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*Note: The following memoir was confiscated from what is believed to be the abode of Rassmussen Rancet a.k.a. 'Tina' after the *Synchron Raids* of 2116. It has been de-classified by the WPO to facilitate a better understanding of our human history and to aide in the efforts of a transparent global government

The approximate date of these writings is believed to be approximately 2109. Facts pertaining to split personalities that Mr. Rancet reveals in his memoir have been diagnosed by medical professionals as symptoms of both schizophrenia and Delusional Disorder.

While it is widely believed Mr. Rancet to be dead, this claim remains unsubstantiated.

Rise of the Fantastic Thousands

[Rassmussen]:

Tina

I learned from a young age that Tina has a way with people. When I came to I'd be surrounded by a crowd of people who had been set in motion. She was a natural born ringleader I thought, but as I grew older I realized it was more than that. There had been several awkward situations Tina had led me into in which I'd awake to find myself facing a crowd with glows on their faces all directed at me – as though I was stuck in the middle of some climax and they were all waiting to see if I could bring them any higher. Other times I'd find them determinedly working away on some task. When we were kids it would be harmless things like building a damn out of twigs. When we were teenagers she'd rally my peers into some mischievous act they'd never do on their own accord like flipping someone's car over. Soon after it was legal for me to drink I learned to make it a point to avoid bars else I find a number of people who were either infuriated with Tina or fascinated by her opposing one another with me in the middle.

She had by then honed her innate ability to take seemingly mundane acts that frustrated people and turn them into political or philosophical arguments (to her these seemed to overlap naturally). Except with Tina it was not a turn off. It was how she said what she said as much as it was the insightfulness of her arguments that took people off guard, especially when, regardless of how far she digressed, she always managed to relate it all back to one surprisingly simple concept, to which looks would be found on people's faces as though some lightbulb just turned on.

Right here is about where a gifted orator would stop, but this was only Tina's introduction. Up to this point I am still half-aware of what is being said, as though Tina and I are not two minds inhabiting the same body but one which suffered a malfunction which stopped some region of the brain from fully integrating with the other. But

soon after the lightbulb goes off in the eyes of Tina's victim I am overtaken by a feeling of paralysis, my vision blurs until eventually going dark, and the sounds I hear become dissonant. Tina taking over was like hearing someone coming when already more than half asleep outside; my body would be too numb to move but in a hazy fashion my mind did register what was happening, yet it all got mixed up with what just as well could have been a dream.

Tina was unnaturally attenuated to the feel of any room she was in, and this always seemed to play into what she did with a crowd of people. Everywhere we went, it was the fiercely glowing yet primitive crowd that showed its face when I came to never the passively intelligent individual. Sometimes I swore I literally saw people's eyes ablaze in the first moments of my awakening. This effect would quickly wear off regardless if I tried to keep it going. It was then the strangest thought occurred to me; Tina was not dominating the crowd, she in some way became it.

It was only an intuitive thought that happened upon me one day and I know not why, but it made sense. As I came to master the art of paying attention as best I could when she took over I also came to understand that Tina used an almost tangible sense of empathy to connect her to her audience in order to awaken the most primitive portions of their mind that held the keys to both tribal like unity and violence that domestication had caused them to forget. Empathy to her was like a string, and the audience became her puppets. Sometimes I swore she could even put words in their mouth.

Starting around the time I was twenty-five people would occasionally refer to me as the blue-eyed prince, but I did not have blue eyes. I figured maybe Tina could induce some biological trick. I got curious and really pressed those who referred to me as such. While most refused to elaborate eventually I inquired with Ever-Happy George – an autistic man with a near constant positive disposition who had been confined to a wheelchair. He was all too happy to let on to me that Tina's eyes turned blue only when she occasionally met up with a band of people who were either homeless (a crowd she was developing a strong affinity for) or physically disabled, but all of which were more than mentally ill – they were delusional. And her eyes did not just turn blue, George said they *glowed* blue.

Curious about what Ever-Happy George had told me, I started doing research on things metaphysical in their nature. Soon thereafter I came across a book on shamanism that piqued my interest. Eventually I settled on the idea that Tina was more than just a shaman, of which are known to have inexplicable effects on people through their use of words. Tina was a shaman-prophet, the kind who might make themselves known to the world only once every few hundred years. Though beings such as her may not in fact be that rare, as I've come to suspect, they usually do not see much of a purpose in making themselves known to the modern world at large as Tina has. And there are those of similar albeit much lesser ability than her in abundance. Eventually I came to understand these were the delusionals she had been meeting with in private since our mid-twenties.

Tina had a low tolerance for subjugating herself to less than stellar dishwashing or tightly unionized construction jobs, so it was not long into adulthood we ended up getting our first taste of living outside. Neither of us were particularly lazy but it nonetheless became a way of life for Tina; a way of preserving her sense of self-determination when forced to choose between underpaid slavery or the inclusive and craft-less bureaucracy that the construction trade had become. I once tried the middle ground of customer service and Tina liked it at first as troubleshooting and talking were more like hobbies to her than work, that is until she came across her first customer with more of a sense of entitlement than reason. Ten minutes later Tina left the store as did five other customers who were suddenly convinced that customer service which complimented people's habits of consumerism being considered work was a sure sign of all that was wrong with their lives.

By the time I was thirty Tina started putting us into dresses and wearing makeup. She had done this occasionally when we were kids and I thought it a thing we grew out of. But it did not surprise me overly much as shamans have been known to do this in many cultures. I was naturally disheveled, and she was preoccupied. The

end effect would have been that of a deranged drag-queen were it not for our physique which made it obvious that we took care of ourselves. Besides this, we made a damn fine woman and man alike, whichever we chose to be. And then there was the preternatural rhetorically ability anyone who dared to question Tina would come into at the drop of a dime should they question her. And if they mocked either of us we'd not hesitate to offer to remove their teeth. But this rarely became an issue, in part because we knew how to hold ourselves, and in part because even I had learned to transmute anger into a verbal battle of wit.

It was sometime in my mid-thirties that Tina started taking her powers into the formal realm of politics. By then I knew all too well that Tina was usually many steps ahead of others, myself included. Yet try as I might to deduce her ultimate schemes for doing what she did, to this all she let on was various pictures of things getting divided from one another.

Politics seemed to be about the only future we had. Tina was too much a free-bird to do anything other than temporary grunt labor jobs. We spent our days studying anything that came to mind. While I occupied my mind with works of history and philosophy, Tina had a compulsive energy about her that only spending hours trying to crack some math problem seemed to vent for her. Her understandings of the things she spoke on perhaps could have come from what I had read, and I'm sure some of it did, but she connected the mundane facts I digested with the kind of knowledge no book could have granted her.

Today at the age of thirty-six I find myself watching the crowd begin to accumulate in anticipation of hearing Tina speak. Now that the summer heat had passed, the grass in San Francisco's Civic Center Plaza was at least no longer a patchwork of brown, yellow, and green, but it was still cut atrociously low. I always thought this was to give some military appeal of authority to city hall which sat at the western edge of the plaza. If the grass did not do the trick the squadrons of conservator officers dressed in riot gear did.

Had the conservator officers allowed it, what Tina considered to be the core of her constituents (the homeless) would have camped out since the night before, and not just because they could, but because Tina was perhaps the one figure who had cut through the chasm that separates the homeless from politics to inspire them to have become a political force to be reckoned with.

The conservator program had begun under San Francisco mayor London Breed in the year 2019 – seventy-five years before today which was to be Tina's first nationally televised speech. The conservator program was an inevitable extension of what mayors along the west coast had suddenly decided to deem an emergency issue of homelessness. In actuality the homeless problem had remained more or less constant for decades, but that which surrounded them had been changing rapidly; with advances in construction methods and materials came a surge in the development of cheap buildings that was unprecedented in history. The same number of homeless who had been there all along suddenly found themselves fighting for the right to inhabit increasingly scare space. Correspondingly they became more and more of a target.

While there was no shortage of civil rights activists in the city of San Francisco to fight for the rights of homeless, the area they failed to meet opposition on was research. In an age of reductionist reasoning policy had come to follow research and words such as 'data' came to be weaponized in every policy making conversation which the public was increasingly kept separate from. Federal 'researchers' (later to be known as Bureaucratic Shamans or B.S.) for decades had been honing the technique of selectively framing questions and conducting research in the most bias fashion to make it possible for them to pick through the pile of 'evidence' and find whatever conformed to their pre-existing agendas. Homelessness came to be seen not as an individual's response to prevailing social and cultural issues but was rather seen to be a failure of the individual to fit in with them. So too did mental illness come to be seen as a problem with the individual rather than a symptom of some greater social disease.

Mayor London Breed, referred to by some as the 'Progressive Witch of the West', launched the conservator program declaring that 'help' would be forced onto those who were severely mentally ill, who proved a danger to themselves or those surrounding them, and who refused to accept it voluntarily. Yet she assured the public that this help would only be given to those declared by a doctor to be severely mentally ill. Given free rein to ignore the ways in which the surrounding society itself was proving conducive to mental illness, and with nothing but federal research guidelines to guide their study of a thing science was still centuries away from fully understanding, bureaucratic shamans became Professional Medical Shamans or P.M.S. who could find a way to certify anyone without a home as severely mentally ill. The only thing then which stopped the hand of the conservators was whether an individual could be shown to pose a threat to themselves or to those surrounding them.

The Black Thousands

Tina had what was to me an inexplicable affinity for writings of the organizer of the *Black Thousands*. The Black Thousands were a political party established in the 2130's by a physicist and homeless 'ethnographer' in honor of the *Black Hundreds* which were a political group that had formed among Russian peasants during the early 1900's to resist progressive reforms in favor of returning to the 'old ways' of tradition.

History taught one salient lesson about angry poor people; though there are always among them those with a capacity for violence, any movement comprised of too many of them can always be negated with the promise of a life of abundance – an idea which most poor people were susceptible to. For example, the introduction of credit cooperative institutions among the Russian peasantry made for such a promise and it created a rift between classes that tore apart traditional villages and eventually spelled the end of the Black Hundreds. By the year 2030 Americans had essentially been weaned on credit. Consequently, the organizer of the Black Thousands recognized that any traditional movement which sought to mobilize the majority would be ineffective as it would attract members who are susceptible to the temptations of loans and credit and for which history had shown that the resulting Bourgeois classes are devoid of willpower to see any cause through that requires more than a credit card subscription. Any effective movement must therefore remain relatively small or at least selective in its membership.

The Black Thousands were disciplinarians who cared more about their craft than the paycheck they got for it.

It being an age in which social conditions were more conducive to social correctness than any radical movement, and with oratory having been firmly replaced by tweets, ironically the Black Thousands opted for a non-traditional approach to politics. They met the bureaucratic Shamans on their own playing field to negate 'research-based policy' any way they could. Using a combination of research and online publishing combined with the presentation of such things in mostly local political meetings where epithets were fed into the psyche of the politically engaged public the Black Thousands found a somewhat effective means of negating the propaganda of the bureaucratic shamans. While they did not discriminate according to talent for research, they did weed out overzealous individuals who made no attempt to back their pre-conceived dispositions up with honest efforts at research and who were unwilling to open themselves to criticism. This was because a careful study of history and the psychology of crowds alike would give one lesson any politically engaged researcher ought to learn well and which became a requisite for maintaining membership in the Black Thousands party; it was quality not quantity that was capable of affecting the inner-most dispositions of people, and while crowds may have a

tendency to want to construct their own reality, in general they had a seemingly innate ability to detect when a thing contradicted itself, which in today's arena this meant backing up your fantasy with hard earned research.

What gave the Black Thousands a modicum of success where other up-start groups failed is that they recognized ideas were no longer able to be fed into the mind of the masses from a grass-roots level as various bureaucratic processes had since the time of Adolf Hitler been honed to avoid such things and only accept passive forms of engagement. Yet even if sentiments cannot be shaped by the public themselves these simple ideas which work their way into the mind of the masses can be affected in another way; by shooting the prevailing sentiments down. 'Shoot everything down and accept what remains is as close as we've come to the truth' was in fact the organizers M.O. Also [what set them apart from academic researchers] they recognized the need to present their results in a setting where *both* those with the power to weave research into policy (representatives) and members of the public alike were present. While many 'socially conscious' academicians prided themselves on research, questioning others, and giving advice to governmental representatives, what they did not usually account for was the simple fact that a representative can politely ignore whatever is said in private. The point then is to present research not so much to representatives so much as to the public albeit in front of a representative; to shove it in their face where it cannot be denied then magnify its effects with online distribution.

The writings of the organizer of the Black Thousands were about the only non-mathematical work I'd ever awoken to realize Tina had been studying. It was from him I presume Tina had been inspired to adopt the name of her platform *The Fantastic Thousands*. While the Black Thousands made an explicit attempt to account for the majority of people's susceptibility to the deceptions which are inherent to promises of a modernized 'better' life through the offering of credit and loans or job opportunities which take no account for innate characteristics and culture – all things which could be used to deteriorate the quality of the movement – Tina saw what the organizer of the Black Thousands had missed; the majority of those who were not susceptible to the deceptions of credit were instead susceptible to the deceptions of charity. It is strange the organizer did not realize this as the Russian peasant tradition of *pomoch* directly coincided with the philanthropic rise of charity, and it was charitable institutions which largely countered his attempts at legitimizing homelessness or 'nomadism' as a distinct way of life to be respected as equal to that which surrounds it.

The rise of charity represented to Tina more than just a deteriorated conception of the social contract among humans – it was a manifestation of some prehistoric evil that had grown in them beginning with the conception of marking land off as though it were a commodity to be owned rather than a gift for them to use. The idea that people thought they could 'give' what had already been freely given rather than simply shuffling it around and sharing it with one another seemed to grossly offend her. This also tied into Tina's innate affinity for the homeless; for all their addictions, they alone had freed themselves of the ultimate addiction which had plagued human kind for millennia; the addiction of private property.

Acutely aware that there is only a small percentage of people who are immune to the deceptions of both credit and charity, Tina only permitted a select demographic to become actual members of her movement; those prone to delusional fantasies. And she had little use for 'passive forms of engagement' nor was she lacking in ability to find her way around such things to establish her own movement. Whereas the Black Thousands poked at issues from the periphery Tina bulldozed the entire realm of politics from the ground up. Though she was even more selective when it came to membership to her movement, she did not shy away from accumulating followers en masse.

Were it not for the undeniable qualities Tina possessed, her party would have been a source of endless jokes,

and indeed the public still could only accept it with a degree of humor, but Tina knew all too well that the road to winning the hearts of the people is not through awesome acts of rhetoric alone, but through humor, the kind that arises out of the most undeniable lines of reasoning which show us how ridiculous our superficial norms are. At this point the crowd is essentially laughing at themselves and making fun of the habits they've come to abide by. This is a prerequisite to breaking such habits. What Tina did not let on is that somewhere in the process of breaking the social contract humor all too often turns to violence when it is not guided by the hand of providence. I went with it, if not because I trusted Tina was such a hand, then because I feared her.

To skip several events in the evolution of our present situation, suffice it to say that seventy-five years after the launching of the conservator program virtually anyone who cannot afford to pay [at minimum] what in 2019 would have equated to about \$2,000 per month in rent is by now officially considered severely mentally ill. To date however, it remains the case that conservator officers are not free to use the powers granted them unless an individual is shown to pose a danger to themselves and those surrounding them.

To this end homeless, many of whom by now prefer to be called simply nomads, did not really change much at all. For those who were not strung out on a corner, even if unfairly labelled severely mentally ill, it was still very difficult to label them as being a threat, and for those who were a few nights in jail having the public pay for yet another 'expert' to watch over them was both a free-ride as well as a way to get back at tax-payers.

Recently however a young girl was raped by a homeless man. While many times the number of incidents happen amongst strictly domiciled folk, this one incident has provided ample ground for NIMBY's against homeless in the city to label anyone in a tent as a threat to those around them so that it will officially be a crime punishable by jail time to live outside. To compensate for the costs to the public such ideas as wage-garnishment and forced labor have been proposed by the NIMBY's. While neither of these two ideas have made it very far with the general public, a third idea has; allotting homeless their own distinct and separate land.

With two hours to go until Tina took to the stage I pulled out the folded piece of paper Tina had placed in my pocket. It was an excerpt from the Homeless ethnographer who organized the Black-Thousands;

Progressive societies are marked by a tension which arises in a most natural fashion between generations. In a never-ending quest to fall in love with what is new, the young diverge from the previous generation. On their part, elders, who have gone through this process themselves at least once before, know they are but targets to be supplanted by the youth. Accordingly, they will seek to hoard knowledge and opportunity alike rather than passing them on. Having lost all ability to influence the young, the elders will make every attempt to preserve their generational values by making them matters of policy rather than preference. All this to cover for the fact which becomes all too evident to the younger generation; the elders did not have their interest or well-being in mind.

This tension in turn produces a generational swinging mechanism. Take for example the idea of liberty and freedom which were once so relentlessly proclaimed in every chamber to be American values, but these words are seldom used by the public today. The attainment of private property has come to define the beginning, middle, and the end of the American dream with little to no regard for what has by now become peripheral matters such as the human need for meaningful work, culture, mobility, and freedom.

This ideology has enslaved the current generation to an existence where our only 'options' are the attainment of the ideal of private property or being criminalized for failing to do so. But many today are paying the majority of their wage to maintain a place that is scarcely large enough for themselves let alone a family, and was it not the point of property for it to allow a family?. Our conception of the idea of proper

work has been properly replaced with conformity to customer service standards or extreme intellectual reductionism coupled with decades of sacrifice and debt. We are slaves to the idea of attaining property, but it would be a mistake to say we have been enslaved by those who have found a way to profit from it – a disposition many members of the public fall into almost instinctively. We need not point the finger above nor below, but only to look in the mirror. We have always been enslaved by members of our own kin trading in their social benefits for financial ones that help feed their vicious addiction to private property.

It is the addictions of one generation which are passed onto the next in a progressive culture, not their liberties.

Now in comes the bureaucratic shamans, always from above never from below, with their 'research' which justifies epithets they tirelessly infuse into public meetings that happen at times the public themselves are too busy working to counter; epithets such as "we know what works - housing first" which were they in any way concerned with constructing statements that can withstand objective scrutiny would read more like, "we know what works – for those who managed to score low enough on our bubble sheet vulnerability assessments and who subjected themselves to standing in line for a year while the remainder get criminalized outside or treated like dogs in shelters". They selectively target public agencies which already abide by their methods and who share their beliefs, they then base their research on these agencies, so they can see what they set out to see in the first place. Finally, they then bully those agencies remaining into compliance by dangling federal funding over their head – just as they did in the formation of universities. One can read thousands of pages of these perfectly useless reports and find words like vulnerability, assistance, and mental illness are mentioned on every page while concepts like freedom, culture, kinship, and group psychology are mentioned maybe once in the entire thing if at all.

The bureaucratic shamans only pretend to be on our side. They are shadowy figures in the guise of public benefactors. When last I crossed them, their leader – a woman who sought to enhance her powers by taking on the she-man form –, after performing some disgusting waddle up to the stage she spouted the most vicious of lies then magically disappeared from the room just before I took to the stage to refute her fallacious claims. I mused to myself that perhaps she had to re-energize her human disguise through some abominable rest-room ritual. There did seem to be a few less children in the hallways when I had emerged.

As for the homeless themselves, they see only what they want, and bless them for it, for it is that singular focus that is immune to intellectual reasoning which makes them impossible to supplant. While the bourgeois NIMBY's who hunt them prove what history has always shown, namely that they argue from convenience but lack any spine when pressed, these lovely hobos act out of the need to survive, and no attempt to dispel them or convert them to a system which has completely failed to serve their inner needs which they cannot be brought to deny will accomplish anything other than to temporarily move them down the street.

Yet were the bull to see anything but the red flag in front of it, these hobos might consider the problem in context that their natural god given rights have taken a backseat to other classes artificial property rights. It is within this context intellectuals like me have tried to propose 'solutions' which will make possible the coexistence of the two most incompatible cultures that have ever existed in the human race; nomads vs. domesticated folk. And we will fail. But in the process, we will make our enemy reveal himself.

I cannot expect many to understand of what I speak as not everyone has witnessed directly that most

sinister side of human nature that endeavors to exterminate anything threatening its sense of normalcy pop its ugly head at their approach. And to my shame I have for the first time in life learned to value one of these overpriced coffins so prized by NIMBY's; I've grown cozy, and in the process, I've almost forgotten this heinous entity that exists behind the otherwise bland features of the NIMBY folk. Then one day I'll happen to go into a grocery store where the homeless are a regular problem and out the corner of my eye I'll see him profiling me; blatantly staring me down and stalking me like I am some thief. Little does he know I'd die before I waste my life-force on stealing his worthless goods, but neither would I waste my breathe explaining this to such a low creature.

Though in my heart I am a peaceful hippie, nonetheless it is remarkable how quickly all my old triggers can get pulled. In an instant when I sense I've become the prey of a NIMBY I go from wanting nothing more than to go home and read a book to wishing there was some way to label the NIMBY's so that come the day the great war breaks open I know exactly who to free of this world so they no longer need to feel the inconvenience of our presence.

When pressed by a fellow PhD candidate who had taken an interest (or concern) in my ideas we had the following conversation

[Me]: Suffice it to say that NIMBY-ism against homeless is but a topological manifestation of a much deeper and sinister quality of human nature, one that has been moving mankind towards a cataclysmic tipping point for millennia. Would you believe me if I suggested the same phenomena which manifests itself as the suspicion which makes a guy stalk a hobo could also drive another man to fly a plane into a building, or drive a fascist regime to exterminating six million people?

[Curious Intellectual]: This is different.

[Me]: Yet when you return to camp only to discover that your only source of warmth has been taken from you by the city on a lethally cold night, when you yourself finally find something in this shitty world that you love, and then you see all too clearly how policy directly aims to exterminate it, not because it poses any tangible danger, but because it possess the power to influence others in a way that perturbs the social contract, and suddenly being deprived of this intangible thing [community] which is all that made your circumstance bearable, it is then you find yourself falling asleep to the wish that you could bury the current mayor in the dirt.

And when you start paying attention you realize that every incredibly polite policy discussion is in fact centered around exploring the number of ways families can be separated from everyone else and it can be made impossible for those who remain to do anything more than survive then perhaps you too will appreciate the number of ways that people have been led down a slow road of disease, neurosis, and death. It is at this point these seemingly harmless acts of profiling come to be seen for what they really are. True, they are relatively topological manifestation when compared to acts of terror and genocide, yet the principle is the same.

Hitler stood on the front lines and watched as an act of Jewish led propaganda sabotaged the war efforts and in turn caused the advantage to be lost just as it seemed victory was at hand. Instead hundreds of thousands more Germans died. He too had probable cause to walk away thinking some Jewish entity was out to exterminate the Germans. And if you really believed you were being exterminated, would your actions not follow your thinking?'

[Curious Intellectual]: It is a stretch to say taking someone's tent or their cardboard is a topological manifestation of something that gave rise to genocide, but okay, I'll go with it. One thing I'm now confused on though; in this analogy of hobos vs. NIMBY's, who is the Nazi and who is the Jew?'

[Me]: For the life of me, I haven't figured that out yet. But the NIMBY's have learned to infiltrate public office where they work in the subtlest of ways to cut down any and all forms of kinship from taking root, and they accomplish this by weaponizing their control of over the environment so as to obstruct any place where this might take root.



The true benefit of this may be that it in turn cuts shamans off from their people and therefore stops them from having any desired effect – a trick Russia picked up on long ago. Homeless themselves will begin to accept the shallow epithets of those hunting them; everyone steals out here, nobody wants to work, everyone wants drugs, and things are this way because of the nature of the individual not the fact they have no place to grow roots – such a thing as positive homeless community is not possible.

After acquiring 'evidence' (some non-weight bearing concrete had turned green) that the parking garage beneath a local park in the downtown area serving homeless was in danger of collapse due to earthquakes, a local representative had it closed off in hopes the public will eventually forget about it while he plans its family friendly redevelopment.

[Curious Intellectual]: What would you suggest we do?

After so many years of abusing his office, creatures of pure light came to this world to shove a cancerous stick up this man's ass [Hallelujah].

[Me]: Round the progressive leaders and their shamans up and unceremoniously toss them in a cold body of water within swimming distance of shore. Throw them one life-jacket and observe; surely instead of recognizing they could use the two hands given them to make good for themselves they will instead degenerate into a primal horde that is experiencing mass-insanity and so begins to turn on each another. They will drown one another or, with their energy spent fighting over the one charitable resource thrown to them, they will fail to make it to shore.

[Curious Intellectual]: And this serves what purpose?

[Me]: It would provide a working example of the progressive's tactics that they've coerced various homeless agencies into abiding by.

...One day, after what has by now been some years of struggling in vain to restore the position of my people in what has become my prison, I found myself sitting on the bench of a local church that lets homeless people hang out for a few hours. Contemplating that it had been so long since I actually experienced this phenomenon which has so motivated the policies I champion – this positive community vibe or 'cultural confidence' which sometimes takes root in a crowd under a given set of conditions, some of which are obvious while others are subtle –, I found myself yet again wondering what exactly caused these experiences which so affected my path in life. To be sure the bad days have far outnumbered the good, but it is the nature of the human mind that those good moments, however brief, will fascinate the individual such that the good seems to outweigh the bad.

I was mad they took the couches away. Don't they know people are TIRED, and having a place to rest like that makes such a difference? Moreover, those couches made a kind of barrier beyond which volunteers did not cross except daring to deliver a charitable snack. For the volunteer it was as though the thought of taking one of the cushioned seats would violate some unwritten contract they had entered which stated they could not be a volunteer and be comfortable at the same time. Sure, they wanted to sit on those couches, but more than that those couches created some sort of bubble; the kind of bubble, that peasants are so adept at forming before they start to weave their gypsy vibe with one another. It is this bubble the

volunteer really wanted into, not the couches. Yet to do so, they felt it necessary to dispose of the couches. What took their place was tables full of 'fun' activities such as board games. The crowd which chose to inhabit this area then took a distinctive shift. The same can be said for some room in back which they had closed off; it used to serve as an escape for a distinct crowd that was prone to kinship, but after being closed off was opened only once per week for the sake of arts and crafts. All these subtle changes took place after a new manager and staff members took over.

Why does there always seem to be someone working their way into a position of power to make a place family friendly? And why have 'homeless families' become such a major theme in policy? In all my years I've seen very few homeless families out here as homelessness is overwhelmingly seems to be a phenomenon which occurs when families fall apart.

Now I am prone to fantasize, but I'm not crazy. You see, there is a certain bliss which arises from the ability to abolish one's identity, and hobos are most adept at it, yet outsiders who still cling to their identity present their own contagion which threatens the vibe. Real kinship is not marked by loud noises or family friendly 'fun' activities which are easily described. It is a quiet satisfaction, and one who knows well its presence can easily deduce others who have been possessed by it – they usually will be the first to distance themselves when the family friendly activities take over.

Now to the point. So, there I was, sitting on that cold bench, disheartened that the intangible vibe which triggers kinship and community out here was no longer to be found in this church, in part due to seemingly inconsequential manipulations of the environment. I played around with the idea that the new manager was a Jew but that was a trap I did NOT want to fall into, if not because it was taboo then because it had been tried and it failed, and one should learn from the past not seek to repeat it. I also found myself contemplating a curious thing that Hitler had noted in his memoir, namely that youthful soldiers, however rigorously they were trained, when they failed to be trained alongside veteran soldiers they fell like dominoes once introduced to the front lines. This to me alluded to some innate mechanism for traditionalism – a mechanism for transmitting habits from one generation to the next, and such a thing would certainly require the young generation being captivated by some alluring cultural vibe rather than seeing only the mistakes of those who came before them and therefore wanting to contrast from them anyway possible.

Just then my thinking was interrupted when I overheard the new manager intentionally raise his voice so that others would hear him, "I'm sorry Richard, but you have to go". I was near livid when some well-groomed protein-shake monster of a volunteer took it upon himself to stand next to little ole Richard and the manager as though he were trying to make some statement that he would enforce the managers will if need be. I took it as a sign I must be maturing that I decided to ask the homeless man being accosted rather than going straight to leering down at the volunteer to let him know he was in the wrong place to play hero on things he did not understand. I caught the homeless man as he was almost out the door. Soon after he turned to regard me, a look of recognition lit up what was in his day an impossibly handsome dark-skinned face, yet it was still possessed of a smoothness that was interrupted only by the greasy jerry curls falling over it.

It is just another day at the office for Richard, but I've been away from the action too long. He aptly informs me to meet him outside as we have much to discuss. I tell him I gotta get myself another crappy coffee and I'll be out there.

Once outside Richard asks if I'm still plugging away at school. I tell him the unfortunate truth [yes] to which he seems to perform some calculation that perhaps determined how I was to be handled. Richard debriefs me; he's been working on solid state hydrogen devices in his lab that is inside of the moon (which is hollow by the way). He gets to his lab via jet planes which move at approximately half the speed of light and give off moisture as their byproduct to help create an ultra-green earth. These technologies were developed in the long sunken city of Atlantis (Richard is 12,000 years old). What truly sparked my attention though was when he caught my eyes with his own and informed me that it all was coming back to him; he owned all these buildings surrounding us and he's been losing about six-hundred dollars per day by letting hobos into his church.

Anyhow, Richard needs to get going now, if he gets back early enough he might get himself a blow job.

Having been caught up to speed, I promise to stop by the lab sometime and say my farewell. He promises to see me tomorrow, and I thought to myself I wished it were true, but I knew the reality was that even if we did run into one another any time soon, he'd likely revert back to pretending he did not see me as is a common way for long time hobos to treat outsiders and even one of their own once you cease to be one of them.

Once back indoors, I unceremoniously took up my position on the bench along the wall. Sipping my crappy cup of coffee, I suddenly realized that I really did wish it were true that I'd see Richard again. A feeling of inexplicable inspiration had arisen within me, the likes of which I'd not felt since my younger days of first being introduced to nomadic ways. Richard had hypnotized me!

I know, I know, I am prone to fantasies. But if you too could have looked into Richards unnaturally dilated yet impossibly beautiful chocolate eyes then you too would know what I now must live with; Richard wasn't lying.

Having realized what I had set my mind to realizing – the very source of this inexplicable vibe which catalyzes kinship, community, and culture – it then became all too clear that what I had been searching for this whole time was not going to be found in this dingy church full of self-appointed micromanagers. I grabbed my things and left for the night, and the whole way home I must have worn a glow of pure rapture on my face.

Yet soon after I had realized this I also came to accept that I had little hope of reversing the false logic of the bureaucratic shamans. If the very ideas I championed in some way depended on less than tangible things, of hypnotism by delusional no less, then what hope did I have of reversing trends in this age of objective research?

Soon enough what should have been obvious to me but which years of intense schooling had cause me to down-play dawned on me; life is a subjective experience not an objective truth. Men are united by inner-experiences not outer ones, and it is this which has seen us through evolutions course, and it is this I must appeal to. It then became clear to me that if I am to fight the supposedly objective B.S. that was shaping policy at every turn I must give into the fantasies which had laid suppressed in the back of my mind; the things I had known in some way to be true yet was not prepared to accept.

The deranged homeless man who frequented the coffee shop with a pile of scrolls and who occasionally overlooked people while making what seemed to be erratic gestures with his hands was making signals; he

was signaling from the parapet down to those on the interior of the wall that the enemy advances. The colored man with his charitable plate of food raised to the sky while letting his legs pound like waves on the concrete; he was performing the ghost dance which had worked its way into the unconscious parts of our collective psyche. With every stomp he was reversing the trends of racism. The unscrupulous and incoherent woman being accosted by the police officer on the sidewalk; while she blew smoke in his face he held a look of barely restrained malice. All in a moment I grasped the true nature of his frustration. While he had her cornered here, and while he hunted her kind with free reign here, deep in his mind he had grasped that somewhere else in this universe his role was reversed and that precisely as he closed in on her, her ranks were closing in on him.

Next time I looked upon a city council I saw rivers of blood flowing behind them; countless were the souls who degenerated because of these monsters weaseling their way into office to ever so politely establish a family-friendly environment that we all must abide by, even when it completely fails to meet the inner needs of so many and in so many ways.

In my mind's eye I did see Franklin Roosevelt and Winston Churchill. They were near what seemed to be some shadowy drainage basin to a river where tall bundles of grass sporadically erupted from an otherwise smooth sandy coast. As the bundles of tall grass swayed in an eerie breeze lethargic shadowy nimbus clouds moved overhead. Churchill and Roosevelt floated above the waves of near ice-cold water. Like manic patients whose bouts of extreme excitability followed by severe melancholy had now reached the second to last stage in their evolution, their eyes, now mostly devoid of all but the color white, looked down on the water with trepidation and then confusion. Whether it was a matter of being petrified by fear or stupefied like a zombie Churchill hardly seemed to notice the bones of the Jewish children still stuck in his teeth.

While there still seemed to be hope for Roosevelt, Churchill began his descent towards the waters below. While a spark of compassion did arise in my chest, it was quickly becoming the case that there was nothing left to pity. As his feet finally touched the water the shadows began to spread up his legs. As they reached his chest there came a momentary pause in his bipolar shifting from states of confusion and trepidation, as though some great paradox had just been resolved he looked at me – stared right at me – then his eyes turned black and his body was consumed in shadows.

Then I saw Hitler. He had not, as so many might suspect, become a shadow. He was neither in this world nor in the other, but somewhere in between, and surrounded by creatures that emanated light. It was as though they were conversing with him. He presented a stark contrast to these creatures that I could hardly discern they were so bright, yet strangely their light in no way obstructed my view of Hitler. Still in his Nazi uniform, he looked down with what seemed a pensive expression. I fancied he had been contemplating the parable, “bad things must come, but woe to those they come through”. Yet as I let the vision fade I was unsure whether in fact such things did really come through him. I decided such judgements were beyond my comprehension, but I was certain of this; I had learned what the progressive hypocrite can only emulate with shallow acts of charity; I had found a degree of love for my enemy.

In this world I've been getting flashes of they do not wield weapons as you and I know them. There is a vibe between them and within them, and it imbues the inhabitants with a most unearthly appeal. Together as a crowd they wield it as would a wall of the most exquisitely trained soldiers work in unison to hem their enemies in. They use it to deprive their enemies of all confidence until he loses his will to assert himself.

And that is how battles are won. This whole world seems to flow to this vibe. It is like a river in that they flow in it, yet it flows through them and they somehow influence its directions and its shape. This vibe I now understand to be the spark of inspiration which I have on occasion seen to take root in a crowd with apparent spontaneity. It touches people and leaves an impression on them that they can hardly forget. For some it will be the only bright light they've experienced in this dim tunnel they call life. It will imbue them with a most dangerous of substance; it will leave them hypnotized with hope. For all the shitty moments they endure, never will they be able to forget that this is how life is supposed to feel. No matter how much 'evidence' the bureaucratic shamans contrive to convince them otherwise, never again will anyone be able to convince them that it was they who were the problem and not their environment. Never again will they be so willing to sacrifice interior needs just to fit themselves back into the environment that so violated them.

There then ensues an unraveling of the identity in this world, of which few can halt. And it is halting this unwinding – this attempt to let go – that I now understand to be the true goal of the bureaucratic shamans. They are not trying to change the environment nor the resulting society people must subscribe to, rather they are actively trying to shut down any and all attempts for others to do so while proposing in a number of ways how we can either stop people from ever experiencing these things or how we can convince them to forget they ever existed by enticing them with breadcrumbs of charity...

... I try to think back when my thinking came to be so wrapped around a central idea (the disposal of privacy and consequently private property) which explains so much in so little. Whereas for Hitler his core idea of blaming the Jews [for everything] seemed to evolve slowly but which came to a distinct head when he observed some shadowy figure wobbling along an alley-way, for me this core idea occurred at a very specific time.

One day while studying in the 'sand-box' (a room with whiteboards for walls) of my university, after having burnt my brain out on some ruthless take-home exam problem I sat there, lying back with my hands clasped behind my head, taking in all that I just accomplished with the physics problem. But in the back of my head so too must I have been contemplating all I had observed in life outside of the university. As I stare at the white board I recall nothing else but vague shadow playing across the monitor which sat on a swivel-stand to my left and which were in distinct contrast to the bright lights reflecting on the upper portions of the screen. There came a moment of utter stillness – completely devoid of thought – after which, all in a singular moment, it came to me; the walls. They explained everything.

Objectively it is near impossible to refute, but it nonetheless utterly stupid to the subjective mind by now so weaned to the concept of private property. Even some of those whose case I champion think it is about sleeping next to someone when really it is about freedom – freedoms that have been traded in for the attainment of status otherwise known as the avoidance of what has become shameful or taboo. I've known freedoms, the likes of which bureaucratic and other institutional-based shamans are trying to make people forget because once you taste them never again will you normalize the sad way that they have chosen to live.

Having experience being wholly filled while entirely free of the chains of property, fear of losing such a thing has no place in my life-decisions, and this has brought me one step closer to fearing he who has the

power to crush the soul not he who crushes the body. Having let my identity unravel and my ego dissipate like they ought to instead of desperately clinging to uphold their construction, shame does not guide my habits. Having found happiness before having it ripped away from me I have annihilated passivity domesticated life weaned me to. Through this, over a thousand nights of sleeping with insects, several years of patiently enduring a state of living without that which I most desired, and by having resolved that when it comes to bathing if it is good enough for a ducks then it is good enough for me, I've honed a sense of empathy no university can grant; I understand my enemies, I do not just study them in a book.

From over five years of living without property there has arisen in me a near insatiable drive to inhabit the land itself. The longer one breathes in the fresh air, the more they observe the effect of different landscapes on themselves, and the more they experience the freedoms and detachments of nomadism, the harder it is to return to domiciled life, the greater their desire for freedom, and the lower their tolerance for subjugating themselves to extrinsically motivated activities. It is the land first and foremost which one must feel as it more than anything holds influence over people; this is the real key to developing empathy and an engaged need of freedom.

Passivity and lack of empathy are traits of the academic generation, and this has little to do with how they've been educated but everything to do with the ways in which they've been socialized. What these qualities fail to address is compensated for with a vicious practice of labelling that which does not fit into the synthetic reality universities are busy promoting and which an alarming number of academicians inhabiting such places are no longer capable of understanding. So obsessed with the idea of remitting themselves of guilt have domiciled folk become they've taken to labelling everything according to their naïve conceptions of good and evil. They are good while others are evil, and the greater is the cultural decimation they wreak in the name of progress the greater will be the discrepancy between the two until fickle displays of social correctness suffocate the human personality.

Humans are not a species worthy of this world, and there will come a time when a weeding out process is certain to occur – one which separates those willing to make the changes necessary and those who won't.

I have at times felt the shadows taking over me, and it is such an intoxicating feeling to entertain the notion that you might place a suggestion in others that brings us a step closer to seeing the house of cards humans have built up collapse as it was destined to. Even a small and rare taste of this power of suggestibility was enough to convince me there are creatures out there who possess this power to such a degree that the whole of the human species can be said to have evolved according to their seeds of suggestion. Would you believe me if I told you that behind every major war and significant invention alike there was one of these entities?

My saving grace is this; I trust a higher power rather than entertain these shadows. True, bad things must come, but woe to those who they come through. I am able to avoid the shadows by staying constantly busy with meaningful activity and physical craftsmanship. The body is a temple and a healthy mind can only exist in a healthy body. More than that movements of the body constitute a whole science in the sense that every detail affects another – there is no conveniently isolating one thing as is done in academia. This is to hone the intuitive intellect, and it is from such intuition that instructions of what is necessary come, and understanding comes when it will, not when the individual wants it to. In this sense life for me has become a listening game, and I a willing pawn.

Hallelujah! One will come, and there is no such thing as wasted effort for one who walks down this path.

[Rasmussen]:

Tina's First Nationally Televised Political Rally

Though the Black Thousands experienced some success, they ultimately fell victim to charity. For every valid point he had about the human need for freedom, the bureaucratic shamans had a welfare program. Every time he tried to remind homeless they had a god given right to create their own way of life – their own *culture* – the bureaucratic shamans gave them sandwiches. As I said it is strange he did not take account of the most lethal enemy that is charity because it was charity which replaced the tradition of *pomoch* among Russian peasant, but people such as him are but pawns in a game that they can hardly fathom. The seeds around which their thinking will grow is conceptualized another entity hiding somewhere in the background of history. One who knows what to look for can deduce their presence by the fact that the entirety of their victim's world-view and consequently their political program will have evolved from one simple idea that is not easily refuted. Furthermore, though an equal and opposite truth is sure to exist, the hypnotized subject will not usually give it much thought until it is too late.

Fifty years later however, in the face of unrealistic rents and numerous other arguments to do with economics and culture the public was by now forced to face, two conflicting realities had come to be accepted by those considering the issue of homelessness; 1) making de-privatization of property a legitimate option for those who would use it was necessary, and 2) the resulting nomadic culture was incompatible with sedentary culture which surrounded it.

It was only a year ago I read a news article which stated it with such clarity. No sooner had I finished reading the article than I began to deduce what Tina had alluded to when she fed me pictures of a growing divide. Her aim, best I could tell, was to facilitate this divide in preparation for yet another more powerful prophet to come unleash some spell he had planted long ago. While I was tempted to speculate about who she might be referring to, at the time all I knew was that there had been many of Tina's kind to visit this earth, not all of which had made themselves known.

Since the time of the ethnographer bureaucratic shamans persisted in their endeavor to subjugate the whole of mankind to charity and social welfare systems. But simultaneous to this, thanks to the ethnographer and many others like him who demanded rigorous controlled testing of the issue to 'prove' that after millions of years humans had suddenly forgotten how to live with one another instead of next to one another, the seeds were planted for society to accept the legitimacy of nomadism and its incompatibility with domestication. It was only a matter of circumstances being allowed to progress to some tipping point beyond which the public would snap out of passivity and engage to demand we drop the B.S. They then began to contemplate designating land for nomads that would be placed far from any domesticated city. But this was widely held to be an extreme solution to the 'organizational problem' as it had come to be referred to and has been a source of an increasingly palpable tension that has built up in the political atmosphere.

It was to this environment Tina appealed to.

[Tina]:

You can forget everything obsessive humans like Rasmussen and the organizer of the Black Thousands told you, or you cannot, it makes little difference to me. Our ends will remain our own, and we will move mankind as we will. Why I muse over the organizer of the Black Thousands has little to do with his worldly ideas, but suffice it say he is what you might consider to be a personal interest of mine. Beyond this I will acknowledge Rasmussen was right about this much; we move mankind by imbuing those whose life-force is distributed in a fashion that makes them useful for carrying out we ideas. You see there are so-called 'shamans' that are created by our hypnosis, and indeed they can sense the river. We even feed our hypnotic victims' images of their soul-mate in the other world so that they feel compelled to take on a life of abstinence and instead outlet their life-force through kinship, a need for which will cause them to move in the direction we require. Then there are those like me who come from the river. Sometimes we take the form of delusional or a handicap person, and only rarely in the course of human history will we ourselves step to the forefront of humanity.

Viewed from our perspective the simple ideas we imbue those with the right tools to carry them out with are far from comprehensive, yet they are not easily refuted by others, thus they serve their purpose. For millennia we've imbued humans with simple ideas which can be weaponized to achieve our ends of moving them in the direction we have deemed necessary to oppose other forces at play in this world which have taken to interfering with the course we intended.

Take for example what you call science, the modern foundations of which were laid when the idea of turning time into a number by counting the swing of a pendulum was conceptualized in Galileo. Right here the change in position of a physical object got abstracted away to this subjective variable called time which now forms the foundation of an otherwise perfectly objective discipline. Others accepted it because it is convenient and seemingly harmless – a useful tool that allows men to communicate through a common medium of terminology. So together some men adopted this idea and built upon it by calling a change in position over a change in time to be 'velocity';

Were one to dispose of the abstract variable called time and call it what it is (the change in position of some object sitting in someone's lab far away), then it should have come as absolutely no surprise that time is a relative thing as velocity is but a comparison of the rates of change of two objects, yet hundreds of years later the world is absolutely astounded when a man by the name of Einstein told them that time was a relative thing. Thirty years later a man by the name of Schrodinger tells the world there is some inexplicable 'uncertainty' that occurs between changes in position and changes in velocity, and the world is shocked yet again.

You see, humans are not exactly a difficult species to influence. From this was dawned some of the necessary tools to help create an age of industrialization in which kings would be overthrown and the crowd of men would come to the helm of society, surely convinced that they know what is best for themselves.

Though we have the ability to plant the very seeds of a person's thoughts which will guide his or her actions to come, we do not bother to read our subjects thoughts as there is little that is not predictable or very interesting at all for that matter going on inside the minds of humans.

Some of those we hypnotize become aware of what has been done to them. Like a spider paralyzed by a wasp only to have its eggs implanted in them until they hatch and feed on the paralyzed arachnoid from the inside out, these people who unfortunately possess the right tools to carry out our directives become cognizant that they have become some unwilling vessel to be used in a war-game they cannot fully grasp, but which they are certain goes well beyond the temporary struggles they face. They will become kamikazes who see the solution to their conundrum as one in the same with accomplishing what we demand of them. Some may shirk from their duties and attempt to fake their death, and always they will at a minimum seek to piss others off in some secret hope that someone else will do it for them. But so too are they acutely aware they've been implanted with a problem that cannot be solved by death itself, and that reawakening into this world only to endure an entire life of a parasite eating your soul from the inside out is hardly any solution. There is only one way for them; forward. What ensues is an act of paralysis set in motion, like a puppet on a string who must endure the show before being safely tucked away in their closet.

Rarely in the course of human history have we ourselves stepped up to be the ones to affect the crowd directly. When we do so we implant directly into the crowd the seeds of suggestibility where they lay dormant or can act in a moment according to how we direct them. Whereas we carefully select a shaman as we understand his or her nature to be such that they will respond to our suggestions in a way that we desire, and in turn will seek to rally humans to a singular cause that we intend, humans in general will respond to a suggestion implanted in them according to their nature, which makes imbuing them directly a rather dangerous affair. Hence the need to get a feel for a crowd in preternatural ways else I say the wrong things to the wrong people.

Because humans do not readily accept the ideas of one of their own it becomes necessary that the person who hold the seed of suggestibility obtain a certain degree of prestige which separates them from their own. For some this comes through fame while others only obtain it through death. Once an idea has taken root in the psyche of the masses and it spreads, all that remains is for us to imbue another shaman with in possession of the appropriate gifts with whatever idea is necessary to catalyze the end result. It is a rather simple system; plant and harvest. For centuries we planted the idea that Jews were to blame for so many problems experienced by nations. Eventually this idea worked its way into the masses such that it possible to catalyze the great war.

I am not the soul of a woman. Nonetheless I take on this kinky dress because the mind of the crowd can be likened to a dirty prostitute with a fetish for being dominated. Such is my empathy that I *become* the crowd.

Today I face a crowd of disgruntled nomads – people who could not normalize what society has become, nor could they bring themselves to conflate the things it demanded of them with some form of merit. To them society has lost control, the means has become the ends, and they are determined to extricate themselves of it in hopes of some salvation to come from ‘civilized’ living.

It was to such a crowd I stepped up to weave my spell on. My speech was a lengthy one, but you've already been bored with the obsessive musings of limited creatures, so I'll cut to the end;

...This quality I speak of is none other than addiction to private property. For this most potent of substances domesticated folk have traded in their freedoms. As their addiction consumes them, they've lost all control of their job and housing markets as they have their sense of culture and freedom. As the domesticated folk are driven into progressive cities where they conflate what is trendy with real culture, you have been targeted for standing in the way of 'progress'.

They have castigated you for taking up much lesser addictions than their own, they have persecuted you for choosing freedom and dignity over mindless consumerism and customer service works, for having failed to equate overpriced claustrophobia for a home, and for attempting to use the two hands given to you to make for yourself on land that was given to all of us. And they have justified their right to do all of this by the fact that they gave you charity and granted you 'services'.

But charity is to sacrifice what was accumulated, not to stop the ruthless quest of accumulation and conquest over the earth. In any society that abides by such false principles of turning that which was freely given into commodities to be traded like man-made trinkets you will always receive what is by far the shorter stick for demanding your freedoms.

let me tell you something about charity and services. Charity presumes life is only a matter of resources; it serves to distract you from the other side of the equation; to undermine your god given right to establish your own culture; to assert your own identity as people. Furthermore, charity rests on the entirely false premise that people 'gave' you something in the first place, when in fact they did little more than shuffle it around after taking the land so that you'd not be able to procure it for yourself. Charity serves as a smoke screen to hide progressive societies true intentions, which are to steal the land itself and in the process gain the ability to control the prevailing culture.

Consider the original act of charity here in America by the pilgrims. They came with offerings, but they also came with disease, they came with death, and they came with vicious intentions to take the land.

Yet progress has done itself in as industry and technological advances have only brought to a head some fundamentally flawed ideals on which our entire society has based itself. Domiciled folk have neglected to address these flawed ideals – ideals such as the notion that they 'earned' anything by hard work rather than by cooperating with one another. In reality they are fully aware they have cooperated – nay they have conspired – with one another to drag us all into a family friendly reality where we can be treated as customers rather than human beings. Meanwhile they are losing control of the societies they construct, and they have dismissed all accountability for it.

Loss of empathy and to dismiss accountability – these are symptoms of addiction. When their addiction has progressed to a certain point there will be little room left for their addiction as well as your right to coexist with it. Already your right to do anything more than inhabit a pissed-on sidewalk in utter isolation is cut down at every turn, and now this too has been made explicitly illegal.

It is in this concrete jungle built on addiction you free-birds have emerged. Like a blinding ray of light even the lowliest of hobos serves as a painful reminder for domesticated folks that they threw their freedoms away. In your dirty effulgence you remind them that human contact outside of Starbucks, strip malls, and overpriced bars – these things still exist. In their hearts they know no dignity remains to them, and that by no reasonable definition can they really be called a self-determined or free people. Yet they are addicted, and they refuse to admit they have a problem.

All of this you tolerated until they tried to 'solve' your life by fitting you back into smaller and lesser versions of their own – so small you could not even build a family. Meanwhile they played stupid about your true nature. Like domesticated cats it was your destiny to end up sprawled on the concrete once you got a taste of the outdoors.

They infiltrate public office and execute their deeds as though it were the most natural thing. In the politest of ways, they will justify stripping you of any and all social benefits. Meanwhile they plant their little seeds of city planning like some devious child who thinks his deeds have gone unnoticed. But we see them, and we see their true colors. They are nothing less than ravenous monsters who have devoted the whole of their energies to causing the slow deterioration of the psyche of an entire class. How many millions have died a slow and painful death and worse – were robbed of their very experience on this earth because of these self-appointed masters of the environment? How long have they been pulling the rug out from under your very feet every time you stand up, only to assure you it was not them but the rug that tripped you before compensating you with tid-bits of charity?

If, in their addiction they want to throw all our lives away for the attainment of isolated claustrophobia, I know some of you might want to give them the coffins they so desire. But I beg you, abide their persecutions, their dismissal of freedom, their sad attempts at creating culture, and their entirely false notions of merit. Know that this is god's land, and it is yours to inherit. Trust there will come one to bring your tribulations to an end. He has come before to lay his spell, and he will come again to say the trigger word. Like a beast that has become cognizant that her most precious children are in eminent danger, the addicts will lose all composure when he reaches into their hearts and reminds them there is something more to life than the mindless hoarding of resources, and that their last chance to grasp it draws near.

In this time a great cataclysm will come, and I beg you, do not in any way contrive to bring it upon mankind yourself, for it is not your place. Rather, I employ you to stay patient and to stay strong, to love one another, and to do naught but seek happiness anyway you can. Indeed, there is no weapon that so perturbs the enemy; which causes him to make mistakes and show his true colors than witnessing your happiness.

Just as a DNA strand reanneals quicker according to how simple it is, so too will you, in your beautiful simplicity, reorganize much faster after this cataclysm than they will with their addiction to complex 'civilized' ways of living. Come this time, trust them to suggest seemingly harmless habits of marking territories off as being owned and of manipulating the land rather than taking what it grants when and where it is granted. Should this happen you can trust them to again establish economies based on the false logic that says we can 'own' things that have been freely given to us. Trust them to create a system which will in time bring the world right back to where it is today. Ohh you can TRUST them, should they reach sufficient numbers, to enforce all of us to abide by this system.

[Tina's Eyes Glowing almost imperceptibly – an effect the national media would attribute to the glare of the camera]

....And when you're done trusting them, burn them. Burn ALL of them.

[crowd roaring]

I threw in that last part just to rally the troops. In truth nomads don't organize on any scale that is large or coherent enough to prevent domestication from ensuing all over again. True, there will be some who try to revert mankind back to a previous state, and for a time they will succeed. Aided with a giant vacuum in space, they'll erase all traces of mankind's ability to manipulate the environment and start the whole of civilization back to

square one. Yet for reasons only the prophet to come can explain, in this world un-spiritual attachments will always develop in those who choose to stay in it. Correspondingly, so too will the individual ego develop and a mindset of 'mine-ness' will come to dominate the world.

But men in their struggles to master their life-force need something to believe in, and from time to time they need an outlet for the negative energy that accumulates in them.

My role in this world was not to start a war or facilitate an extermination. Nor was it even primarily to give anyone instructions on anything. My purpose has always been to bring the organizational question to a head and help humans overcome any hesitancy they might have in dividing themselves to address it. I came to establish once and for all a means for the nomadic kindred to escape the clutches of domesticated families.

I did this to prepare the way for one who's aim it is not my place nor within even my ability to describe. Suffice it to say that it is not possible for a man to fully dissolve his identity and become absorbed in kinship when he remains attached to his family, yet so long as he remains in this world there will always arise the compulsion to differentiate between those who are family and those who are not; to place a higher value on one life and a lower value on another; to open themselves to connection with a select few while closing themselves off from the rest. Hence, this tug-a-war between kinship and families is actually a spiritual one, and only the prophet to come can explain its true nature and bring human-kind to their highest stage of evolution, which is to escape this earth.

Hallelujah! He will come to say the trigger word of a spell that he cast on mankind long ago, and mankind will see all too clearly the things they've defined to be high are in actuality low. From this point forward, they will struggle to perceive this world as anything other than the hell it is.

Nay, it is not my place nor within my means to explain these things. But when the messiah does come, he will obliterate our worldly notion of family once and for all, he will restore the paternal father to those who will receive him and extricate them from the daddy issues which have so consumed this world.

And there are those who have not received him yet are expecting a messiah to come. Like nomads, they have remained meek in that they've refrained from marking any significant territory off as their own. Like nomads, they've managed to link their identity which unifies them to something other than territorial boundaries which can be obliterated in an instant. Even more so than the most vagrant nomads, they've spread themselves throughout the world and have aggravated mankind's attempt to 'civilize' this world. For millennia they've been persecuted and considered by many to be a parasite. Yet it is they who have prepared themselves to withstand the coming cataclysm more so than any other domiciled folk. They will cease the cataclysmic event as an opportunity to bring to the world what some of them have deemed 'the highest conceptualization of a nation' – one that is not delineated by territorial boundaries. In this fashion the meek shall inherit the earth.

[Rasmussen]:

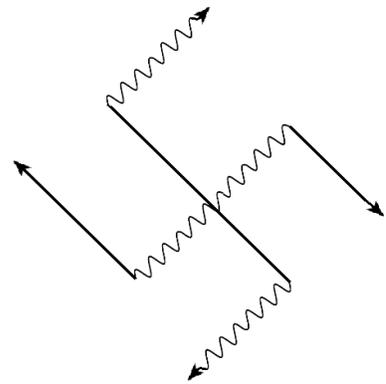
I won't dwell on the events which have transpired since Tina's rise to power, of which the public is by now fully aware of and proper accounting of is to be found elsewhere. Once a distinct and separate land for nomads for which a new name seems to be taking root – the Kindred – was established Tina informed me her task in this world was done and that she'd soon no longer be a part of me.

Until then Tina had kept me in a state of abstinence as ‘her’ mate in the other world was all too clear in our head. Strangely, soon before Tina departed I met someone who looked very much like this woman. Tina told me I’d have a child in my late age, a girl no less. Myself always dubious about the idea of children, for some reason from time to time, usually only when I am at my best and life feels like it ought to which admittedly be not all together often, I had seen some little girl in my head.

Tina drew for me a symbol and told me not to reveal its true nature to anyone, mainly because people were far from ready to accept it as it had left a horrible imprint on their minds. I was to instead hang it above my daughter’s crib and later to draw it on her walls. It would one day serve as inspiration for her to make some vital discovery which would alter the course of mankind. Tina explained to me it is something close to what physicists today conceive of as a Feynman diagram, but were I to show it to them directly it would make little sense and I’d be laughed at. Only when one takes proper account of some great metaphysical river does it even begin to make sense.

This symbol, when properly understood, would allow humans to manipulate the very fundamental forces of nature – gravity included. It’s true meaning however Tina explained to be non-other than this; kinship.

No other details of what came next were granted to me. Tina left without ceremony soon after this. Though I felt a deep pain at her loss, it did not come without something – someone(s) – to compensate. We called our daughter Lisa. Though I had not the foggiest idea what the squiggly lines and arrows meant, and I think I drew them the wrong way, Tina had assured me none of that mattered so long as I got the general form of it correct. For the first few months of my daughter’s life I found myself drawing the symbol every chance I could.



Tina also revealed to me the location of some scroll she wanted me to have. It took me the better part of a year and what funds remained of Tina’s political party for me to get it. After several costly escapades into various hills surrounding the ancient city of Klazomenai I found it. Apparently, the prophet Tina had been referring to was Jesus Afterall. The scroll was outlined with symbols like the one above.