 9) Always remember that principles are for fools who are lazy and won't go anywhere in life, since they are confused malcontents. 10) Use any spare time you have for yourself engaging in hobbies, vacation, gardening, or making more money; while never reflecting on the meaning of life because you will just go into a depression

with ridiculous thoughts in your head. 11) Always remember you live in the greatest country in the world, even if it is off the economic enslavement and military destruction of others in the global geosphere of planet earth. Just stay positive and ignore those uncivilized animals. 12) Always talk about others whom you appear to be economically superior too, since this will greatly increase your own self confidence; making you believe you really matter in this world. 13) Plan for everything so that you can live as long as possible. since the rewards of capitalism and consumerism are so intellectually stimulating. Plus, death is a scary place where the shallow game of life's existence ends. 14) Have no loyalty to anyone but yourself because you have worked so hard for everything you have in this world. Remember, you are the most important person on the planet. 15) Always look to become famous or popular even if it may be a cheap thrill but it can make you feel, like you are actually of real value and an asset to society.

Later in the evening on my night off, I decide to go to my place of employment at the tavern in Riverwest to socialize and drink diet soda. While talking with many of patrons who visit the tavern regularly, a group of seven people entered the tavern who appeared to be from out of state. They were all around their mid 30s to early 40's and they huddled together in quiet conversation, at the end of the bar. I then went to the bar and sat relatively close to them, while watching the college basketball game, as I engaged in small talk with Ta'koe, who was bartending this evening. As I was listening to these folks engage in conversation, I heard them talking very sophisticated and intelligently about international issues and United States foreign policy. In their conversations they were making reference to a vast array of great intellectuals from the history of the world in literature, politics, and philosophy. I then said to myself in my mind, "They definitely

are not from Wisconsin where freedom of intellectual thought is greatly limited, due to the tight thought control reign this state has over the people in any kind of unifying action."

After hearing that one of them was from Spain, I became more interested and decided to introduce myself to the group. They each introduced themselves to me and told me where they were from in this world. They were extremely friendly, polite, and courteous. They were from scattered sections of the United States and one of the ladies was from Spain. After about two hours of interesting conversations and learning an enormous amount of information on a wide array of topics from technology, medicine, science, and religion they had me baffled as to why they were here in Milwaukee at this tavern. So I decided to ask them what brought them to Milwaukee, where worldly educated people are a rarity amongst the common people in this city. Elaine who was from Texas answered, "We had a meeting in Chicago where a group of around 75 intellectuals in various professional fields gathered, for a political discussion on an international level with individuals mostly from the United States; though included were representatives from various countries in Europe and South America. We are traveling into various parts of the country to meet with firebrands who are willing to help make a difference in the world for a better tomorrow."

A few moments later, I asked them what the name of their organization was and how they expected to accomplish the impossible?" Charles who was from Oregon explained by stating, "The name of our organization is Anarchist for a Better World, in which we intend on building a loose knit underground international community in defiance of government authority, advancing against the liberties of the people as

recognized by natural law, and the international standards of basic human rights." Then Adam from New Jersey spoke and stated, "Our major focus is the United States, since it's stranglehold on the international community through military and economic power has prevented other countries from freely engaging in prosperity for their own people. Since WWII the United States has on over 60 occasions covertly and openly financed, militarily aided, and militarily intervened concerning the overthrow of mostly democratically elected governments; while replacing these regimes with authoritarian governments of which 44 were bloody dictatorships." I said, "I understand all of this and the US tight reign over the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund to control nations for cheap labor, but how are you going to accomplish your task? In the United States the American middle class are arrogantly egotistical and don't have much concern for even their own people on the bottom, much less anyone on the international level. We just play lip service and set up another corrupt non profit and claim everything is now accomplished. Hell, in this country the middle class cares more about their family pets then fellow human beings."

Gerry from Florida replies stating, "The numbers of downtrodden are enough in the United States to formulate rebellion, while there are enough people from the middle classes who are spiraling downwards in this country. We plan to educate the people in everyday acts of defiance where even the elderly can help out. There will be underground societies, brotherhoods, and sisterhoods created in teaching techniques in daily defiance of the government until it's eventual downfall. We will recruit people whom we feel we can trust after thorough investigations from within government and business, to secretly leak information on the internally corrupt acts of the government. As things grow there



will be rolling general strikes, and people withdrawing from participation in all forms of government sponsored activity. No more voting, no more jurors showing up for jury duty, people refusing to pay their taxes, and parents keeping their children home from school on calls for days of action. Each day something new will be done to disrupt business as usual from workers at the work place of large corporations and government offices, especially in regards to technology and data loss. Each day we will hit them with something new when the timing is right and the people have been fully educated on the power they can wield in society. There will be no structure to the secret society and no hierarchy, while only the noblest will instruct from each sector of society. The plans are more in depth but we would be here all night in discussion." I then said, "The only problem with this even if all your ideas are plausible, is that the government will just infiltrate and destroy like they did in the Cointel-Pro operations of the 1960's, and earlier in this country with the Red Scare and the crushing of labor activists."

After reflecting for about 30 seconds on everything that the spokes people had to express concerning their altruistic agenda I then spoke, "This sounds to idealistic to succeed because this government, since the 1960's has been keeping computerized records on all activists or people who stand up to the system, while relaying this information to the business community in a working relationship of employment blacklisting. Now with the National Security Agency and all the other high tech surveillance devices, drones, and everything else under the sun in which the elite system command posts operate, they are now able to know just about everything one is doing in society; making the possibility of success appear daunting. I understand that judging from your intelligence as a group, you most likely have volumes of information in which

we don't understandably have the time to go into, but aren't you worried about the fact that the system will call you traitors to the country, as they attempt annihilate you."

Samantha from Georgia then speaks, "This is where they will be defeated in their own courtrooms and in public debate forums once the ball is set in motion. Let me ask you the following questions my friend regarding one's patriotic duty to man and God: Was George Washington not considered a traitor? Were not all of the forefathers of this country not considered traitors? Did Thomas Jefferson express the need for revolution every 20 years? Did Thomas Jefferson not state that, "The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants." Is man subservient to government or government subservient to man? Is not natural law above government? Do you consider the transnational and multinational corporations patriotic sending jobs overseas for the cheapest dollar? We demand an international universal patriotism to man under a universal God, no matter what creed of religion one believes in. Every man, woman, and child is part of the brotherhood and must be united to fight the natural totalitarianism inherent in all forms of governments. The new international man will sacrifice for humanity, instead of the archaic nation states serving the interests of the few at the expense of the many. The rainbows of Hollywood and Disneyland have been marketed with blinding rays of reality for America. If you judge this country since post WWII, it's history will eventually go down as a tyranny of the ages; with a grand lesson to be learned from it's violent immoral actions for future generations. Take off the blinders and witness the truth, for your patriotic duty is to mankind, and not some piece of cloth that was hijacked by the selfish elite along time ago in this country. Stand tall and be a patriot to God and mankind, by delivering a blow to the tyrannical devil who

looks to devour the world with it's international manifest destiny. Have you no heart for the suffering of mankind or has the gluttony of easy American living made you slothful, arrogantly proud, and immune to the sufferings of the world?" I shout out, "I surrender, you are preaching to the choir but I am not sure I go along with everything you have to say at this moment in time." Everyone laughed and we all had a toast to humanity and it's possibilities of achievements within a framework of unity.

Afterwards, I believe it was Gerry who then spoke, "You see, even a revolutionary can have a sense of humor. A sense of humor is what is most needed in the struggle to evolve the mindset of humanity." They asked me for my phone number and claimed, they would be in touch with me down the road to fill me in more on the movement. After they left the first thing that came to my mind was, "I bet these people are government agents or government informants." Our government is notorious for setting up front groups in this country to draw potential radicals out of the closet, who are looking for ways to change business as usual in this country. This way they can be monitored on a continual basis, as a possible threat to national security interests in this country. If you know who your potential threats are ahead of time, then 95 percent of the game is already won. I thought to myself again, "If these people were for real, they would have already been heard of in some of the major big cities before they came to what I refer to concerning Milwaukee as, a backwards country suburb of Chicago with no grassroots political action or thought of any relevance to fight the establishment. The people here sooner drink a beer than get involved in a political struggle. All the real fighters in this state are dead and buried or living in nursing homes.

The one thing about small states is that they have limited understanding of the rest of the country or the world. They may have went on a vacation for two weeks somewhere and they come back thinking they know everything there is to know about the place. Small minds think small and always have all the answers. I guess one thing I can say about those government provocateurs I met this evening, is that they were extremely interesting and pretty damn good at their craft. Our tax dollars are going to good use in keeping us suppressed as a people here in the United States and around the world. I decide to go home and write any thoughts that come to my mind in my notebook, while reflecting on any meaning these thoughts may have to the existence of life.

Jesus Christ was known to have hung with the outcasts of society, the downtrodden, society's defined criminals, prostitutes, and lost souls. Though when I reflect on the realities of this world it appears the higher one goes up the social ladder the more corrupt their values, integrity, and soul become in this world. I know a man who is a thief, con artist, and survivor dealing in drugs due in part to no hope. I also know a religious family who have good jobs, are well respected in the upper wrongs of society, and are God fearing church goers. The so called criminal will do anything for his daughter to ensure her happiness in this world. If she needs diapers he will steal them. If she needs gifts he will jeopardize his own future to see that his daughter has a future or brightness he never had in this life. The other so called respected people on the other hand will hide their problems as an embarrassment in the closet. Even if it is their own child, they will hide the child away to the end of time, with no further mentioning regarding the existence of the child. They have labeled their own child a monster and

seek to hide the individual in order to maintain a certain respectable status within society. The is the same way the Kennedy family did with their own child Rosemary.

All the dirty baggage of the poor is always exposed out in the open for all the world to enjoy with ridicule and laughter. While the larger crimes of society are kept secret in this world in areas with well kept manicured lawns, in expensive clothing, in so called respectable associations, and attendance at the religious societies of their choosing. They are the licensed criminals of the world whose crimes are dressed up in respectability and decency but their crimes are of a more vile and pathetic nature. Their crimes are due to greed and power, while the bottoms wrong of society's crimes are due more to survival. Who cares if one hangs with the bottom levels of society even if they are criminals, since one does not have to participate in their crimes, if one can afford not to in this world. Since these were the chosen people of society by Jesus Christ who are lost, since they learned their values from the wealthy elite of society.

The poor only mimic what the great criminals on top do in our society, since they are small time entrepreneurs lost in a mixed up world. If one wants to reform society, then one needs to start from the top and work their way down, since the greatest morally corrupt criminals live at the top of the economic structure. Instead the powerful wealthy elite send down the drugs, booze, and the bible for relief against life's harsh realities of cruelty. One can take a pick of the temporary relief one needs, and then go back to work for the few shillings, while bowing down to the slave master and slave driver of life. Once one can engrain that slave mentality into the mindset, one can control the vast majority of the people by their own people, while giving a few shillings more to the so called house servants who enjoy rubbing elbows with the master; so you now have

achieved victory over the masses. If God wanted one to accept their fate to be the mechanical monkey of the music box, he would not have installed a brain to imagine a better possible world.

The thing that depresses me the most in life, is that love can make one give up all values and principles in life in the hopes of maintaining that love. My ex wife worked hard on me for the last three years of our marriage, telling me that all my beliefs in which I had formulated along the way were wrong, and that I should accept my fate; just like the docile Christians do in this world. As I slowly lost my way and withdrew any positive principles I had formulated in this world by following her advice, the reality of humankind delivered the greatest blow to me. She cold heartedly threw me out into the gutter, when even an enemy would have shown me more kindness and respect. Only my children are a testament to me who know me the most, since they believe that I have positive human attributes for the benefit of mankind.

I just don't care anymore concerning life, because I now see in every person no matter where they are in society the same traits, except these traits are more dangerous amongst the most powerful who dress themselves up as, the enlightening members of the human community. These people spread judgment on the bottom levels of society when their closets have far more skeletons, than the confused and mixed up people on the bottom. The ones on the bottom are being sent mixed signals and mixed messages everyday from those who run and control society. The magnitude of the crimes against the human race by the powerful elite, would require a confessional box to be transported daily with them concerning every where they go in society, since their lives of extreme excess have corrupted them.

The preachers stand pulverizing the poor for he knows who the master is that feeds him. For if he spoke the truth he would be thrown into the ranks of the poor and discredited. He knows who the real God's are here on earth or else he would speak up like Christ. and eventually find himself on the cross of degradation and humiliation. Care not what the docile poor, the middle class, and the elites think of you in this world for it is only a temporary fiction; which will all end soon enough. Don't expect justice from God since he may have better things to do even if he may exist. Plant your foot forward, educate your mind, wait for the proper timing, though most importantly develop a sense of loyalty in your heart. If there is a God then the bonds of loyalty will cement with the soul in proper form for inevitable action for true justice. If God does not exist then the loyalty will never take hold, so then live each day knowing that this is all their is to existence.

Loyalty is the true bond of love and outlives in spirit any atrocities, humiliation, and degradations this world shall bring forth to mankind. Loyalty goes beyond nation state government patriotic fervor and small minded propaganda. If God exists, then let man show it by bringing out a loyalty to mankind, in opposition to programmed methods of how to act and think in a controlled world. Let the lion roar and if God truly exists he shall lead man through his gifts of intuition, passion, and reason. The balance of passion with reason and proper timing will come forth, as the fear of death will no longer exist. Christ passively died on the cross not only for our sins but to show us we lacked loyalty and were cowardly. If God wanted docile creatures he would have never allowed his son Jesus Christ to tear the temple up in disgust with the money changers. I must ask myself this question as to the docile Christians, where is your unity? Do you truly believe in a

God? Just caring about your own personal salvation with no action appears disloyal to God and mankind. Where is your loyalty to mankind? Christ died for mankind and yet you fear the powers of the earthly tyrants. Jesus Christ defied the powers on earth without fighting back to show the weakness in men, who accept their fate and lack loyalty to the creatures of the human race.

The true Marxists live on the top of the hill demanding an equal distribution of everything God has created amongst themselves. Their Satanic appetite of greed and sloth in forcing the bottom masses to do all the degrading chores of life for them, is proof of their corrupted souls. We must lie and finagle to sell their empty capitalistic promises in products that are mostly useless and designed to fail; in order to produce and sell more down the line to make the one's on top even wealthier. Most of society is made up of wasteful garbage just to make things appear beautiful, with constant advertising of products we don't really need in life. The Marxist Capitalist on top have built a society of knowledge mostly based on trash of no value to society or mankind.

Can one live in society without being degraded everyday? It seems that there is always someone to come around to swipe the smile off your face. The vast majority of the time it comes from those who are living the so called American Dream. I guess the American Dream is not everything it is cracked up to be in this society. Though why mess with the ones on the bottom who are not part of the so called American Dream? It is because everyone feels the need to feel superior over someone else. I believe this is a learned trait from those on the top, in order to help keep society divided and weak. I have never had the urge to boss people around since this type of conduct is foreign to my



nature. I don't know where the thrill comes into play with this type of conduct in American society.

I decide to write two poems before retiring since my mind is on over drive and will not allow me to sleep. One poem will be for my disgust concerning the warped elites who run this country, including my contempt for everything they stand for in this world. The next poem will be for the contempt I have for myself for foolishly being misguided in this world, while letting the foul stench of society's values corrupt me, by giving the societal elites the upper hand and falling into their traps of division to avoid social persecution. In order to rebound I must purify my soul with truth, from the attacks that surely await me in ambush style concerning this life. I refuse to lay dormant and will remain defiant no matter what king of destruction awaits me in the end. I will battle the behemoth Satanic forces of power, even if it drives me mad or to incarceration. I don't have much time left on this earth and if God won't allow it, then he is the one who is misguided. Then so be it, and God can then send me to the smoldering depths of Hell for all eternity.

I am tired of watching the consistent reply over and over of history on how the wealthy always win. How anyone who stands up to them in life ends their life in humiliation, degradation, being discredited, and laughing stocks to be ridiculed amongst all of mankind. It is a pathetic story representing the tragedy of mankind written over and over again throughout the annals of history.

### **God Bless America**

The ravens attack as if I were near death.

The beer bottles smashes against my head.  
The Devil weeps in joy for his injured prey  
While the laundry is a burden and often delayed.  
I open my jacket and coins fall to the dusty floor.  
The Jackal sits back while I smoke cannabis and pray.  
The donkey kicks his hind legs in revolt as the elephant stomps  
Since the court jester of the people could not make the Royal fools laugh.  
I am stuck in this book of fiction for utter decay where my life is decided by the day.  
The life of a skilled rhetorical charismatic genius is one of dismay, to be silenced away.  
The world is enveloped with pigs who forgot how to pray, for their manna each day.  
The law is approaching to take me away, I must finally be making intrinsic headway  
To service the emperor of billionaires, who build concentration camp prisons each day.  
I mock the establishment with satire and wit, since I am so fed up with all of their lies  
So I sit on their bald eagle to show my contempt and join with the pigeons in taking a  
grand patriotic shit.

### **Lost in the Ruins of Life**

I know not where I am heading or going?  
Where the road ends is not worth knowing.  
Blinders envelope my inner vile desires.  
A path of luminous light as bright as Hell's fires  
Catches the dawn's early morning boiling light  
Far from the hustling heat of the well lit night.

One legged men in hospital chairs  
Only hopeless glances and stares.  
Frightening ravens devours of life  
I screech in madness at the awful sight.  
Cumbersome paths we all must endure  
Storms pour forth in dark misty clouds.

Demons grasp scalps and tear off the hair.  
Small antelopes run from death and despair.  
Homeless people with eyes staring with glare.  
Life in this world is an unholy long bitter fight  
Forced to encounter the ruins and disgraces everywhere.  
Evil lays at the doorstep, with a welcoming black matt.

Partake in the filthy gruel and give up your poor soul.  
The party brings chaos and steals the bloodless hearts  
Since death awaits howling as one grasps for life's air.  
Mannequins standing on lonely deserted street corners  
As the loner stands in spiritual emptiness holding the cards.  
The cards that are dealt to one since the beginning of one's life.

## *Chapter 20*

*Why should we be in such desperate haste to succeed, and in such desperate enterprises? If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer.*

*Henry David Thoreau*

In the morning I arise to the music of the Rolling Stones as the song, *I can't get No Satisfaction* is playing on the radio. My radio begins to short circuit, so I bang it on the kitchen counter in the hopes that I can knock some sense into it. Since that does not work, I decide to drop the radio on the kitchen floor where it begins to smoke. What irony. So I sit down to write out some thoughts that are going on in my mind, in order to get some type of relief. I keep questioning God because I don't fully trust him. He throws us into this dungeon of life and then he goes into hiding, to watch the dominos fall and see who will pray; to thank him for the disasters of the world each day. Twisted wins of sin and the good die young, to receive quick relief from the torrent pains that are sure to come. Eat if you will and eat if you may, since the world is a crowded place filled with hate and decay. The flower blossoms to give one false hope while the victim falls prey just like the antelope. It is bizarre that the food chain must eat one another to survive by the day. Even Hollywood can't write a better script of horror than what the world must do to survive, in order to fill their belly by the day. I will seek you out before you can get to me, even if it is an imaginary belief in the mind and swirls with time. The fox always guards the chicken coup and life can be a dangerous game.

I have a double shift today beginning with the tavern on the Northwest side of the city, then afterwards finishing in the Riverwest section of Milwaukee. I go off to the gym to workout and then I return home to begin my long day with some sort of satisfaction, knowing I have enough work today, in order to pay most if not all the bills.. Around an hour before I was to leave for work I began feeling these sensations run thru my body, mind, and spirit. It overwhelms me in fear. I have no doubts in my mind that their are forces of evil at work within the universe. I have never been so sure of anything before in my life. I am not sure if there is an almighty creator but their definitely is opposing forces at work within the universe, to control our spirit by either warping our soul or escaping and finding spiritual comfort within the framework of the cosmic order. If these powers do exist then there must be some sort of an afterlife. If there is an afterlife, then the odds are there is an all knowing universal force watching over the planet. I feel like I am being torn in two directions and easily fooled by the forces of evil. I wish I was going mad because then there my be a way out for me but I feel like I am being closely watched and tested.

Concerning the government I am receiving strong vibes emanating from within feeling that government is a natural inherent evil force, which has to be dealt with lightly, since the power of it's wrath can tear one to pieces; especially if your soul is not pure. Not even the universal forces of good can help you in the end if your soul is not cleansed and purified. I want to run and hide from these frightening realities that are coming at me with such powerful vibes. I feel like I have been chosen to do something all my life but now I have absolutely no conceivable idea anymore, in my mind of what that could possible be, as small as I am in this world of seven billion people. These are the same

type of vibes I have been having since childhood but now they have become more frequent and powerful than ever before, and it is becoming frightening.

Over the last 25 years I have been psychologically battle tested because of the powerful enemies me and my father had made in the past, due to naively getting into waters above our head, in order to effectuate positive change within our labor union. I am a survivor and as long as you can keep the faith and believe in the power universal force of goodness within the universe, then I believe one will be safe. I will refer to the universal force as God for the present time, even though I am not totally sure there is an almighty creator but there is universal forces of good battling evil everyday. If I stay strong in faith and keep my spirit and soul clean, it will be God who will set into position the powerful forces of good to align within me; unfolding events at the proper timing to accomplish what needs to be accomplished. One must let things fall as they may and have faith in God since he will send you the signals on when to act and what to do. For instance when I write sometimes, it feels like what I am writing is not coming from me but from something more divinely enlightened, while all that I am doing is writing down the information as fast as possible.

In the 1980s in Milwaukee I expressed interest to my father about the possibility of him running for office within a Teamster's Local, which we were both members of at the time. My father had been a Teamster for 25 years and union steward for 20 years. He had led two strikes in which the final strike lasted 9 months, with the company technically going out of business. The present leadership of the local was corrupted and they negotiated sell out contracts to the membership. To make matters worse the present leadership was paying themselves exorbitant salaries ranging from 80,000 to 100,000

dollars a year. They were also allotting themselves 10,000 dollars a year in business expenses to wine and dine corporate business interests at the restaurants. The administration of the local had purchased Lincoln Town Cars for the business agents, with the union members money to drive around in as big shots. This does not even account for the other Teamster Joint Councils and Conferences one could be on to collect extra cash, within the range of 10,000 to 15,000 dollars a year. These outrageous salaries would be more acceptable if the leadership was obtaining decent contracts but the contracts they negotiated were horrible. The union began allowing employers to implement two and three tier wage scales into the contracts. In these contracts one was never allowed to reach into a higher wage tier over time, since you were permanently stuck in your wage tier, no matter how long you worked for the present company.

I convinced my father to run for the highest office position within the Teamster's Local 443, which was the position of Secretary & Treasurer. This position within Teamster's circles is more powerful, than the President on the local level of the executive board. No one had ever challenged the present Secretary & Treasurer and he had been the leader of the local for the last 20 years. The present leader ran the local with an iron fist. A new day was dawning, in which I collected as much damning information about the present leadership that I could muscle together. I gathered the LM2 Reports from the Federal government which showed the exorbitant wages of the current leadership, while I spread them to all the drivers within the local. The regular Teamster workers were appalled when they found out about the extremely high wages and other extravagances in place for the present leadership. The workers were especially concerned because the present leadership rarely fought on behalf of the membership, while allowing filed

grievances by union members to stack up and die a natural slow death. The present leadership was so unpopular, that one could have run Mickey Mouse against them and still won the election.

Tip O'Neil was correct when he stated, "All politics is local." The establishment rulers of the city wanted to see their clown stay in power because everyone had their hand in the Teamster pension fund cookie jar, which contained available cash in the hundreds of millions of dollars. The status quo must stay the same and not be upset, within the little fiefdom for the Lords of the Milwaukee elite establishment. The real beneficiaries were not only the corrupted local leaders of the Teamsters but local politicians, the law firm that handled union pension business, and the companies that were on the pension board sharing power with the union. With all these unlimited funds for people within the local community power structure to siphon off, no one should ever dare upset the status quo amongst the elite power structure. Especially coming from low life commoners, with the gall to think they can just push themselves into the power structure; as if true democracy really existed in this city. We were the naive fools who forced the hand of the establishment, to come down with all the mighty force necessary to crush and destroy. The establishment waived a magical wand to make everything appeared legitimate and proper, within the mirage of the so called principles of justice and freedom, that this country so often falsely portrays. In reality, democracy and justice are just a crude joke deceptively played on the masses.

The forces of evil boil in the establishments that the powerful elite have created amongst the indoctrinated leaders of the common people, in order to control society. Anyone wishing to jump ship and go out of the box without numbers on their side, will



face a life of isolation from the reality of this world. One will then become self destructive and depraved from being isolated, until the system can finally exploit and discredit everything the individual may have positively attempted to accomplish, in this life regarding social change for the betterment of society. This has been the story of mankind from the beginning of time.

My grandfather once had dreams of becoming a Jesuit priest but later married and attempted to uphold this value system he had been taught within the church structure. In the process he became over zealous in his approach and offended the powers within the church and exposed their hypocrisies. The powers that be, isolated him from employment and society. In the end he was forced to commit federal felonies, in order to feed his family, whence he was eventually arrested by the FBI. Now it was the time for the system to have their last laugh and prove that his life was a total disgrace, since he was finally driven to the very edge of life due to desperation. The same vice style grips of premeditated imposed hardships were installed concerning my father and eventually myself, in order to obtain the desired outcome of personal destruction of an individual by limiting all available viable alternative relief options within society; until the person has no alternative options left but of self imposed destruction.

There are rules to the game of so called civilized life, in which the powerful elite are allowed to expose the sins of the little people any time they want in this world. The little people are never allowed to expose the master hypocrites of the power structure; whose hidden sins are of the most heinous and horrendous magnitude but are well kept secrets. We are the ones who must do all the reforming internally followed by certification passage by the church, while leaving the powerful elite be as they may, since

they are the master God's who occupy this earth. Who gave the powerful elite the divine authority to impose hardship sanctions, run, direct, and control society. Only if one voluntarily submits to this ludicrous buffoonery, do the powerful elite have any legitimacy. There legitimacy comes from ignorance, weak slave mind mentalities, mindless materialist and consumer driven robotic individuals, and people who have very low self confidence; manifesting in a personal dislike and even possible self loathing of themselves.

During the day of the Teamster election, I went ahead of time to find out how many ballots there actually were at the post office. I was lucky to have spoken with a nice naive young postal lady, who gave me the approximate count within a 50 ballot margin. In the background an older postal employee became pissed off and gave me dirty looks for asking the lady questions, in which he then became nosey in regards to the ballots. I then left the post office and returned to the union hall. It took the union representatives about three hours to return from the post office with the ballots, since the post office was less than two miles away from the union hall. Upon the official local administrative speedy count of ballots at the union hall, made it very difficult to write down the complete list of names concerning everyone who voted, while the official winner in the end was the incumbent. The problem was that only half of the ballots were present, from what the young lady had told me were contained within the catalogued box at the post office.

I did not wait long to strike back from another angle knowing that the government and everyone in the elite power structure works together, and would do nothing concerning the election fraud. So I filed a motion for a change in the local union

bylaws, allowing for the membership to vote on the wages of the paid staff members of the local union. The executive board voted me down in a landslide but I appealed to the President of the International Brotherhood of Teamster's, who overruled the local executive board. He granted my motion to go forward with a membership vote on the proposed bylaw change. This brought the wrath of the almighty power structure out against my father one day, while he was making a delivery in Illinois. He became boxed in on an expressway in Illinois where numerous cars were attempting to run him off the road. A few days later after numerous other problems, he came home and complained that he did not feel well after drinking a coffee at work, in which a guy who was partnered with him in his truck gave to him. He went to sleep that night in the living room chair only to stay in that chair for the next two years; after suffering some type of nervous breakdown. The previous leader of the teamster's local before the corrupt leader we had challenged in the election, had also retired from office after suffering a nervous breakdown. This previous leader was a man more inclined to fairness in promoting the cause of the workers, over the needs of the business establishment. Needless to say, I was immediately fired from my place of employment after my father cracked, in which he had lost any sense of reality regarding this world.

One week before I was fired, the company I worked for had passed around a petition with their lackey's, to have me removed from the bargaining committee concerning the contract negotiations. The company complained that they could not bargain a contract as long as I was on the bargaining committee. Meaning they could not get me to join in the employee sell out to the current membership. The company and the union eventually came to an agreement to give me a severance package, that both agreed

upon. This written agreement protected both the union and the company from any future lawsuits that could possibly arise against either of them. The National Labor Relations Board in Milwaukee monitored the closing agreement and finalized the deal in signatory style. This was the most humorous part because the agreement violated a section of the National Labor Relations Act, which does not allow collusion with the employer and the union against the union activist. The NLRB ignored this part regarding the company and the union's written agreement providing protection from me, as an obvious form of collusion against my interest. The NLRB signed off in order to protect the company and the union from the peasant union member, while the obvious illegal agreement was accepted and processed. I was written into the agreement that I was to drop all grievances, NLRB complaints, OSHA complaints, and any other complaints I had going against the company; including giving up possible future state unemployment compensation that cannot legally be signed away.

There was one guy within the Occupational Health and Safety Administration of the federal government who was more honest, in hinting to me about the possibility of never finding descent work again, if I accepted the agreement and withdraw all charges. Though, I had numerous other problems to deal with at that present time in my complex life. In the 1980's a vast majority of people who had filed complaints with the National Labor Relations Board never found work again or any descent employment, after they were fired for union activities. The NLRB throws out 95 percent of it's cases that union activists file but when it is turned the other way around, the government has just the opposite record when it comes to prosecuting people, while winning convictions in criminal courts. Though, when the government fights on your side, you are most likely

going to lose. If you do get a temporary win due to intellect and temporary public relation victories, the system has all the time in the world to ruin your life, in a slow process of unemployment and alienation from society. Then you will find out on the way down, that organized religion will ignore you as well as so called friends, since you have become one in need without the ability to give. You have now become officially valueless to everyone.

If you have stepped on the toes of the almighty powerful, they will place into order, organized religion to persecute you further. They will attempt to prevent your marriage, baptismal of your children, and even their first communion. The long term havoc and trauma they can create enlisting fellow baptized church members into the vile public relations saga of destruction, will eventually deteriorate the family structure until a total break down is complete. Then when you seek the persecutor's help as a last resort, you will witness their true evil nature, as they enjoy in laughter their final complete triumph with cruel blows of a sadistic mindset, in permanent joyful annihilation of the family unit. This was done to me and more to show me, the true nature of their hypocrisy and concern for the gluttonous ways of this earth. The Jesuit University I attended taught one how you are better than everyone else below you in society, as long as you follow the ways, concerning the partnership between the wealthy elite of the business community and the church. Accept the ways of arrogance and thus you will be promoted in this world, as you boot lick the heels of the wealthy devils, concerning this empty and shallow society they have created in defiance of humanity.

Concerning organized religion, if there appears to be any problems with church doctrine amongst the wealthy, the church leaders can just interpret or rewrite church

doctrine to the pleasing of the elite wealthy, accordingly with the usual tax deductible large donation of course; all inspired by the divine wisdom within the church hierarchy. When you are on the bottom levels of society you are only welcome to the party of hypocrisy, if you blame all the problems of the world on yourself, as a scapegoat for the mighty to justifiably live as greedy pigs; in their corrupted moral high tower of luxury and decadence. Don't change anything, nor question anything, or think because we have placed the magicians in power to think for you. No wonder so few pews are filled in the churches today. The awe inspiring divine structural images of the churches upon entrance, may after some time of serious reflection, begin to actually feel as oppressive as the Devil's dungeon. The same hopeless people who sit in taverns are looking for the same opium treat of relief from the cultured Hell, delivered to the masses from the Marxist wealth in the Capitalist upper classes. All of this knowledge can be found in a simple book written by a genius of satire, who exposed the incompetency of the religious organizations, political leaders, and business leaders to lead people to a better existence in this world. In Trajano Boccalini's work entitled *Ragguagli di Parnaso* (News-sheet from Parnassus), one can learn simple realities of life with light realistic humor for the ages.

True spiritual leadership will come from within and to place hope in these false prophets of wisdom is fooling one's inner being. Do what is right from within as part of the universal cosmic relationship to the universe, whether this is the end of existence or not. Who really cares if there is an afterlife or many afterlives of reincarnation when the meaning of this life should be an avoidance of a designed way of thinking, that the controllers of society place in your mind on how to act, in order to keep themselves in

power over the destiny of the masses. Your nature will tell you what is right or wrong, not the hypocrites of over indulgence pleading with the masters of this world. Let yourself live and free yourself from their chains of mental oppression to be a cog in their wheel of profit. Who really cares about societies man made titles of importance to this world. They may have to come back to this world in another life form playing a street clown, begging for change with a delusional mindset, while imagining they are still the CEO from General Motors in their previous lifetime. Everything evens out in the end. There is no correct God or proper God to believe in because they are all just culturally diverse expressions, leading to the same universal entity within the universe; that balances the good with the bad for universal harmony.

There may be no omnipresent creator but a need in the ancient back recesses of the mind a fear may exist, concerning a need for a grand master creator, who sets the clock in motion and then hovers over the universe as a fatherly type figure. Just do your best and the best is all you can do, and maybe you too can become part of the universal happy harmony, concerning life existence and the cosmic spiritual afterlife. Otherwise you may be forced to live life over and over again in this true Hell until you get it right, which for some people may be all eternity; especially concerning those of the elite psychopathic wealthy. The wealthy may eventually live a 1,000 years through research and medicine until their face falls off, whence they finally become bored and driven mad, just from their empty long and seemingly unending existence. I have lived long enough and then some, without having to live way beyond the unimaginable same old same old dealings of this monotonous shallow existence of life; as programmed by the corporate elite rulers of society and delivered to everyone's doorstep by the little minions.

I look up at the clock and notice I am late for work and must move quickly, since it is my first day on the new job. When I arrive at the tavern the crowd is good in size because of the afternoon drink special going on at the present time. The first group of guys I serve are five fireman, who I was told have been at the bar all morning. They are in a fraternal jolly mood with their arms on each others shoulders while swaying to and fro singing, "The Beer Barrel Polka." There are some waitresses present from a local restaurant and they think the fireman are hilarious. Thus, they put on some polka music and the fireman dance with the waitresses for a few songs, all over and around the tavern. It is a spectacular sight of jubilant gaiety bringing back the old nostalgic days of Milwaukee. When the fireman sat down after being exhausted, they slammed their brewski's and talked about the last 24 hours of work. They had three fires they were called too in which they contained while saving one older lady, two children, and seven cats from injury. There were no casualties this week on any of their calls, so they were in a grand and splendid mood.

On the other side of the bar there are four Freemasons from the Ancient Arabic Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, who came from the Tripoli Shrine Temple on Wisconsin Avenue in Milwaukee. I know this because I overheard them talking to one another. In Milwaukee they are simply known as the Shriners to the general public, in which their charitable contributions go to their network of numerous children hospitals towards helping kids, who face extremely serious medical conditions. They are well known for their involvement in parades, in which they drive around in miniature cars with their traditional maroon comical Shriner hats on, with attached tassels. These hats are in various styles and types depending on the occasion. No one from the outside world



really knows much about these guys except for the elite members, who are fairly well off economically and usually are a part of the elite business establishment in the community. The Shriner's claim they are mainly just a fraternal order and non Masonic but they are an auxiliary arm of the typical Freemasons. They have all the same types of strange initiation ceremonial rites of passage one has to go through, in order to gain entrance within their organization, just like with a typical mason. I know one of the Shriner's and he has been a member for 40 years in this organization. He will never give any information about his fraternal brotherhood, while at the same time, this secretive cat is sort of a strange dude, if I may say so.

It didn't appear like any hocus pocus witchcraft was going on with these Shriners at the bar or else I would have probably picked up on the vibes. Then again, some people accuse these guys of being a Satanic cult who are possessed. Anyway they tipped well and that is all that counts when one is making only minimum wage; even if the Devil did send them into the tavern. I figure if one is drinking alcohol and they do have Satanic powers, they probably would not be able to control themselves when intoxicated; allowing for their powers to go off on their own causing some wild and crazy things to appear and happen. Though none of their martini glasses began to float in the air nor did any other unnatural occurrences happen at the bar, while they were drinking.

Two off duty police officers came into the tavern who were regulars and were fairly friendly. They were talking about this individual they recently arrested who was on PCP while running down the street butt naked, with a Burger King paper crown duck taped to his head. The man was also caring a stick while acting like it was a staff, as he was standing in the middle of a busy intersection attempting to part traffic; believing he

was parting the Red Sea like in Galilee. The officers were also talking about how some old lady was recently mugged and physically beaten up by two teenagers but survived the ordeal without obtaining any real life threatening injuries. I thought to myself, "I can understand the juvenile delinquency aspect of the robbery but the insane part of beating up the old lady makes no sense." The real crazies make it hard on everyone else because their crimes are senseless. Much crime is understandable due to poverty or no guidance but many people cross the line into the most ruthless, bizarre, and craziest actions. What is troubling is that it appears that many times these people are not drunk or on drugs concerning many of these senseless crimes. They cause everyone else to lose compassion for the other impoverished people who are committing crimes of survival or due to youth who are just misguided. Even the person addicted to drugs has some excuse but their seems to be a growing number of people, who are numb to human life and lack human emotions. I am not sure if the media exposes these people on a greater scale today due to media sensationalism or if something is going so terribly wrong within this society. The way this society functions may have somehow created these people? In the last 30 years things have changed greatly in society partly due to hardcore drug use involved in violent crime but other acts of violent crime are of such a bizarre nature, that they are still basically unexplainable at the present time.

After I finished my shift I headed out to the Riverwest neighborhood to begin my evening shift of work at that tavern. After about an hour into the shift some college students arrive who are silly drunk and they begin reciting poems and nursery rhymes. One student states, "Roses are red. Violets are blue. When I look into you eyes. All I see is a dwarf in a caged zoo." The other inebriated college student replies back, "Roses are

red. Violets are black. When I look at you, I only see an asshole on crack." Another college student states, "I live in a hut, my life is in a rut, but if it wasn't for you two who can't rhyme, I would end up eating pizza through my butt." Then another drunken college student starts shouting, "Here he comes, here comes speed racer, he and Yogi Bear are demons on wheels. Yeah, and they are going to be sniffing glue real soon, in a theater near you, with Magilla Gorilla and Grape Ape too." One of the college students yells out, "You stupid fuck, you can't even rhyme worth shit. Plus, pull up your damn pants . I am tired of looking at the crack in your ass. You aren't in the plumbers union." Then a couple of the students begin reciting nursery rhymes and then I spoke up, "It is a very dangerous game in this world one is playing, when one uses nursery rhymes past adolescents. You have now crossed the line and have entered un chartered and dangerous waters. I must tell you this very true story for your own personal benefit, that happened once upon a time in the not so distant past, in the previous century of this community.

While I was attending a private university in this community, one of my professors acted without warrant and insulted me in writing, concerning one of the papers I had written for the class. The insult was so uncalled for that I gave him some of his own medicine in a written reply stating, "You remind me of the great folklore legend of nursery rhymes, the one and only Humpty Dumpty. Humpty Dumpty fell off the wall because Humpty Dumpty had no common sense at all. If you persist in your ways you could end up like Humpty Dumpty in many ways." Now one could never imagine how much of a stir, fuss, and outrage this simple nursery rhyme could create but in fact it became a scandalous affair; while almost leading to a major earthquake in Milwaukee. The little sissy of a professor went to the Dean of Students and claimed he felt physically

threatened from the Humpty Dumpty nursery rhyme. The Dean then used the campus police and the Milwaukee police to remove me from the classroom because I would not leave, figuring I did nothing wrong, in returning and insult for an insult. Does not the Christian biblical saying by Jesus go something like this, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." So I figured he wanted me to insult him in return. Plus, doesn't the Old Testament say, "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a hand for a hand, a foot for a foot." There was nothing violent here in Humpty Dumpty's character that the Old Testament might require, since I only returned an insult for an insult.

Anyway this delusional paranoid schizophrenic must have imagined I could bring Humpty Dumpty to life and that Humpty Dumpty was a violent egg. Simpletons and children know that Humpty Dumpty fell off the wall and was not pushed. Even all the kings horses and all the kings men knew that, since they were witnesses to the incident. When you are oval in shape you cannot sit on a wall. To me it felt like the professor's brain may have been oval in shape too. I was just attempting to warn him in case his brains might roll out of his head, if he was not careful and did not use common sense in life. Plus, I figured if one is afraid of a nursery rhymes, than one has more serious mental problems which would require some counseling and maybe medication.

I began to wonder what else scarred this professor? I began wondering if he feared cartoons since they are extremely violent? Or maybe he feared traffic lights because the beam of light may harm him in some way? Well anyway, I was called before a witchcraft board for trial which was to include faculty and administration staff, who would decide disciplinary actions against me. If found guilty by the ludicrous high court

of lunacy I was to face suspension or expulsion from the university. With grueling and slobbering vindictiveness in their hearts, many of the university political science department professors at the university, may even had plans for burning me at the stake like Joan of Arc. Since I too have the right to have the same delusional fears as the professor who brought the charges. Mind you in fact, that this was a Christian university and I was brought up before the mighty feared Inquisition. I thought the Inquisition was abolished officially in 1834 but these people were possessed by evil forces which not even Prozac could contain, from these outward deranged symptoms. I then had to hire a lawyer to defend me from Satan's forces that had over taken the administration, in order to return me to the classroom. Though my lawyer did nothing except take my money because he was possessed too. I then prayed to Jesus and Mother Mary and the Inquisition then evaporated but I still was not allowed to return to the classroom.

My lawyer who was stilled possessed would not return my calls, so that I could get back into my literature class. So I decided I would file a lawsuit against him for malpractice, if he would not do his job and get me back into the classroom. I asked him in writing who his malpractice insurance carrier was but he lied to me in writing back to me. So I filed a lawsuit against him in Waukesha County and the crooked judge and court reporter railroaded me. The court reporter changed the records of what had happened in the proceeding, so I filed a complaint with the state against her dubious actions. The court reporter then had the nerve to call me up and act like I was Satan. I told her she created her own problems and should not act like the pet of the corrupt judge, and just to be honest concerning her job. I told her honesty is the best policy. She did not like my advice because she hung up on me, acting like I was the meanest person she ever met in

this world. Of course I felt bad for her because I know that the judge made her commit her venial sin . These judges have the court reporters do these shenanigans all the time for them. It is just part of the way our corrupt judicial system works in this country.

Next I decided to file a lawsuit against the university to collect the monetary losses for the class I had already paid, in which I was prevented from attending. I figured I would also include request for punitive damage for the character assassination done against Humpty Dumpty and myself. I even filed a complaint with the United States Department of Education but they ignored me. Firstly, the government had no right to ignore me because the university receives all types of federal money from the taxpayer treasury. Secondly, the money taken from me was federal money I had borrowed to pay for the class. I even sent complaints to the accreditation agencies of higher learning that the university was accredited with at that time, in order to revoke the universities accreditation. Though everyone went into seclusion and would not respond to my complaints. No one even wanted to talk about Humpty Dumpty anymore.

When one is in the wrong they usually hide otherwise they come out cocky and arrogant. They usually like to send a form letter with a simple phrase like your allegations have no merit but never backing their statement up with evidence of no merit. Now some of my professors began to harass me and cheat me on my grades because of the lawsuit. Some of the professors would make wise comments all the time in class regarding the lawsuit. Many mysterious things were happening at the university in regards to me.

Anyway, the lawyer representing the university did not follow proper legal protocol and decided she would go first and take depositions of me. I figured I started the lawsuit so I shall go first. Plus I was very busy studying and I can't do everything at once.

So I filed a motion in court requiring a protective order until I was finished with my classes for the semester. I then requested in my motion that I should go first because I filed the lawsuit, and that I would like to subpoena certain professors to my office for a video taped deposition. I explained that my depositions would be at my apartment which would is also my home office. I knew that this would have been a fun time for the professors because I had planned for cookies and chocolate milk for the occasion. While I was waiting for a court date concerning my filed motions, many of the professors became enraged and some of them were privy to information that I had only stated on my telephone. I was receiving many prank calls each night and some from heated rascals who would curse at me and then hang up the phone. During this time the priest who was to baptize my second son at a church near the university, would not perform the baptism.

Anyway, I then just flew out of town one month before the graduation because these people were creeps attempting to give me a nervous breakdown and my wife had enough of all the commotion. She thought they were going to set me up and have me arrested. Plus, she was going to leave without me if I did not come. When I was finished with the story everyone was rolling on the bar or on the ground in laughter. One guy then boldly states, ""That was the funniest and craziest bull shit story, that I have ever heard anyone tell in this world." They could not stop laughing and they gave me large tips for my grand story. I told them to check CCAP for it really does exist. They all laughed and told me they would come back to this tavern all the time from now on, since I was the funniest bartender they have ever encountered during their limited legal drinking span of life.

I stood back and thought to myself and decided I am one grand story teller. I am better than the Irish at telling a story. Hell, I might really be 100 percent Irish and may have been adopted after childbirth? I will have to check with my mother in search of the truth. Anyway, it is just so and may be possible, that this story actually occurred in real life. Since I am beginning to believe this story, in which I have become a fictional character in, since most of my life has become a fiction due to my enemies. It just might have been true. I know there are many people in Milwaukee that believe and know that this story is true, and they come from the elite establishment of this city.

I thought to myself the following question: "How does one get the enemies in life off your back to finally go away? You would think that one day they would have something better to do. I mean Hell, they already cost me my marriage, bankrupted me, and destroyed my health. What more could they possibly want? Just kill me and get it over with but this long term revenge is just pure evil. I think I know what they want. In their diluted mind set they want the satisfaction to see someone grovel. The joy of watching someone suffer, just like my wife had stated in her diary, and confirmed through the ages with hangings, guillotine executions, and the burning at the stakes.

Later that evening I started to wash the drink glasses behind the bar when everyone had left for the night. I then began reflecting on the story I had told the college students. It then came to my mind that William F. Buckley was correct when he made the following quote, "I'd rather entrust the government of the United States to the first 400 people listed in the Boston telephone directory than to the faculty of Harvard University." I believe these words envelope all prestigious universities and the majority of their professors. Most of these professors couldn't pin the tail on a donkey with the lights on



with no blind fold, even if a child held their hand and directed them. This is why they are hiding in universities and not out in the real world engaging in the real rat race of life. This has been my learned experience and William F. Buckley is a fairly practical guy whether one agrees with his political stances or not in life.

After returning home from work, I began reflecting on a couple of things going on in society, which I had forgot about concerning lessons learned in the past regarding politics. As things are rolling out concerning Governor Scott Walker's re-election bid, it is becoming quite obvious that the Democrats are conceding the election. Mary Burke does not even appear to be campaigning with any enthusiasm nor are any Democrats on the campaign trail with any enthusiasm supporting Mary Burke, in her bid to win the governorship. The Milwaukee Journal Sentinel is acting like it is a close race so the citizens don't totally fall asleep, while the minority of the population who votes won't forget to come out and vote; to make it look like there is some form of real democracy in action. The great theatrical spectacle of the illusion of real democracy must look like it is taking place while the majority of the population is tuned out knowing the same old circus is in town. The majority of the people are bored with the same old reply of the same old sad comedy.

It appears to be politics as usual with Scott Walker playing the bad guy but it is all theater. I believe both parties have it worked out to screw the people. Whenever the people get tired of one party screwing them, then the other party steps in to save the facade of democracy and rescue us; while playing the game with a new angle to screw the masses. When the Democrats are in power they give a few shillings to the poor and when the Republican are in power they give a few extra shillings to the middle class. Though

both parties know how to divide and conquer both classes, in order to give everything to large corporations and the extremely wealthy.

When I was living in California while Arnold Schwarzenegger was governor this same scenario was repeated with Workmen's Compensation reform. Governor Schwarzenegger played the bad guy, who was going to take away benefits from the working class that became injured in society. Though, the governor couldn't have made these cuts a reality without the Democratic Party, who controlled both houses. It appears that there is always enough money around for the wealthy and big corporations to be spread around in various forms, including their never ending designed tax beaks in society. The government on all levels never considers reductions to the privileges of the elite, as they always provide new and creative expansive socialistic benefits to the royal order of society. All the budget cuts must come from the backs of the poor and the common working class in this country. It appears to be a designed promotion of socialism for the upper class, while pure cut throat capitalism is delivered to the common working class and the poor within society.

Concerning the Milwaukee Bucks possibly of leaving the city, I now don't believe this was really ever in the plans of the city and state leaders from both parties or the business community. I believe the establishment just wanted to scare the sports fans which are some of the big spenders in the city. Plus, if the community became nervous enough that the Milwaukee Bucks might leave, they would be more in tune to paying a higher extortion rate for the new arena. Now I am convinced that Herb Kohl and Governor Walker were never at odds concerning keeping the Bucks in Milwaukee. They were both producing theater to their own crowds, while now we have the new owners of

the Milwaukee Bucks franchise. Supposedly, the new owners along with former owner Herb Kohl are giving a total of 200 million dollars towards estimated construction cost of 400 million dollars for construction of the new arena. The tax payers will pay the other half of the bill, even though the tax payers will never see any of the profit.

Herb Kohl purchased the Milwaukee Bucks for 18 million dollars 29 years ago and now has sold them for 550 million dollars, which is a profit of 432 million dollars when you subtract the 100 million he is purportedly giving towards the new arena. Now Kohl gets to look like the good guy, while he would have most likely had to pay close to that 100 million amount in taxes anyway, on his profit. If my recollection is correct, I believe Jane Petit gave 91 million dollars for the present Bradley Center which was built under Herb Kohl's ownership. So Herb Kohl received a gift of 91 million in his business world as a Marxist Capitalist entrepreneur. So in reality he only gave 9 million dollars and not a 100 million dollars to the proposed new arena. The amount he will save in taxes will be astronomical, so in reality he didn't give anything because of the huge tax saving.

If the common man could get these kind of breaks in life, we would all be successful Marxist Capitalist entrepreneurs in the United States. Only in Marxist Capitalism can one have a defective product like the Milwaukee Bucks and make a fortune. There should have been dunce hats passed around for all the fans in the arena, when they wished Herb Kohl a wonderful life concerning the Great Marxist Capitalist Corporate Basketball Robbery, along with the worse team in franchise history. Don King was right, "Only in America." The way society is set up it has become a cruel joke on the masses but a never ending party for the extremely wealthy. No wonder the population turns to the opium of the masses in the form of booze, drugs, sex, and organized religion

that has become extremely corrupted. One does not need a church to become spiritually connected to the supreme order of the universe, especially when the hierarchy of organized religion is in the pockets of the wealthy to make the people docile and defeatist.

Concerning the modern day labor unions they exist only in symbolic form because they have been hijacked by the wealthy, since the retirement of the real fighters who fought the past battles of survival in this country. The unions have become corrupted not in the form of organized crime but in the form of selling out to the business community. When the real fighters retired, the business community was able to push their own people into power, through bribes and business deals to infiltrate the unions. Now you have the upper middle class people representing the common working class, who share no common bonds with these people. The new leadership have more in common with the business owners, since they cannot relate to these commoners who have to bust their ass for a living in daily struggle in order to survive.

Everything has become a charade with nothing to believe in anymore in this country, except for the all mighty dollar. If that is all there is to this society, than that is a sad commentary for the state of affairs in this country. Hollywood has been delivered to the people in massive doses in every angle of their life as a deception from reality, while they keep getting mugged by the robber barons of high society. The only form of advancement now is to bow down to the Royal Masters, just like one did with the Kings and Queens of feudal times. Nothing has really changed and the reason is because the American population had become intellectually lazy and has accepted a defeatist

complex, since it is just much easier to go along with everything until the bottom falls out.

There needs to be a new brotherhood/sisterhood of love spread in this country because the way this society is going, even if you are wealthy there is no true happiness. It has become a pathetic existence of consumerism and mindless entertainment consumption and then you die; while other trolls and minions replace you and follow along in the same monotonous game of life. Those with the most material assets win the game and then it is over. What the Hell was the meaning of it all ?

## *Chapter 21*

*I know of no country in which there is so little independence of mind and real freedom  
of discussion as in America.*

*Alexis de Tocqueville*

I arise in the afternoon to the bright afternoon sun and the music of *The Creation* composed by Franz Joseph Haydn. I begin to reflect on life and wonder if there is any hope for the empty human existence, I feel concerning this world. I just want to become a hermit and hide from the world until life is over. The societal values are so corrupted in this plastic community, that I can hardly bare to live within its confines. The American society can't be reformed and can only be overthrown, and then rebuilt from scratch. Everything has become rotten to the core within all the institutions in American society. One can only turn to themselves for answers with the use of basic common sense, against the morbid delusional paths society has created for us, as answers to life's quest.

I figure it is much easier to understand this world, once one knows one very important word in this world. One must understand this word fully, since this word encompasses the meaning of everything in this world. This word in polite terms is referred to or called feces. Man eats feces from the feces in the ground that grows our foods. He process the feces in his body and mind and then speaks the feces or bullshit in stories of life to get ahead. When he is done and having used up the feces, he just sits down and dumps it out into a modern toilet or outhouse. In order to repeat this process over and over to come up with new ideas of bullshit, man must keep consuming more

new feces within his body. Even when mating pheromones are involved in the process, the dog has no sort of embarrassment to go up to another dog and smell their pheromones from behind. Since we as humans are more sophisticated at least we believe so, we provide the bullshit pheromones through our mouths in the mating game, instead of our anuses. The talk of money and wealth bring the pheromones out, then the process of the mating game begins through copulation which keeps the world going by mass reproduction. Sometimes just the admiration of the opposite sex due to their gluteus maximus can become more over powering than anything else in this world. With money involved the gluteus maximus becomes more beautiful than the eyes, heart, or any other part of the anatomy. The ass is very powerful since the ass will even run for politics and form it's own political party. The ass has been a part of Marxist Capitalism since the beginning of time. One would not think that the ass could be so powerful but it is, since people of power want everyone to bend over and kiss their ass. People tend to take care of their ass better than any other part of their body. Even at work everyone listens to the ass because if they don't they will get fired. The ass is more powerful than mankind gives it credit. The power of the world comes from the ass.

Now some bullshit can never be questioned in the world because man has not evolved long enough from the ape. He still has hidden fears, magical witchcraft beliefs, and ridiculous fairytales he still wants to believe; in order to feel secure in the universe he inhabits. In this world you may even find civilized man, not only to be more barbaric but more induced to believe in many things in life, which just aren't so. As man turns toward civilization he loses common sense and many neurosis's evolve, that are not part of man in the state of nature. Man then becomes less open to new ideas because he is living in

the most perfect of all worlds with the technology gadgets that have all the answers. All the answers are only one click away on Google, since it has become common knowledge that the omnipresent creator of life actually has an infinite life long contract with Google, Microsoft, and Bill Gates. Man no longer has the time to sit back and reflect concerning the meaning of life because he is too busy acquiring material assets, that will never leave with him in death but will remain a part of this world. Man is in a rush to get to the finish line, though once finally there he is terrified that he may have followed the wrong path, in his pursuit to the end of life. For 70 years in the making man has absolutely forgot, that he shall return to the earth and eventually be forgotten in history. No matter what kind of mark man has made on planet earth while walking around, as one of the billions of homo sapiens, he will eventually meet his demise and fade into the emptiness of time to be forgotten for eternity. The paragraphs will grow smaller and smaller about his existence until he becomes a speck of thought if he is fortunate like a speck of sand, until one day he disappears permanently without a whims notice.

As I reflect on religion it becomes quite clear that people have not changed much in their thinking spiritually since the beginning of time. I here Christians bragging about the power of their denomination and the true Messiah, when in reality their is nothing new. Depending on how one wants to count, there have been 20 to 40 Messiahs before Christ and all with basically the same story. The Messiah are born to a virgin on the 25th of December, the Messiah has 12 disciples, the Messiah died for three days and was resurrected, and on and on the story goes. These Messiah's also known as Son God's in each part of the world, came with many of the same far fetched storied accounts as the modern bible. The Jews plagiarized the teachings of their oppressors in the form of the



Egyptian religion of the time. The only thing different was the addition of the perverted elements of much hate that went into the Old Testament. Otherwise, there are so many similarities with Horus the Sun God and the religion of the Hebrews. This can be seen with the Aztec Indians of Mexico when they left behind their Gods, as they were conquered by the Spanish Conquistadors. The same goes for many of the Native American Indians when they were forced to become civilized with Christianity.

Civilization is a very dangerous place to be in and once you have become involved, there is no turning back. In order to survive one must become part of the conquerors of life, within the vanquished territories. Either become like the enemy or parish. This is the religion of the Marxist Fascist Capitalist since the beginning of time. Just become indoctrinated with the new belief codes and walk like zombies to sign up for the indoctrination stamps of approval. The small minions in the Marxist Fascist Capitalist state will help in signing you up, and they will even introduce you to the new God or Gods, for you to pray too for your daily manna.

I here people speak of the most absurd things in this world. They talk about monotheism and the Christian forefathers. Every modern organized religion carries pagan symbols and performs pagan rituals and this will never change. The forefathers were Deist and were far removed from the mythical prophets of any organized religion especially Christianity. The words of our Deist revolutionary forefathers are best summed up concerning Christianity when they spoke during their time frame of life. Thomas Paine spoke with the truth of enlightenment when he expressed the following: "My country is the world, and my religion is to do good. All the tales of miracles, with which the Old and New Testament are filled, are fit only for imposters to preach and fools to

believe. The Christian religion is a parody on the worship of the sun, in which they put a man called Christ in the place of the sun, and pay him the adoration originally paid to the sun.

As to the book called the Bible, it is blasphemy to call it the Word of God. It is a book of lies and contradictions, and a history of bad times and bad men. There are but a few good characters in the whole book. When I see throughout this book, called the Bible, a history of the grossest vices and a collection of the most paltry and contemptible tales and stories, I could not so dishonor my Creator by calling it by His name. Belief in a cruel God makes a cruel man.

Whenever we read the obscene stories, the voluptuous debaucheries, the cruel and tortuous executions, the unrelenting vindictiveness with which more than half the Bible is filled, it would be more consistent that we call it the word of a demon than the word of God. It is a history of wickedness that has served to corrupt and brutalize mankind; and, for my part, I sincerely detest it, as I detest everything that is cruel. Of all the systems of religion that ever were invented, there is no more derogatory to the Almighty, more unedifying to man, more repugnant to reason, and more contradictory to itself than this thing called Christianity. Too absurd for belief, too impossible to convince, and too inconsistent for practice, it renders the heart torpid or produces only atheists or fanatics. As an engine of power, it serves the purpose of despotism, and as a means of wealth, the avarice of priests, but so far as respects the good of man in general it leads to nothing here or hereafter. That the Almighty committed debauchery with a woman engaged to be married, and the belief of this debauchery is called faith.

The most detestable wickedness, the most horrid cruelties, and the greatest

miseries that have afflicted the human race have had their origin in this thing called revelation, or revealed religion. It has been the most destructive to the peace of man since man began to exist. Among the most detestable villains in history, you could not find one worse than Moses, who gave an order to butcher the boys, to massacre the mothers and then rape the daughters. One of the most horrible atrocities found in the literature of any nation. I would not dishonor my Creator's name by attaching it to this filthy book.

The study of theology, as it stands in the Christian churches, is the study of nothing; it rests on no principles; it proceeds by no authority; it has no data; it proceeds by no authority; it has no data; it can demonstrate nothing; and it admits of no conclusion. I do not believe in the creed professed by the Jewish Church, by the Roman Church, by the Greek Church, by the Turkish Church, by the Protestant Church, nor by any Church that I know of. My own mind is my own Church. Each of those churches accuse the other of unbelief; and for my own part, I disbelieve them all."

In the words of Thomas Jefferson regarding Christianity are as follows, "I have examined all the known superstitions of the world, and I do not find in our particular superstition of Christianity one redeeming feature. They are all alike founded on fables and mythology. Million of innocent men, women and children, since the introduction of Christianity, have been burnt, tortured, fined, and imprisoned. What has been the effect of this coercion? To make one-half the world fools and the other half hypocrites. To support roguery and error all over the earth." Stated more bluntly by our forefather John Adams, "The government of the United States is not, in any sense, founded on the Christian religion. How has it happened that millions of myths, fables, legends and tales have been blended with Jewish and Christian fables and myths and have made them the most bloody

religion that has ever existed? Filled with the sordid and detestable purposes of superstition and fraud?"

I notice the time and it is getting late, thus I have to get ready for work in a short brief period of time. I decide to call my sister to help in the search for an apartment within the city of West Allis. With some minute spare time left before work, I call an aunt of mine in order to find a puppy to occupy the new apartment; while not caring if the future landlord accepts animals or not on his premises. If he or she is no friend to animals, then he or she is no friend of mine. I am preparing for the future but the future is a precarious place in space and time. Now it is time for, "Hi Ho Hi Ho, it's off to work I go."

After leaving the home to attend an evening of work at the Riverwest tavern, I decided to stop at a gas station to pick up some chewing tobacco. The man with the turban on his head was not very friendly, so I thought maybe he was having a bad day or he was just a member of Al Qaeda or the Taliban. I left him a tip so that when I returned the next time, I would definitely know by his attitude, if he was connected in plans for overthrowing the city of Milwaukee. The way the mayor has been running the city for the elite, he probably has enemies in every corner of the universe. Plus, as an American I have been programmed to think this way and ignore realities, like the perfect construction like demolition of the Twin Towers in New York, along with the airplane incidents. Since the masses are very naive and ignorant (This includes all income and educational levels), there are certain truths that can never be mentioned in this country. Even the search for the truth will get one into all sorts of trouble with those who want silence on certain matters. Though historical common sense has proven that governments around the world

from the history of time will do anything to their people, in order to accomplish whatever task needs to be accomplished. There is no level considered to low to go in the crazed pursuit of power, glory, and riches. Poor people understand this better but middle class people are caught up in the system and have a Disney Land version of the world due to their special privileges. This still does not change reality. When one becomes confused by all the hoopla and magic of society while in search for answers, one must then fall back on common sense and then continue the search for truth. If you run into brick walls and a dead end in attempting to find the truth, then you know someone or something is attempting to derail one from searching for the truth. Than you can rest assured that you have been dealt many lies but do not give up and continue searching on.

When I finally arrive at work this evening there is a diversified merry crew of inebriated community members present, engaging in discussion and laughter. Two real live clowns enter the tavern as I began work, carrying balloons with them as they sit down at the bar for liquid refreshments. They explain to me that they have just finished a hard day at work in which the children told them, "You two are imbeciles and not very funny." The two clowns were still in good spirits anyways, as they sat down next to five Jews wearing their Kippas. The Jews were talking business and did not want to be disturbed but the clowns wanted to socialize and interrupted their discussion. The clown with the orange hair named Maximilian spoke, "I too am a entrepreneur in matters of the mind. I have the wisdom of the ages stored in a bottle, in which I would gladly sell to each of you for a *double bourbon and coke*."

The other clown with green hair named Zodiac then spoke in testimony to the other clowns integrity, "I myself can attest to our former lives together and have

witnessed the validity of my friend's charms, and his acumen concerning his claims placed forth with the brutal honesty of a dolphin at sea. During the medieval times we sold our concoctions to members of the clergy within the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church. You only need to look at the Vatican city now to understand our long term success in gaining them financial wealth." One of the Jews responded, "We have everything we need to know within the Talmud." The clowns then laughed while taking turns speaking to each other in Hebrew and then Yiddish. I thought to myself, "What could these clowns possibly be up to? Though, they are very interesting clowns to say the least and very intelligent, if I may say so to myself." The reason I knew these clowns names is because they had their names sewn into their clown uniforms. The Jews were becoming increasingly annoyed with the clowns and went back to their initial conversation.

These clowns were happy to have offended the Jews and next they turned onto the young ladies next to them. One of the ladies had red hair and the clown Zodiac states to her, "Where did you park your broomstick my dear witch? I would love to go on a ride with you to the moon." The girl who was with three of her girlfriends became enraged and states to the clown, "Go to Hell you Fucking idiot and get a real job." The clown Zodiac replies, "Can you not see and understand my dear intellectual invalid, that I am a debt collector for these gentlemen sitting next to us, who are engaged in the art of usury." Now the Jews became enraged and one of them yelled out, "Get the Fuck out of here you anti Semitic pieces of shit." The clown named Maximilian replies, "Mighty terrible words from a man who reads the Talmud, whose ancestors killed Jesus Christ who was one of

their own. I think one would have to call the kettle black in the form of a self loathing Jew."

At that moment one of the homeless men at the bar begins reciting passages from the Old Testament, that had nothing to do with the conversation presently taking place. The homeless man stands up and states, " I once was a preacher. I was over zealous in my preaching and couldn't stop preaching the lessons from the biblical section concerning *Sodom and Gomorrah*, until the parishioners threw me out of the church and nearly drowned me in a lake. It has been ten long years passed, since I have learned my lesson and began to drink the finest of cheap beers and wines. I hereby testify to the authenticity of the clowns in their instruction concerning the bible. I hereby declare the clowns sacred for speaking truth to power. As for my brethren Jews I hereby declare you antagonistic to the clowns because they are gentiles spreading the word." Another patron from the tavern awakens from sleeping on the bar and yells out, "No religion or politics in the bar." While an old women states, "Shut your mouth, I have not seen such comedy on a grand scale since Archie Bunker. How dare anyone ruin my state of happiness and laughter in bringing me euphoric bliss."

The clowns begin to yell in unison, "Tally ho, my faire ladies. The foxes must now guard the chicken coup for you beautiful damsels in distress. Zodiac then states, "Seize the witch for the burning, with the flaming red hair from Hell." Both clowns stand up and begin to sing the national anthem. Now the red headed girl who must have known judo or something of that nature, then threw the clown Zodiac thru the air. As she approached the clown Maximilian she was unprepared for his magic. Maximilian began performing Kung Fu like maneuvers in front of the red head, while Zodiac the clown was

doing log rolls on the ground towards the red head. Then Maximilian throws sparkle dust into the face of the red head, as Zodiac gets on all fours positioned behind the red headed witch. Maximilian then takes his index finger and pushes it between the eyes of the red headed girl, as she tumbles over Zodiac the clown. Zodiac then picks up the girl by her ankles who is wearing sweat pants with pockets, while shaking her until all her change falls out of her pockets. The clowns then dash for the door but not before one of the girls from the red heads group, grabs the orange wig off of the clown's Maximilian's head.

The Jews then decide to leave in which one of the Jews gave me a \$50 tip, two of the Jews left me with a \$10 tip, one of the Jews left me with 50 cents on the bar, and the Jew who picked up the change off the floor from the red head, he left me with nothing. I tried to reflect on what was the meaning concerning this odd arrangement in tips delivered to myself. One after another left the tavern until it was empty. Thirty minutes after the incident with no one left in the tavern, two police officers arrive claiming they had a call regarding a disturbance at this tavern. The officers then asked me what had happened and I state in reply, "I am not quite sure, it might have all been a dream." One of the officer's asked me if I had been drinking. I told him, "No, but I wish I had been. You see there were two patriotic clowns here who offended the synagogue Jews and then preceded to offend a witch who knew judo. One of the clowns may have known Karate but it was all witnessed by an ex preacher in a theological discourse, in which one of the customers thought the whole event was un par with a Shakespearian comedy. It ended in a fight, I believe because the clowns thought they had seen a witch. The next thing you know, the tavern was vacant. I know this may sound unbelievable but I am not sure if I



understand it myself. I think I might need to go home and lay down." The other officer then states, "That might be a good idea to close the bar down for the evening but if you have taken any hallucination style drugs for the evening, I would advise you to get someone to drive you home. I then state, "Ok, alright. I think I have had a very strange and odd night. I will close for the night.

When the officers left I closed up the tavern and went home for the night after informing Ta'koe, that there was a fight in the tavern and the police had arrived because of the disturbance. I wasn't in the mood to repeat the whole unbelievable story that had just occurred this very evening, so I made up a short story version more close to and resembling reality in this world. When I returned home I sat down to drink some tea and then began to write. I decided to jot down the names of some important people I have personally met in life or whom I have personally been within their comfort zones. I will attempt to analyze if there is some meaning or correlation between these various types of people I have come into contact with in this lifetime.

Mario Cuomo- Politician

Kathleen Kennedy Townsend- Lawyer

Brain S.Wilson- Veteran/Activist.

Judi Bari- Environmentalist/Activist

Geronimo Pratt- Veteran/Activist

Gerry Foley- Activist/Writer

Israel Vasquez- Boxer

Robert Fisk- Journalist

Bill Clinton- Politician  
Sugar Ray Leonard- Boxer  
Pamela Anderson- Actress  
Nicholas Cage- Actor  
Michael Dukakis- Politician  
John Quinones- News Correspondent.  
Manny Pacquiao- Boxer  
Freddy Roach- Boxing Trainer  
Oscar de la Hoya- Boxer  
Antonio Margarito- Boxer  
Herb Dean- UFC Referee  
Shane Mosley- Boxer  
Mario Mims(Yo Gotti)- Singer  
Father Robert Faricy- Jesuit Priest  
Frank Zeidler- Politican  
John Matuszak- Football Player  
Michael Milken- Businessman  
Leo Breirather- Union Representative  
Russell Means-Activist  
Dolores Huerta- Activist  
Sister Dianna Ortiz- Ursuline Nun  
Bob Hope- Entertainer  
William Proxmire- Politician

William Scott Ritter- United Nations Weapons Inspector.

Heidi Fleiss- Socialite/Madam

None of the above appears to makes any sense towards having any meaning or purpose of why I have come across these people, nor any other average person who toils away in life. The only thing that makes any sense is that the vast majority of them supported the Marxist Fascist Capitalist in one form or another, even if they were at odds with the system. The reformers actually believed in the fantasy that you can reform the beast, after the beast has grown beyond control. The Marxist Fascist Capitalist police state is now on a war economy alert against the citizenry. Nothing will satisfy it's urges for more and more power. It most constantly win everything by any means necessary. This can be seen in the stuffed memorial of Samson in the Milwaukee museum.

At one time Samson was the King of the Zoo and frightened all those who came before him on his throne in the glass cage, when he felt up to it. At times the beast was actually polite and calm especially when things were going his way in the world he occupied. As a citizen of Milwaukee more popular than the mayor or police chief at the time, Samson still needed to feel the power of city politics, especially since he was caged from the freedom of nature. Even the sight of one of my friends named Bruce C would make Samson go into a tailspin of terror for no apparent reason. I believe it was because even Samson became a Marxist Fascist Capitalist over time, without even knowing it. It just kind of sneaks up on you until one day you look in the mirror and view a tyrant. The conquerors of the world even turn a slave into one of them over time. I believe the real reason that Samson did not like Bruce C was because he came from a dysfunctional

family, that could not understand Marxist Fascist Capitalism, so he just lived for the moment of temporary bliss every time he could find it. I believe Samson if given the right opportunity and guidance could have become an Archbishop of Milwaukee, within the Marxist Fascist Capitalist elite class that ran the city. The city made a mistake the day when they brought Terra to come and live with Samson. Samson was more intelligent than Terra and was more in need of a Parrot, since he had the wisdom of Plato in the back recesses of his mind. Terra could only provide Samson with temporary sexual gratification while a Parrot would provide Samson with endless conversation.

I decide to write a couple of poems before retiring for the evening with thoughts of the great Milwaukee legend Samson running through my mind. Instead of counting sheep before retiring after my poems, I begin by counting all the possible windows Samson could have broken, if he was inspired with the chance to run free all over Milwaukee. If Samson was allowed to run free for a few hours before being captured and incarcerated again, due to the crimes he would commit but not understand concerning private property, and the afforded protection of private property that the political philosopher John Locke had made so important concerning the life of man, this would make no sense to a guerilla who I believe just wants to be natural, free, and in a state of blissful harmony with nature.

### **The Streets**

Wishful thinkers hoping  
Inspired writers writing.  
Philosophers discussing  
New ideas and new ways.

Politicians negotiating.  
Drug addicts smoking  
Crack Cocaine and stoking.  
Hell's Angel bikers riding.  
The streets are filled with rain  
And many walk the streets insane.  
The world can be frightening.  
The rebel is inciting, a wild uprising.  
Homeless people wanting a bed.  
Fathers killed by someone knifing.  
Battered homes and broken heads.  
Whistling dreams from the dead.  
Sewers filled with rats a feeding.  
Another day the sun will shine.  
People will give up their crime.  
Volunteers will provide their time.  
People will be paroled and do fine.  
Drug addiction will be a thing of the past.  
People won't grow up on the streets so fast.  
Jobs will be in plenty of supply and hope will last.  
This dream I have gives hope a very slim chance.

### **The Poet**

The poet must ride

And glide thru the night.

Beware the poet in flight

The poet comes for you.

The poet has flare

The poet might care.

The poet has rims

The poet may be slim.

The poet is right

When he does write.

The poet is full of wine

When the poet does dine.

The poet loves women

His heart skips a beat

When the lovely thin ones

Walk down the side street.

The poet has cares and passions.

The poet is alive when he writes.

The poet makes words dance

Dance to a jazzy rhythmical beat.

The poet is smooth  
He loves artistic tunes.  
The poet is wild at night  
The poet is a genius on sight.

The poet has dreams  
The poet is torn apart  
Torn apart at the seams  
When his desires aren't met.

The poet worships fine women  
He dazzles them with his pen.  
The poet knows ancient world history  
And speaks of and from the past.

The poet has a museum of words  
And letters learned from the past  
Of all the great writers who walked  
Walked the earth in the treasury past.

I am the poet and I love life's treasures  
The casual walks and the mountain pleasures.

The poet will write when he is humbly impressed  
Or when he is sad, but mainly the poet writes to write.

The glory of love and the Heavens spring forth  
The poet smells the flowers that life gives forth.  
The poet watches with great intensity and interest  
Since the poet is curious and has many interests.

The poet is a magician when it comes to his words  
The poet make friends and enemies with words.  
The poet releases anxiety and pressure with words  
The poet climbs to the sky when he befuddles his words.

The poet can't be stopped because the poet has something to say,  
The poet is a firebrand and full of much satire and wit this way.  
The poet will find an audience from the words he does play  
For the peoples imaginations grow excited this way.

I am that poet who will rock the world  
I am that poet who writes for the beautiful girl.  
I am that poet who reaches for the Heavens  
I am that poet who dies when in a depression.



I am that poet who has something to proclaim and say to the world

I am that poet without a beautiful virgin girl at my side.

I am that poet who cares for so much but I am also a poet

A poet who seems lost from humanity and stresses out a lot.

Let the poet and all poets sing their poetry

Let us all become on fire with dire passion.

Let us ride the wild storm and a liven all

All the fine people and kindle their passions!

## *Chapter 22*

*The average man is a conformist, accepting miseries and disasters with the stoicism of  
a cow standing in the rain.*

*Colin Wilson*

I awaken in the early morning due to a nightmare from an article I had read the previous day, regarding Microsoft's Bill Gates. It has often been stated that this man is a genius but after reflection concerning his words of dismal idiocy, the truth of my dreams have revealed him to be more spiritually immature than a five year old; and seriously lacking any worthwhile knowledge regarding philosophy, psychology, sociology, history, and humanity. In these areas he appears to be intellectually crippled beyond healing or repair. The self proclaimed technological genius has no understanding concerning the forces of natural law present in the universe because he either has no self confidence or he is a self proclaimed defeatist to serve his own purposes. The following words to come out of this man's mouth are no more enlightening than a man inebriated, who has reached beyond the limits of what the brain can endure when fully soaked in whiskey.

A reporter asked Mr. Gates what his opinion was concerning the hypothetical possible advent of mass unemployment and the social unrest to follow within a society. The baby boy genius replied with the intellectual absurdity, one would expect from a teenager engaged with friends playing a Ouija board game. Mr. Gates was asked the following question, "What should governments do to prevent social unrest in the wake of mass unemployment?" Mr. Gates stated the following with his brain asleep in some

comatose stupor, "They (The government) should basically get on their knees and beg businesses to keep employing humans over algorithms. This means perhaps eliminating payroll and corporate income taxes while also not raising the minimum wage so that businesses will feel comfortable employing people at dirt-cheap wages instead of outsourcing their jobs to an iPad." One would think that the baby boy genius would have some creativity beyond idiocy in his devil's sermon but when all the riches of the world are at your doorstep, one actually begins to think they created this world instead of some higher force out there in the universe, referred to as God by most people. Then he went on to state later concerning one of his older quotes about his personal spirituality. "Just in terms of allocation of time resources, religion is not very efficient. There's a lot more I could be doing on a Sunday morning." Maybe on Sunday he could evolve spiritually in his own church within himself but his church is filled with the material assets and glories of Marxist Fascist Capitalism. It is understandable thought that Billy would not want to share his wealth with the con artists of organized religion.

I begin to write a manifesto due to the putrid which regurgitated from the mouth of Billy Gates. I entitle my manifesto forthwith as, "Occupy the Land Movement." I hereby give my 10 point plan for the betterment of society concerning the land movement. A plan of brotherhood, solidarity, compassion, humanitarianism, love, commitment, hope, and forgiveness.

1) In the spring of so designed year, all citizens under the military occupation of the United States government are to leave all technology behind and occupy all empty land available in the Marxist Fascist Capitalistic United States of America.

2) All citizens are to leave behind all identification concerning who they are as incarcerated people of the Marxist Fascist Capitalistic United States of America. In the advent of questioning or arrest by the forces enforcing the doctrines of the Marxist Fascist Capitalistic State of the United States of America, one is to remain silent. When one is asked for their name then one is to answer with unity to the brotherhood of mankind and prove their solidarity to the movement by stating the following, "My name is Daffy Duck and I am in revolt with the brotherhood of mankind, concerning the unjust sufferings caused by the Marxist Fascist Capitalistic of the United States of America.

3) When leaving to occupy the land everyone should leave the doors unlocked to their residencies and the keys in the car or cars left behind. This is done so that others who have no available transportation can join in the land movement. Also, any food left behind can help to feed those who cannot leave the city due to age, sickness, and other serious responsibilities at the present moment.

4) Only people who work in the areas of emergency and medical staffs will attend employment while the rest of society will live in tepee like conditions on the land for 6 months, until the empire crumbles to pieces. Everyone will barter and money will become irrelevant for the next 6 months, until the fall of the Marxist Fascist Capitalistic State.

5) All people in support of the movement will show their solidarity by a circle of unity on their business or home residency. The circle will represent the unity of the brotherhood which will remain unbroken until the Marxist Fascist Capitalist of the United States are defeated.

6) Since not all people will be able to understand the integrity of the movement and will commit crimes of Marxist Fascist Capitalism concerning materialism, they will inadvertently be helping the movement due to the laws of nature. They will fill the jails and prisons beyond capacity so that the oppressors of the state, will be too busy to enforce whole scale evictions concerning the occupiers of the land movement.

7) Everyone will unite in the universal spirituality learned from the ages, within a universal religion with no power structure, just unity in numbers to overpower the forces of the Marxist Fascist Capitalist. The energy sent of good intentions and good vibrations will cause more people everyday to join in the movement. Each day the Marxist Fascist Capitalist State will begin to wither away piece by piece.

8) Every man, woman, and child will come to the conclusion that everyone has a unique nature to follow, since nothing has ever been set in stone concerning what constitutes the goodness of the world. Everyone will ask themselves the following questions, "What is right in my heart? Is this conclusion based on common sense or are outside forces corrupting my thinking processes and abilities?"

9) Each day the movement will use meditation and singing to embrace harmony with the universe and bring balance to the world. All Americans will become aware that all materialism comes from the backs of others less fortunate around the world. This selfishness will become understood, as to why the economy has went from a state involved in the production of goods, to a state involved and driven by a war economy. Nothing is free in this world and someone must always suffer somewhere around the world for our excesses and materialistic comforts.

10) Most importantly everyone shall mock greed and praise cooperation and sharing. When society is rebuilt it will be rebuilt with a foundation of integrity, while all past crimes and debts will be forgiven. In the future when one wants to display their wealth in public or even inside a church, temple, or synagogue of organized religion- then one must show where the vulgarities of their wealth came from within our society. If a jacket was made by the slave labor and deaths of millions of Burmese, than it shall so be stated on the product. The same logic goes with organized religious paintings and statutes. If they were paid for in blood by economic slaves then they in no way belong in the world of spirituality. If the assets are donated or placed within the religious institutions, they shall so state where and who suffered for these great pieces of art.

Upon finishing with my 10 point manifesto, I sit back and decide to call in sick for work today. I feel to many thoughts are going on through my mind without enough time to process them. If I don't take some time to sit back and reflect, I might just end up having a nervous breakdown. This will not accomplish anything positive and will only

make the Marxist Fascist Capitalist more happier than ever. Every victory against mankind places them in a state of euphoria but it is only a temporary fix. Like the parasitic vampire they need more blood victims, on a victorious nightly basis, in order to keep surviving in their valueless world they have created.

The enslavement of an old woman who will go without food in order to pay her long overdue electric or gas bill, is cause for celebration for the Marxist Fascist Capitalist. Every victim must be sucked dry on the alter of Marxist Fascist Capitalism or victory would appear to be incomplete. Each convert to Marxist Fascist Capitalism is reason enough for another holiday from the bosses of the masses, in order to consume until they have no more room to consume anymore. Consume. consume, consume until you regurgitate. Then immediately consume more and if your brain or conscience come into play then turn to sex, drugs, booze, or the Marxist Fascist Capitalist minions of organized religion.

I call into work at the Riverwest tavern to tell whoever is working, that my mind is sick due to the unhealthy influences of the Marxist Fascist Capitalist who run society. Ta'koe answers the phone and delivers the message to the owner in more understandable terms. He explains to the owner that my aunt who died two years ago, has just recently died and the temporary grief and anxiety I feel is causing a bright illumination; blinding me temporarily from group interaction and production in the pursuit of profit. Ta'koe's story is very convincing and even I begin to believe that my aunt has just died, after rising again from the dead, only to depart again to the other world; with the same soul that has occupied her other bodies in all her previous lives.

I am so sorry. I must now make my confessions to myself and to the all knowing universal alien God who created me. I understand this universal spiritual all encompassing being to have intellect beyond my understanding. This God like creature, for some unknown reason has placed us earthly people in a state of confusion. Nowhere does all the answers to life lay before us. It is a continual search to piece together the puzzle of life. Every time one thinks they are getting close, the universal God like creature will throw a wrench into the mechanics of thinking causing one to back track. Only in our dreams are we allowed to get bits and pieces of the spiritual realms that exist in the universe. Our dreams are more of a reality than our earthly existence. I feel that it is natural that the average person must go through eight or so lives with the same soul before they become part of the universal spirit of the cosmos. It is like an apprenticeship program and we have approximately 10,000 different types of situations we must face and live through in our numerous lives.

Life is like a rerun at times because in our dreams and in the awakening hours we can sometimes replay society like a video recorder. We can change the outcome numerous times before we make the final decision. This altered state of consciousness is available to all of us, if we allow ourselves to become in tune with the spiritual existence of the universe and nature, that the creator lives in and occupies. Many mystics have seen this occur many times and have visited this place of altered consciousness on numerous occasions. I even believe we have to have one life of evil, in order to understand evil and to see the pain it brings to the world. A full education is needed and no one goes to Hell in the end because we are already here in Hell, and it is called planet earth. Everyone passes because everyone eventually learns. The natural skills and capabilities we are born



with are from previous lives. In a previous life we may have formed a disposition of patience, this will be carried over to the new life. There will be new challenges and capabilities to improve on concerning the new life. Many of us who appear farther behind in the universal moral code of life are only this way do to our limited life existences. I believe that only 10 percent of the present population or less are allowed to have a disposition of peace and love in counteracting the 90 percent for the quick fix of violence in the present day reality.

Even an atheist can become a mystic and be drawn to the beauty of nature and the cosmos. The atheist may even praise and worship mother earth but may have not been given the faculty by the creator to understand the spiritual God for some unknown reason to mankind. The creator works in mysterious ways because the atheist can be a better man to mankind than the spiritual preacher. I think that the God of the spiritual universe has placed us here to constantly keep us on our toes. Every time we think that we are 100 percent sure on something in life, the creator throws us for a loop and brings us to doubt those things in life we thought we had established as fact. There is good and bad to everything in life because of the opposite poles. Life is grey to make us constantly stay cautiously alert and spiritually inclined to keep learning the mysteries of life. There are cruelties that happen to one's worse enemy that one would not wish to happen. The sickening realities of this learning experience are some how suppose to broaden our knowledge. I may have limited intellectual abilities but the creator may be at odds with himself at times, in fighting the same polar opposites forces of evil and good. Maybe he is not responsible for the evil, it might just be that the universe becomes off balance at times. It may be part of the continued growth that never ceases and is always changing

causing a spill over effect of disasters until equilibrium is restored. I think in all of our lives the creator attempts to even out the sufferings, so no one must suffer on a continual basis so harshly every life time. It may be that one harsh long life of suffering may bring more comfort in the future lives. I think everything balances out in the end. Everyone's spiritual existence is in their own soul for the creator has imparted it through the divine light to humanity.

I believe that divorce goes against the laws of nature unless there are mitigating circumstances. I believe that it is a lie to claim you have loved someone for 20 years and to dump them in a moments notice. You either never loved that person or you have no heart within your spirit and soul. You would then do the same to your children as to your spouse concerning the desertion of love but the power of control over minds that were nurtured by ourselves, is a very hard power to give up. Power comes into play in all facets of life. I believe the natural motherhood extinct has been nurtured out of society due to modern civilization. The power of Marxist Fascist Capitalism is presently so strong in the universe, especially in most industrialized countries. This has brought great confusion and an imbalance in nature effecting basic natural law.

I don't understand how abortion was so easily victorious in society but it comes from the effects of the forces of Marxist Fascist Capitalism. When one believes in the secular system of Marxist Fascist Capitalism, then anything can become an excuse for murder in defense of the selfish interests of one. To claim abortion is some kind of right is the same as starving people into poverty as promoted in the *Wealth of Nations*, when there is the ability to pay for the basic needs of the people. There are something's in life that are always wrong under natural law and something's in life are only wrong if they

violate the person's own nature. The universe and nature is indeed a very strange place continually placing obstacles in front of mankind, in order to keep man perplexed and constantly searching to figure out the natural mechanical operation of the world at hand.

I ask myself the internal question of life. Does it really matter if Jesus Christ was only a mythical prophet? Or maybe he was not mythical but only a profit? I say even if he was only a mythical profit, the creative imagination of his goodness in the mind of man is enough to bring celebration, concerning the promotion of peace and love. There is no cause for disharmony or alarm. Even if Christ existed and was only a profit, this proves that all spirituality is headed in one direction. This same direction to the same guiding light through cultural creative diversity, delivers everyone's own unique spiritual place in the universe. Either way under both conditions one can promote harmony in the world and peace through the spiritual formats of their choosing. The temple of God always stands first and foremost in the heart before any organization on the planet. Many times political and religious dogmas get in the way of truth. Your soul resides within you but if you feel inclined to join an organization that you can help express yourself spiritually, than so be it. This can be done until a time comes when it is no longer serving the interests of your spiritual world and the sanctity of your soul. Allegiances are nice and endearing but the sanctity of the soul is above all earthly endeavors or institutions.

Every time I become temporarily happy I am immediately brought back down to earth with a sadness, due to the vast amount of evilness and hate brought against me by the elite business community in Milwaukee. The elite who run Milwaukee are of a small controlling mindset comparable to the ones who ran the Salem Witch trials in the 1600's in Massachusetts. The elite in Milwaukee are extremely obsessed with keeping the

masses they control completely ignorant because they fear a knowledgeable citizenry, that comes with a big city environment of people thinking for themselves. Even the news stations in Milwaukee appear like a high school production of simplistic propaganda. The style is formatted to what a high school administration would have censored and gave permission to express, as to what they deemed as newsworthy. Many high schools have better newspapers than the Milwaukee Journal/Sentinel Staff, whose hands are tied by the editors who are controlled by the advertisers. It would not even matter if they were free to write what they wanted, since they have been indoctrinated with a slave mentality for far too long, having lost the ability know how to break away from their robotic tendencies.

One can drive right through Milwaukee while napping and not miss a thing except for the filthy streets due to long lasting winters. No one questions authority in this city and it is a very dangerous place to live for anyone having a high level of intelligence. This is why the personality of Governor Walker fits so well for this state. The state enjoys being intellectually limited as long as the price of beer and taxes stay low. It does not bother the people in this state if they work extremely hard for 60 hours and receive the wages of what someone in a big city market would receive in 30 hours, while not working very hard at all. There is a stubbornness towards maintaining ignorance at all costs. In a way it is quite humorous because one can see first generation people in places like California, pass up people who have lived in Wisconsin for three generations, with most of it is due to this state's stubbornness and know it all attitude. The people fit right into the pocket of abusive employers and in a way they deserve their fate. Gossip is more important than any intellectual discussion of any type. The income level does not matter in Wisconsin society since everyone enjoys meaningless discussions of small town type

ludicrous gossip. The truth does not make one many friends or popular here but the truth must be spoken to small minded tiny minute brain particles.

What the elite in Milwaukee and their minions have done is to expose themselves to me, as the true jack asses that they really are in this world. In many ways they are less intelligent than tribal members from the Brazilian Rain Forrest or pygmies from Australia. The elite of Milwaukee waited nearly 20 years to get even with me and what did it really serve them? In the realm of everything they proved their small mindedness which many of them inherited from their Catholic roots of cruel nonsense and stringent punishment. The roots of Catholicism in Milwaukee spring more from Satanic evil than anything of a nurturing good spirit towards society. So much in celebration of negative energy to destroy one, while spending insurmountable money to make one look like a hypocrite. In reality they are extremely evil since they are filled with excessive chronic hate. To bow down and be a part of their world would be like internalizing their hateful ways and attitudes engrained in their simplistic mindsets while destroying and disfiguring your own soul.

There is a reason why evil minds have found Wisconsin a place for rest in the characters of Jeffrey Dahmer, Walter Ellis, David Spanbauer, and Ed Gein. Things just don't happen by chance in this world of equilibrium forces. I feel like I can now breath and sleep easy by exposing some of my enemies and the simple minded who just follow orders in this city and state. There is a form of universal justice and equilibrium in the universe, since I fear not the wrath of my enemies of moral and intellectual decay. You can keep one suffering for life but eventually the truth unfolds in strange ways in this

world. Now I can begin to forgive my enemies and all of their contaminated evil ways maintained within their souls.

I decide to go outside and take a walk, as I end up coming across a man near a tavern, who is laying up against a building wall with a coat hanger on his head. The man asks me for a dollar since he is short on some wine. In return I ask him, "Why do you have a coat hanger on your head?" He replies, "It is because I was an unsuccessful abortion and was never meant to be in this world." I told him, "I understand because neither was I meant to be here." I then gave him two dollars towards his purchase of wine and as I was walking away the gentlemen of the streets states the following to me, "Thou shalt not kill. Beware the Ides of March." In reply, I state, "My dear friend beware for a priest may be near and he may fear you are a heathen. Thus, he will either take you to the mental health clinic or worse yet to the nearest church for an exorcism. There are no free lunches in his world." As I walked away the gentlemen from the streets screams out, "The devil speaks in tongues and 666 is written on the beast's face who can change your fate. Just look into the mirror and you will view my face, in your face." I walk away whistling to myself and thinking of the old classic song by Shirley Temple entitled, *On the Good Ship Lollipop*.

On the walk I noticed a tavern that had a strange appearance that I had never been in before, so I decided to enter the tavern. In Milwaukee there are two aspects that I have great familiarity with concerning the business industry. I have probably tried every pizza ever made in this city at least once and I have most likely been in every drinking establishment at least once in my life time. Upon entering the tavern there were no customers present or even a bartender. There was just Hare Krishna music playing while

I waited for approximately five minutes for a drink. So I decided to get up and leave and as I was leaving I heard a voice from some unknown place call out to me politely, "Thank you for stopping in. Please come again." As I walked out to the sidewalk and down the block I began thinking to myself, "That was a strange and odd establishment. I wonder if they really want people to stop in for a drink or not?" I decided to walk for about two miles before entering a dingy tavern by a railroad bridge.

Upon entering the tavern the place was dark but was lit with some candles. The bartender was extremely tall and reminded me of Lurch from the Adams family, since he would hardly talk at all. I was just waiting for *Cousin It* to come running out to greet me because the place appeared sort of spooky. Sitting at the bar was a Gothic woman about 40 wearing a black dress with black lipstick on her lips. She introduced herself to me with her long flowing black hair and told me her name was Samantha. Samantha had some tarot cards with her and she states to me, "Come sit by me." She dealt her tarot cards and flipped some of them over and then she grasped my hand. She then states, "Your life is utter confusion because of your previous life in the 1920's in Milwaukee." I reply, ""What are you talking about? You mean I was stuck in this damn city for two life times?" She then replies, "I am receiving some sensations and messages. In your previous life you were a preacher obsessed with burning books that you considered blasphemous. One day you were so over zealous that you accidentally burned a copy of the bible. This lead to the people turning against you thinking you were the anti-Christ. Even your wife left you for an atheist, as you then began to collect large amounts of pornographic materials from all over the world." I then blurt out, "Are you fucking crazy or what?" Samantha replies, "Are you presently having a religious conflict or religious identity

crisis in your life." I state, "No, not until I met you. Now I feel like joining a cult because I have met to many crazy and strange people this very day." Samantha then replies, "Your past life left you with many unresolved matters, which now have transferred over to your present life, and they require immediate intervention." I then state to Samantha, "You should start your own church or cult, you are a very convincing nutcase. I came to this tavern for a soda but now I feel like I need an alcoholic drink." Samantha then states to me, "I would like you to come over to my apartment with me, so that I can get you into my orbital influence and understand you and your past lives better." I reply, "Hell, I don't give a shit. I have nothing better to do for the evening. We might as well have a séance too with some of your friends." Samantha replies, "That is what I had in mind for you." I reply back to Samantha before leaving with her in her car to go to her place by stating the following, "Maybe this will be more entertaining than the 1960 film, *The 13 Ghosts*. Maybe the ghosts of all my past lives will come out to haunt me?"

During the drive me and the Gothic Samantha began making out on the way to her apartment, every time we ran up to a stop light or stop sign. Upon entering Samantha's gloomy dark apartment with the smell of incense and numerous candles, I sat down at Samantha's kitchen table. She then proceeded to call a couple of her friends to come over to her place, as she set down next to me at the kitchen table. She then tells me, "Wait here a second while I go into the bedroom to retrieve something for us." When Samantha returned she was carrying with her a crystal ball. Now I knew things were going to get uncontrollably humorous. Samantha began rubbing the back of my neck and telling me to relax. She then proceeded to work her magic on the crystal ball. After a few minutes she began to state the following, "In one of your previous lives going back to the



medieval times in Europe, you were a young monk." She then states, "Is it not true that in this life, you are a great admirer of the Gregorian Chant music. I reply, "Yes but I like almost all kinds of music," She then states, "You were a French Monk. You were disgraced for impregnating a nun from your religious order." I then annoyingly reply back, "Now all this is getting a little crazy. I was going a long with this before out of interesting humor but things are getting a little sick here at the present time." Samantha then states, "It appears that in all of your past lives their has been sensual perversions regarding your faith. The spirits of your past lives are haunting your present life, causing you intense suffering." I reply, "You are a damn good story teller but a very strange one indeed. Why can't you keep the story to a PG rating used in the movie industry."

Samantha then states, "You are being haunted by your past lives to change and reform yourself. Your religion has become twisted due to the sexual proclivities of your past and present lives. You must make choices to maintain a balance of forces." I exhaustedly state, "Ok, alright. I will become a hermit. Is that good enough for you? I need a damn beer. Do you have a beer in your refrigerator. You are stressing me the fuck out. I am going to have to go on Zoloft, once I leave this apartment. Hell, it worked for Mike Tyson. I guess it can work for me. Samantha then states, "I have no beer but I do have some wine." I reply, "That will do. Please give me the whole damn bottle."

While I was finishing off the wine, Samantha kept checking out every corner of my head like some Voodoo doctor or someone of that nature. She was feeling the creases in my forehead and playing with my ear lobes. The crazy bitch was even looking into my ears with a candle. I was so glad that I had cleaned my ears out the other day with Q-Tips. Then all of a sudden she throws out her breasts and tells me to feel them. Naturally

I do as she instructed and then she states, "You see. I was correct in my clairvoyance that your problems evolve around sexuality and religion." I then state, "You don't know what you are talking about. Cro-Magnon man would have did the same thing to Cro-Magnon woman if she grunted, as I did the same thing as you have done to me by freely exposing your humongous and voluptuous breasts. Samantha then states, "You are wrong in this case because I am receiving very strong messages about your past. When the other two psychics arrive we will have a séance to discover more."

Just then the doorbell rings and two guys come walking into the apartment. One of the guys is named Anwar and he is from Egypt. The other guy is named Samir and he is from Sudan. They both look very concerned as they meet with Samantha and quietly talk about me. By now I don't really care anymore because I am fairly intoxicated from the wine and I am feeling really good. Samantha then proceeds to blow out all the candles except for one. She then takes off her dress and sits at the kitchen table in her baw, panties, and garter belt with stockings. I am sitting next to her and she tells everyone to hold hands, as she grabs my hand and Anwar grabs my other hand. She begins by speaking in tongues and reciting some passages from the *Book of Lies* by Aleister Crowley. All of a sudden she lets out a horrible scream and looks me in the face and states the following, "You blasphemous whore of sinful lust and crude temptations. Have you not learned anything from all your previous lives on this earth. You foul wretched creature living in eternal damnation within your own body. How dare you show yourself in public you wretched creature of sin and degradation." I then stood up and said, "All right you crazy bitch the party is over. I have had enough off this bullshit. Are you trying

to give me nightmares for the next week?" Samantha then stands up and claws at my face and then hisses like a cat as she travels into her room with Samir.

After about five minutes, I ask Anwar who appears to be staring at the wall, if he has known Samantha very long. Anwar replies, "I just met her yesterday." I then ask him how long he has been friends with Samir. Anwar replies, "I met Samir last week in Chicago at the airport." I start thinking to myself, "I bet everyone here has psychological problems or they are doing some heavy drugs." I walk over to Samantha's room and tap on her door. As I tap on her door the door slowly opens and their sitting on the bed with her is Samir, and they are both injecting heroin into their arms. Then Samantha lets out a wicked scream and begins to laugh uncontrollably. I turn around and Anwar is sitting at the kitchen table with a butcher knife slamming it numerous times between his fingers. I figure this is some type of Charles Manson cult and all these people are absolutely possessed, so I run out the door as fast as I can, as I keep running until I reach my doorstep. I never looked back while running because I feared the evil spirits in which they may have conjured up, might be following me the whole way.

When I was home I looked at my phone and noticed I had a voice mail message from my sister. The message stated, "I found an apartment for you in West Allis. You can move in anytime. I paid the security deposit and the first month rent for you." I then sit down to think and begin to write about the thoughts going on in my head. I start wondering if Samantha was fully crazy, partially crazy, a drug addict, or was under the spell of some evil spiritual forces. Just in case she was sane and had some special powers, I need to attempt to figure something's out in my head. Just because she might have been a drug addict doesn't mean she might not be a true psychic. I attempted to rationalize this

out by reflecting on American society concerning all the illegal drug use, legal drug use, and prescription drug use for depression and other classified mental illnesses.

In the United States we represent five percent of the worlds population but we engage in approximately one third of the total illegal drug use in the world. The 2007 the United Nations World Drug Report estimated that the world drug trade brought in approximately 322 billion dollars a years. A 2010 study by the Rand corporation claimed that 22 million Americans purchased and consumed approximately 40 billion a year in marijuana, 28 billion in cocaine, 27 billion in heroin, and 13 billion in methamphetamines concerning drug use. The total amount of illegal drug usage was around 108 billion dollars in the United States. Another study reported by the Russian Times claimed that the United States represents 60 percent of the world market concerning psychotropic drug use. The US market alone represents a 14 billion dollar annual market for the pharmaceutical industry. The US represent as of 2012, a 20 percent share of the nearly trillion dollar annual market of alcohol consumption. The US share is about 198 billion dollars. Concerning the tobacco market the US as of 2011 represents nearly a 60 percent share of the 500 billion dollar a year global market.

The US spends over 500 billion dollars a year in destroying their health due to the stresses of American life. Many of these stresses people have placed on themselves but many are placed on people due to the nature of the modern economy; in which everyone has to combine five to six jobs into one job. All the monitoring of the work place for high production demands with GPS systems and cameras, including machine like productivity demands are leaving Americans half nuts. Americans are always wondering if their job is next in line to be eliminated. Keeping up with the Jones and over exhaustion from

overwork are driving Americans over the cliff. Life was not meant to be like this since there is more to life than just being a cog in a machine. America is a very stressful place to live, as one can see by the high divorce rate and the complete destruction of the American nuclear family unit.

Another thought just came across my mind while thinking about the destruction of the American family. In this country we encourage and reward the destruction of the family. Society has it set up that it is okay to desert one, once the first time something goes wrong. United we stand and divided we fall. This makes it much easier to control a society that is on the verge of collapse. I will never understand how someone can be with someone for a very long time and then just wake up one morning, and decide they don't love their partner anymore. It is a foreign concept to me and only a ruthless or insane individual can do this to someone. If you can do this to your husband or wife, then you can do this to your children. That bullshit about motherly love and natural motherly instinct does not exist in this society anymore. It has been bred out of the human race and the present day modern women, has as much compassion in her heart as a mannequin.

The great equal rights is a whole lot of lies and bullshit. It has made women callous and greedy individuals, as a profound embarrassment to the human race. The vast majority of women have become down right evil in this society, since the vast majority of women have been spoiled since birth by their fathers. That was the great mistake and most women have become the great actresses. My ex wife even bragged in her diary about how she never cried because her mother would give her something to cry about. She even admitted to me that she would cry in the beginning of our marriage, just to get her way. Anyone who would get married in the modern United States would need their

head examined, since there is no such thing as love because the modern woman is a ruthless rattle snake only concerned about herself. The new modern American woman is a hollow hearted tin woman who loves no one but herself. A pathetic story concerning the destruction of the American dream.

The American dream was never materialism but was the pursuit of happiness as stated by our forefathers in the Declaration of Independence. The American dream has become the American nightmare and most of it is largely due to the Americans themselves. The American male spoiled his daughter and she went on in life becoming a demanding and spoiled brat to her husband. The first time something goes wrong they just split. What a bullshit country.

The American empire is on it's last leg and the internal destruction of the people are the signs of the great decay. The day of reckoning is very near and the coming sectional civil war from economic collapse is close at hand. Each American will deserve it for blindly strolling along and ignoring the signs of reality. If the Americans are lucky their standard of living will only be reduced by about one third. Most likely it will be a lot more dire, once the federal government eventually defaults on their 17.5 trillion national debt which keeps growing rapidly. The military industrial complex and the bankers will have destroyed this country while profiting handsomely. The United States has the most insane foreign policy of contradictions due to the inherent nature of the defense industry, demanding to sell weapons of destruction to as many people as possible in the world for profit.

Concerning the bankers they have created a monopoly like nightmare since the time of President Andrew Jackson. Most of the same families have been in power since

then and they are part of the old American aristocracy of great wealth; who fix the rules of the game for their own interests while the little guy suffers the losses. They never lose because they call the shots to decide when and how they will win, due to their unlimited influence because of their unlimited wealth. The following quotes by famous Americans can explain the manipulation of the money supply by bankers better than I could in my own words.

*"The central bank is an institution of the most deadly hostility existing against the Principles and form of our Constitution. I am an Enemy to all banks discounting bills or notes for anything but Coin. If the American People allow private banks to control the issuance of their currency, first by inflation and then by deflation, the banks and corporations that will grow up around them will deprive the People of all their Property until their Children will wake up homeless on the continent their Fathers conquered. The end of democracy and the defeat of the American revolution will occur when government falls into the hands of the lending institutions and moneyed incorporations." I sincerely believe that banking institutions are more dangerous to our liberties than standing armies. Already they have raised up a money aristocracy that has set the government at defiance. The issuing power should be taken from the banks and restored to the people to whom it properly belongs.*

*Thomas Jefferson*

*"Banks have done more injury to the religion, morality, tranquility, prosperity, and even wealth of the nation than they can have done or ever will do good."*

*John Adams*

*"History, records that the Money Changers have used every form of abuse, intrigue, deceit and violent means possible to maintain their control over governments by controlling money and its issuance."*

*James Madison*

*"Give me control of a nation's money and I care not who makes it's laws"*

*Mayer Amschel Bauer Rothschild*

*It is well that the people of the nation do not understand our banking and monetary system, for if they did, I believe there would be a revolution before tomorrow morning."*

*Henry Ford*

*"The real truth of the matter is, as you and I know, that a financial element in the large centers has owned the government of the U.S. since the days of Andrew Jackson."*

*Franklin Delano Roosevelt*

*"The Federal Reserve banks are one of the most corrupt institutions the world has ever seen. There is not a man within the sound of my voice who does not know that this nation is run by the International bankers."*

*Congressman Louis T. McFadden*



*"Every effort has been made by the Federal Reserve Board to conceal its power. But the truth is, the Federal Reserve Board has usurped the government of the United States. It controls everything here; and it controls our foreign relations. It makes or breaks governments at will. No man, and no body of men, is more entrenched in power than the arrogant credit monopoly which operates the Federal Reserve Board and Federal Reserve Banks.*

*These evil-doers have robbed the country of more than enough money to pay the national debt. What the National Government has permitted the Federal Reserve Board to steal from the people should now be returned to the people. The people have a valid claim against the Federal Reserve Board and the Federal Reserve Banks. If that claim is enforced, Americans will not need to stand in bread lines. Homes will be saved. Families will be kept.*

*What is needed here is a return to the Constitution of the United States. The old struggle that was fought out here in Jackson's day must be fought over again. The Federal Reserve Act should be repealed; and the Federal Reserve Banks -- having violated their charters -- should be liquidated immediately. Faithless government officers who have violated their oaths of office should be impeached and brought to trial. Unless this is done by us, I predict the American people -- outraged, robbed, pillaged, insulted, and betrayed as they are in their own land -- will rise in their wrath and send a President here who WILL sweep the money changers from the temple."*

*"Most Americans have no real understanding of the operation of the international money lenders. The accounts of the Federal Reserve System have never been audited. It operates outside the control of Congress and manipulates the credit of the United States."*

*Sen. Barry Goldwater*

What Americans don't understand is that the party is over in America. The American public was gullible and naively trusting due to laziness, and now they will pay for generations. In 1971 the collapse of the Bretton Woods gold standard happened with the United States, as they terminated this avenue in favor of fiat money. No longer was the dollar tied to the amount of available gold, since we would now just be dealing with paper currencies and nothing to back it up. Bretton Woods was an international monetary system began by the United States guaranteeing a fixed exchange rate of \$35 for every ounce of gold. The initial 44 nations involved all had their currencies pegged to the American dollar.

Today the American dollar is weak due to continuing trade deficits, national annual deficits, the national debt, the government printing of more and more money, and the banks in their continual creation of dollars that don't exist in this grand pyramid scheme; which redistributes wealth from the lower classes to the upper classes in society. At the present day there is only 3 dollars for every 100 dollars that exists in the global world. The banks have created 97 percent of the wealth from digital money that they cannot and do not have covered, knowing that if they fail the US government will bail them out. The US government will pay for this by cutting more social programs and printing more money for the private Federal Reserve. The inflationary aspect will reduce

the wealth of the people at the bottom of society and they will face the consequences and sobering realities.

This in no way effects the extremely wealthy because they decide ahead of time on how the process will unfold, guaranteeing them no suffering or losses. This fiat money will become nearly worthless when the US defaults on their national debt unless one has invested in gold, expensive art, raw materials, or land. Most of these investments are things the common man does not own. So when the dollar crashes and is no longer used as an international currency standard, it will be felt by the middle class and everyone below them. Then the unregulated Marxist Fascist Laissez Faire Capitalism will come crashing down, just like the former Soviet Union brick wall in East Germany.

I decide to write some poems before I turn in for the evening. My mind is troubled with anxiety and sadness. Life is a torpedo when one truly thinks about things over concerning this world. It is only a matter of time before all good things must come to an end. Some negative thoughts keep penetrating my mind against my will. I recall the on going struggle concerning my divorce, and how everyone in my ex wife's family was so fervent in helping out in the destruction. Though, when the destruction was over they all ran for the hills and disappeared. In reality they were only concerned in the beginning in making our family as miserable as their own families, since misery love company. Plus true happiness makes people envious and jealous, so they will go to any ends to help in the promotion of destruction. Simple sick minds bent on sick pleasures of arousal and enjoyment.

### **In Search of Myself**

My life is speeding out of control  
Driving down a one way feeling bold  
I am ready to roll while listening to 2 Pac  
Holding the joint steady but still feeling ready  
To blast the music to the Mythical lit Heavens.

Sara Palin I want to slowly undress you  
You look so good in that funky hairdo  
My mind keeps racing at around 110  
Here comes the corner, now I am around the bend  
Lights flashing behind me and the race now begins.

To many dreams done in, when reality sets in  
The fuzz on the ride, I will drive and then hide  
Death nears in, I'm close to the near dead end  
Flashbacks of my life now all quickly begin  
Like days of old nostalgia come passing on in.

I flip off the pigs and I am ready to die  
Out comes the gun fire, and into my car  
I wake up from this one, just to drink another one  
Illusions of reality dancing in my swollen head  
One of these days I am going to wake up dead.

The pain comes in cycles of the past sorrows gone by  
I need some relief that is why I get drunkenly high  
I remember the good days when my wife loved me so  
And my children were young and I hugged them so long ago  
Now I am in a prison called myself, medicated by booze.

In total search of myself and asking some strange questions too  
Questions about my messed up self and how it all came to be  
That is a long road that is hurting, destroying, and burying me  
They say life has many sorrows but I need some temporary relief  
Or I am soon to end up found dead on some empty lonely street.

Radical revelations and days left passed away from alcohol  
I, an intellectual fool brought up on grandiose visions of hope  
Like if that ever saved someone except a ludicrous simple dope  
I need a relationship if I am to survive this insane demented wild ride  
Someone to help me crucify the demons which are on the inside.

I watch all the bartenders in their sexy outfits  
And their sweat talking smooth dealing ways  
I want one of these females to take me away  
And fly me to the Heavens on a sun lit day

For I shall be grateful and begin not to sin.

### **Self Destruction**

The Walls of Jericho

Are falling down

All around me

I just want out.

Out of the human race

No one will leave me alone

Fuck with you here

Fuck with you there.

Stupid fucking people

Selfish jealous people

Damn fucking leaches

Blood sucking parasites.

I don't bother no one

I mind my own business

Just waiting to pass by

To the other world and die.

The consumer driven mad men  
Double crossing female fiends  
All these bastards are about money  
I can't comprehend their mental disease.

I try to stay happy with the nothing I got  
But egotistical fuck heads like to fuck a lot  
With every mother fucker they see, you see  
They just never suffered, so their delusional a lot.

If I wasn't writing this damn poem  
I would flip out and kill someone  
Someone who fucks with people a lot  
I have to medicate myself to survive.

I am not handing you any street jive  
Walk in my shoes mother fucker  
You would have popped yourself  
Since you cant take the stress I got.

I have no complaints about my actions  
This life is filled with a lot of luck  
And I really don't give a flying fuck

Some of us are always meant to lose.

So we turn to drugs and booze

I have walked the path of death

All my war torn and brutal life

Mental anguish is full of heart burn.

And I don't scare cause I don't care

I bleed on the inside a lot you see

Cause Christ don't give a shit about me

I want to run and flee but reality is killing me.

I was physically beaten as a kid a lot

But mental abuse is the killers lot

I have a broken stress mechanism you see

From the reality of suffering without pot.

I was born with depression you understand

But the clouds of reality are burying me.

I hardly ever complain when left alone

But crazy bastards won't leave me alone.

I can't break these chains you see



Of oppression, depression, and reality

I don't care that I don't have a lot

Why the fuck then does that bother thee.

I love my children you see but I am no good

My heart is soft and filled with unreality

Like people can get along and sing a song

And I am trying to practice good deeds.

I am torn and worn and burned out

I ain't asking for help, I just want out

Someday I will ride that chariot in the sky

And flip off all those mother fuckers passing on by.

Have mercy on my soul all you saints of God

I never understood the game of life you see

Now I am on the ropes of the afterwards of reality

Not caring where I am going, just trying to understand me.

### **Clowning Around**

My life has been up and down.

I keep spinning and turning round.

What goes up must come down.

The Hell with the clowns all around.

I must keep fighting back day and night.

Or else I will get knifed in the freaking back.

You can't trust anyone now, they seem friendly, wow!

You never know, what they will do to you next?

They might even be feeling blue and put a hex on you.

People have a freaking problem, stay loose to prevent the problem.

Never know what is next- it might be heroin up her blue dress.

I just can't stay away- problems follow me every stinking day.

She is just a beautiful girl, caught up in a mixed up world.

I love crazy bitches, they send me love and place me in stitches.

I know I got a problem- it might be cause I can't solve my problem.

Every day I look around- all I see is working stiff yuppie clowns.

### **Riding High**

I feel your pain.

I dance in the rain.

I have the momentum

To tough to fully tame.

I need a beautiful dame

But my world is lame.

I feel like I am insane.

She loves me like water

Who cares who I blame.

I must be tamed for fame.

I snap off her black velvet thin bra.

She blasts forth with an erotic call.

I know not what to do, so I feel blue.

She calls me by my psychic first name.

Now I am starting to understand the game.

I want to bless her with ultimate grace.

I kiss her all over her beautiful soft face.

Glide up her back side and go for a ride.

I don't have an ounce of proper pride.

I beg for that damn sexy super ride.

She is a beautiful pearl.

Like a sexy Asian girl.

She gives me true pride.

She smells like the wild side.

I picked her up on the eastside.

Now all I do is go for a daily ride!

## *Chapter 23*

*Many people die at twenty five and aren't buried until they are seventy five. Money has never made man happy, nor will it, there is nothing in its nature to produce happiness.*

*The more of it one has the more one wants.*

*Benjamin Franklin*

I arise early in the morning and some simple truths pop into my mind, which should have been obvious for a life time. The society we presently live has a foundation that is built on lies and the greed that accompanies it. I begin by reflecting on my experiences at the Jesuit university of lunacy, an institution in Milwaukee that I attended for a few years. In the past it was hard for me to accept and understand why the institution acted like gangster thugs in my dealings with them but once I accepted the obvious truths right before me, the answer was as simplistic and obvious as the rising of the sun each morning. The foundation in which the institution was built on was one of corruption, evil, murder, mayhem, power, materialism, and greed.

When I initially attended the Jesuit University I was not sure at first if I had entered an insane asylum or entered into some sort of diabolical altered state of consciousness, that I could not completely understand. My initial literature instructor laughed at me and thought I was ignorant, since I attended a Southern institution of higher learning in the recent past in the state of Tennessee. So she decided to have fun with me and humor herself by unjustly giving me failures on all my essays. This would

go on until one day I corrected 33 mistakes she had made, in regards to my essay. She immediately blew her top but when she calmed down to reality and how she was exposed, she instantly reformed herself. Concerning the rest of the essays in the class, I ended up obtaining grades of excellence. I had a theology class where the instructor described the bible in sexual terms on a repeated basis in the classroom. During one general aspect of the bible she stated, "This is what it would feel like if you placed your hands down your date's pants." Another instructor bragged how as a Milwaukee Juvenile District Attorney, he and the other employees would use illegal tactics to gain confessions out of children. He was even proud of his decrepit moral depravity.

While I was attending the Jesuit university they had a initial investment project in place called by some geometrical name like Campus Square, Campus Rectangle, or maybe it was Campus Triangle? Well anyway the university had allocated 9 million dollars to wipe away, what they considered trash in the neighborhood by buying up all the local property, in order to strategically isolate themselves. They were even getting heavy investments from certain companies, with one donating 850,000dollars to the project. Then there was the secret donor who matched the initial 9 million dollar investment. The whole source of capital flow for the project with everything added together like bonds, tax increment financing loans, and mortgages came to the tune of over 56 million dollars.

While all of this was going on I was being threatened by the Campus Police, on orders of the Public Relations guru. Since I don't take to being threatened by gangsters, I sent out the 75 letters to the community anyway. Within the next week the head of the Public Relations was fired, while the poor people were on the war path to prevent this

elitist gentrification project from taking place. Even the Nation Of Islam sent out their most notorious thunderous rebel rousing speakers to Milwaukee, to raise all Hell in this conservative small town authoritarian oligarchy. I sort of through a wrench in their bicycle spoke at the wrong time, so I was a marked man from here on end for the rest of my life. I mean if you think about it, all these rich investors wanted my ass, and the university wanted my ass, and the crazy Catholics who jump on the bandwagon for a good hanging wanted my ass; I was fortunate to escape from this evil cesspool and escaped to California. For the next 20 years I would face the wrath of Marquette alumni and the rich investors with unlimited resources to get even with me, while employment and other forms of government style harassment techniques were used to keep me in place from never advancing in life.

I began to wonder if the university had ever threatened anyone else before me in gangster like fashion or if this was just some freak occurrence? So I began my research in the law library for answers to this perplexing Gestapo tactic. I found a Wisconsin court case where a extremely intelligent 16 year old girl had attended the university, who had run into minor trouble with the university. She had angered the university officials on something much more minor than what I had done. In fact it was so trivial that I can't even remember it today, even though I have an excellent memory. The university dealt with her by using threats and then finally calling the police and following through with the threats. Now with the threats becoming a reality the university instructed the police officer to take the young lady to the psychiatric hospital, claiming she had psychiatric problems in order to punish her for her actions. Matter of fact, the young lady had no psychological problems since her only problem was that she was too intelligent to obey

abusive commands from an inferior mind. Her father who had some influence and money was outraged, as he later filed a lawsuit against the university. He finally won in the state appellate court.

The lunacy never ended at the Jesuit university I attended, and when the hardcore harassment began against me in order to drive me from the university, by the initial way they had desired by way of straight jacket; this is when the real mind games began. Many of the well connected professors within the university started repeating almost word for word in the classrooms, conversations I had on the phone the previous night. Comments by the professors during class were of the following nature, "Some people attending this institution think they can take on the rich and powerful." In no matters time they had every Catholic in the institution and others preparing for my inevitable destruction, as I was ganged up on concerning every aspect of my life; while I was made to feel isolated and insane for standing up to the tyranny of evil falsehood preached so often at the university. Numerous prank phone calls came nightly with insults. The campus police followed me everywhere on campus as a form of intimidation. The looks of hate were to be found everywhere on the campus, while the professors had the nerve to claim I gave them dangerous looks in the classroom. The tyrant always blames the victim while they are creating the path of destruction for their prey, who only attempted to stand for truth. The crime was truth and I admit I was guilty but the oppressor never admits to his guilt, unless the facts become so overwhelming that he fears the outrage of the masses. When I reflect back on the university, I was appalled how a higher learning institution would preach made up facts of propaganda, while everyone would accept them without checking the authenticity of these facts; in order to further their bizarre agenda of



robotic mind control of the students. So many students willing fell right in line and were at times more outrageous than the professors, in their absolutely absurd compliments that defied common sense and logic. It became quite obvious that intellectual improvement was not a desired protocol of the university but proper training in regards to Pavlov's conditional reflex concept that was so accurate on dogs. The students understood the game and were willing to give appropriate and even exaggerated responses, in order to secure high marks and advance within the university's format of delusional reality. If one keeps wagging the tail, eventually the master will come out and throw one a milk bone.

I would eventually find out that many students who questioned the authoritarian power structure within the university would disappear from the campus. The university would always brag about their 95 percent graduation rate. I started to wonder what had happened to those people who questioned authority? No one ever spoke of them again, it was like they never existed. The 95 percent seemed to only care about themselves and their future. I thought this was odd for a Christian school who claimed to believe in Jesus Christ. The lectures at the university became so blatantly preposterous after a while, concerning the reality of elitist indoctrination on campus, by a vast majority of the faculty. The faculty would make outrageous statements like, "You are here at the university because you are better than the rest of the people in society. This is your chance to become one of the enlightened, where financial and material gain is yours, if you follow all the rules."

The rules were simple. All you had to do was ignore the suffering of the common man because he was not really suffering. It was due to his laziness and limited intellect. The limited intellect was due to his laziness. Plus, you were chosen by the establishment

as future leaders who will allow society to keep growing, if you only ignored reality. In ignoring reality and following all the rules you would be rewarded with a beautiful wife, many friends, much wealth, business connections, and endless accolades. In order to succeed all one has to do is look the other way when they view injustice or suffering. This way you close off your heart to the realities of this world, that get in the way of power and success of this temporary world. If you can learn well enough, than one day you too may become nobility or a God on earth.

As I started to reflect on the great minds of the world who were in search of truth and integrity in this world, while others who just spoke the truth because they were comfortable to admit the truth at the time, along with others who spoke truth who had ulterior motive's even if they were up to no good at the time; I came across the following quotes of importance which can save man from many disasters if he knows these truths ahead of time in life.

*"My history of the Jesuits is not eloquently written, but it is supported by unquestionable authorities, and is very particular and very horrible. Their [the Jesuit Orders] restoration [in 1814 by Pope Pius VII] is indeed a step toward darkness, cruelty, despotism, and death. I do not like the appearance of the Jesuits. If ever there was a body of men who merited eternal damnation on earth and in hell, it is this Society of Ignatius of Loyola."*

*John Adams*

*"Between 1555 and 1931 the Society of Jesus was expelled from at least 83 countries, city states and cities, for engaging in political intrigue and subversion plots against the welfare of the State, according to the records of a Jesuit priest of repute [Thomas J. Campbell]. ...Practically every instance of expulsion was for political intrigue, political infiltration, political subversion, and inciting to political insurrection."*

*J.E.C. Shepherd*

*"I do not like the reappearance of the Jesuits...Shall we not have regular swarms of them here, in as many disguises as only a king of the gypsies can assume, dressed as printers, publishers, writers and schoolmasters? If ever there was a body of men who merited eternal damnation on earth and in hell, it is this Society of Loyola's. Nevertheless, we are compelled by our system of religious toleration to offer them an asylum..."*

*Thomas Jefferson*

*"For the Vatican condemned the Declaration of Independence as wickedness and called the Constitution of the United States a Satanic document."*

*Avro Manhattan*

*"It is my opinion that if the liberties of this country – the United States of America – are destroyed, it will be by the subtlety of the Roman Catholic Jesuit priests, for they are the most crafty, dangerous enemies to civil and religious liberty. They have instigated MOST of the wars of Europe."*

*Marquis de LaFayette*

*"The Jesuits are a MILITARY organization, not a religious order. Their chief is a general of an army, not the mere father abbot of a monastery. And the aim of this organization is power – power in its most despotic exercise – absolute power, universal power, power to control the world by the volition of a single man [i.e., the Black Pope, the Superior General of the Jesuits]. Jesuitism is the most absolute of despotisms] – and at the same time the greatest and most enormous of abuses."*

*Napoleon Bonaparte; 1769-1821*

*"The Jesuits...are simply the Romish army for the earthly sovereignty of the world in the future, with the Pontiff of Rome for emperor...that's their ideal. ...It is simple lust of power, of filthy earthly gain, of domination – something like a universal serfdom with them [i.e., the Jesuits] as masters – that's all they stand for. They don't even believe in God perhaps."*

*Fyodor Dostoyevsky*

*"This war would never have been possible without the sinister influence of the Jesuits. We owe it to Popery that we now see our land reddened with the blood of her noblest sons. Though there were great differences of opinion between the South and the North, on the question of slavery, neither Jeff Davis nor any one of the leading men of the Confederacy would have dared to attack the North, had they not relied on the promises of the Jesuits, that under the mask of Democracy, the money and the arms of the Roman Catholic, even the arms of France, were at their disposal, if they would attack us."*

*Abraham Lincoln*

*"So many plots have already been made against my life, that it is a real miracle that they have all failed . . . But can we expect that God will make a perpetual miracle to save my life? I believe not. The Jesuits are so expert in those deeds of blood that Henry IV (king of France who was assassinated by the Jesuit Revailiac for giving liberty to his people), said that it was impossible to escape them, and he became their victim, though he did all he could to protect himself. My escape from their hands, since the letter of the Pope to Jeff Davis has sharpened a million of daggers to pierce my breast, would be more than a miracle. . . . I know that Jesuits never forget nor forsake (never give up). Man must not care how and where he dies, provided he dies at the post of honor and duty."*

*Abraham Lincoln.*

*Never before in the course of the world's history had such a Society [ the Jesuit Order] appeared. The old Roman Senate itself did not lay schemes for world domination with greater certainty of success.*

*Friedrich von Hardenberg*

*"Above all I have learned from the Jesuits. And so did Lenin too, as far as I recall. The world has never known anything quite so splendid as the hierarchical structure of the [Roman] Catholic Church. There were quite a few things I simply appropriated from the Jesuits for the use of the [Nazi] Party."*

*Adolf Hitler*

*"The Society of Jesus(Jesuit Order) is the enemy of man. The whole human race should unite for its overthrow. ...For there is no alternative between its total extirpation, and the absolute corruption and degradation of mankind."*

*Robert Jefferson Breckinridge*

*"Wherever a totalitarian movement erupts, whether Communist or Nazi [Fascist], a Jesuit can be found in the role of adviser or leader; in Cuba it was [Jesuit trained] Castros."*

*Father Armando Llorente*

*"The Jesuits are the deadly enemies of civil and religious liberty."*

*R. W. Thompson (Former Secretary of the US Navy).*

*"The Jesuit Order at last reached the pinnacle of its power and prestige in the early eighteenth century[ the early 1700s]. It had become more influential and more wealthy than any other organization in the world. It held a position in world affairs that no oath-bound group of men has ever held before or since. Nearly all the Kings and Sovereigns of Europe had only Jesuits as directors of their consciences[i.e., as confessor-priests], so that the whole of Europe appeared to be governed by Jesuits only."*

*(1927;using a short quote by Jesuit Cordara)*

*Boyd Barrett (Ex-Jesuit).*

*"All these things cause the Father-General [of the Jesuits] to be feared by the Pope and sovereigns. A sovereign who is not their [the Jesuits] friend will sooner or later experience their vengeance."*

*Luigi Desantis (Official of the Inquisition: Official Censurer).*

*"I found almost all the wealth and all the treasures of the Province of America in the hands of the Jesuits. All this property and all these considerable revenues which might make a sovereign powerful, serve no other purpose than to maintain ten [Jesuit] colleges. To this may be added the extraordinary skill with which they [the Jesuits] make use of and increase their super-abundant wealth."*

*Roman Catholic Bishop Palafox (1647).*

*"They [the Jesuits] have so constantly mixed themselves up in court and state intrigues that they must, in justice, be reproached with striving after world dominion. They cost kings their lives, not on the scaffold, but by assassination, and equally hurtful as the society of Illuminati; they were the foremost among the crowd, at all events, who applauded the murder scenes in Paris [during the French Revolution]."*

*Hector Macpherson*

*"Jesuit Adam Weishaupt established the [modern version of the] Illuminati specifically to be a front organization behind which the Jesuits could hide. After being [formally] abolished by [Pope] Clement XIV in 1773, the Jesuits used the Illuminati and other*

*organizations to carry out their operations. Thus, the front organizations would be blamed for the trouble caused by the Jesuits."*

*Bill Hughes*

*"Wherever a totalitarian movement erupts, whether Communist or Nazi, a Jesuit can be found in the role of advisor or leader; in [Communist] Cuba Fr. Armando Llorente and in Argentina the neo-Nazis are led by Fr. Menvieille."*

*Emanuel M. Josephson*

*"By a providential synchronism, when Mussolini seized power in Italy thanks to don Sturzo, Jesuit and chief of the Catholic party, Monseigneur Seipel, a Jesuit, became chancellor of Austria. He held that position until 1929, with an interregnum of two years, and, during those decisive years, he led the Austrian interior politics on to the reactionary and clerical road; his successors followed him on that road which led to the absorption of that country into the German block. The bloody repression of working-class uprisings earned him [i.e., Jesuit Monseigneur Seipel] the nickname Keine Milde Kardinal the Cardinal without mercy."*

*Edmond Paris*

*"The assassins of St. Bartholomew [i.e., the Catholics who slaughtered the French Protestant Huguenots in 1572, starting with the St. Bartholomew massacre on August 24th], the inquisitors and the Jesuits are monsters produced by malignant imaginations; they are the natural allies of the spirit of darkness and of death."*



*Edwin A. Sherman*

*"The public is practically unaware of the overwhelming responsibility carried by the Vatican and its Jesuits in the starting of the two world wars- a situation which may be explained in part by the gigantic finances at the disposition of the Vatican. and its Jesuits, giving them power in so many spheres, especially since the last conflict."*

*Edmond Paris*

*The SS had been organized by Heinrich Himmler according to the principles of the Jesuit Order. The rules of service and spiritual exercises prescribed by Ignatius de Loyola constituted a model which Heinrich Himmler strove carefully to copy. Absolute obedience was the supreme rule; every order had to be executed without comment.*  
*Walter Shellenberg ( Chief of the Nazi Sicherheitdienst).*

*"For over 200 years, the goal [of the Jesuits] has been the complete destruction of the United States Constitution. In the religious arena, the goal of the Jesuits is to wipe out any trace of Protestantism and other religions, and to restore worldwide domination by the pope."*

*Bill Hughes*

*" If you trace up Masonry, through all its Orders, till you come to the grand tip-top, head Mason of the World, you will discover that the dread individual and the Chief of the*

*Society of Jesus [ the Black Pope, the Superior General of the Jesuits] are one and the same person."*

*James Parton*

*"Alas, I knew they [ the Jesuits] would poison me; but I did not expect to die in so slow and cruel a manner."*

*Pope Clement XIV (Who abolished the Jesuit Order in 1773)*

*"Jesuit-trained Illuminist Adam Weishaupt and his fellow Jesuits cut off the income to the Vatican by launching and leading the French Revolution; by directing Napoleons conquest of Catholic Europe; [and]by eventually having Napoleon throw Pope Pius VII in jail at Avignon until he agreed, as the price for his release, to reestablish the Jesuit Order. This Jesuit war on the Vatican was terminated by the Congress of Vienna and by the secret, 1822 Treaty of Verona."*

*Emanuel M. Josephson*

Most of the classes at the Jesuit university had no educational value, while I learned more on my own from the outside world and self education, than I ever learned at the university. At this Jesuit University there was a oddball professor, who I believe if I can properly recall was named Professor McApples. The professor is a prized possession of the university because he represents their true values to the core concerning corruption, lying, and ignorance. Anyway, the professors had a simple childlike children's indoctrination website concerning the John F. Kennedy assassination. He even had a JFK

class at the university filled with many fallacies and half truths from his website, thus being more of a propaganda tool of little if any educational value. The professor was into the game of name calling where he made up egregious slanderous lies about his critics, used profane insults against them, and even attempted numerous times to silence intellectual freedom of discussion.

McApples has a very naughty nature regarding his actions consistent with Jesuit tradition. In his past actions concerning discussion groups on the internet about the Kennedy assassination, he has acted with intellectual buffoonery in preventing honest intellectual discussion, in the pursuit of discovering the truth. He would just post nonsense and cause chaos from one discussion group to the other, like he had nothing better to do or did he have some sort of ulterior paid clandestine motive and agenda? One member of the internet discussion groups commented about the professor in the following way, "The stuff he puts up on the Net is pure disinformation ... He doesn't respond to the facts, he just discredits witnesses and posters. He will invent facts in order to discredit. But in addition, there was the frequency of his postings. At times it was fifty posts per day. And beyond that, he was posting on five different forums. Who has the time or energy to do such things if one has a full time job? Especially to do some of the silly acts that he has performed."

This professor went on to create his own discussion group, where he would delete anyone's posts that he did not agree with or went against his hidden agenda. This charlatan university professor grew up in the South of Alabama on the border of Mississippi. McApples appears to have disappeared often like *Casper the Ghost* between the years of 1964 to 1981, with no reliable information concerning this time frame of his

life that is accurately and positively known, during his hiatus from public life under his assumed real name McApples. He appears to have popped out of nowhere with a PhD from Harvard in the year of 1981 and parachuted into the Jesuit university in 1984. The way he conducts a class one would wonder if he truly ever acquired any degree beyond a high school diploma. He once was found to have attended an event incognito at the Coalition On Political Assassinations in Chicago under the alias name Paul Nolan; where he also gave a false job classification of himself when interviewed by a reporter.

On line the professor is known for his limited intellect, as posted web comments from serious researchers have attested to his bizarre behavior. Debra H wrote the following concerning McApples: "The professor has neither the educational preparation nor the ability for such a position — his language skills are abysmal; his analytical skills non-existent. Not only has he done no research whatsoever on the historical question he pretends to study, he has no knowledge of even the basics of a research methodology. Thus, the professor himself argues against long established historical facts; on the other hand, he is incapable of doing the research necessary to either confirm or dispute such facts." McApples is very good at the counter intelligence tactic of using ad hominem attacks to discredit and demonize a critic, instead of countering with well documented factual evidence of his own.

Online another baffled individual named Richard C wrote about the professor with the following comments: "IT IS 2013 – NOT 1967. The London Times actuary was correct in calculating the odds of 100 trillion to one against 18 material witnesses dying within 3 years of the assassination. But there were at least FORTY UNNATURAL DEATHS in the three years. I have confirmed the calculation using probability theory

applied to UNNATURAL deaths in 1, 3 and 14 year periods. Has the professor (McApples) done a comparable analysis? Of course not. He is incapable of doing one due to his lack of mathematical training. But even if he had the math, he would avoid doing the analysis due to his utter disregard for the truth. The probabilities only confirm all the other massive physical evidence. The math proof based on a given number of testifying witness, historical unnatural death rates and a known number of unnatural deaths over a given number of years. The probabilities are 1 in trillions. No one has come forward to refute the math logic."

Another profound acknowledgment to professor McApples integrity is expressed by the following gentlemen named Jeff O, "His opinions cannot stand in a debate with an informed person. He cannot help but contradict himself in defending his untenable position. He is not trying to seek the truth whatever it may be, he is trying to promote myths that exonerate those who are implicated by evidence in the assassination of there own leader, a United States President named John F. Kennedy. He is out to discredit people who are putting the logical conclusions together from the irrefutable evidence. In reference to McApples well designed website of *Tom Foolery* about the JFK assassination, we have the following quote of and by Robert Harris, ""That site is the greatest collection of lies and disinformation that has ever appeared in this case."

The following information has been taken from an article by the writers Jim DiEugenio and Brian Hunt concerning professor McApples, as taken from the Citizens for Truth In The Kennedy Assassination website as follows: In recent years, the CIA has had an officer in residence program. That is a CIA officer takes a sabbatical or is retired and takes up teaching duties at a university. (Independent Online, "CIA's Man on

Campus", by Jon Elliston, November 29, 2000) Various big universities were cooperating with the program. One of them was Marquette. The CIA proudly said the program was overt.

So the invaluable Daniel Brandt decided to test the CIA's word on this issue. He wrote a letter to the CIA in February of 2001. He asked them for a list of all CIA personnel who participated in the this program since it began in 1985. Daniel wanted the years of participation, the campus, and the name of the participant. After one year, he got no reply. So in March of 2002, he filed a Freedom of Information Act request on this same subject. Three months later, he got a reply. The reply said that "the information you seek must be denied since it is classified under the provisions of Executive Order 12958." Brandt concluded that the CIA's overt academic program was a PR front. And the campus was just another tool used for the CIA's secret operations.

In early 2009, researcher Pat Speer happened to Google the name of the professor. He came upon an acappella internet radio station that the professor ran as a sidelight. Or was it just a sidelight? Because Speer noted that the ads on the web site were all paid for by the CIA. They had the CIA emblem on them. One read things next to the emblem like, "The Work of a Nation, the Center of Intelligence". Another recruitment ad read, "You can make a world of difference: National Clandestine Service Careers." In this article the writers refer to Professor McApples expressed knowledge of the Kennedy assassination as, "The equivalent of a cheap magic act." Now after reading so much, discovering so much about McApples, and having personally set though his comical classes I have to ponder, "Would the CIA entrust this gigantic elephant of buffoonery any top secret information concerning the crime of the century, which in my opinion they themselves

were deeply involved in? I think not but who better to use as a paid tool of propaganda than a fool who if he messes up to bad, one can easily distance themselves from a lone nut.

As I reflect while writing on the shadowy figure of Professor McApples, no one really knows the years of his attendance or when he graduated from the University of Alabama, Teachers College/Columbia University, and Harvard concerning the exact attendance dates. Where does any of his relatives reside? Can anyone come forth who actually grew up with this guy or attended a university with him? Did he ever serve in the military? Where was he employed between the years 1964 and 1981. Why does he have such a vague biography of himself? Does anyone know anything about McApples past? Was he married more than once in the past, to whom, and in what years? Does he have siblings alive that know anything about him? Since he is such a well known public figure, why is there hardly any public information available on him concerning his personal biographical life? Why does McApples keep his life so secret especially between the years of 1964 through 1981.

McApples lives such a shadowy life that he should really write a book about his lost years, while letting people know who all his past friends are, siblings, and past wives if any. This way people can find out if this guy has a true recognizable past, in which he can come to terms with and truly admit too. This may help the professor or involve him further into a more entangled web of lies than what he is currently caught up in, due to his past actions since arriving at the Jesuit University. It appears McApples was born into poverty on October 26, 1945. The only thing more mysterious than the Kennedy assassination is the mystery of Professor McApples past, especially between the years of

1964 through 1981. If one could figure this one out, one would probably solve who exactly really murdered JFK, since the common sense facts eliminate Oswald. Maybe solving the mystery of McApples would lead us to the enlightened end. Ah probably not, since McApples is so screwy I don't think even his mother if she were still alive, would admit to him being her son.

As I begin to further reflect on my experiences with Catholics, Catholicism, and the business empire of the Roman Catholic Church, I become more enlightened regarding the reality of this behemoth corporate giant and organized religion in general. When the present pope Francis was elected as the 266th pope to occupy the seat of Rome, he stated the following to the Cardinals in a joking manner, "May God forgive you for what you've done." Based on his history and the Jesuit order history, this may not be a joke. The former Jorge Bergoglio lead the Jesuit order from 1973 to 1979 in Argentina. During this time the official hierarchy of the Catholic Church that he was a part of in ideological terms, had endorsed the patriotic military dictatorship over the people, who murdered the civilian population.

The Jesuit Provincial Superior Jorge Bergoglio and the rest of the church hierarchy remained silent, during the brutal murders and kidnappings of the oppressed population, that took place between 1976-1983. During this time the military murdered approximately 30,000 civilians, while the church hierarchy kept extremely silent and ignored the realities of the times. In 2010 the promoted Cardinal Jorge Bergoglio was called in front of an Argentinean court regarding his knowledge, concerning the silence of the church during the military dictatorship crimes of the times. Cardinal Jorge Bergoglio who refused two earlier times to testify was now very evasive. He acted like



President Clinton when he claimed he did not inhale, in reference to ever having smoked marijuana. Then again President Clinton was trained by the Jesuits, while 52 people around him and his wife disappeared from human existence. The way the proceedings were going it appeared that Cardinal Jorge Bergoglio would have loved to plead the 5th amendment like organized crime members often do, if only he had the luxury of being in the United States at the time. The silence of the Jesuit Jorge Bergoglio has done him well in his career advancement within the church hierarchy. He went from Jesuit Provincial Superior during the times of atrocious crimes in Argentina, while rising through the ranks to become Archbishop of Buenos Aires in 1998, Cardinal in 2001, and finally Pope Francis in 2013.

There are hidden secrets regarding Pope Francis and his dark past in Argentina. It was well known that the Provincial Superior Bergoglio was a harsh opponent of Liberation Theology and Marxism but no Marxist were committing mayhem and murder at this time in Argentina. The people that the Provincial Superior Bergoglio felt comfortable associating with at the time were elements of the rightwing Peronist Iron Guard. The Iron Guard were employed in the death squads known as the Triple A or the Argentine Anti-Communist Alliance. Anyone who did not tow the government line was considered a communist terrorist and subjugated to kidnapping, the theft of property, torture, and murder. Not only did many priests disappear who were aligning themselves in support of the impoverished in Argentina but there are claims that the present Pope Francis at the time, helped in the process of exposing and identifying these elements within the church.

Two Jesuit priests named Orlando Yorio and Francisco Jaclic were kidnapped and tortured for five months by the military junta for helping the poor. These two were ousted from their religious order by the Provincial Superior Bergoglio for not following orders, to quit working with the poor in the slum of Flores in Buenos Aires; thus leaving the two open and unprotected against the military junta. It is even harder to believe that as a Provincial Superior, Bergoglio did not know many times that priests were present during torture sessions. The priests helped gather confessions during torture sessions and helped provide emotional and psychological comfort to the aggressors of torture. During Bergoglio's 14 years as archbishop of Buenos Aires, he rarely if ever apologized on behalf of the church, to the families of children and the children who were sexually abused by church priests.

As I begin reflecting on the historical vile crimes of the Roman Catholic Church, it hurts to discover and come to terms with the appalling common sense reality, of the simplistic truths of the inherent evil within this institution. For nearly 700 hundred years the Roman Catholic church has engaged in an Inquisition that murdered approximately 50 million people. Anyone could come afoul of the church tyranny and be considered a heretic, atheist, or anything else in which the church would make accusations accordingly. Over one third of the existence of the church has been in the pursuit of murder and mayhem with the Inquisition. The Inquisition was not officially over until 1834 by the Holy See and the last person executed by the Inquisition was taken from this earth in 1826. The Inquisition was perpetrated under 75 successive popes, so much for papal infallibility as first expressed by Pope Leo the Great in 457. In reality the office of the Inquisition still exists under The Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith. The

name was just changed from the Supreme Sacred Congregation of the Roman and Universal Inquisition. The way the church has been operating around the world from its very beginnings it is obvious that a leopard does not change or lose its spots.

Since the 11th century on, there have been claims of church abuse concerning nuns, homosexuality, sexual perversion, and murder. Many priests have historically sexually assaulted and raped cloistered nuns. Many nuns have lived in perpetual poverty to be used and abused at the mercy of priests and the abbesses (Mother Superiors) who go along with it. In a recent internal survey that was secretly released claimed that approximately 40 percent of cloistered nuns have been sexually abused, since entering the monasteries as the brides of Christ. During the Council of Nicea in 325 A.D. it was declared by decree that priests could not marry after ordination. This was not strictly enforced because 7th century French documents revealed that more than half of the priests were married. Since the 9th century and perhaps earlier, many nuns have been tortured and abused like slaves, while having the life of their illegitimate babies snuffed out of them and buried by the Mother Superiors, in order to avoid a scandal. Priests were not allowed to marry by Papal Decree in 1074 by Pope Gregory VII. This strict change really only had to do with the Church wanting the property rights of the individual priests. In 1095 Pope Urban II had the wives of priests sold into slavery and the children were left to abandonment. There never was nor ever has been any sacred reasoning behind the change regarding priests marrying or in fact any real sacred reason for not allowing nuns to marry. The lack of any natural love from another human will lead to perversion and perversion is engrained in Catholicism.

Through history most of the popes were corrupted and either engaged in sexual intercourse with children, prostitutes, mistresses or homosexuals. The probability from historical information available is perhaps somewhat obvious, that there are many more homosexuals in the church than in the secular world. There were often whole enclaves of monks that were all homosexuals. No organized crime syndicate in the world has committed the atrocities on the level of the church concerning the most heinous crimes against humanity. Most criminals cannot go so low as to molest children and on such a massive scale. Even today the Church admits that they presently have a problem in 23 countries where priests are raping and molesting nuns. When one reads the Old Testament and compares it to Hitler's Mein Kamph, concerning the atrocious cruelties of rape, murder, injustice, and other crimes against humanity make the Mein Kamph appear mild in comparison. There is even a claim by the American historian Leo H. Lehnmann that a Jesuit priest named Father Staempfle wrote the Mein Kamph for Hitler. Either way it was written by a Catholic and even the tyrant Stalin was educated by the Jesuits.

Under normal circumstances anyone who would give money to a modern day organization with the kind of history and documentation of pathetic lowly crimes, as that of the historical Roman Catholic Church, would cause a massive uproar amongst the common people. The common person would be outraged and would believe that the donors need to be incarcerated, within the confines of a mental hospital for financially supporting such a disgusting and repulsive organization. Though people just because of tradition don't question or look into the realities of anything right before their eyes, and they just go along with the flow like a delusional zombie. The church even worked with the Nazi's but that has no negative effect on the church in this present day because people

have no other outlet. The people would not know what to do if someone did not tell them how to live their lives, since they have been programmed for millennia to just follow orders without questioning authority. People do not understand that God is within themselves and no church or organization can deliver God to you. Especially any organization with a past history so grossly and pathetically heinous, as that of the Roman Catholic Church.

People claim the Germans were bad people because they allowed Hitler into power but then many of these same people give money to an organization that historically produces child molesters, rapists, and murders. The same organization that has been committing these type of crimes for untold hundreds of years, without their donors ever questioning the pathetic actions of the organization. They are only doing what their parents did before them without even thinking about their actions. It is real easy in life to become a Nazi. All one has to do is follow orders and don't question authority. This is the state of the vast majority of Americans at the present date of time in this country. Americans already lack compassion for the suffering of most people around the world including their neighbor next door. As long as we stay busy occupying our minds with trivial superficialities everyday, we wont have to reflect on how we have become materialistic Nazi's for the upper classes of minions, serving the supreme Marxist Fascists Capitalist classes of Society.

What people don't comprehend in this country is that nothing is free in this world. The pleasant lifestyles they are accustomed to living are the direct result of someone else's brutal suffering in blood, sweat, and tears. If the common people of a foreign third world society won't willing submit to a puppet dictatorship, installed by the master class

of our government, then we bomb them into another world. The cheap resources we receive and cheap products comes with a price concerning our lifestyles, and that price is usually paid by the oppressed nations in the various forms of economic slavery, oppression of freedom, torture, and death.

Concerning the Inquisition it really has never ended since the Roman Catholic Church looks upon socialism, communism, and liberation theology as godless heretical heathens. The hierarchy of the church looks at the freedom fighters, as representing Godless communism in Central and South America, since the 1980's to the present. This way they can deny them human status just like they did to the people of the Inquisition. When you deny someone human status it is much easier to have a clear conscience when aligning with military dictators, allowing for complete silence while the masses are being butchered in the tens of thousands in various countries, just because the people had the nerve to stand up for themselves, concerning their basic human rights recognized under international law.

The hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church has been plagued with serious neurotic psychopathic problems for the past 1,700 years in their pursuit of power, greed, materialism, and financial gain. When one has been acting with this demeanor for nearly 1,700 hundred consecutive years, the odds of change are nearly impossible. The church has used the gullible poor who have become priests and nuns to procure and expand their power base. The low level priests and nuns find out in the end, when they attempt to help the poor without sanctioned approval, that they will become victims too. At times you are allowed to treat the symptoms of poverty with band-aids for show but to never cure or fix

the problem, since that would be considered Socialistic, and true Marxism is only reserved for the those on the top or who are climbing the ladder to the top.

When I attended a Catholic high school in Milwaukee there was a student who grew up on 17th and Locust who had natural talent in regards to football and track. Not only was the general sports staff allowed to abuse him to get him to give 110 percent each day, but the rich students thought it was inherently in their domain, to scream at him and tell him he was lazy and needed to work harder. The master servant relationship always exists within the confines of Catholicism where the rich students learn at a young age, that they are part of the master class to abuse anyone below them at will, since they are part of royalty. The corruption in their souls wreaks of utter vomit and decay as they corrode their souls, and disfigure the internal beauty that God has naturally created for all of mankind, as a divine light within each individual. I know of people even related to me who were sexually abused by Jesuits due to their poverty. When you are poor you are an easy target. No one believes nor cares about the rights of the poor concerning the elite, since the elite believe one should be grateful that they were taken out of the slums; while any injustice you may have faced is just part of paying your dues.

Sister Charlotte Keckler was a Carmelite nun for 22 years who gave testimony about many of the atrocities that exist within the church in regards to the cloistered nuns. She used an alias name because her experiences were so horrifying that when she did escape from the cloistered monastery, she trusted no Roman Catholic on the planet. I would not either if I had gone through the kind of living Hell as she had gone through, living in prison like conditions and facing terrorizing brutality on a repeated basis. Brutality and starvation as a form of involuntary forced penance was in store for Sister

Charlotte, for not becoming a whore to the priests who requested her sexual services, in order to fill her with the holy ghost, as proclaimed by the Mother Superior. Just listening to the hurt in her audio testimony as a terrorized victim, would make even an angel cry from the heaven's above, to the flood the earth. There is a double standard within the Roman Catholic church regarding the poor and the uneducated who enter the priesthood or who become nuns. Many poor parish priests and cloistered nuns take a vow of poverty and never own anything their hole life but this is not the case for all priests and nuns. Some priests are allowed to live in their own homes, drive their own cars, and have their own savings accounts. The higher you go up the hierarchal ladder the more wealth you obtain through cunning and ingenuity. Many nuns from poor families have no money during their whole lives in monasteries, who come from poverty and take the vow of poverty. This same standard does not exist for many Mother Superiors who know how to work the church system to their advantage with gluttonous greed in their hearts. In the end the whole show becomes a sickening nightmare of pure hypocritical disgust that is grossly revolting to human decency.

My grandmother lived the live of a saint in the humble humility of poverty believing the church was God's instrument of Holiness and salvation, which in fact nothing could be farther from the truth. The historical satanic cult of the church preys off the ignorant, gullible, and superstitious due to their poverty and limited life experiences. As long as there is poverty in this world there will be people who will be tricked because of their ignorance and hardships of poverty, and they will thus become prisoners within the religious orders of the Roman Catholic church. This hurts me with intense suffering to know this truth regarding the church because my grandmother who had a heart of gold,



gave every ounce of her love to this church which was not worthy of her love. My poor grandmother is probably in heaven spilling tears on a daily basis since her death, now knowing the truthful reality of the numerous centuries of evil conducted by the Roman Catholic Church. No human can find happiness or joy in coming to terms concerning the truth regarding a fraudulent sacred institution but finding out the reality that the institution is truly satanic, is extremely devastating to the human psyche. There are some things in life that are not worth knowing, since they are so emotionally and psychologically devastating to the core of the human existence. Then again in order for abuse to stop the people need to be enlightened. One day when the masses truly become educated concerning the Roman Catholic Church, it will finally be reduced in significance and size to the level of the Church of Scientology; as just a speck of it's days of former grandiose glory. People will one day look upon the church as a P.T. Barnum and Bailey Circus, except for the reality of the utter sadness because of the horrendous historical crimes against children and humanity by the enforcers of pure evil.

I arise from my thoughts and get ready for work for an afternoon of pleasure at the tavern on the Northwest side of Milwaukee. Upon arriving at work on this sunny day I come across a variety of interesting people who are beginning to break loose from the intellectual enslavement, society has placed on the masses of people for millenniums. People who are tired of all the lies and who are seeking the truth within that divine light of fire that lives within all of us. The vast majority of people in society are spiritually, intellectually, and emotionally immature and living in the dark ages, since they prefer monetary security and the childhood fairy tales over truth and freedom. These people are intellectually lazy and are afraid of the truth because then they might be required to act. It

is much easier to ignore injustices and pretend everything is going well when it is not, because then one might have to act, and this would be a grand inconvenience to their personal enjoyments and pleasures of life. These people will runaway from moral controversy when it is presented to them because they prefer ignorance over truth, and monetary and material luxury over freedom. Like small children they cover their ears in order to avoid confrontation and the truth at all costs. In the words of Thomas Jefferson, "If a nation expects to be ignorant and free, in a state of civilization, it expects what never was and never will be." Benjamin Franklin spoke the following, "Those who surrender freedom for security will not have, nor do they deserve, either one." Anything that is built on the deceptive foundations of lies and deceit will eventually fall like dominos once the cracks in the foundation begin to appear.

I meet a group of individuals at the bar who introduced themselves to me as *The Truth Seekers*. It was a group of seven individuals mostly in their 30s who were in search of truth and the wisdom it provides, according to their group spokesperson named Tammy. I asked Tammy the following question, "Is everyone in your group intent on seeking a life of poverty and misery?" Tammy asked me what I meant by that statement? I explained the following to the group, "One can only go so far in the search for truth before one will be totally destroyed. If one is willing to go all the way to true enlightenment and wisdom, one will definitely suffer extreme forms of Hell on this earth. First of all one will lose possessions, then career, friends, and even family. People are part of the herd mentality and even family members will try to convince you that you are wrong, because even they can't break away from the herd mentality. For how could everyone be wrong, they think? Family members and relatives will actually believe in

their heart that they are helping you, when in fact they may be doing the most damage to you, by falling for the false truth of the herd mentality. For if someone's family members and relatives will not stick behind you, the average uneducated person will believe that you are in the moral wrong, thus needing reprogramming and re indoctrination. The great masses will always believe that the herd mentality are the holders of truth, when in fact they have all been deceived because of their indoctrinated slave mentality since childhood.

Some people in this world have shackles placed on them to be a slave but the vast majority have placed the shackles of slavery on themselves voluntarily. The Chinese Communist learned very early in their career concerning prisoners, that if you separated the five percent who are leaders from the 95 percent, things would go much easier in managing the prisoner population. They learned that the 95 percent who have the herd mentality will actually follow all the rules and you don't even have to guard them, since they won't leave because of the fear of death. The five percent have to be constantly monitored since, they will continually attempt to escape because the truth of the inherent gift of freedom is in their souls. They will continue to resist by repeated attempts to escape, even with the cruel pain of torture is inflicted upon them, with every escape failure.

Overtime each one will succumb to their individual breaking points where they either go crazy or slowly die, after a tremendous amount of brutality is inflicted upon them over time. Then there is that zero point one percent of the individuals who will endure everything. These are the chosen ones by the creator God, who has bestowed upon these individuals the physical and mental spiritual strength that is more powerful than an

army of men. These are the ones that the psychopathic four percent on top who rule society and are the oppressors of society, cannot stand since hatred boils in their veins. The last thing they want to do is to murder someone like a chosen one, for it is better to break their will and discredit them for total victory. To kill them only makes martyrs out of them and continues the will to resist in others. Eventually the narcissistic oppressor becomes frustrated at not being able to break the will of this chosen individual and has him murdered, for the truth of freedom must be silenced at all costs in order for the oppressor to rule and control, since this is how societies function in the modern world."

Mark who is a friend of Tammy within the group then asked me a question, "What about the people in society who are informed because of the will power of the leaders, don't they play a part in positive change?" I replied with the following, "Just like in the Chinese Communist prison camps where you separate the five percent from the 95 percent, society's in general will attempt to destroy the influence of the five percent by persecution and isolation. The five person if allowed enough time can influence through education another 20 percent of the population. The other 75 percent is the herd who will always go and follow with the herd mentality. This has been proven over and over throughout out history. If the five percent are taken out of the picture, then the 20 percent can usually be re indoctrinated just with applying a negative stigma concerning their actions, by using mental oppression by the masses as the constant enforcers of mental conditioning. They will eventually succumb to believing they were wrong through enough constant pressure of brainwashing, if the five percent are not around to continually give them the courage of the will to resist."

Elena from the group replied by stating, "Aren't you stereotyping people?" I replied, "The truth has been with us from the beginning of time but much of our historical truth is rewritten by the psychopathic narcissistic oppressors of the masses, in order to maintain power and the wealth that accompanies it. Stereotyping is correct 95 percent of the time because it is only the five percent who make a difference in this world. The people who were living in Nazi Germany did not think they were doing anything wrong because Hitler was giving them jobs, while returning their self respect and dignity. They were only paying attention to themselves, like most people have done throughout the history of time. The Germans were probably just as polite as the average American.

Though just like the average American today who ignores injustice because they are financially secure, the oppressor is able to build and prepare his prisons of subjugation, and military might to wreak havoc on the world. People have to understand that nothing comes free in this world. I repeat myself, that nothing is free in this world. The material wealth and comfort of a society comes from the oppression, blood, sweat, and tears of someone else in this world. Greed is inherent in the constant search for excessive luxuries in this world, and during this process other people will naturally become enslaved and oppressed in this world. The raw resources of their country will be stolen from them and even their culture, as they will be indoctrinated to accept the new colonial entrepreneurs of so called enlightenment. If they accept the slavery, they will be allowed to live in poverty with the two tongued promises of a better life to come, in the future for their children. If they fail to submit to the new authority they will be branded as terrorist and hunted down as dogs, to be eliminated from the face of the earth."

John from the group then stated, "You have such a pessimistic view of the world and no trust in mankind." I replied, "One of the easiest things to do in this world is to remain happy in a state of bliss but in order to so, you either have to remain ignorant of the truth or rebel against the truth when it has been brought forth to your intention. To rebel against truth begins with the corruption of the soul, and over time this will make one evil but with a front of a smiling face. The smiling face behind the facade is not truly happy because one cannot corrupt the soul and remain undamaged on the inside.

Concerning mankind and having no trust in them, they have proven time and time again throughout the history of time that they prefer the luxuries of this world, instead of the hard work of building the foundations of a loving spiritual soul concerning all of humanity. Moral spiritual learning is a full time job for life that requires constant effort 24 hours a day for seven days a week. People prefer the trivialities of life over the natural flame of love that resides internally in the soul. Just like in most professions it is only the top 10 percent who fully know their jobs, as to maintaining and running a efficient society. You can take 90 percent of doctors , lawyers, skilled tradesmen, and many others and most of them, once they have been educated in their field, will cease in the learning process and will only continue when it is forced upon them.

Everyone is in a rush to join in the material luxuries, sensual pleasures, and trivialities of life. It is the 10 percent in every field who keep struggling away even when unpaid, to enlighten themselves continually in their field. Though when it comes to spiritual matters these numbers start to become even smaller in life, since we are bombarded with so much outside garbage from society along with careers which take time away, from spiritual growth and concern for mankind. Sometimes altruistic people

become so depressed because they are in no position to help society that they turn to alcohol, drugs, and even organized religion which is only a temporary band aid that further corrupts the soul. Organized religion with the distorted dogmas of fallacy are as damaging to the soul and sometimes more so, than alcohol and drugs. Appearance wise organized religion it definitely more damaging, since people who are facing their demons with booze and drugs don't have the same type of influence over people, as those people who are drunk on the evil dogmas of religion; who unjustly persecute and divide people on trivialities for their own personal gain."

Later I meet up with some spiritualists that came into the tavern from Illinois. They began talking about the spiritualist medium con artist charlatan John Edwards who is on television quite often. It is understandable that people fall for unscrupulous knaves like John Edwards in these times, when there is a spiritual void in the universe that needs to be filled. People are grasping for hope anywhere they can find it because they are desperate for the truth, that has been hidden from them by the top people who run society. The people who hide behind the scenes and pull the strings of the dancing politicians, along with the other people running around acting like they run society in the form of the Koch Brothers. I will later explain how society is run by the triumvirate organizations of greed created by the few who rule, since they maintain the majority of the wealth of this world.

I have personally been to some of these spiritualist gatherings with mediums and found them to be quite off in their forecasts. Both mediums who spoke to me were 100 percent off target. I actually began to feel bad for them because I wanted them to at least get one thing correct. Especially, since I knew they truly believed they had some divine

gift, whether it was in their own imagination or they were delusional from some type of psychological ailment or illness. There are some real mediums who exist but these type of people are rare and hard to be found most of the time, since they usually live in obscurity like most people who are spiritually gifted. Though sometimes people like Edgar Cayce and Cora L.V. Scott Hatch Tappan Richmond come to existence to stir the spiritual mindset of society. Edgar Cayce was a psychic mystic that would go into hypnotic trances and reveal profound truths to individuals concerning themselves. Edgar Cayce became known as the *Sleeping Prophet* who also had healing abilities because he was correctly able to diagnose the illnesses of an individual.

Cora L.V. Scott Hatch Tappan Richmond was a medium who helped advance the Spiritualist Movement. She was at one time the most famous woman in the United States because of her gifts from the creator. She was beautiful on the inside and the outside but has been largely forgotten in the dust bins of history because of the spiritual emptiness that presently exists in society. Cora as a young teen would pack large halls up and down the east coast and all over the country to hear her speak. Even former Presidents Abraham Lincoln, Andrew Johnson, and Ulysses Grant called on her for spiritual advice. She was only formally educated up to the age of 11 but when she was on stage beginning at the age of 15, she would go into trances and would speak with highly intelligent elegance on any esoteric matter. No college professors could intellectually compete with her profound knowledge delivered from the spirits, as they provided her answers during her on stage trances.

The trances started to come to Cora beginning at the age of 11 until the age of 15 as she was guided by a German doctor spirit, who guided her and allowed her to heal



people. She would begin operating on people and just follow the spirit's advice to complete the surgery successfully. This spirit left Cora at the age of 15 and new spirits came into the picture, all with supreme knowledge beyond her formal educational attainment. Cora was born in Cuba, New York and died in Chicago, Illinois but she lived on two different occasions for stints in Wisconsin. So Wisconsin actually has something to be proud about in this lost buried treasure concerning their past history, which they need to restore to the full glory of the present.

During work I receive a call from a friend about a puppy that is in need of a home. The puppy is described to me as a small mutt that is adorable with many spots. So after work, I rush over to the place where the dog is being given up for adoption and gain her freedom. She follows me into the car like we have been friends for a life time. She sits on my lap as if we have known each other before, and we naturally take a liking to each other. She will be a grand gift to my son when he arrives to stay with me, upon arriving from California. When I arrive home with my new friend who I name *Dog* because dog spelt backwards is God. Dogs are God's gift to mankind because they are always happy to see their owners who they consider family. The dog is always in a good mood and always wants to please it's owner, who naturally will eventually consider the dog a part of the family. This is the spiritual gift of happiness and loyalty given to man by God in the form of the domesticated dog. As I sit down to dine I make a baloney sandwich for me and *Dog*. She loves the baloney sandwich almost as much as she loves me unconditionally. My ex wife who has the ability to reason only loved me based on conditions but a dog who has only known me a short time, loves me unconditionally. I mean her love will grow more and more with each meal but it is still on a higher spiritual

and moral plane than my false ex wife, who had the ability to reason but loved me only conditionally. The dog loves and the human sets conditions to love like money and status. No wonder there are so many people in society as they age, who stay away from people and just live amongst the animals in their world. The animal is loyal and the human is not loyal but the human is also vindictive, mean, and cruel at times.

As I sit around I begin to reflect upon Cora L.V. Scott Hatch Tappan Richmond and the beauty of her words, since I become enchanted with her spirituality. Her poems have a remarkable appearance of life to them, as if Cora still walks the earth and is seated next to the reader. Her words of beauty, love, and wisdom are simply spiritually overwhelming and overflowing with life. One cannot control themselves from the euphoric ecstasy and true bliss brought forth when reading her words of spiritual enlightenment done with flowery passion. One becomes enraptured in her aura like cupid's arrow to fall magically spellbound in internal joy. I shall read the following two poems by Cora over and over tonight because I cannot get enough of their fulfillment into my mind and body, to fill the yearning of my soul. The two poems are as follows:

**FROM SUNSET TO DAWN**

I stood on the brow of the hill; to the West  
The sunset glories were tenderly prest,  
And out of the silence of evening's breast  
Flushed wave upon wave of amethyst,  
Mingled with golden and crimson flame,

Whence sudden pulses of glory came;--  
Chime on heather bells.  
Each pulse was a petal of rare delight  
That unfolded and fashioned itself to my sight;  
Then a viewless face, an impalpable form,  
Yet a presence distinct 'mid the coloring warm  
Came out of the splendor of sapphire and gold,  
Enfolding, pervading, with portent untold;  
Chime on heather bells.  
Then I sang; and my singing seemed sacred and tender,  
Full of fervor and fire and a musical splendor,  
Until all of the rapture flew out of my soul  
Far, far on the song-wings to some distant goal,  
Leaving silver-gray silence, a spell without name,  
'Mid the ashes of song and the sunset's dead flame;  
Chime on heather bells.  
There the cold, silver-gray of the twilight enwound  
In a shivering mantle the still earth around,  
And the waves of the sea broke in sobs at my feet  
With a sighing and longing of pain, bitter-sweet;  
The pitiful tale of a strange, deep despair  
Swept over and through me, enchaining me there;--  
Are ye there, heather bells?

Like the sound of the winds in their sobbing and cryings.  
Restless waves of the deep with their moanings and sighings,  
Like the far-stifled roar of the populous city,  
Of those seeking vainly for pleasure or pity;  
Deep and deeper, like tremblings of far-away thunder,  
Or terror of earth when the earthquake strides under;--  
Ah! ye weep, heather bells.  
Like lost souls engulphed in shame for sinning,  
Without hope of pardon, no respite e'er winning,  
The sound of great wrongs heretofore unrequited,  
Ages of Hope--buds, and Love's promise blighted,  
Bitter, dead sea-fruits, dashed on the bleak shore  
'Mid tempest and lightning and winds wrathful roar;--  
Are ye dead, heather bells?  
Meanwhile all the stars had bloomed in their places,  
The clear, sapphire dome was resplendent with faces,  
Still and white the Madonna of night whispered low  
To her mystical daughters who passed to and fro,  
And they silently passed on their wonderful way,  
Making real the visions called dreams in earth's day;--  
Sleep now, heather bells.  
Yet still amid all was the sound of deep sorrow,  
That 'mid all the splendor no surcease could borrow,

No respite to-day and no hope for the morrow.  
Never more will the waves of woe be receding,  
O God! will it cease not this moaning and pleading?  
The sound that I hear is the Earth's heart a-bleeding;--  
Not now, heather bells.  
O Angel of Earth! O thou ancient, blest Mother,  
Thy children are thine; they will have thee, none other;  
They will love thee and bless thee, Earth Mother so olden  
Thy spring shall return, thy gray hair be golden;  
The wars that have rent thee shall blossom to peace,  
The wrongs that oppress thee shall ever more cease;  
Chime now, heather bells  
Meanwhile all the amethyst silver-gray sheen  
Of heather and sky were merging in space,  
The line of the distance that slumbered between  
Was lighted and thrilled by a wonderful face--  
The face of the New Dawn pressed o'er the dark moor,  
Parting the clouds by the morn's purple door;--  
Chime out, heather bells!

### **THE BEAUTIFUL LAND**

There's a beautiful country, not far away,  
With its shores of emerald green;  
Where rise the beautiful hills of day,

From meadows of amber-hued sheen;  
There beautiful flowers forever blow,  
With beautiful names that ye do not know.  
There are beautiful walks, star-paven and bright,  
That lead up to beautiful homes;  
And beautiful temples, all carved in white,  
Crowned with golden and sapphire domes;  
And beautiful gates that swing so slow  
To beautiful symbols ye do not know.  
There are beautiful valleys and mountains high,  
With rivers and forests and hills;  
And beautiful fountains leap up to the sky,  
Then descend in murmuring rills.  
There beautiful life-trees forever grow,  
With beautiful names that ye do not know.\*  
There is beautiful music borne on the air  
From rare birds with flashing wings;  
And beautiful odors float everywhere,  
Which an unseen censer flings:  
And a beautiful stream near that land doth flow,  
With a beautiful name that ye do not know.  
Across this beautiful, mystical stream  
Flash rare scintillations bright;

And many a witching, mysterious dream  
Is borne on the pinions of night;  
And the stream is spanned by a beautiful bow,  
With a beautiful name that ye do not know.  
And beautiful gondolas, formed of pearl,  
Come laden with wonderful stores;  
While beautiful banners their folds unfurl  
To the dipping of musical oars;  
And beautiful beings cross to and fro,  
With beautiful names ye do not know.  
Would ye know the name of that beautiful land  
Where the emerald waters roll  
In gentle waves on a beautiful strand?  
It is called the Land of the Soul;  
And the beautiful flowers that ever blow  
Are the beautiful thoughts ye have below.  
And the beautiful pathways are your life deeds,  
Which fashion your future homes,  
And the temples grand are the world's great needs,  
While your saviors have reared the domes;  
And the beautiful gates that swing so slow  
Are the beautiful truths ye have learn'd below.

The beautiful valleys are formed of thought,  
Of all that world has been,  
And the beautiful mountains are tears outwrought  
Through immortal sunlight seen;  
And the beautiful life-trees that ever grow  
Are the beautiful hopes ye have cherished below.  
All the beautiful melody is prayer,  
That is echoed in music's powers;  
And the beautiful perfumes floating there  
Are the spirits of all earth's flowers;  
And the beautiful stream that divides you so  
Is the beautiful river named Death below.  
The beautiful flashes across the stream  
Are your inspirations grand,  
While the beautiful meaning of every dream  
Is real in this fair land;  
And the beautiful million-colored bow  
Is formed of your tears for each other's woe.  
The beautiful barges are all the years  
That bear you away from pain,  
And the beautiful banners transformed from fears,  
Are returning to bless you again;



And the beautiful forms crossing to and fro  
Are the beautiful ones ye have loved below.

I have fallen in love with the spirit of a dead woman because of the spiritually guided writings of this beautiful soul. I want to embrace her with all the love I can muster and run off to the alter of love for sanctimonious marriage, to this beautiful spirit that has enraptured my very soul. No live woman on this planet has ever made me feel this way. I feel a divine hand guiding me to the essence of love within the words of Cora, that encompassed the purity of her soul when he wrote and spoke these words from her delicate hands and lips. I feel her presence in her words as if she never left the planet, as I reply back to her with love and appreciation for her loving spiritual enlightenment. If there is an afterlife of Heaven of Utopian ecstasy of the epiphany of God, it is sealed in the words written and spoken by Cora.

**MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND**

I feel alluring love for you when I speak.  
The beauty of your poems make me weak.  
Your spirit holds open the doors to heavens gate.  
I am enchanted by the love in your splendid soul.  
I look to death because I want to embrace you so.

Spiritual love I have for you is boldly foretold.  
I am deeply in love with the words you did speak.

They fill my whole soul and do make me weep.

Please stay with me daily, as I live out my days.

For when death does come I want to spirit away.

Away in the cosmic heavens and beautiful days.

Bright beauty glowing and sparkling in many ways.

Never have I loved one as I do with you this very day.

I want to intermingle with your spirit in so many ways.

I fear not death because you have inspired my unhappy days.

With glimpses of hope and true love in enlightened spiritual ways.

I love thee yes I do, please take thee please do, I am one with you.

I can't stop reading the splendor in your poems they electrify my soul.

I beg and plead for you to spiritually hold me, so spiritually tight everyday.

The cosmic radiance fills my soul with electrifying and sensational delight.

I hope you do understand my deep seated love, for you have moved me from above.

I cannot stop thinking about you, it will last all days and all nights, till we meet in flight.

When you stand before God with arms open and glowing so radiant and very ultra bright,

My heart is consumed in the love that you spoke and the ways in which you harmonize.

Please wait for me love, for I have tears in my eyes as I hope you spiritually materialize.

Romantic love from the skies, thru my crying eyes, please fill me with love in return.

Bless my heart with the sweetness you breathed in the air when you walked the earth.

I wish I could have been there and heard you when you elegantly and impressively spoke.

No one has ever touched me in such a spectacular way than you with your gentle words.

I scream in joy and hear trumpets from the mountain top, calling out your beautiful name

From the Grand Heaven in the sky, way up above!

LOVE is the highest standard by which everything is to be measured, determined, built  
and understood.

Cora L.V. Richmond

## *Chapter 24*

*It is more important that innocence be protected than it is that guilt be punished, for guilt and crimes are so frequent in this world that they cannot all be punished. But if innocence itself is brought to the bar and condemned, perhaps to die, then the citizen will say, "whether I do good or whether I do evil is immaterial, for innocence itself is no protection," and if such an idea as that were to take hold in the mind of the citizen that would be the end of security whatsoever.*

*John Adams*

In the morning I am awoken by the love and affectionate sloppy tongue of my new friend dog. The morning light shining threw the partially open curtains sparks my mind with the true knowledge of the triumvirate, that has designed and controlled society for the last 300 years of mankind, as a vulture sucking the blood out of humanity. Whenever the common man comes closer to the truth you can always count on the propaganda machine of the mighty and powerful to call things a conspiracy. When the real conspiracy is the powerful in their attempt to hide the truth and from the truth, in order to maintain their power structure. The evil name that emanates throughout my body today comes out formulated in the letters that spell out Rothschild, the true power behind the scenes in the world. The Rothschild's have been the accountants of the Vatican for over 300 years and the manipulators of the wealth of nations for the last 230 years. The

Rothschild's are the embodiment of pure evil who have created Zionism, which is the most Satanic evil cult known to the world, that even Orthodox Jews coil from it in repulsion.

The Rothschild's through underhanded methods were able to take over and control the central banks of the United States, England, France, Italy, and Germany before WWI. At the end of the 19th century they had more wealth than the entire world, including the Vatican with whom they have been partners in crime with on numerous occasions, throughout the Rothschild's family history of 500 years. As of 2011 the Rothschild's either own or control every central bank except for three countries in Iran, Cuba, and North Korea. Even though the central banks of Europe are presently owned by their respective governments since WWII, the Rothschild's have been around so long with so much power and influence, that they control and dictate policy with unlimited decision making ability. For instance, Central Banks for the most part are operated as private entities that set the interest rate and establish the volume of cash flow within a society. It is a complicated set up, designed to look kosher but is internally corrupted by outside forces representative of the Rothschild's interests. The following is a list of countries in which the Rothschild's directly own or control themselves or through their agents and dictate the policies of the Central Banks maintained within each state sector:

Afghanistan: Bank of Afghanistan

Albania: Bank of Albania

Algeria: Bank of Algeria

Argentina: Central Bank of Argentina

Armenia: Central Bank of Armenia

Aruba: Central Bank of Aruba

Australia: Reserve Bank of Australia

Austria: Austrian National Bank

Azerbaijan: Central Bank of Azerbaijan Republic

Bahamas: Central Bank of The Bahamas

Bahrain: Central Bank of Bahrain

Bangladesh: Bangladesh Bank

Barbados: Central Bank of Barbados

Belarus: National Bank of the Republic of Belarus

Belgium: National Bank of Belgium

Belize: Central Bank of Belize

Benin: Central Bank of West African States

Bermuda: Bermuda Monetary Authority

Bhutan: Royal Monetary Authority of Bhutan

Bolivia: Central Bank of Bolivia

Bosnia: Central Bank of Bosnia and Herzegovina

Botswana: Bank of Botswana

Brazil: Central Bank of Brazil

Bulgaria: Bulgarian National Bank

Burkina Faso: Central Bank of West African States

Burundi: Bank of the Republic of Burundi

Cambodia: National Bank of Cambodia

Cameroon: Bank of Central African States

Canada: Bank of Canada - Banque du Canada

Cayman Islands: Cayman Islands Monetary Authority

Central African Republic: Bank of Central African States

Chad: Bank of Central African States

Chile: Central Bank of Chile

China: The People's Bank of China

Colombia: Bank of the Republic

Comoros: Central Bank of Comoros

Congo: Bank of Central African States

Costa Rica: Central Bank of Costa Rica

Côte d'Ivoire: Central Bank of West African States

Croatia: Croatian National Bank

Cuba: Central Bank of Cuba

Cyprus: Central Bank of Cyprus

Czech Republic: Czech National Bank

Denmark: National Bank of Denmark

Dominican Republic: Central Bank of the Dominican Republic

East Caribbean area: Eastern Caribbean Central Bank

Ecuador: Central Bank of Ecuador

Egypt: Central Bank of Egypt

El Salvador: Central Reserve Bank of El Salvador

Equatorial Guinea: Bank of Central African States

Estonia: Bank of Estonia

Ethiopia: National Bank of Ethiopia

European Union: European Central Bank

Fiji: Reserve Bank of Fiji

Finland: Bank of Finland

France: Bank of France

Gabon: Bank of Central African States

The Gambia: Central Bank of The Gambia

Georgia: National Bank of Georgia

Germany: Deutsche Bundesbank

Ghana: Bank of Ghana

Greece: Bank of Greece

Guatemala: Bank of Guatemala

Guinea Bissau: Central Bank of West African States

Guyana: Bank of Guyana

Haiti: Central Bank of Haiti

Honduras: Central Bank of Honduras

Hong Kong: Hong Kong Monetary Authority

Hungary: Magyar Nemzeti Bank

Iceland: Central Bank of Iceland

India: Reserve Bank of India

Indonesia: Bank Indonesia

Iran: The Central Bank of the Islamic Republic of Iran



Iraq: Central Bank of Iraq

Ireland: Central Bank and Financial Services Authority of Ireland

Israel: Bank of Israel

Italy: Bank of Italy

Jamaica: Bank of Jamaica

Japan: Bank of Japan

Jordan: Central Bank of Jordan

Kazakhstan: National Bank of Kazakhstan

Kenya: Central Bank of Kenya

Korea: Bank of Korea

Kuwait: Central Bank of Kuwait

Kyrgyzstan: National Bank of the Kyrgyz Republic

Latvia: Bank of Latvia

Lebanon: Central Bank of Lebanon

Lesotho: Central Bank of Lesotho

Libya: Central Bank of Libya

Lithuania: Bank of Lithuania

Luxembourg: Central Bank of Luxembourg

Macao: Monetary Authority of Macao

Macedonia: National Bank of the Republic of Macedonia

Madagascar: Central Bank of Madagascar

Malawi: Reserve Bank of Malawi

Malaysia: Central Bank of Malaysia

Mali: Central Bank of West African States

Malta: Central Bank of Malta

Mauritius: Bank of Mauritius

Mexico: Bank of Mexico

Moldova: National Bank of Moldova

Mongolia: Bank of Mongolia

Montenegro: Central Bank of Montenegro

Morocco: Bank of Morocco

Mozambique: Bank of Mozambique

Namibia: Bank of Namibia

Nepal: Central Bank of Nepal

Netherlands: Netherlands Bank

Netherlands Antilles: Bank of the Netherlands Antilles

New Zealand: Reserve Bank of New Zealand

Nicaragua: Central Bank of Nicaragua

Niger: Central Bank of West African States

Nigeria: Central Bank of Nigeria

Norway: Central Bank of Norway

Oman: Central Bank of Oman

Pakistan: State Bank of Pakistan

Papua New Guinea: Bank of Papua New Guinea

Paraguay: Central Bank of Paraguay

Peru: Central Reserve Bank of Peru

Philippines: Bangko Sentral ng Pilipinas

Poland: National Bank of Poland

Portugal: Bank of Portugal

Qatar: Qatar Central Bank

Romania: National Bank of Romania

Russia: Central Bank of Russia

Rwanda: National Bank of Rwanda

San Marino: Central Bank of the Republic of San Marino

Samoa: Central Bank of Samoa

Saudi Arabia: Saudi Arabian Monetary Agency

Senegal: Central Bank of West African States

Serbia: National Bank of Serbia

Seychelles: Central Bank of Seychelles

Sierra Leone: Bank of Sierra Leone

Singapore: Monetary Authority of Singapore

Slovakia: National Bank of Slovakia

Slovenia: Bank of Slovenia

Solomon Islands: Central Bank of Solomon Islands

South Africa: South African Reserve Bank

Spain: Bank of Spain

Sri Lanka: Central Bank of Sri Lanka

Sudan: Bank of Sudan

Surinam: Central Bank of Suriname

Swaziland: The Central Bank of Swaziland

Sweden: Sveriges Riksbank

Switzerland: Swiss National Bank

Tajikistan: National Bank of Tajikistan

Tanzania: Bank of Tanzania

Thailand: Bank of Thailand

Togo: Central Bank of West African States (BCEAO)

Tonga: National Reserve Bank of Tonga

Trinidad and Tobago: Central Bank of Trinidad and Tobago

Tunisia: Central Bank of Tunisia

Turkey: Central Bank of the Republic of Turkey

Uganda: Bank of Uganda

Ukraine: National Bank of Ukraine

United Arab Emirates: Central Bank of United Arab Emirates

United Kingdom: Bank of England

United States: The Dirty Nasty Stinky Fed, Federal Reserve Bank of New York

Uruguay: Central Bank of Uruguay

Vanuatu: Reserve Bank of Vanuatu

Venezuela: Central Bank of Venezuela

Vietnam: The State Bank of Vietnam

Yemen: Central Bank of Yemen

Zambia: Bank of Zambia

Zimbabwe: Reserve Bank of Zimbabwe

The American Central Bank came into the hands of the private Federal Reserve because it was hijacked and taken over by the Zionist Rothchild's, this an open book story and one well expressed by writer Stephen Lendman in his article entitled, "The Federal Reserve: 100 Years of Financial Terrorism". In his article he provides insight into the most infamous night of American history in chronological detail. On December 23, 1913 in the middle of the night the Federal Reserve Act was passed. President Wilson was already bought and paid for by the representatives of Rockefeller, Morgan, and Rothschild. No one in Congress had read the bill which did not matter, since the bill was sophisticatedly planned three years ago, while written in a complicated format meant to deceive. Now the international gangsters listed above by having their own central bank would be allowed to create money out of thin air, while lending to the government at interest. With the ability to control the money supply the government and the people were now at the mercy of private banking interests. They were now able to control the economy to their economic interests by contracting or expanding the money supply. This same year the 1913 Revenue Act was in place imposing taxes on the citizenry to pay the government interest on the money borrowed from the now private central bank. According to Article I, Section 8 of the United States Constitution, only the United States congress has the power to create and regulate money. Congress lacks the statutory authority to delegate its powers to anyone else according to the 1935 United States Supreme Court decision.

Presently the US Federal Reserve, Bank of England, Bank of Japan and the European Central Bank (encompassing 18 European countries with the euro currency) are part of the core Zionist structure. These institutions have astronomical power beyond the realms of the human imagination. The Zionist dominate and control these central banks directly or indirectly in Europe and Japan. This is due to the institutional framework designed within the Marshall Plan after WWII. The Marshall Plan not only set out to restore the important economies in Europe including Japan but it formulated the future financial banking conditions within these structures concerning their respective state economies. These economies were heavily woven into a controlled financial fabric within the dominate framework of the Zionist power structure. This core financial power structure is able to influence the financial conditions in virtually every country in the world.

The Zionist control the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank. At present the BRICS Nations with China at the lead, are attempting to break the financial world domination and strangulation by the Zionists power structure. Each BRICS nations will combine with China leading the way for an initial 50 billion dollar capital investment, eventually rising up to 100 billion dollars, as they attempt to form a competing World Bank, for a more balanced financial world economy of opportunity. Instead of the strident International Monetary Fund and their demands for dismantling the social safety net structure in the Third World Countries, along with the exorbitant long term interest rates and financial debt piled up on these countries by the present Zionist World Bank; these countries will now have an option of sane and affordable restructuring of their countries with the end of the Zionist financial world monopoly.

According to the Russian Times the BRICS countries represent 42 percent of the world's population of approximately 3 billion people, with a tremendous land mass strategically located next to the sufficient and wealthy European economies. BRICS represents approximately 20 percent of the world's economy based on GDP with an annual GDP of approximately 16 trillion dollars. The BRICS alliance is now economically comparable and as productive as the US economy. BRICS represents the present day shifting alliances to counter the US Zionist led world economy. The bankrupt US policy of relying on terror and militarism as a economic policy is an outdated experiment, revealing the signs of a deteriorating and decaying empire. Countries looking to advance in a climate of technological self sufficient production and trade without wreaking havoc to the human race, in a sane resource based environment proportional to human needs, is the answer to solving future dilemmas and problems.

Present Zionist led US foreign policy places personal inherent and irrational biases in front of the strategic geopolitical economic interests of the United States and it's citizens. This alienating policy will effect US investments all over the world until the Zionists have bankrupted the country economically, spiritually, and strategically. Either shifting alliances will bring the Zionist led US to the table to work in a level playing field of mutual respect and future business growth for all parties or assured self destruction awaits the US, based on a minority led psychopathic assault on world values, interests, and future economic growth. This bankrupt mindset of militarism can only last so long before economic isolation through shifting alliances leaves it doomed, as the empire crumbles from within in sectional conflict.

Two hidden dangers to the world which are presently crumbling under exposure are Zionism and Catholicism, where both of their powers rely on ignorance and authoritarianism which can no longer hold up in a modern technological world, especially with new information venues opening all the time and information spreading rapidly amongst a more educated citizenry. Past simplistic propaganda tools are of no value anymore in a rapidly changing world, that grows smaller due to cultural exchanges from technological advancements. The ever increasing US state apparatus of high tech monitoring of everyone including alliances, will further erode US support and deteriorate the government and business structures that support this broad over reaching hand of neighbor or big brother, looking in on you. Fascism will only take one backwards spiritually and economically and in no way promotes future economic growth or solves life problems concerning resource management of energy based supplies and raw materials.

Through militarism and the bankrupt Zionist led foreign policies, the US is isolating themselves from the world and future growth. Again, Fascism can only last so long and crumbles under intelligence and technological advancement. Facism takes a step backwards in the human evolutionary cycle instead of stepping forward to an ever rapid changing global world frontier, including unexplored planets within the galaxies that may help solve natural resources issues; while at the same time promoting sane living patterns based on humanism rather than greed to solve the worlds problems in a conducive atmosphere, and by spreading wealth proportional instead of hoarding resources for a more efficient consumer based economy.



On top of all banks in the world is the very secretive Bank of International Settlements founded in 1930 and operating in Basle, Switzerland. This is presently the central bank of all central banks, and no government in the world has any power over it, even in Switzerland. Every central bank representative in the world meets here secretly, on a regular basis to conduct their private discussions of how the few hundred can maintain their grip and tight reign, over the masses of seven billion people and growing in this world. Here one will find members of the powerful secret societies who control the world as members of the Bohemian and Bilderberg clubs. These are the people who create our financial pyramid investment schemes, where they get the common man and the desperate to naively depart with their hard earned money, while the top elite scam the masses in a funnel like sucking motion, vacuuming up the wealth of the masses to the elite of society. Only the early investors win and they are predetermined since they have designed the pyramid scam or are opportunist friends or business associates of the scam artists. It makes one wonder why the wealthy elite were so mad at Bernie Madoff concerning his 36 billion dollar Ponzi scheme? His only crime was that he had the balls to rip off his own Zionist friends and other wealthy investors. It would have been no crime at all, if he would have just gone the traditional route and preyed off the masses. Under those circumstances I must shout out, "Free Bernie, Let Bernie go. It is about time the elite get financially hoodwinked from one of their own. Two thumbs up for Bernie!"

I begin reflecting on war in general and how it has sacrificed at the alter untold millions of people through the history of time just for profit. As I begin reading an article in Global Research, there is an interesting section regarding quotes of former United States Marine Major General Smedley Darlington Butler as follows: "I spent 33 years and

four months in active military service and during that period I spent most of my time as a high class muscle man for Big Business, for Wall Street and the bankers. In short, I was a racketeer, a gangster for capitalism [corporatism]. I helped make Mexico and especially Tampico safe for American oil interests in 1914. I helped make Haiti and Cuba a decent place for the National City Bank boys to collect revenues in. I helped in the raping of half a dozen Central American republics for the benefit of Wall Street. I helped purify Nicaragua for the International Banking House of Brown Brothers in 1902-1912. I brought light to the Dominican Republic for the American sugar interests in 1916. I helped make Honduras right for the American fruit companies in 1903. In China in 1927 I helped see to it that Standard Oil went on its way unmolested. Looking back on it, I might have given Al Capone a few hints. The best he could do was to operate his racket in three districts. I operated on three continents."

In his book *War is a Racket* he stated, "War is a racket. It always has been. For a great many years, as a soldier, I had a suspicion that war was a racket; not until I retired to civil life did I fully realize it. Now that I see the international war clouds gathering, as they are today, I must face it and speak out. It is possibly the oldest, easily the most profitable, surely the most vicious. It is the only one international in scope. It is the only one in which the profits are reckoned in dollars and the losses in lives." He would later in life go on to write the following, "The normal profits of a business concern in the United States are six, eight, ten, and sometimes twelve percent. But war-time profits — ah! that is another matter — twenty, sixty, one hundred, three hundred, and even eighteen hundred per cent — the sky is the limit. All that traffic will bear. Uncle Sam has the money. Let's get it. Of course, it isn't put that crudely in war time. It is dressed into

speeches about patriotism, love of country, and 'we must all put our shoulders to the wheel,' but the profits jump and leap and skyrocket — and are safely pocketed."

Looking back at the senseless mass slaughter of individuals in WWI and WWII makes one shudder concerning the insane realities of this extremist profit driven world. The mass slaughter of 65 million people from WWI and WWII was financed by the Rothschild's family who financed both sides of the conflict, to enrich the Rothschild's in the time of war and afterwards in the profitable gains of the rebuilding process. So 65 million must perish in order for the Rothschild dynasty to grow more powerful and wealthy. Now they presently hide in society and have their Zionist friends do all the dirty work for them. Even in the past the great fortunes of Rockefellers, Carnegie, and J.P. Morgan were financed by these monsters of excess to control society, and act as the agents for the masters of greed concerning the Rothschild's. It was even discovered after the death of J.P. Morgan that 81 percent of his stock was owned by the Rothschild family, so J.P. Morgan was more of an agent then an independent tycoon to the master Rothschild's.

The Rothschild family tentacles of power have created Soviet Union communism and destroyed Soviet Union communism, which slaughtered over 20 million people including nine million Ukrainians. The initial Russian Communist Party Politburo of 500 hundred members was made up of 85 percent Zionist Jews, when there was only 1.8 percent Jews in the whole country at the time. Four of the top five members of the communist party were Zionist Jews and the stooge Stalin was married to a Zionist Jew. Stalin's right hand man was a Zionist Jew named Lazar Kaganovich who engineered the

forced collectivization programs of famine for the mass murder of nine million Ukrainians. All in the name of Zionism.

One may ask what is Zionism? Zionism is a political movement of world domination for an eventual one world government, beginning with the creation of the Zionist Jewish state of Israel at all costs. These Zionists are not true Jews and really are atheists who are part of a triumvirate alliance. The Zionists are made up of Jews who are psychopaths of greed and world domination, led by the Rothschild family. They share their universal power with the Illuminati which was founded by the Jesuits but funded by the Rothschild's. The Roman Catholic Church is ruled by the Jesuit order in which the Jesuits work hand in hand with the Rothschild's and their agents through the Illuminati. As with any criminal enterprise each side is constantly at each others throat at the same time they are working together, to control and dominate the rest of the world with the ultimate goal of a one world government. It is believed in some corners of intellectual international society that the Rothschild family has grown wealthier than even the Roman Catholic Church, that has to take orders from the Zionists many times. Judaism as a whole is as morally corrupt as Christianity, concerning their Talmud with all the prejudice and hate it espouses. Though, no one even compares to the criminality of the Zionists and the Jesuits who run Roman Catholicism.

Even though the vast majority of Zionists are Jews some gentiles are Zionists or act as agents of the Zionists for financial and political gain. The great vast majority of Jews in America who represent only two percent of the population are mostly Zionists. The Zionists will and have sacrificed fellow Jews in order to secure the Zionist apartheid state of Israel. The Zionist Rothschild's sacrificed Jew's in Germany during WWII when

the Nazi's wanted to release them to the World Zionist Organization for cash payment. Since the Jews in Germany did not want to help in the colonization of Palestine because they had lived an easier life, they were left to the German concentration camps to fight for survival. Later in 1943 in the words of another leading Zionist named Izaak Greenbaum, who lead the Jewish Agency Rescue Committee, would go on to state in a speech, "If I am asked, could you give from the UJA (United Jewish Appeal) monies to rescue Jews, I say, no and I say again no!" This was followed by this statement, "One cow in Palestine is worth more than all the Jews in Poland!"

In the United States at least two thirds of the Democratic Party money comes from Jewish Zionist sources according to the Jewish Telegraphic Agency. More than half of the Republican money comes from Jewish sources. The Zionist have nothing in common with the Orthodox Jews who shy away from politics, and who are totally against the continued illegal colonization of Palestine and the Theocratic Jewish Apartheid state of Israel. The Zionist would soon as crush them as they would any gentile who spoke up against them or any Zionist who became a turncoat, whether he be Jewish or gentile. This is a ruthless organization of international money changers and bankers, whose only mindset is world domination though the destruction of societies. The Rothschild's profit from war, they then buy everything up cheap, rebuild society at a large profit, and then they control the economies by forming private central banks or through strict austerity loans from the Zionist International Monetary Fund; which cripples nation states permanently through massive social restructuring and obscene long term debt obligation that keeps growing out of hand.

The American Israeli Public Affairs Committee (AIPAC) is another foreign Zionist funded organization that brings fear and trembling to the United States congress. No one dares to stand up against them for fear that they will never be re-elected but face financial ruin. AIPAC is so feared that they have never lost a lobbying effort and they win on such lopsided landslides, that no other lobbyist organization can even compare to their power and victory margins, in which AIPAC soundly wins with all the time. AIPAC has cost the American taxpayer over 100 billion dollars since 1948 but much more than that if one is to consider the huge public relations disaster in the Arab and Islamic world, by the Zionist delivered Holocaust to the Palestinian, Arabic, and Islamic people.

The Zionist state of Israel from 1955 to 2011 has had 102 United Nation Resolutions leveled against them, mostly dealing with the Palestinian conflict. Concerning the Palestinian conflict, Israel is in defiance concerning 69 United Nation Security Council Resolutions and just does what it wants too, concerning their actions and utter disregard of international condemnation. Even the leader of Prime Minister Israel Benjamin Netanyahu once stated, "I know what America is. America is a thing you can move very easily, move it in the right direction. They won't get in the way." To further state the obvious in more blunt terms one only needs to heed the words of former Israel Prime Minister Ariel Sharon when he stated the following, ""Every time we do something you tell me Americans will do this and will do that. I want to tell you something very clear, don't worry about American pressure on Israel, we, the Jewish people control America, and the Americans know it." Now when any non Zionist gentile states the obvious that the Zionist so blatantly state about themselves with arrogance, then the Jewish Anti Defamation League and the American owned Zionist media goes after

them, while claiming racism when one is only stating the truth as even acknowledged by Zionists. If the truth is racism then  $4+3=9$  and the Pope is really Bugs Bunny in disguise.

Silence all truth seekers in order that you can control the ignorant mass majority, and then lead the future victims to the slaughter house. Like in the age of enlightenment, those people of truth and wisdom were hunted down and had to go into hiding for speaking the truth, by exposing the ruling Vatican elite who ruled by fear; thus keeping society ignorant through intimidation, lies, and deceit. If it was not so sad it would be comically hilarious, that the people with all the power like the Zionist can yell prejudice and racism as a cover, in order to hide the truth from the people. The abuser blaming the victim of being unfair, while the abuser takes everything the victim has worked for his whole life. If that is not a complete absurdity placing all logic upside down, than I am mind boggled and embarrassed to be part of the human race. It is like the slave questioning the master on why he has to be a slave, as the master becomes enraged with the gall of the slave to even offend the master in such a way, by questioning his integrity and dominance. This type of insult is enough of an insult to the master to bring down the forces of authority to crush the slave, in order that no one else in the future will get up on their high horse to ever question the master again. One must be made an example of like when Spartacus stood up to the Roman Legion and battled the superior forces and defeated them in battle after battle. In the end the 6,000 slaves who surrendered were each brutally crucified on a cross along the Alpine Way, to show the people the Hell that will be visited upon them, if they ever defy the authority of the Roman empire.

What the American people don't understand is that war is a racket with international bankers financing both sides, in order to get rich out of death, mayhem, and

destruction. Patriotism is a game for fools unless you are under attack, and in most cases people will naturally defend their country, if their country has treated them with respect. Otherwise a country will be destroyed from within like the approaching catastrophe of the United States, when the all out civil war will be orchestrated by the tightening of the money supply by the central bank, until mass poverty and revolution prevail in the streets.

In WWII the so called good war the international bankers led by the Zionist Rothschild's and Wall Street financed both sides of WWII. Many American business even did business with Germany after the bombing of Pearl Harbor all the way through until the end of WWII. The American Air Force was told to bomb around these corporations and after the war these business were unscathed from destruction. President Franklin D. Roosevelt was a Zionist Jew with a Jewish mother, he was just itching to appease the Zionist Rothschild's financial hunger for war. The American government knew that the Japanese were running short on their tin, rubber, and oil supplies and could not keep their war effort going with China unless they had these supplies available from the United States. The United States then placed forth economic sanctions against the Japanese concerning these resources, knowing that the Japanese were going to be forced to attack the United States because resources were necessary for their continued war effort. United States Secretary of War Henry Stimson stated the following on November 25th, 1941: "The question was how should we maneuver them [Japan] into firing the first shot... it was desirable to make sure the Japanese be the ones to do this so that there should remain no doubt as to who were the aggressors." The American government also broke the Japanese code a few days before Pearl Harbor, knowing that the Japanese were



coming with an air force to wreak havoc on the American base of Pearl Harbor in Hawaii. The United States government including President Roosevelt remained silent and allowed the sacrifice of approximately 5,600 Americans, in order get their excuse for war and a quick fix to the economy. This would to be the way the United States planned to pull themselves out of the depression, in which the Rothschild's placed the United States economy in, after they intentionally tightened the money supply to crash the economy in 1929. All of this information listed above had to be kept from the American people or else the people would have torn this country to pieces, since no one would have went over seas to risk being maimed and murdered, just to get some bankers and corporations rich who designed the initial economic crash and caused their suffering.

Even after WWII American corporations attempted to screw the returning soldiers like how the returning WWI veterans were screwed by the US government on their promises, and failure to have some sort of benefits for returning active veterans in the field of battle. The government became nervous towards the final year of WWII and did not want a repeat of the disgruntled veterans who returned from WWI, so the US government then began passing various government benefits for the returning soldiers, allow them to purchase homes and obtain education to help them advance economically in society. In 1946 there were more strikes recorded in the United States then in any other time in the history of the country. After experiencing war and having risked their life's, a new realization of self worth had developed in the mindset of these courageous soldiers, after their return to the United States. No longer would they accept being treated as second class citizens but would demand justice, including the wither all to do battle in order to receive justice.

Returning back to the action of WWII, while discovering some hidden truthful realities covered up due to ulterior motives regarding the profit game of war, we have facts in history that have been buried for eternity. Hitler had attempted to negotiate a peace deal with the English by having his right hand man Rudolf Hess parachute into Scotland in May of 1941, to negotiate a deal with Churchill to end the war. Churchill who was influenced and controlled by the Zionist Rothschild's had Hess arrested and sent to prison. After WWII during the Nuremberg trials, Hess was found innocent of war crimes and crimes against humanity but was still sentenced to life in prison. The Zionist did not want anyone to know that Hess was sent on a peace mission. So for the next 40 years Hess was imprisoned and tortured, as a guest with 6 other prisoners in a Allied Military Prison in the Spandau district of Berlin. During his 40 years in prison he was repeatedly tortured and only allowed visits by close family members, which were severely censored. Presents were not allowed and he was allowed no physical contact with family members . His lawyer was only allowed to visit him 6 times in 40 years. What kind of justice is this? It is quite obvious that the Allies were attempting to suppress the truth or else severe restrictions like this would not be necessary. After October 1, 1966 Hess was the only prisoner left in the prison in which the German government spent 40 million marks and over 100 employees to guard an elderly man with a dangerous secret. A secret that was so dangerous that he had to be silenced at all costs. That secret was about the truth concerning WWII and all the unnecessary death that could have been prevented. That secret would be silenced forever because Hess was murdered at the age of 93 on August 17th of 1987.

The cover up claimed that this sick elderly man had hung himself on his own. Why would a man who suffered daily torture for 40 years decide at the age of 93 to finally commit suicide? The misleading forensic report along with a phony suicide letter was written to cover up the murder of the old man, who held a secret truth within him for 40 years. The victor writes history and the victor will always keep silent the truth from the common man, for if he became aware that he was a pawn for profit concerning the unnecessary violence and destruction of war; he would rebel and overthrow the government with the fury of a madman.

Concerning the Holocaust there is another major propaganda piece by the Zionist regarding WWII. This was made so that no one would ever question anything concerning WWII in the future. If you make something a Holy Shrine you can make something untouchable, so no one would ever consider touching, opening, or questioning the so called Holy Book. The past lies and crimes by the Allies on behalf of the monsters of greed, concerning the Zionist Rothschild's had to be covered up for all of history. Common sense in life shows all the time that the truth lays somewhere in the middle in that grey area. Whenever someone attempts to display something as 100 percent truth in a one sided diatribe, people will later find out down the road that the skillful rhetoric delivered, was at least 50 percent false and sometimes more false than true. The truth does not take sides, for the truth is the truth and it needs to be discovered if man wants to be honest with himself and his past. If a man does not know his past then a man does not know himself and he will continue to repeat mistakes over and over, and continue to be taken advantage of during his life. If the truth of the Rothschild's were ever fully known, the world would hunt down these traitorous psychopathic dogs who desire profit, over

mankind and even over their own people. This is such a demented sickness that the most powerful and richest families in the world, could mass kill just for profit is totally insane. The sickness of greed can eventually lead to total diabolical insanity.

After WWII when the United States entered the concentration camps they found the camps that suffered the least from bombings to be in good shape concerning the prisoners and everyone else. The areas that were hit hard from bombings or cut off from food supplies had starving Germans at the camps, including starving Jews and Jews who died of typhus, that began spreading throughout the concentration camps from the lack of basic needs to survive. All wars have propaganda but over time the truth begins to float to the surface with the passing of the elite generations involved in the conflict of profit. Just like in Iraq when the United States allowed phony stories to be delivered to the media concerning the Iraqi soldiers coming into hospitals and removing babies from respirators, this was as fraudulent as the so called weapons of mass destruction. One must always demonize the enemy, in order to justify the cruelty one is going to commit against the mass population of a targeted country. Now I know that war crimes do happen and that both sides commit them in war, though people have to be very careful in balancing what they are told and seen by media manipulation with the reality of the situation.

The claim of six million Jews killed in the so called Holocaust is a distortion because the numbers don't add up when the facts are researched. Even if one Jew died that is one to many but the realistic numbers are nearer to 800,000 to one million Jews. The main cause of death was from rampant spreading of typhus, natural death, and murder. During WWII the Germans only had at most under their guarded control was four million Jews. The International Red Cross reported in 1946 after the war that no

more than 300,000 Jews could have died in the concentration camps. Also in a December 1984 audit of the International Red Cross, it was concluded that of all the registered Jews in the concentration camps, that a total of 282,077 Jews died from all types of causes. In 1965 the West German government announced that 3,375,000 Holocaust survivors applied for reparations. So if no Jewish people died after WWII, that would leave one with a figure of 625,000 Jews who died in concentration camps. Also, the American Jewish Committee claimed that the 1939 world Jewish population was 15,688,259. The Jewish owned NY Times claimed in 1948 that the world Jewish population was 15,600,000 to 18,700,000 and this does not include the 600,000 to 700,000 Jews who were living in Palestine. One has to wonder how the Jewish population in under 10 years was able to replace all 6 million Jews and possibly more. It is not practical no matter which way you look at the figures. Again, the need to exaggerate the numbers and the atrocities is to cover up history so people will never find out the truth, no matter where the truth leads one.

In present day Europe it is a crime punishable of up to five years in prison for anyone who questions any aspect of the Holocaust, while the truth is not a defense to the charges leveled against someone. Now we must stop and pause. Why would anyone pass a law to silence truth and consider truth not a defense to an alleged crime. What kind of utter insanity is this absurd law? Is one to be so gullible to believe that if someone tells me that I am a dog enough times, that I truly become a dog. What ridiculous and insane nonsense. Even if I can prove that I am not a dog, I am still considered a dog and I can be sentenced to prison. Even though I proved that I am not a dog, the law says that I am a dog and the truth is no defense to the criminal allegations. One can see where this

insanity is heading. The best way to make a fool of a liar is by exposing him with the truth where he becomes laughable. Though, when the truth is not on your side then you must silence the messenger with the fear of imprisonment. I had no idea when I began researching WWII, that I would come across all of this information contradicting the grade school brainwashing. I mean I expected some lies but not the whole sale re creation of reality.

The reasons why there was not a large scale Holocaust representing six million Jews as publicized after WWII by the Zionist and Allied forces is because of the following: First, Hitler and the Nazi's ran a professional military where all commands are run in a hierarchical structure from top to bottom. After the war the Allies recovered massive amounts of paper work and they did not find one document signed by Hitler, for mass genocide to be committed against the Jewish people. Secondly, why would someone murder their slaves when they needed them for the war effort. Even in the South in the United States during the Civil War the Confederates used the African Americans as a last resort in the defense of the Southern way of living. It does not make sense to kill the so called personal property of the state of Germany. Hitler wanted the Jews out of Germany but it would go against logic to mass kill them, when they were a form of productive prison labor.

Thirdly, when you start engaging in this type of genocide on a massive scale you are going to have defections, on a large enough scale that will eventually lead to the destruction of the military. Not every human can engage in this type of program without rebelling by moral disgust. As Edward Snowden proved to us in the United States, not every department of the government is made aware of the crimes that are going on in

different sections of the same department. Also, even within departments you have to have your secret cells, for the other sectors who carry out all the illegal operations, so you don't get exposed even amongst your own people. The less people who know about the illegal conduct the better, since the less people a malefactor has to worry about concerning individuals forming a conscience and exposing the corruption. Now did the Nazi's and the Gestapo commit crimes against humanity? Yes and so did the Allies and the United States government. In war there will always be war crimes by both sides, some more so than others and that is what the search for truth is attempting to discover. Even Hitler was afraid of the Gestapo and would not question them according to Jewish sources who were and are in search for truth concerning WWII. Did the Nazi's seize Jewish assets in WWII? Of course they did and no one will dispute this in the present day.

Now we have the Fourth problem concerning the Holocaust claim of mass gassing's and cremations. The gas chambers were not at all very well sealed off and Zyklon B cyanide could leak out causing death to those on the outside. If one were to remove dead people too soon, it would endanger the guards who have had to keep pulling out the dead, in order to repeat the process. The so called contamination lingers and does not go away with Zyklon B cyanide. The claims of 50,000 to 60,000 people being massacred by gas chambers on a daily basis does not compute with the number of crematoriums under German control at the time. The Allies including the United States and Britain had continual aerial photography over all of the main concentration camps on a regular basis. There were no photographs of mass lines, no massive amounts of coke laying around that was required to operate the crematoriums, and no mass pits of bodies

laying around the grounds. The German's had only enough coke available according to records at the time. to cremate 100,000 people. Now I don't deny that the Nazi's murdered massive amounts of people but it would have been much easier to just shoot people down on a large scale and burying them in huge pits. For instance, it would have been much more cost effective because even today in modern society, it costs about 2,000 dollars to cremate a person, when one can probably murder a person with a bullet for about a dollar and then bury them in a ditch.

Problem five involves the Red Cross document 9925 written in June of 1946, which revealed that 1000's of freed inmates were interviewed but no one spoke of any gas chambers for mass gassing. The Allies claimed that there was 10,000 mass gassing but after interviewing 1,000s of witnesses, including 100's of criminal trials of Nazi's, not one person came forward on either side who witnessed a mass gassing. Like old Abe Lincoln expressed, "You can fool some of the people some of the time but you can't fool all the people all of the time." Now why would the Allies make these outrageous claims that don't add up? One reason could be the Zionist pursuit for a state of Israel, so exaggerated claims would help in gaining sympathy for a fast track creation concerning the state of Israel. There are so many other things that don't coincide with reality concerning WWII and need to be delved into with honest research and honest debate to find the truth.

At the end of WWII the United States had a secretive intelligence program entitled Operation Paperclip in which they recruited over 1600 German scientists, technicians, and engineers. The program was conducted by the Joint Intelligence Objective Agency to work in the United States. Several of these scientists had even stood trial for accused war crimes during WWII. President Harry Truman had ordered that no



ex Nazi's were allowed to be recruited but the JIOA circumvented his order, by creating erroneous political and job classifications that made no mention of Nazi membership or active affiliation beyond nominal participation. In 1984 the Director of the Office of Special Investigation under the control of the United States Department of justice claimed that approximately 10,000 former Nazi's were allowed into the United States. In Germany during WWII only 10 percent of the German population at most during it's highpoint were members of the Nazi party. Some extremely cruel Nazi's were allowed into the United States who committed vile experiments on Jewish concentration camp victims. One horrific Nazi that was allowed freedom into the United States was Klaus Barbie who executed 4,000 Jews during WWII. Another 10,000 former Nazi's found freedom in South America. There are claims that a minimum of 30,000 former Nazi's escaped to various destinations around the world according to the Russian times.

In life it truly is complicated sometimes and very hard to distinguish the evil people from the good people, since many times people are all mixed into a complicated framework within a puzzle of corruption, with shifting alliances based on perceived winners approaching the finish line. For instance, just like the Concordant of Fascism signed between Mussolini and the Vatican in 1928. Then five years later the signed Concordant of Fascism between Adolph Hitler and Pius XI in 1933, where the Roman Catholic church agreed to not interfere with the political and social actions of the Nazi party. The two volumes of the Mein Kamph were published in 1925 and 1926. I highly doubt that an educated man like the pope was not aware or had not read these important documents, before entering into an agreement with Hitler.

Now delving into some Zionist history we have a interesting document which predicted our two major world wars long before they actually happened. This takes us into the secret society's within the extremely elite power structure. What is extremely interesting is in regards to the Illuminati and a written blue print of world domination by Albert Pike, who was a gentile Zionist working on behalf of the Rothschild's. Albert Pike was a former Confederate, Ku Klux Klan Member, and a Satanist. In 1871 Pike wrote the following military blue print on behalf of the Illuminati, that foretold of the coming three world wars to be delivered to the international community. These military predictions have come through concerning WWI and WWII and so far look like the prediction concerning WWIII is on it's way to reality. Albert Pike states the following which is deeply scary and dispels any notion concerning a irrational conspiracy of the wealthy to rule over the masses, it is in reality a truthful fact:

1. The First World War is to be fought for the purpose of destroying the Tsar in Russia, as promised by Nathan Mayer Rothschild in 1815. The Tsar is to be replaced with communism which is to be used to attack religions, predominantly Christianity. The differences between the British and German empires are to be used to foment this war.
2. The Second World War is to be used to foment the controversy between fascism and political Zionism with the oppression of Jews in Germany a lynchpin in bringing hatred against the German people. This is designed to destroy fascism (which the Rothschild's' created) and increase the power of political Zionism. This war is also designed to increase the power of communism to the level that it equaled that of united Christendom.

3. The Third World War is to be played out by stirring up hatred of the Muslim world for the purposes of playing the Islamic world and the political Zionists off against one another. Whilst this is going on, the remaining nations would be forced to fight themselves into a state of mental, physical, spiritual and economic exhaustion.

If this is not scary then I don't know what in this world is scary? When a small number of people who most likely total in the hundreds can control the world, by creating a very dangerous game with God like powers, then no one is safe. Even the patriarch Joseph Kennedy of the Kennedy dynasty admitted concerning the United States when he stated, "Fifty men have run America, and that's a high figure." We must then ask why this can happen so easy over the masses of people in society, who outnumber the skillful psychopathic minority? The answer is best expressed by the man of evil himself Adolph Hitler, "How fortunate for leaders that men don't think." Then you have the Nazi propaganda Minister Joseph Goebbels who stated, "Let me control the media and I will turn any nation into a herd of pigs." If people would take at least half as much interest in searching for the truth as the psychopaths do in conspiring to rule society, by placing the masses in mental chains of oppression followed by true suppression; then the people might have some sort of chance to evolve in this world for the better of humanity.

The founder of Communism who wrote the Communist Manifesto was a Zionist Ashkenazi Jew named Karl Marx. The Communist Bolshevik revolution of 1917 in Russia was financed by another Zionist named Jacob Schiff to the tune of 20 million dollars with help from the so called capitalist class of Wall Street, which I have always

referred to as true Marxists. What most people don't understand is that most Zionists who are Ashkenazi Jews from Central and Eastern Europe are very prejudice against other Jews, especially Ethiopian Jews. The Ashkenazi Jew makes up approximately 75 percent of the world Jewish population. There are other groups of Jews consisting of the Sephardic and Mizrahi Jews who are not part of the Zionist movement. The Jewish population in Israel and the United States is about 6 million each. There are approximately three million Ashkenazi Jews in Israel making up about 47 percent of the Jewish population. Overall the Ashkenazi are about 35 percent of the whole Israel population yet they dictate policy in Israel, since the grand majority are Zionists in the belief that Israel can do no wrong; no matter how many Palestinian women and children they unjustly cripple and murder with their mighty air force of destruction from the United States. In the United States the Ashkenazi Jews make up 90 percent of the Jewish population. In the United States the Russian president Putin is despised by the Zionist because many of them have been purged from Russia after the fall of communism, since they were responsible for pillaging a great portion of Russia. The ultimate goal of the Zionist who run the United States is to bring the United States to it's knees financially to create a regional currency. When the timing is right they will create a one world government with one international currency, with one international bank, to be run and controlled by the Zionist Rothschild's international mafia.

The Zionist are mainly a political movement that I would characterize as inhumanely criminal on a international scale. They call themselves Jews but they really don't have any religious beliefs (Unless one considers dark Satanic Occultism a religious belief) except for money at all costs just like a common criminal. Even in the United

States during the 1930's and afterwards it was portrayed that the Italians ran the mafia and organized crime in the United States. The Italians were just minor players compared to the Zionist Jews and their gentile allies. The great wealth of criminal money was in their hands as they controlled, managed, and directed everything from behind the scenes. They have always been and probably always will be the most successful based on actual size, the most sophisticated international criminal syndicate the world has ever known, in acquiring immense fortunes and hardly ever doing prison time.

The Anti Defamation League was created by the Zionist who wanted to cry foul and anti-Semitism against anyone who speaks the truth, concerning their power structure and financial stranglehold they have on the United States, Europe, and the world. If the truth is considered prejudice or racist then the truth does not exist. It is like the large lunch bully complaining that the midget is picking on him because he was exposed for taking everyone's lunch money, so he cries foul all day long. It is a very bizarre and twisted form of logic in order to attempt to silence truth, while anyone who could fall for this type of simplistic propaganda would seriously need psychotic drugs and counseling, since they have completely lost their mind and ability to rationalize.

Concerning the Zionist Elie Wiesel, he complained that his brother Zionist Bernie Madoff cost him 15.2 million dollars from the Ponzi scheme. Elie Wiesel is a man who is a shyster himself. It was discovered that his so called background concerning being a concentration camp survivor was extremely exaggerated. Though, this is nothing compared to how he intentionally held up payments to past Holocaust survivors until their death, so that his organization in Los Angeles would receive all the money. It is like one fox complaining that the other fox is guarding the chicken coup, when he complains

about Madoff. It has been claimed by concentration camp survivor Nikolaus Gruner that Elie Wiesel plagiarized his friend's book that was written in Auschwitz. Gruner and his friend Lazar Wiesel had suffered under terrible conditions during this horrific time in their lives. Gruner not only claims that Elie plagiarized 83 percent of the book entitled *Night* but that he stole his friend Lazar's identity. Who really knows now if Elie Wiesel was even in Auschwitz? This is one of the sad things concerning life that happens time and time again where the true heroes are never recognized, while the frauds get Noble Peace Prizes and respect they do not deserve or merit.

The ruthless psychopathic salesman always wins out in the end and rises to the top. This is a very sad commentary about humanity and the low levels a fellow human will sink too, in order to become wealthy and famous. The disease of greed and the blind gluttonous appetite for money has warped so many souls in this world. It appears like everything in society needs to be checked out because there are so many lies told by mankind in the pursuit of power, materialism, and profit. Massive lies of deceit on such a grand scale that the average man can't truly fathom because it isn't in him to reach to such low levels without it affecting his conscience. Hell, some people commit suicide over minor things in this world, while the creeps who commit major atrocities have no problem living with themselves; like the Rothschild family and their demented twisted Satanic souls.

The name of the Rothschild's makes me sad with disgust on how these type of people have done so much harm in the world due to uncontrollable greed. In American society four presidents have stood up to the money changers and all four have been shot with three of them dying. The last president to stand up to the money changers was John

F. Kennedy who wanted to reign in the central bank. This was met with his demise and violent death. John F. Kennedy in a 1961 speech subtly hinted to the public about the hidden forces that controlled society. Kennedy wanted to pull out of Vietnam but he first had to swipe control away from the privately held Federal Reserve. Kennedy first action dealing with a initial withdrawal from Vietnam was regarding his issuance of NSAM's 55-57, designed to limit the role of the CIA. In a May 1963 meeting the Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara was involved in the initial stages of implementing President Kennedy's orders for withdrawal of troops from Vietnam. This was discovered in declassified ARRB documents in December of 1997. President Kennedy printed a pamphlet for the United Nations one month before his execution, in which he declared that there should be universal disarmament among nations, with an International Peace keeping force under the United Nations, which would control all weapons on behalf of humanity for the common safety of the world. On July 26, 1963 President John F. Kennedy stated the following in his televised speech concerning war, "My fellow Americans, let us take that first step. Let us...step back from the shadow of war and seek out the way of peace. And if that journey is a thousand miles, or even more, let history record that we, in this land, at this time, took the first step."

On June 4th, 1963 we have President Kennedy signing Executive Order NO. 11110 which allowed the United States government the power and ability to issue currency without having to rely on the Federal Reserve. President Kennedy's order now gave the U.S. Treasury the ability to issue silver certificates against silver, standard silver dollars, or silver bullion. Now the government was allowed to introduce new money backed by silver from the Treasury vault. President Kennedy by this strategic maneuver

was able to produce 4.3 billion in United States notes into the economy for consumption and spending. If Kennedy kept printing enough of these silver notes he would have delivered a knockout blow to the private Federal Reserve, since his government notes were backed by silver and the Federal Reserve notes were backed by absolutely nothing. Now the government had the ability to repay it's debt by creating it's own money, while not having to pay the Federal Reserve interest in order to create money. President Kennedy was murdered five months later and no one has dared since him to continue with this executive order which is still in place, allowing for the printing of silver certificates backed by the U.S. Treasury silver. One month before President Kennedy was assassinated in ruthless conspiratorial fashion from the ruling forces above, he gave a speech at Columbia University where he stated the following: "The high office of President has been used to foment a plot to destroy the American's freedom, and before I leave office I must inform the citizen of his plight."

According to Kennedy research assassination analyst Jim Marrs, during the three-year period that followed the murder of President Kennedy and Lee Harvey Oswald, 18 material witnesses mysteriously died with six dying by gunfire, three in motor accidents, two by suicide, one from a cut throat, one from a karate chop to the neck, three from heart attacks and two from natural causes. He further goes on to list 103 mysterious deaths of material witnesses to the presidential assassination between the years of 1963-1978, while 78 were ruled unnatural deaths including 34 homicides, 24 accidents, 16 suicides, and 4 unknown. Lee Harvey Oswald did not even make this list concerning material witnesses who met an unnatural death considering his death was the oddest and strangest of them all.



As I sit back and reflect concerning all the realities of how power rules the blind masses, I am taken back by the many blunt statements and quotes made during history that are truly outrageous but never really cause a stir amongst the common man. Since the common man would rather worry about the daily trivialities while volunteering to live under a slave mentality and slave conditions, due to his fear of the truth, pure intellectual laziness, cowardness, and lack of principles to guide his life. The following quotes bring shock to anyone not adept in allowing their brain to go on to auto pilot concerning common sense. There is no need of a magical charge or electrical spark required to gain true insight into the simple realities of life, only a willingness to discover truth about the factual realities to control man by the powerful, that are no longer conspiratorial but reality.

*"Beware the leader who bangs the drums of war in order to whip the citizenry into a patriotic fervor, for patriotism is indeed a double-edged sword. It both emboldens the blood, just as it narrows the mind. And when the drums of war have reached a fever pitch and the blood boils with hate and the mind has closed, the leader will have no need in seizing the rights of the citizenry. Rather, the citizenry, infused with fear and blinded by patriotism, will offer up all of their rights unto the leader and gladly so. How do I know? For this is what I have done, and I am Caesar."*

*Julius Caesar*

*"Let them hate us as long as they fear us!"*

*Caligula*

*"The money powers prey on the nation in times of peace and conspire against it in times of adversity. The banking powers are more despotic than monarchy, more insolent than autocracy, more selfish than bureaucracy. They denounce as public enemies all who question their methods or throw light upon their crimes."*

*Abe Lincoln*

*"Whoever controls the volume of money in any country is absolute master of all industry and commerce."*

*James A. Garfield*

*"The governments of the present day have to deal not merely with other governments, with emperors, kings and ministers, but also with the secret societies which have everywhere their unscrupulous agents, and can at the last moment upset all the governments' plans."*

*Benjamin Disraeli*

*"Some of the biggest men in the United States, in the field of commerce and manufacture, are afraid of somebody, are afraid of something. They know that there is a power somewhere so organized, so subtle, so watchful, so interlocked, so complete, so pervasive that they had better not speak above their breath when they speak in condemnation of it."*

*Woodrow Wilson*

*"To repress rebellion is to maintain the status quo, a condition which binds the mortal creature in a state of intellectual or physical slavery. But it is impossible to chain man merely by slaving his body: the mind must also be held, and to accomplish this, fear is the accepted weapon. The common man must fear life, fear death, fear God, fear the Devil, and fear most the overlords, the keepers of his destiny."*

*Manly P Hall*

*"Our government has kept us in a perpetual state of fear — kept us in a continuous stampede of patriotic fervor — with the cry of grave national emergency. Always there has been some terrible evil at home or some monstrous foreign power that was going to gobble us up if we did not blindly rally behind it by furnishing the exorbitant funds demanded. Yet, in retrospect, these disasters seem never to have happened, seem never to have been quite real."*

*General Douglas MacArthur*

*"It is only by eliminating the lower members [of the human race] that a higher average is maintained."*

*John Foster Dulles*

*"War, as I remarked a moment ago, has hitherto been disappointing in this respect, but perhaps bacteriological war may prove more effective. If a Black Death could be spread throughout the world once in every generation survivors could procreate*

*freely without making the world too full. There would be nothing in this to offend the consciences of the devout or to restrain the ambitions of nationalists. The state of affairs might be somewhat unpleasant, but what of that? Really high-minded people are indifferent to happiness, especially other people's. However, I am wandering from the question of stability, to which I must return."*

*I think the subject which will be of most importance politically is Mass Psychology. ... It's importance has been enormously increased by the growth of modern methods of propaganda ... Although this science will be diligently studied, it will be rigidly confined to the governing class (Elite). The populace will not be allowed to know how its convictions were generated." "Diet, injections, and injunctions will combine, from a very early age, to produce the sort of character and the sort of beliefs that the authorities consider desirable, and any serious criticism of the powers that be will become psychologically impossible."*

*Bertrand Russell*

*"We shall have world government whether or not you like it, by conquest or consent."*

*Statement by Council on Foreign Relations (CFR) member James Warburg to The Senate Foreign Relations Committee on February 17th, 1950*

*"It is perfectly possible for a man to be out of prison, and yet not free - to be under no physical constraint and yet to be a psychological captive, compelled to think, feel and act as the representatives of the national state, or of some private interest within the*

*nation, wants him to think, feel and act.*

*"The nature of psychological compulsion is such that those who act under constraint remain under the impression that they are acting on their own initiative. The victim of mind-manipulation does not know that he is a victim. To him the walls of his prison are invisible, and he believes himself to be free. That he is not free is apparent only to other people. His servitude is strictly objective."*

*Aldous Huxley, 1958 Brave New World Revisited*

*"And it seems to me perfectly in the cards that there will be within the next generation or so a pharmacological method of making people love their servitude, and producing ... a kind of painless concentration camp for entire societies, so that people will in fact have their liberties taken away from them but will rather enjoy it, because they will be distracted from any desire to rebel by propaganda, brainwashing, or brainwashing enhanced by pharmacological methods."*

*Aldous Huxley*

*"The Trilateral Commission is intended to be the vehicle for multinational consolidation of the commercial and banking interests by seizing control of the political government of the United States. The Trilateral Commission represents a skillful, coordinated effort to seize control and consolidate the four centers of power political, monetary, intellectual and ecclesiastical. What the Trilateral Commission*

*intends is to create a worldwide economic power superior to the political governments of the nation states involved. As managers and creators of the system, they will rule the future."*

*U.S. Senator Barry Goldwater*

*"The technetronic era involves the gradual appearance of a more controlled society. Such a society would be dominated by an elite, unrestrained by traditional values. Soon it will be possible to assert almost continuous surveillance over every citizen and maintain up-to-date complete files containing even the most personal information about the citizen. These files will be subject to instantaneous retrieval by the authorities."*

*Zbigniew Brezinski*

*"The Council on Foreign Relations is 'the establishment'. Not only does it have influence and power in key decision-making positions at the highest levels of government to apply pressure from above, but it also announces and uses individuals and groups to bring pressure from below, to justify the high level decisions for converting the U.S. from a sovereign Constitutional Republic into a servile member state of a one-world dictatorship."*

*Congressman John Rarick, 1971*

*"There exists a shadowy Government with its own Air Force, its own Navy, its own fundraising mechanism, and the ability to pursue its own ideas of the national interest, free from all checks and balances, and free from the law itself."*

*Senator Daniel K. Inouye, 1987*

*"We are grateful to The Washington Post, The New York Times, Time Magazine and other great publications whose directors have attended our meetings and respected their promises of discretion for almost forty years. It would have been impossible for us to develop our plan for the world if we had been subject to the bright lights of publicity during those years. But, the work is now much more sophisticated and prepared to march towards a world government. The supranational sovereignty of an intellectual elite and world bankers is surely preferable to the national auto determination practiced in past centuries."*

*David Rockefeller, founder of the Trilateral Commission, in an address to a meeting of The Trilateral Commission, in June, 1991.*

*"This is a terrible thing to say. In order to stabilize world population, we must eliminate 350,000 people per day. It is a horrible thing to say, but its just as bad not to say it."*

*Jacques Cousteau*

*"A total world population of 250-300 million people, a 95% decline from present levels, would be ideal."*

*Ted Turner, 1996*

*In May of 1996, Zionist United States Secretary of State Madeline Albright was asked by 60 minutes employee Leslie Stahl, whether she thought that the price of the United States sanctions against Iraq worth it, due to the reported deaths of 500,000 Iraqi children. Madeline Albright's heartless reply was, "I think this is a very hard choice, but the price--we think the price is worth it."*

*Madeline Albright, 1996*

*"It's a sobering fact that the hidden power structure of international finance has exerted tremendous influence over public opinion in this country through its' virtual control of higher education and major segments of mass communication. Conspiracy. One of the darkest words in the language of man. Yet there is hardly a single page of history that does not partially reveal the deadly eye of conspiracy at work. It was a conspiracy that directed Brutus against Caesar in the Roman Senate on the Ides of March. It was a conspiracy that plotted the betrayal of West Point by Benedict Arnold during the American Revolution. It was a conspiracy that led John Wilkes Booth to the assassination of President Lincoln on Good Friday, 1865."*

*"The past record of man is burdened with accounts of assassinations, secret combines, palace plots, and betrayals in war. The tenet of conspiracy has been a*



*dominant force in all history. But in spite of this clear record, an amazing number of people have begun to scoff at the possibility of conspiracy at work today. They dismiss such an idea merely as "a conspiratorial view of history."*

*G. Edward Griffin*

*"It is nicely apt that the word "terrorist" (according to the O.E.D.) should have been coined during the French Revolution to describe "an adherent or supporter of the Jacobins, who advocated and practiced methods of partisan repression and bloodshed in the propagation of the principles of democracy and equality." Although our rulers have revived the word to describe violent enemies of the United States, most of today's actual terrorists can be found within our own governments, federal, state, municipal. The Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms (known as A.T.F.), the Drug Enforcement Agency, F.B.I., I.R.S., etc., are so many Jacobins at war against the lives, freedom, and property of our citizens. The F.B.I. slaughter of the innocents at Waco was a model Jacobin enterprise."*

*Gore Vidal*

*"The conscious and intelligent manipulation of the organized habits and opinions of the masses is an important element in democratic society. Those who manipulate this unseen mechanism of society constitute an invisible government which is the true ruling power of our country. ...We are governed, our minds are molded, our tastes formed, our ideas suggested, largely by men we have never heard of. ..In almost every act of our daily lives, whether in the sphere of politics or business, in our social*

*conduct or our ethical thinking, we are dominated by the relatively small number of persons...who understand the mental processes and social patterns of the masses. It is they who pull the wires which control the public mind."*

*Edward L. Bernays*

All these quotes of lunacy have me recognizing and understanding why the powerful would be for such ruthless ideas with regards to Eugenics. The Eugenics movement began in England and the United States and was then brought to Germany by the Zionist Rockefeller Foundation (The Rockefellers are Zionist agents by marriage ties, business, and philosophy) in promoting eugenics to the Nazi party. The Zionist Rockefeller's funded the experimental research conducted by the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute in Nazi Germany in the field of inhumane cruel eugenics. The Zionist Rockefellers did not get out of the eugenics movement during or after WWII. They presently are still financing eugenic depopulation research and practical realistic promotion and application of their ideals through more inconspicuous and devious ways, that are harder to track for the common man.

The first eugenic sterilization law was passed in the United States in Indiana in 1907, it did not really take off until 1924 when 3,000 people of which 2,500 of them were from California had been involuntarily sterilized. Between the years of 1963-1965 the Rockefeller Foundation funded a program that sterilized more than 400,000 Colombian women. On April 24th of 1974 a National Security Memo 200 was written by Dr. Henry Kissinger another Zionist stating the following, "Depopulation should be the highest priority of U.S. foreign policy towards the Third World." He

further quoted, "For reasons of national security, and because `the U.S. economy will require large and increasing amounts of minerals from abroad, especially from less-developed countries. Wherever a lessening of population can increase the prospects for such stability, population policy becomes relevant to resources, supplies and to the economic interests of U.S."

Dr. Robert Strecker was able to prove that AIDS which has infected over 23 million people worldwide was a man made disease, making one contemplate the reality of a covert style eugenics plan in operation to fulfill the dream of the powerful elite, while bringing more stability to their command and control structure in regards to world domination. Dr. Strecker was later harassed by the CIA and accused of being a communist, while his medical offices were later burglarized in the style of typical past Cointel- Pro operations, that deal with dissent and the exposure of truth into society at large. Eugenics is a polite term for what the powerful elite want to accomplish in this world, which is the elimination of what they consider trash in the human race. Also, they want the population small enough to control before their eventual demise, due to the intellectual advancement and sheer numbers of people that are a threat to their way of life. One cannot be a God anymore if one does not live as a grandiose God, having all the materialism and financial means necessary to justify their hoarding of humanities resources.

When I think of eugenics I can't help by thinking of the Zionist state of Israel and their eugenics program of ethnic cleansing of the Palestinian population. In traditional Zionist style the Israeli Defense Forces arrest en mass 600 Palestinians without probable cause and absolutely no evidence in any way of these individuals involved

in a crime. Three Israeli teenagers went missing and the Israeli government decided to blame Hamas, again with no evidence. Later the teenagers show up dead, while a radical terrorist cell from Egypt connected to ISIS called takes responsibility. Again, without evidence and refusing an admission of guilt from another party the Israeli's drops bombs as a form of collective punishment along the Gaza strip and anywhere else they feel the need to express their anger. This present assault is called Operation Protective Edge, in which they have murdered in the first week of operation 194 Palestinians. I don't know what they were initially protecting because there was not one Israeli death during the first 170 slaughtered Palestinians. The Israeli Defense Forces are known to wildly exaggerate the truth so most likely someone who died of natural causes while watching on television the recent Palestinian Holocaust died. In the mindset of the goofy Zionist they most likely would place her as a casualty of warfare. I mean you have to connect someone's death to Hamas or just out of pure preposterous proportions, how can you justify an assault called Operation Protective Edge. Like who really needs the protection? You have one side that has taken the offense in a David verse Goliath story where Palestinian civilians are hunted down like dogs from the Zionist madmen, who are Hell bent on destruction and murder. Voltaire's quote concerning warfare rings so true today especially concerning the Zionist onslaught against the Palestinians on a regular basis. In the words of Voltaire, "It is forbidden to kill; therefore all murderers are punished unless they kill in large numbers and to the sound of trumpets."

The poor Palestinians must prepare for another massive ground invasion from the Zionist Israeli government, which plans to deliver 40,000 rampaging land forces

throughout the Gaza region. The last time the Israeli Defense Forces visited with such a massive ground assault occurred from January 3rd until January 18th of 2009 entitled *Operation Cast Lead* . During the complete three week military campaign which began on December 27th of 2008, resulted in the death of 1,417 Palestinians and 13 Israelis. The typical scenario always results in a minimum ratio of 100 Palestinians must die for each Israeli who dies from active forced aggression, against a defenseless civilian population. This is what one might call an evil deranged diabolical type of *Dr. Strange Love* effect.

I look up at the clock and immediately decide that I must stop writing and reflecting because I am late for work again. I first must run off to work on the Northwest side of Milwaukee and then in the evening come back to the Riverwest area of Milwaukee to finish up for the evening. I enter the Northwest tavern to cheers of drunken revelry and spontaneous outbursts of joy. One man I begin serving a drink to named Larry, asks me if I have ever heard of Nikola Tesla? I reply, "Yes. Isn't he the intellectual engineering genius that wanted to supply free electricity to the world?" Larry states, "Correct. Tesla was a genius creator on behalf of the underdog. He was taken advantage of numerous times concerning his inventions but his main concerns were not materialism but the technological advancement in engineering to serve all of mankind." In reply I state, "I recall now that it was Tesla whose AC power claims were proven highly sustainable on a large scale, when he was able to light up the 1893 World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago." Larry then states, "Mark Twain was a good friend of Tesla and he would often come over after drinking hours with other members of high society to witness various amazing electrical

current spectacles at Tesla's lab in New York. Quite often Mark Twain would act as a Guinea pig for many of Tesla's inventions. Tesla's mechanical oscillator with alternating electrical currents was used on Mark Twain, as electrical current lit up all around his body, causing a profound spectacular sight for all those present." I then state, "Yeah, I heard he filed for a large amount of patents but people can't even replicate them today, since he did not leave many blue print's to his discoveries and inventions. It was sad that such a great mind had to die broke because of all the ruthless businessmen who took advantage of him." Larry replies, "Yes, It was his love of mankind and naive trust that left a rough road for him to travel."

Later a couple come into the tavern named Silvia and Roger. After about 30 minutes inside the tavern and at the bar, they begin talking about Mark Passio and his seminars on Natural Law." I ask Silvia if she was recently at one of Passio's seminars. She replies, "Yes, it was in St. Louis and it was a breath of fresh air and an uplifting experience, to finally listen to someone speaking the truth with no ulterior profit motives for his actions." Her husband Roger then jumped into the conversation by stating the following, "We as a people need to be deprogrammed in order to be able to search for truth. We have been programmed so long due to intellectual laziness that we have given up all of our rights, to people who want to enslave us. We have two sides of the brain as Mark Passio explains, but we are presently imbalanced because we are always looking for the easy way out. People have to learn not to be blind robotic order takers, who enforce the real crimes on society and mankind due to following the input commands of the elite power structure. For instance when a government demands and orders the death and destruction of a people, the order followers are more guilty because they accept these

commands and actually follow through with them, by physically committing these brutal orders as if it were an act of virtue by doing so. It is the easy way out, a cop out , and morally wrong under all circumstances. These people who carry out the acts are more culpable then the order givers who demand the actions. If you allow others to dictate your principles than you have no principles because in reality you hate yourself." Silvia then states, "We give up our Natural Law right to self protection with government, when you cannot give up a Natural Law ever in this world. To give up your right's of self protection to a government that wants to control through violence is utter insanity. The police are not serving the interests of the people but they are serving the interests of the wealthy. This can be seen in the military build up of police departments, into what is become known as the modern police state. Passio claims, "People don't want to admit the truth to themselves because they are childish and immature and prefer lying to themselves, so they don't have to take responsibility for their in actions and non actions in life. People prefer the safety of being a coward, then to accept moral responsibility and to stand up to the system that is oppressing the people. Their callous disregard for the suffering of others unless it happens to them, has already transformed them into the manipulated moral weaklings that society wants, to carry out their program of control and domination of society at large." I reply to Roger, "I understand what you are talking about concerning the modern police state that is presently here in this country. In the larger cities of 50,000 or more people, we have Police Paramilitary Units in 89 percent of the police departments. In the jurisdictions of between 25,000 and 50,000 people the Police Paramilitary Units are in 80 percent of the police departments. In the mid 1980's the

amount of Police Paramilitary Units was only 20 percent in jurisdictions of 25,000 to 50,000 citizens.

According to the American Civil Liberties Union there are between 70,000 to 80,000 no knock raids on the citizenry each year by police SWAT teams. These team units are made up of specially trained military style tactical units with the latest military assault weapons. This is a massive increase from the approximate 3,000 no knock raids in 1981. All of this falls in line with the encroachment of government and the loss of civil liberties in the last 40 years. When people become complacent then they can expect the unfolding and loss of their rights and past gains. Only by becoming constantly vigilant will one even have a chance to preserve their human rights and dignity. When a society or people fall asleep like Rip Van Winkle for decades, you one day wake up and find yourself a slave. Then you wonder unrealistically that this must have all happened overnight. It has become a them verse us scenario where we are considered the enemy by the brainwashed robotic militarized police. There is no justification for the advancing program especially since decreasing violent crime numbers don't reflect a delusional reality mindset to justify the police state expansion. Crime and violent crime are heading overseas and south of the border but so are fulfilling jobs for the future. The masters of society are preparing for mass rebellion by setting up the framework ahead of time, on how to proceed in crushing the citizenry into passive submission. They want the people to naturally expect a lower standard of living, while the massive increases of wealth keep accumulating into the hands of a few. Since 2009 in the United States, 95 percent of income gains have gone to the top one percent of society. Again, as violent crime keeps going down the violent police state keeps growing more violent and powerful everyday,



on behalf of the top elite to control the masses, in order to hog the resources of the world unto themselves through violence or the threat of violence."

Later on I meet this guy at the bar named Terrance, he asks me if I was an alien Starchild due to some characteristic traits and facial appearances. I reply, "No, but is it not true that we are all decedents of the Anunnaki?" Terrance replies, "Yes, how the Hell did you know about that reality? I reply, "According to the Sumerians, weren't the Anunnaki the God's of man, that we are descended from on planet earth?" Terrance states, "We are all hybrids produced by the Anunnaki through gene splicing and manipulation around 5,000 years ago. The Anunnaki hybridized their genes with Homo Erectus to create modern man on planet earth. The Anunnaki visits our planet approximately every 3,600 years, so they are due to arrive again anytime soon. The Anunnaki are of a highly intelligent and technologically advanced species, who look much like us humanoids but we are on a much lower intelligence level. We were produced to be slaves in search of monatomic gold on behalf of the alien God's the Anunnaki, who arrived here from planet Nibiru. This is why most people only use less than 10 percent of their brain, for one would not want a slave to become to intelligent or else he would rebel. This also explains all the other characteristics of cruelty and evil that reside within the common man, which is not in the species of other animals." I reply back to Terrance, "You must be a great fan of Star Trek and the Star Wars Movies." Terrence replies, "Are you mocking me and the seriousness of the reality inherent in the human species?" I reply back to Terrance, "No. There is no reason for alarm. I am not the enemy nor do I wish to bring charges against the notion of your acclaimed galactic knowledge of the past." Terrence the laughs and states, "I will drink to that my new found friend."

About an hour before my shift ends one of my most loyal customers comes walking into the tavern, with his girlfriend named Sirdar Aman. He is a Sikh from India who is a taxi driver, who often drives me home when my car is not up to starting. I shout out to Aman who is with his girlfriend Alice, "Aman my friend, how are you?" Aman replies, "How do you do? I am feeling really good and hopefully you too." I reply to Aman, "What the Hell can I get you? The first round of fire water is on me." Then Aman with joy in his eyes and face replies, "Oh, Thank You so much. I will take the regular bottled water as usual. Alice will have a *Gin and Tonic*." So how have you been lately, Aman?" Adam replies, "Well, I am feeling wonderful and at peace with the world." At that point Alice runs off with her drink as usual, while beginning to flirt with the rest of the men in the tavern. I then state to Aman the following, "Aman, you know there are better ladies for you to meet in America. One of our founding Father's of the United States expressed it more in tune to the realities of this world when he stated, "He that displays too often his wife and his wallet is in danger of having both of them borrowed." That advice works for girlfriends too." Then Aman replies, "I like this founding father. He seems like a nice man full of wisdom. What was his name Douglass Fairbanks?" I then state, "No, but you are close. His name was Benjamin Franklin." Then Aman replies, "You are so correct my friend. I do remember him now. When I came to America it was the movie star Ronald Reagan who was president and not Benjamin Franklin or Douglass Fairbanks. Alice does teach me much of America and shows me many of the American ways, that I have not even learned from TV or Hollywood." I then laughingly reply, "I bet she does Aman, I bet she does."

After work I stop for a sub sandwich before heading over to Riverwest to work for the evening. While I am waiting in line for my sub sandwich I listen to a conversation taking place between two men. The taller man states to the shorter man the following, "I heard on the Russian Times news today that the Ukrainian government wants to build an electrical fence around their border with Russia, since 20,000 Russians have already left Eastern Ukraine for the safety of Russia." The shorter man with curly hair then states, "Who would have ever thought that with the fall of communism, that one day would come when American backed capitalist oligarchs, would be the ones to attempt to build a wall to entrap their people from fleeing persecution. There has been a reversal of attitudes and fortune." The taller man then replies, "Yes, America is becoming more and more like the old Soviet Union and the Russians are becoming more and more like America use to be a long time ago. Everyone in the world who are technologically advanced want peace and prosperity but the United States is on the war path." The short man then states, "We have much better things to do then waste money on war and mayhem. There is a whole new frontier of space open containing many galaxies to discover with the rest of the world. Instead we are focused on frightening everyone else into having to waste their limited resources on military due to our world wide bullying tactics."

Upon arriving to the crime scene at work, two customers are forced to leave the tavern by the bar manager for damaging the jukebox, and for not complying with the initial demands to stop raining drinks on other patrons. I then begin my shift of work and greet Chad at the bar, who is one of the regular customers of this establishment by stating, "How are things going today, Chad." After a few seconds Chad replies, "I am wearing my girlfriends underwear." I then state, "Well, that's nice what can I get you?"

Chad replies, "They are pink and made of soft cotton." I reply back to Chad, "I hope you are not stretching them out of shape. Are you sure I can't get you a drink?" Chad then states, "I am fine for now." I then walk over to Bob who has many army men on top of the bar and ask him, "How are things going with you, Bob?" Bob replies, "I am busy right now because I am involved in a game of virtual reality concerning the Middle East." I then state to Bob, "Is that why you wore your military fatigues today?" Bob then states, "Everything is confidential right now. I am not at liberty to discuss anything dealing with national security issues" I then reply, "Ok Bob, just let me know when you arrive back in the United States and are thirsty again."

Later in the evening this bodybuilder guy comes into the tavern and gets into a fight with this short guy, by the dart game area in the back of the tavern. The small guy responds with extreme force, as he slams his left hand into and grabs onto the testicles of the bigger guy who is wearing shorts. He does this with such rapid speed and application of squeezing pressure, that the large guy falls to his knees. The short guy then gives the large guy a black eye with his fist. The fight is immediately broken up by the locals, who visit the tavern on a regular basis. Right then Chad's girlfriend Mary Beth walks into the tavern and comes to sit down by Chad. I then approach Mary Beth and ask her if there is anything I could get her. She replies, "Yes, I would like a Pina Colada. By the way, I am wearing Chad's underwear today. " I reply, "Ok, whatever makes you two happy." She then states, "Yes, it does make both of us happy." After I serve Mary Beth her drink she runs off to make out with a few of the girls in the tavern.

It is then that I notice that the big bodybuilder guy who was involved in the fight not long ago, is now sitting on the lap of the shorter guy, while making out with him. If the night could not get any weirder or strange, a guy enters the tavern who would bring my world to complete laughter. This tall man with a trench coat arrives in the tavern and sits down at the bar. He states to me, "I would like two of the evening's specialty drinks. One for me and one for my girlfriend." I then state, "I am sorry I didn't notice your girlfriend come in with you. Would you like me to wait to make her drink until she arrives?" He then states, "She is already here." He then pulls out a Barbie doll and calls here Amy. He then tells me, "Amy likes you. She thinks you are a friendly bartender." I burst out laughing until the man speaks the following, "Amy thinks you are now being rude and wants to leave." I reply to the man, "Tell Amy, I am sorry." He then states, "Why don't you tell her yourself, she is right in front of you." So I play along with the guy and state to the Barbie doll Amy that, "I am sorry and I hope I did not hurt your feelings." Just then the two guys who had earlier fought were walking out the door hand in hand. After serving Amy and her boyfriend there drinks, I sit down to rest for awhile due to the oddness and strangeness of the life forces this evening. present in the tavern.

Later in the evening right before closing a man who identified himself as Chuck comes into the tavern and orders a drink. Chuck asks me if I enjoy the esoteric writings of Madam Bavatsky from Russia, who created the wisdom of theosophy. I told him, "I have never heard of her before but I am opened minded and have a curious mindset." He then states, "Read the book *Isis Unveiled*." After that comment he then left his drink half finished and left the tavern, while leaving me a 10 dollar tip. I decided to close down the tavern a little early this evening, due to all the bewildering *Twilight Zone* happenings this

evening. All of a sudden a peculiar thought pops into my mind. I began wondering, "Is the world going mad or is the government performing some kind of experimentation on the populace in the area, with some sort of energy force that has been kept secret from the masses."

When I arrived home from the tavern I was tired but happy because I was greeted by my friend Dog. I then receive a call from San Francisco from Melissa, reminding me that she will be arriving at the Milwaukee airport at 11:00 AM. It was nice to here her voice again but I had completely forgot about her coming to visit, because my mind has been very busy the last couple of weeks since we last talked. Melissa states, "How have you been? I have missed you. Have you missed me?" I reply, "I have been busy but happy. I miss you too. I can't wait to pick you up at the airport tomorrow." Melissa then states, "I will let you go for now because I know it is really late. I will see you in the morning. Have a wonderful sleep gorgeous." I become embarrassed by the last comment and reply, "Ok, I will see you in the late morning. Sweet dreams." I then sit down and begin to write about whatever comes into my head again, due to the fact that I am nervous and anxious about tomorrow and how the day will go.

Recently I read about a decision by the Supreme Court of the United States. It was just recently ruled that the police have qualified immunity from civil actions, even when their action rise to criminal in pursuing and murdering people, who have committed no crime. A car with a driver and passenger were pulled over because of a taillight infraction. The driver refused to give the law enforcement official his drivers license and drove away. In some states the government likes to call this a misdemeanor considering it

to resisting an officer. The driver and passenger were later assassinated for this action with the over kill of 15 bullets, which riddled the car and the bodies. This information passed through the mainstream media with a minor note, with very little discussion or after thought amongst the American people.

The reality of the robotic American has already arrived and he is at peace with his new surroundings. He has given up freedom for materialism and shut off his brain and conscience. Modern man has become numb to his surroundings and a obedient slave to the masters of society. Modern man has voluntarily submitted to slavery without even a fight, since he has voluntarily obliged his master by placing the cuffs of slavery on himself. Who is the real monster now? Since man thinks it is now a virtue to follow orders over the use of his ability to reason and applying his conscience. It is very easy to make Nazi's, all one has to do is give one materialism and financial support, in order to purchase one's brain and servility to unnatural authority. One just places their brain on auto pilot in the pursuit of comfort and luxury. This does not excuse one from the consequences of their actions. It is not a virtue to submit to authority in this way and is a violation of Natural Law. Once one loses their ability to reason and the conscience to back up the reason with truth and moral responsibility, then one can commit and justify any heinous crime by just claiming, "I am only doing my job." As if that provides any moral relief to the distortion and corruption of the soul taking place. It is not a virtue to be an order follower or even to follow the law, when the law conflicts with Natural Law.

Concerning the 20 years of conflict involving the two wars with Iraq and the crippling harsh strangling economic sanctions between the wars from 1991 to 2011, the

death toll of over one million Iraqi's and 5,000 Americans was an appalling tragedy. All of these deaths were for no reason, except to guarantee cheap oil in the region and the continued Zionist control of the native population. There is now more chaos and civil war then before the intervention of US and allied forces in 1991. All the wasted lives and money and for what? To leave things in a more heinous condition than before 1991. Again, profit equals truth in this world and one only needs to follow the money to find the real truth. When you find out who is profiting, then you will find out the absolute definitive truth. The truth most of the time is ugly, hideous, and prone to make one deeply sad. The exposure of truth often will make one many enemies and even powerful enemies but bearing the truth in silence in ones deep inner soul, can corrupt ones own soul since the truth requires freedom. The truth needs to be released to benefit mankind especially when the truth is of a very serious nature, in order to prevent future occurrence of evil.

Again, the power base of the Zionist and the Vatican are beginning to erode as can be seen in the corrupt scandals of the Roman Catholic church and the exposure of the United States foreign policy, led by the Zionist Rothschild's from Israel, bent on world domination in the form of a New World Order and One World Government. This will never be accomplished because the truth of the illegal conquest with Nazi like brutalization of the Palestinians will never end in victory. The constant encroachment of new settlers will not quit until they have all of the valuable land. This will leave no option to the Palestinians as they will be forced to fight or whither away and die before the eyes of the international community. The backlash will be tremendous and recruits will come from all over the world seeking revenge with their own sort of extremist justice.



Zionism and the Vatican are partners in crime since both rely on each other to survive. Zionism which relies on ruling the masses by divide and conquer through ignorance is facing a tough rode in the future, as man as a whole becomes more educated and politically aware. The rapid growth of the world population will eventually defeat Zionism, which relies on maintaining it's control through a shrinking population. Zionism has nothing to offer the human race or Jews in general to benefit mankind or the people of Israel. The Zionist are just partners in crime with the Vatican, which also offers mankind nothing in return except for a historical repeat of crimes in history against mankind. As man enters out of poverty and gains knowledge, he realizes that God is within him and that only he can change himself. There is no need for a corrupted spiritual official to bring him closer to his maker in the universal realm.

The Zionist and the Vatican are like two partners in crime who have opposing interests. The Zionist seek a smaller world which is easier to govern and the Vatican seeks a larger world to govern with no spiritual competition. The Vatican also relies on ignorance but their power comes not from manipulating the currencies of the world for profit but from acquiring the loyalty and devotion of the masses, to deliver the gifts of this world to them as the spiritual controllers of man's after life. The Zionist and the Vatican are at odds with Islam because Islam has grasped the hearts of the oppressed, so it must be destroyed at all costs. Islam is a growing threat to Zionism and the Vatican and whenever the two are not in the process of cutting each others throat, they divert their attention to the enemy called Islam.

Some will say that it is good to destroy Islam because of all the militant radicals that have formed out of this religion. The truth is that the Vatican fears the near and

eventual take over of Islam, as a religion to be larger than all of Christianity. The Zionist fear the spread of militant Islam all over the world as a threat to their power base. Though in reality who invented and created radical Islam? Did not the illegal Nazi state of Israel with the most vile ruthless terrorists in founders like Meacham Begin, with other Zionist place the state of Israel on the map? The former Palestine Liberation Organization had a competitor in Hamas that was created and financed by the Zionist state of Israel in the beginning, to become a competitor to the PLO, so they could weaken the position of the PLO. Though in return, Hamas eventually became more ruthless and violent than the PLO ever was in fighting back against the illegal Israel occupation of Palestine. The United States complains about Al- Qaeda and the Taliban but who at one time financed these organization, that later bit the hand that feed them. Even the current violent ISIS organization in Iraq and Syria was financed by the Royal Families of Saudi Arabia. Why is that, one would ask? The Royal Arab power structure rules it's people through being agents to the Zionists, in order to secure their continued luxuries in the face of mass poverty of their own people. Creating chaos through destruction leaves people feeling hopeless and more prone to obedience, at least as a temporary fix. The Arab Royalty fear their people more than the Zionist, since they have left many of their people suffer at the hands of the Zionist, in order to maintain their status and wealth. Like that old saying goes, "You are who your friends are." while the friends of the Zionists are not good people. They are just materialist who want a life of luxury at the expense of even their own people.

The real reason for the exaggeration in WWII concerning the extent of the Holocaust was due to the Zionists plans to secure the state of Israel, as a reality to be

granted as quickly as possible. In reality who really suffered the most in WWII? The Russians lost about 25 million people which is between 40 to 50 percent of the total death and destruction of WWII. Then again the Zionist nor the Vatican did not care to hear about these people and for different reasons. The Vatican considered these people God less heretics to be exterminated through fascism, while the Zionist who created Communism just thought of them as naive expendables in their effort for world domination, through manipulation of the financial money supplies around the world. Propaganda by government and power structures is such a mainstay within society to control and formulate public opinion in such a way, as to allow unlimited theft by militarized intervention and financial manipulation for profit, to the elites within the power structure.

As I began to get sleepy I could not stop thinking about my return to Milwaukee after my separation from my ex wife. Upon return to Milwaukee it did not take long for my enemies to attempt to get even with me. Even though they new that I was suicidal due to the separation and divorce process, after having entered into a program for depression, they still proceeded to drive me over the cliff, just like they did to the allegorical Jesus in his hometown of Nazareth. It should not have surprised me since my enemies were of monied interests and the masses are mainly fools, who jump on the bandwagon of destruction just for the entertainment, especially in a small town like Milwaukee. I do not even consider Milwaukee a city do to it's simplistic mental control over the population by the elite power structure.

It all happened one night on the Eastside and lasted for a few weeks in an attempt to break me mentally so that I would kill myself. It was what the Jesuit university was attempting to do to me before I left nearly 20 years ago. They initially figured I would never flee since they thought I was as morally corrupt as themselves in the pursuit of power, fame, and profit in this world. It was amazing how they could orchestrate a symphony of idiots to harass me, while twist my words in order to drive a wedge of hatred for myself into my mind, thus making me lust like them in their diseased mindset. The extreme wealthy are psychopaths who think deep down that everyone wants to be like them. The disease they carry is incurable because they went to far to the extremes of hatred and now have warped their souls.

The criminal syndicate of Catholicism waited for their ultimate revenge two years after I had returned, while working at a nightclub on Arlington and Brady. Talk about being ganged up on, like 200 people to one, but that is the way cowards fight. It is also the way the rich fight but they really prefer to destroy people from behind the scenes, while paying to have it done because they are the biggest cowards. They are all pathetic weaklings who never show their face, except for in large numbers which is the tactic of the bully. In the end what does their evil really accomplish but further their own insanity and the warping of their own souls. They are rotting from the inside out and nothing can stop this because they are already putrefied to the core.

They even had spineless weasels join in the entertainment of destruction at this night club on Arlington and Brady. The spineless weasels I refer to are others who have been abused in life, who have not gained wisdom from their experiences but who have

been broken in spirit. These people are capable of even more wickedness than even the extreme wealthy because they have been damaged beyond repair and are now of such a low moral character that any irrational conduct is possible amongst them. Also, when you abuse one who has never abused you personally, and you abuse one who you really know nothing about except only through gossip, then you are the psychological deviant worm who needs emergency spiritual and moral guidance. These type of people truly hate themselves but lack the courage to kill themselves.

The Catholics and Jesuits were so glad that I had left their world to California without the degree, that they announced me dead in the Catholic high school alumni records. To them I was dead as a person of no value and they would prepare for my crucifixion for the rest of my life, including my children. What is really odd about these people is that when I come upon some of their little foot soldiers who scowl at me with hate, it always turns into a happy smile on their faces when they cause harm; since the hate is an adrenaline rush. The smile they give is the most demented and deranged look that I have ever seen in my life. It does appear that they all have a little Jeffery Dahmer and Ed Gein in them.

The smallest thing can set off the tyrant and I would face this tyrant's wrath for the rest of my life. Even when I attempted to make peace with the tyrant on religious grounds, I eventually realized this was impossible. Revenge is always boiling in the heart of the tyrant. For instance, can one realistically come to terms with a criminal organization that has been committing severe crime on a daily basis for 1,700 years? I would be like expecting a new leader of Al Qaeda to realistically follow through with claims of reform from being a terrorist organization, into a charity for humanity. These

proclamations would be utterly absurd to believe and not even worthy of discussion.

Though connections with powerful friends can make anything appear legitimate, no matter how brutal and vile the organization is concerning their past and present criminal activity. Once you grasp power, then a criminal organization becomes legitimate, while operating almost freely and unobstructed as legitimized gangsters.

After discovering the limits that humanity will go in their cruelty, I chose again to take my life after understanding that this world is a cruel and inhumane place filled with bullies of all types, who in reality are cowards who despise themselves. At least I had the courage to attempt to separate myself from these forces of evil and depravity. I know for sure that if it was not for my children, the polar activity that held me back from the gravitational over hand on the viaduct, would have possibly brought me to my inglorious final destruction and completed suffering, from the forces of evil that rule this world.

*AMOREM IN LITERATOS: Love of learning.*

## **CHAPTER 25**

***"Military men are dumb, stupid animals to be used as pawns for foreign policy."***

***Henry Kissinger.***

I arise in the morning and these thoughts from the past come into my mind. I recall my ex wife as always being a very frigid and moody person. She was not a very passionate person but I put up with her attitudes without a complaint. It was quite often lonely being married to a person, who rarely showed affection by hugs or kisses but I accepted those conditions with unconditional love. I don't really understand why I kept attempting to give love when it was not being returned. There was always an excuse of why she felt non passionate but just figured it was just part of her personality trait, judging from her mother and grandmother. I have come to the conclusion that it was and is impossible for my ex wife to love. I believe it must be due to some genetic defect since her mother and grandmother held the same propensity of emotional detachment, to things that the common person would warmly and heart fully envelope with deep passion and commitment. I now realize that there no possibility of my wife ever really loving me since our values were at odds. I always placed truth as the highest value to be on a pedestal, while she considered truth something to be ashamed about and to be buried in a box. She turned an extrovert into an introvert in order to obtain her conditional love, which had many conditions of servitude attached to serve her own selfish interests. If I wanted love I would have to give up truth and become a plastic person consumed with mindless daily trivialities. I do not understand this type of love and do not believe it is a

form of love. I saddens me to think concerning this world today that love has as much of a chance as happening, as a modern day miracle. I wish this were not the case but even the ones who are capable of love, get duped into the deceit and trickery of the unbelievers. The unbelievers pursue falsehood over truth because it is the easy way to a life of convenience, luxury, self centeredness, and domination.

I attempt to grasp bright full joyous thoughts into my mindset by reflecting on positive attributes in society, like the peaceful and serene Buddhist monks. I begin by recollections in having read about mega ton stones being lifted and moved by acoustic levitation by Buddhist monks in Tibet, who were able to transport 5 to 6 blocks per hour as witnessed by credible outsiders. With the proper geometric arrangement of musical instruments combined with a harmonic tuning of trumpets and drums, including chanting of the monks at a certain pitch level and rhythm, makes this incredible feat a reality. This is made possible due to an anti-gravitational effect being created because the sound waves are delivered in a certain way to make this possible. The ancient Egyptian pyramids may have been built this same way because under current conditions we lack the technology to complete the pyramids of the past in ancient Egypt. The ancient Egyptians may have perfected this technique or else used some other type of advanced technological reality to accomplish their 118 pyramids, in which we are presently not aware of in this so called modern world.

Thoughts of the little devil Henry Kissinger keep popping in my mind. I hope this is not some bad omen for the day. When I think about the little war criminal in hiding while pissing his pants from fear of the unknown possible realities that might await him, I begin to laugh remembering how far this villain has fallen from being invincible at one



time. Even President Kennedy wanted nothing to do with Kissinger, since he thought the policies of Kissinger and possibly his personality were both insane. The now old and now irrational Kissinger brings to my mind a quote by Will Durant, in which Kissinger was once very adept at accomplishing in his arrogant and sinister ways, the quote is as follows: "It may be true that you can't fool all the people all the time, but you can fool enough of them to rule a large country." I cant help but picture little Henry sitting in some international criminal court dressed in prison garb, while reading the Talmud while cursing all gentiles and fellow Jews. Right then my cell phone rings and it is the beautiful Melissa and so my day now begins.

I arrive on time and pick Melissa at the airport late in the morning, while she is all over me with hugs and kisses the whole drive home. When we arrived in the house she kept telling how much she had missed me as we laid in bed for hours and talked. She expressed to me that she was a Rosicrucian and believed in the reincarnation of life. This all made natural sense to me, since it has been reported that 75 percent of people believe in reincarnation, even though only about 20 percent of organized religion preaches it. There has been an enormous amount of substantiated factual evidence from people who have came back from their previous lives, who can recollect in detail to everyone a vast amount of information concerning their past lives, neighborhoods, people they knew, and many things that we be impossible to know if they were truly not that person in a previous life. While we were talking my younger son called reminding me that he would be arriving in the late evening tomorrow. It now fragilely appears that my life is on a uphill roll and nothing can possibly stop it.

Melissa tells me after my phone conversation with my son, that she feels like she has known me as a lover in a previous life. Only moments before she made these comments, I was thinking the same thing in my mind. It was like we may have been together in more than one previous life time. Me and Melissa made wild frenzied ecstatic passionate love for the next few hours until I had to attend work that evening. I started to reflect while laying in bed with her concerning the Rosicrucian's and are discussions. After reflecting I believe that the Rosicrucian Order has more value than any organized religion because you find God within yourself and don't need an interpreter for what comes natural. Again, I make reference to God as the indescribable force of good made up as a natural spiritual force in the universe and not a single creator; designed within the confines of natural law and the laws of the universe. Organized religion can only take you part of the way, the answers lie deeper and are not controlled by dogma.

Through all of history people have found pieces of the puzzle as we keep coming closer to solving an understanding of the unfolding mysteries but we will never fully have a complete grasp. Clues to many of the answers reach far back from the beginning of time to the present. No group or organization can have all the answers, they can just pick up pieces to place together from everyone, in an attempt to complete the puzzle of life. All the dogmas of organized religion stop the continual learning process because they claim to have all the answers, and no one has all the answers in this mystical unfolding process concerning life's journey. This is what the Rosicrucian's understand as life is a continual journey of discovery in search of truth, beginning with the foundation of the mystery schools of the past.

When I arrived at work this evening at the Riverwest tavern, it was dead except for a regular patron named Edward. Edward was my only customer for the next few hours. He kept sitting at the bar taking apart an old alarm clock and putting it back together again. I then asked Edward, "Why are you repeatedly taking apart the alarm clock and then placing it back together again." He replies, "I am fine tuning my mind and skills but I am running out of time." When Edward left for the evening I ventured outside to catch some fresh air, while noticing that we had a full moon this evening. When I returned inside the tavern I thought to myself, "Why is the tavern so dead this evening? Something is very strange since I have never seen the tavern this empty before as an employee or customer. I only had two more customers after Edward and each of them stayed for only one drink. I closed up an hour early since the tavern was so vacant. While locking up the back door upon leaving, this voice was shouting behind my back, "Surprise Mother Fucker." As I turned around into the barrel of a gun I replied, "Fuck You." Then the great flash of awakening and transition was born, as heavenly bliss filled the air.

### **Evil Serpents**

Stop the beast within  
Don't counter sin  
Walk the talk  
Be above it all  
Until they want to brawl  
Then just sprawl  
In wrestling fashion  
No need to shout  
Just fight it out  
The demons from within  
You can take them out  
Praise the Lord  
Hallelujah, just shout.

Bend the evil Serpent  
Tie him in a knot  
Sacred Heart of Jesus  
The demons open wide  
They want to swallow everything  
Because of their massive pride  
Pray to the Lord our Savior  
Pray even harder everyday  
The demons are made of sin  
They are everything wicked from within  
Keep away from sin and you will win  
They will self- destruct  
The evil from within  
And you will be saved  
Since the good will of God  
Will push the evil serpents out!  
Pray for Me

### **Immaculate Heart of Mary**

Holy Mother Mary  
Blessed Mother Mary

Mary Queen of Heaven  
Mary Mother of God

Mary all Forgiving  
Mary all Loving  
Mary all Pure  
Mary all Inspiring

Pray for me Mary, a sinner  
Intercede for me Mary  
Mary Queen of the Saints  
Inspire the Saints for me

Saint Dominic  
Saint Ambrose  
Saint Theresa  
Saint Agnes  
Saint Francis  
Saint Bartholomew  
Saint Augustine  
Saint Hildegard  
Saint Joan of Arc

Pray for me

Michelangelo pray for me  
Raphael pray for me  
Caravaggio pray for me  
Leonardo Da Vinci pray for me

Church Fathers Pray for Me  
Thomas Aquinas Pray for me  
Grandmother Helen pray for me

Open the skies for me  
Jesus shine your rays on me  
Lord have Mercy on me  
Jesus Christ hear me  
God our father bless me

Most of all please save me

### *Saved*

I take that word and I get down  
Holy Jesus is in our town  
Don't get me wrong in this song  
I am a man who has gone wrong  
But now I am saved here this day!

Then I begin to pray to the Lord  
I do love you sweet Jesus so  
The Holy Trintity is in Jesus  
Mother Mary you are a Saint  
Some sinners they become Saints.

I was a rascal that is true  
And I would feel real blue  
But today is another day  
And I have found a new way  
In Christ our Savior this day!

Renewed in Spiritual wine  
Flowing from the Jordan all the time  
Now the walls they are falling down  
With all the evil all around  
I am euphoric in sweet Jesus.

Oh Lord I do love to pray

The Rosary each and every day  
The mean spirits will go away  
In the church I do pray  
Hallelujah this very day.

### **Analyzing the Real Me**

Can you trust me ?  
I don't even know?  
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde  
There is a good side  
And the criminal side.

When everything goes right  
Then there is the fight  
What is wrong with me  
Dear Lord help me  
Stop the criminal in me.

Then out of nowhere I'm okay  
Like some preacher about wrongs  
But I am just a no good son of a bitch  
Watch out for me, I might be in your neighborhood  
Stealing everything from thee because I'm a crook.

My heart bleeds for thee, who suffered you see  
I will fight and die for what I believe in  
Or am I all jive you see, nothing true in me?  
Help me out of this body into my casket  
I have had a wasted life and deserve death.

Lord oh Lord can you help me ?  
I just can't see that straight  
My mind is fettered with hate  
I just can't relate, I take advantage of thee  
I should be in prison you see.

Don't nobody trust me.  
I am a bad cat you see.  
I haven't accomplished nothing  
Brought up in insanity  
Don't know what is right?

All I want to do is party and fight.  
The world ain't right but neither am I

I just want to get high you see  
And talk about everybody  
In hypocritical fashion.

I gossip you see and talk rudely  
When I need to look at me  
In the mirror you see about me  
And what is wrong with me  
I might be insane you see!

Oh Lord help me on the right path you see  
I need help, so much help you see  
Oh Lord, I beg thee try to help me  
There's a devil inside of me  
Help get him out of me.

I want to be free, Oh Lord help me.

**I am on my Way!**

The Lord is coming for me  
Sweet Jesus, I feel it in the sky  
My days on earth are few  
My regrets are many  
My sins are innumerable  
But my enjoyment was plenty.

My effort was weak and disillusioned  
My love was strong and passionate  
The ladies in my life were long and few  
My time on this earth mattered to few  
I have not spent much time in a pew  
Though I have partied with the Devil, it's true.

So why is the Lord coming to get me for purgatory?

Why am I not singing the blues with old holy shoes?

I wanted to do right but the world just isn't right.

I gave it one Hell of a fight and turned out every night,

With one heck of a Holler and a partying magnate style

I guess I shall just wait and see, till the Lord delivers me!



## *POSTSCRIPT*

This book has intentionally been written from the other side with no notes or references, since it was not meant to indoctrinate anyone to a certain way of thinking. This book was meant and intended to shine the light on truth by uncovering the darkness of falsehoods. The only agenda that this book has, is to request that man pursue the truth on his own that is inherent in his very essence. I want man's mind to expand and not just accept deceptive half truths, outright fallacies, and so called strict adherence to not discussing certain societal taboos, without researching things for himself. Many types of truths are buried or just not talked about because certain people in positions of power want things to remain that way, in order to maintain their desired control. They will attack the individual or group who exposes them with slanderous lies and further harm. The oppressor of truth may even contain some truths about that individual or groups character flaws, to bring ridicule and scorn to the individual or group. Though that still does not stamp out the truth within the message. To destroy the messenger still does not destroy the truth, it never has and it never will. This is one wonderful thing about natural law within the universe.

People must begin to question everything and except nothing at face value without researching many things regarding life, our existence, and how we function as a society. Some will even state, "Look we already have truth in our society because we have everything amongst all, in order to enjoy the fruits of life." This error blindly ignores the sufferings that our distorted versions of truth have on those who have been enslaved because of our deceptions of truth, even in others parts of the globe we further

inculcate the lies and deceptions and corrupt our souls. Material comfort never has been and never will be an answer to truth. Whenever someone is being truthful and follows the links concerning materialism, luxury, and wealth; they will find the truth of those who have suffered severely, at the hands of so called materialist truth, up to the point of severe misery and finally death.

We must begin to stop being intellectually lazy if we are to free ourselves from the chains of oppression, that the slave masters of society have placed on us. The powerful can always attack and usually do by calling someone a racist, homophobe, male chauvinist, communist or any other useful tags that may bring other negative consequences; in order to suppress that person from exposing the truth. If someone is being truthful to begin with they will expose the argument instead of exposing the person. The truth has no political, religious, or any other type of affiliations or even an agenda. Sometimes the truth will come from the least expectant places and there will be many different versions of the truth to be discovered. Many times the truth comes in various shades of grey. Sometimes the truth will be spread among various segments by various affiliations not even related in any way to each other, who in actuality oppose each other. Though the truth can eventually be deciphered through research, while at the same time being inclusive concerning all of the affiliations in the process of discovery.

One's ego or affiliations should never stand in the way of attempting to find the truth because sometimes the truth will surprise you. No one has a patent on the truth and many times the truth is hidden away from public view. Sometimes the truth comes with many versions that you will have to balance, in order to come at an approximate realization of the truth without absolute truth. Full disclosure of the truth sometimes has

to wait because the oppressors of truth hold the reigns of power; while having the present power to limit ones search for truth by ostracizing, blacklisting, or exterminating that individual if they go to far in their search for truth especially if they can articulate the truth well. The truth may even be left in darkness because it will be bombarded with numerous falsehoods claiming to be the truth, in order to intentionally confuse you in the search for truth. Do not take anything for granted and search for yourself since the process of discovery is always enlightening and purifying to the soul.

Again this book was written so that people will stop being docile into accepting everything at face value, that powerful entities have laid out to us to accept as truth. The truth has no boundaries and some people will even tell you that it is better to keep some aspects of the truth silent, in order to save mankind from calamity. The truth will always set you free and will allow you to spiritually grow. Sometimes each one of us will end up being close to the truth but only partially their because we carry hang ups and baggage that others do not have, who are more advanced then us and have shed that baggage long ago.

Always search and never stop searching for truth because once you do stop then you will have started the process of enslaving yourself. Some people are born into slavery and others voluntarily place the handcuffs of slavery onto themselves through intentional ignorance based on intellectual laziness and hang-ups. Sometimes you will find out in life that the most vile people have been telling the truth. The message should be analyzed and attacked with truthful discovery, irrelevant of any negative connotations that exist concerning the messenger. Even someone with ulterior motives may contain aspects of

the truth. The truth sometimes is hidden in strange places and delivered by strange people.

One should never be surprised where the truth may show up and in what conditions it may be in from neglect. Once man stops searching for truth, then he will accept anything by throwing away the mind and soul given to him while corrupting his very essence. Once corrupted he will accept everything on face value and begin to live a pitiless valueless existence consumed by artificial pettiness and trivialities. Even the truth has to stand trial on a regular basis in order to make sure it really is the truth. This book was not meant to convince anyone of anything, it was meant to open up one's horizons and hopefully inspire the search for the truth within themselves, in areas in which they may be shocked about or uncertain. Sometimes we can only accept certain aspects of the truth at times because we are not psychologically or emotionally ready to hear the full truth.

Man and woman were ordained with a special gift and it was called the human mind. We can either use that special gift or allow the gift to be used against us or left unused to be filled with cobwebs and dust. If we go this negative route our mind will become corrupted to the point, where we may appear beautiful and wholesome on the outside in all ways to everyone around us but in reality on the inside the truth will be known to ourselves, whom we can never hide from; that we have truly become hideous deformed creatures on the inside. No amount of material possessions or wealth can hide that fact when one has become internally corrupted. As we attempt the process of being delusional to ourselves about the truth we shall forever take on vices of evil. We may even become well adapted at hiding these vices from the outside world, while

maintaining the facade of a pleasant disposition but the mind will become more twisted. If one continues on this path they will become either a sociopath or psychopath depending on their skill levels. In the end this will only harm oneself. No one can suppress the truth and remain spiritually wholesome and uncorrupted. Not even the Rothschild's can accomplish this task with all their wealth and luxuries.

The powers that be will claim that anyone in search of truth is a lunatic when they stumble upon the crimes of the master class. Better a lunatic in truth than a mental robotic slave of in action, with no ability to reason and no passion to enable to free mankind, from the hefty chains of oppression. People have to stop being intellectually lazy and relying on others to relay truth to them. To discover truth takes effort and search balancing all sides while eliminating biases in oneself. If you refuse to search for truth you will become a permanent indoctrinated slave to the brainwashing master control freaks, whose truth is nothing but propaganda for profit concerning their enterprises. These masters on earth are not God's, their power comes from a lack of willpower to stay informed and resist amongst the people. We must no longer submit to the same old scenarios of profit equals truth. We must follow the money trail to expose the propaganda that buries and silences truth, in order to defeat the enemies of mankind.

Many times the truth will allow a life of comfort even in unwelcoming surroundings, while sometimes the truth will even physically harm you if you share it. Though the truth will shine through your soul and body and place you at peace, even in the most wretched conditions. The truth is education, knowledge, and finally wisdom in stages and steps to complete ones journey to knowing oneself. It is the divine light that shines in each one of us. A political affiliation or formal education does not always figure

into the search for truth and sometimes prevents one from finding the truth. Though in the end the truth can never really be suppressed, since it is man and woman's innate desire to find and discover themselves, which brings forth true happiness and bliss. Like that old saying goes, "The truth will set you free."

The herd mentality is very dangerous to a society for it silences the search for truth and if truth is silenced, then crimes of the past are allowed to flourish again, in new forms and ways to the detriment of society. Knowing the truths of the past can prevent the mass slaughters of tomorrow. Not only is knowledge of truth power but it can save ones life and others lives. I have opened Pandora's Box for you. Now it is your turn to search and discover the reality of the times from understanding the past. In the words of Buddha, "There are only two mistakes one can make along the road to truth; not going all the way, and not starting."

You are free to explore yourself and the beauty that resonates inside you with what creation has given to you as a gift, enabling one to explore through the expansive universe of cosmic natural law and conscious awareness. You are free to let that internal flame of light inside of you glow through to all humanity, to inspire them to find solace in the truth of our existence. The sooner one searches for the truth, the harder it is for the masters of society to destroy the truth and enslave the mind. You have the tools since they have been given to you since pre birth to be developed and enhanced. In the end you will become one with the stars, the stars of the universe when your journey in this life ends.

## **TRUTH = LOVE**

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