

# STEEMIT DAZE

(dedicated to that unknown mystery  
douche: [@TheMarkyMark](#))

by

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a.k.a.

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## **Preface:**

I intend to keep this preface brief. In November 2017 I created an account on STEEMIT in the belief that STEEMIT was a place of non-censorship, non-bullying, and very little bullshit. In August of this year, I deleted my YOUTUBE account and moved all of my videos (several hundred of them) to Dtube in the belief that, as stated, it would be a reasonably non-douchee place for a person, like me, to post my own original video content. That's the key here – my content.

Almost immediately after I moved my YOUTUBE videos, @TheMarkyMark, @BadContent, and others ... a cadre of asshole bullies (who happened to have STEEMIT scores in the 70's, whereas mine, at that point, was merely 43), they began to troll, attack, accuse me of spam and plagiarism – which is funny, because it seemed that @BuildAWhale was posting this nonsense, repeatedly ... ya know ... like FUCKING SPAM!

Of course, my STEEMIT score is almost zero now, and I really don't give a shit. STEEMIT turned out to be bullshit, just as I suspect much of the crypto-world is bullshit. Who is Satoshi? - gee ... supposedly we killed Osama Bin Laden in 2011, but we can't find a geek ... really?

Satoshi is bullshit ... probably an NSA/Banker psy-op or testing project to verify a “one world currency” model.

STEEMIT is NOT as advertised ... like Bitcoin, I think STEEMIT is a psyop too or it's simply one of the worst attempts at creating an alternative social media.

So no, I will not be back on STEEMIT ... ever.

I could not delete my account, so I created a new password, changed my password, immediately forgot my fucking STEEMIT password. Broke the key off in the lock. Sure, my account will simply exist there, in STEEMIT land, until every article is gone ... and I mean gone.

I was able to salvage about 70,000 words of my work from STEEMIT – my guess? - another 10,000 words, at least, is gone or about a dozen articles or more. That's fine. The USA is now one giant memory hole besides ...

So, to @TheMarkyMark? - you are a diseased fuck.

To STEEMIT? - good riddance, I will not be recommending your site.

Please enjoy what I salvaged.

## **No reason to escalate, this is plain stupid ... goodbye STEEMIT [8/25/2018]**

In 2012 I went on social media for the first time - it was twitter, I was naive, I assumed I could speak my mind without being trolled or bullied or, rather, "irrationally attacked ...".

None of us is perfect - and I am NO exception to that rule. But my content is mine, and where someone wants to make a legitimate intellectual property claim? - BE A HUMAN BEING, and talk to me. I currently make no money off your shit - so, not sure what you want in royalties (do people still understand logic?).

Any who ... I went on twitter, in 2012, after my sister Nancy died of cancer. I won't horrify you with the details, they are crappy. What I will say is that going on twitter might have been one of the worst decisions of my life - a "friend" recommended social media as a way to "help" with the isolation after Nancy passed ... it didn't help. I can't claim it ruined my marriage - I ruined my marriage - but I would claim it was a soul-vampire-plague upon me. Added - I was banned, shadow-banned, and bust'd up the yin-yang by J. Dorsey's crew of misfits on MULTIPLE occasions ... that place is a digital ghetto.

Facebook? - I was on there for about a year. It also had a monstrous effect upon me, and the censorship and programming was just ... yuck. Yuckerberg.

I deleted FACEBOOK last Autumn, and recently I deleted my YOUTUBE channel (Eric "one right answer" Schmidt would be welcome on STEEMIT, me thinks) to go on D-TUBE. This experience has not been what I expected.

Do I bring value to STEEMIT? - apparently not. And if that's the case, I'm fine with being de-listed or limited for that reason. I can go buy some @STEEM if I want to "power up" and post. So no - I don't care if you, the "steemit community", have an issue with me because of capitalism or markets ... I LOVE THEM! ... I'm ok if you give that as a reason. Another reason I went on STEEMIT, other than assuming it was a more or less rational place (which it is not) was this: I was almost homeless, and very suicidal, this last Autumn and Winter BECAUSE of really stupid and (some mean things) I did last year. Maybe I overblow my part in that drama, but I can't over-emphasize my reaction to it. I went on STEETMIT because I thought it would be fair ... and a place for a freak, but a nice guy, like me ... read: freak ... you guys are NOT freak friendly ... not really ... you are "acceptable-pigeon-hole-marketing-thx-1138" freak friendly.

So please, by all means, tell me I have a poorly performing blog, and then just take away my ability to post or make my overall "number" negative ... that's all legit from my perspective. Casting accusations at people, on the block-chain? - that's messed up. But accusing me of plagiarism - an outright lie ... or SPAM (which could not be shown to be true prior to my @BadContent experience) ... another lie, before I was provoked ... and then yes, yes ... I copy-paste-spammed crap. Not really sorry at this point. SCAM? - who am I SCAMMING? ... perhaps myself.

After last year's horror stories, some involving the "crypto space", I've come to a solemn conclusion: the "crypto-decentralized-economy" is built on a lot of bad ideas, bad actors, and bad algorithms ...

Goodbye steemit, hello again stacking silver ... (and other things you need when the magical electric faeries don't deliver your miner juice)

(doomed)

(bye)

NOTE: if there are misspellings or grammatical errors or any other kind of written detritus you wish to attack? - feel free, I wrote this angry ... I expect a few errors.

## **QUARTRAINIUM 117: "Where did my cat go?" [8/24/2018]**

"WHERE DID MY CAT GO!", screamed a shut-in, in the night, as the hipsters of Broadway walk on towards the next bar, the next drink. Cats go missing, and the emerald city charlatans pretend "it's a cause" - sorry ... it's a symptom. Mayor Miraculous and the sub-continent-marxist will ensure that some new "cat tax" or "coffee-cat-tax" or "cigarette-and-soda-and-coffee-cat-tax" will be passed - and this will be helpful, somehow, in getting back this poor man or woman's feline ... where did it go? ... Ask yourself this, "is your cat food?" ...

Really, is your cat food????

The Orangutan King has moved his bishop to Whales, and his queen to Persia. Sabers rattle, soldiers tensely grip their war hammers, and the generals plan this coming epoch conflagration; no one is left in this to say "no". "Tehran is doing terrible shit!", shrieks the neocon whores from the underground dwellings where mole people live. No light, no air, no sense of direction, and an empire walks slowly into the abyss.



Cheryl is angling for your job ...

Cheryl pretends to be helpful, but she is going to report you for sexual harassment - which is funny, because you are a eunuch (by choice, cis-eunuch) and are a-sexual. So, all of this is a confusing mess - and the thing YOU need to know is NO ONE will take your side in this SJW battle. But worry not - Cheryl has a nasty STD, and this will work in your favor!

Magic numbers for today: { 92, 95, 98, 99 }

**Dear @BUILDAWHALE and @BADCONTENT and @TheMarkyMark ... (you suck ) [8/24/2018]**

Dear STEEMIT followers,

I am on STEEMIT NOT BECAUSE I BELIEVE IN SOCIALIST BULLSHIT ... I don't care if you like my content or not. It's possible you HATE what I post - that's what down voting is for. But accusing me of "scam", "spam", or "plagiarism" is unproven BULLSHIT!

While I am thankful to have an alternative to FACEBOOK or TWITTER, it is clear to me that this place (like most crypto projects right now) is a lopsided place ... where large perching "birds of baron crypto" weigh heavy on a decentralized scaffolding in one of the shanty-towns of this post-post-modern world ...

If you like what I post? - keep reading/watching ... I'm not going away. I might re-boot my blog, but that's another story.

With respect to @BuildAWhale and @BadContent and other bots and scumbag bots and scumbag bot owners? You are free to do your stupid, petty, childish shit ... and I am free to speak my mind, and call you assholes.

Yours,

Daniel John Sullivan (yes - it's me, so no "plagiarism" you fucks ...)

By the way, it takes about 1 minute for @BadContent to slime my posts ...

## **COINBASE is committing FRAUD! [8/23/2018]**

I decided to buy some STEEM today - and it turns out the best way to do this, according to one blogger, is to use COINBASE.COM ...

Here's what I will tell you ...

KYC or "Know Your Customer" is a GREAT EXCUSE to steal other people's identities. If I don't trust banks with all that info, then why the FUCK would I trust COINBASE? Really?

Any who ... I opened the account, I got anally fucked by their UI, they sucked identity theft info from me, and it simply didn't work ... couldn't use my debit card, and because their shit is broken? - I CAN'T ADD A CARD FOR 24 HOURS ...

PLEASE DO NOT USE COINBASE, EVER ...

THEY WILL CHARGE YOU FOR SIMPLY OPENING UP AN ACCOUNT, AND THEN THEY'LL SLAP YOU WITH A COUPLE OF BANKING TRANSACTIONS WHICH YOU "MUST REPORT" INTO THE MOST BUGGY AND POORLY DESIGNED USER INTERFACE I'VE SEEN IN YEARS ...

(coinbase sucks monkey balls ... I hope this isn't ambiguous ...)

## **"Make sure there's no safe place for homeless people to sleep ..." - Ancient Seattle Quote [8/22/2018]**

SDOT, WADOT, and all the fine governmental organizations of this liberal-leftist-quasi-socialist-broken-utopia called Washington State and our FINE city of SEATTLE ... they are placing rocks and concrete piercing pointers and all kinds of uncomfortable shit all over the place ... we just want the fine, good, decent, Seattle-trash to use our sidewalks and byways ... so ...

... please, don't sleep here ... we'll put a rock here.

We plead and vote ...

We scream and screech about minimum wages, as young people shoot up heroin - and we wonder why?

But, dear Sir ... don't sleep HERE ... WE PLACED A FUCKING BOULDER HERE!

Our nights are filled with bullshit, our days are cocaine dreams dripping with digital vomit and lost memories of self ...

Our middle-class welfare jobs at AMAZON or MICROSOFT or GOOGLE or some other such fecal cathedral ... well ... these jobs are SO IMPORTANT. We're important! In our 20 year old VOLVOs, and our 1,000 sq ft homes worth > \$1 million dollars ... yes ... add in some Value Village clothing, and our hipster elite has it all!

BUT ASSHOLE!

WE ARE DEGENERATE SCUM BAGS!

WE CALL OURSELVES "DEMOCRATS" AND "REPUBLICANS", BUT WHAT WE REALLY ARE? - WE'RE FUNCTIONAL SOCIOPATHS ...

And when the day comes that all of this "shit" stops working?

When the grocery store does not re-stock?

When the electricity does not magically arrive from the wall socket?

... yes ...

On that day GOD WILL SAY ...

"YOU! ASSHOLE! I'M TALKING TO YOU! I GAVE YOU FREE WILL AND YOU USED YOURS TO STEAL OTHER PEOPLE'S FREE WILL ... YOU BUILT A SOCIETY BASED ON A FALSE PREMISE - THAT MAN IS GOD ... BUT HERE'S THE THING ... I PUT THAT VOLCANO THERE FOR A REASON ... FUCKER ... YOU DON'T GET TO SOJOURN HERE NO MORE ..."

### **QUARTRINIUM 116: Young mothers canvas for food, water, shelter, in prosperous SEATTLE! [8/17/2018]**

Street wanderers move without effort, stepping between piles of refuse, blood and vomit stains, streets covered in all sorts of organic crap ... dried viscera, bird feces, wonderful. Before the year is out many will see the streets for what they are, once the glowing rectangles stop working. The Orangutan King pronounces that Jendiz of Khartoum is the NEW ENEMY - as the new Dutch city is immolated in honor of Moloch, and all the

owls of Berlin shiver. Persian ministers hurry to Vienna, but the orange sentinel cannot be dissuaded - and millions will scream in horror as Tehran becomes glass.

66 princes attend the Queens reunion, not one of them prepared for the feast! Her majesty presents emoluments to her weary servants, each one fatter than the next. The hounds lick their lips, and many wonder who will be tossed "to the wolves" next. The King smiles, as the queen writhes, and her world crumbles - but this is per usual, and God is smiling.

Your boss is obsessed with your feet. It's weird, but she really likes your feet and this is YOUR FAULT. You decided to wear open-toe'd sandals to work, that was a mistake ... now Theresa is really into your feet in the most inappropriate way possible. Something must be done, but WHAT? Well ... next week a new contractor starts ... "Phil" ... and Theresa will soon be into Phil's feet, so you're golden.

Lucky numbers for today: { 88, 245, 48, 8, 27, 7, 106, 23, 451 }

**"I can't leave Facebook or Twitter or YouTube ... all my crap is there ... !?!" [8/14/2018]**

Yes ...

You can leave ...

You should've left already ...

You don't have to go to STEEMIT, though I do like this venue ...

But leave ...

Your stuff?

Like crap in your apartment - box it up, replace it, move on ...

FREE YOUR MIND!

YOUR ASS WILL FOLLOW!

## **I have deleted my YOUTUBE channel ... [8/14/2018]**

I only had 10 subscribers (my channel before this had 60) there are not circumstances under which this is considered a tragedy ...

I am simply tired of all the GOOGLE bullshit, and so I'm doing what little I can ... I am still using their Google drive for some crap, but I think I will have a workaround for that soon as well ...

I have mixed feelings about Alex Jones - but my "feelings" about his ideas are also an aspect of free speech. Free speech isn't simply a matter of a person expressing ideas, but as important is the opportunity for others to discuss, disagree, and learn from each other (without getting into fist fights). So no, I'm not an Alex Jones fan any longer, but I simply can't abide him being shut down by a scummy organization like Google.

What does this mean?

This means some of my STEEMIT posts will have broken links to YouTube videos ... that's a little depressing, but not really.

If you go to my d-tube account, [iamsully.com](http://iamsully.com), you will likely find the video you are looking for - and going forward I will only be using d-tube for video posting (unless they become flaky and fascist as well).

**Fuck it ... TEOTWAWKI!**

**FUCK GOOGLE!**

**FUCK ERIC SCHMIDT!**

**An apology to my followers: I've been moving videos to D-Tube ...**  
**[8/12/2018]**

*Good Evening:*

I don't want to get into details now, I'm simply too burnt out. I'm thinking that YouTube will be deleting many channels soon, and I'm kind of sick of their douche, scummy, double-standard crap and bullshit. Google can suck my cock ...

Any who - thanks for your patience, you may have seen many posts of videos today that seem like duplicates of previous posts. D-Tube uses STEEMIT, so this had to be done. Perhaps it gave some of you a chance to see a video you haven't seen - and that's something ... (maybe)

Going forward? - I don't know if I'm deleting my YouTube channel yet ... that may come next. But I am going to post to D-Tube mainly, and only to YouTube if I think the material is banal enough to pass censorship.

Yours,

Daniel

(and thanks for following)

## **"Scratches" and "Patches" ... [8/2/2018]**

I don't think this will be a very long post, at least I hope it isn't.

I had this weird idea, just now - what if I decided to get a "cat" and become a "cat owner", assuming I could name the cat - what would I name it?

I don't know - but I like "Scratches" ...

Years ago, when I owned a sail boat, I wanted to call her "Patches" - the "other" did not approve, and so this did not happen.

But now that I'm a bachelor again, and morbidly lonely (they say it kills, loneliness), I'm thinking of getting a cat.

But, like I said - I'm calling it "Scratches" ...

I just love the idea of calling out "Scratches, stop that!" ...

Like saying "Scratches, stop scratching nephew/niece {fill in blank}" ...

This would be fun for me ... and ... I think ... other people as well.

Scratches it is.

## **The necessity of doubt ... [7/17/2018]**

"... At that time when Warren and Marshall announced their findings, it was a long-standing belief in medical teaching and practice that stress and lifestyle factors were the major causes of peptic ulcer disease."

That was it ...

Some crazy Australian doctors, determined to understand the real cause of ulcers, figured out that a bacterium *H. pylori* was the likely cause in most cases. It doesn't negate the general statement "stress is bad for your health", it does however identify the true source of this illness; knowing the mechanism of ulcers means better treatment, better outcomes for patients. Sure, it's not that the controversy ended - but that's the

point too ... an integral part of the scientific method, perhaps the most important component, isn't even part of the method itself - a willingness to doubt, to disbelieve, assume something is false and then prove that this is true, it's the gateway of exploring the natural world.

I'm writing on this subject, on this beautiful Pacific Northwest morning (and it's gonna be a scorcher today), in order to address the vilification of "doubters" ...

Doubters get a bad rap, but one wonders why? The only possible escape from a false or poorly constructed scientific model is a better one, and this is an ongoing process. Sure, some scientific discoveries are treated as "settled", but in science nothing should ever be settled. Science is, among other things, an unsettling process. Scientists seek to understand the world, but at the same time depend upon each other, and those that came before, in order to progress - the progress is good, as long as the turning-gear of that forward movement is solid, has no cracks ... but if a theory has cracks, then curiosity and science demands we ask questions. This idea that "any theory is better than no theory" is false - a bad theory can actually kill people.

Think of our friendly mirage ...

A mirage represents a visual phenomena that mimics something real, but is not real at all. The classic case is of the man dying of thirst in the desert, and then seeing, in the distance, a body of water ...

Before the modern age, mirages at sea could cause navigational errors - sending captains, crew and their ships to their deaths. Sure, there were captains who saw the mirage for what it was, but this is because they had a willingness to doubt what they saw, and just as important - to doubt the belief of their peers.

I know it's fun to beat up on people because they might hold beliefs you disagree with - but it's better to try to understand each other. Just because someone disagrees with a "commonly held truth" doesn't mean their bad or crazy (unless these are ethical norms - different subject). You don't think we went to the Moon? - fine, I'm ok with that. You don't believe in the threat of Global Warming? - cool, I'm down with that too. You think the Earth is flat? - I don't know if I believe this myself, but I know there are so many lies, piled on lies, when it comes to NASA, Antarctica, and "space" that ... well ... I have a hard time blaming people for ending up there, at the flat-earth model. Deception, among other things, impairs the progress of reason.



This is a kind of dialectic: those who defend the current paradigm, whatever it might be, against those who simply doubt its veracity. A tug-o-war. Yesterday's rebels are today's defenders of the faith - and radicalism, in science and culture generally, often gets co-opted by systems of power and control ...

Me? - at this point I believe I have been lied to my whole life about the nature of the world. This includes all my schooling, all the books, all the articles, all the lectures, everything ... this does not mean I know what the "truth" is about the nature of the world, but rather I've been driven to the point of perpetual-doubt. I can still suspend disbelief if I have substantial verifiable proof, but this kind of intersection between anecdotal experience and "scientific truth" isn't always guaranteed. So, I doubt a lot ...

I don't have cable TV - in part because I got sick of the lies ... on all sides ... "conservative" or "liberal", it was constant parade of manipulation and deception - still going on today, I only know when I stay at hotels ... (cable TV in the rooms)

There are very few sources of "news" I trust at this point - and that list is getting shorter every month ...

But, as annoying as my constant doubting might be it is essentially part of who I am at this point, and I don't think that's bad. I took too much for granted when I was younger, I didn't question enough. Don't get me wrong, I asked lots of questions, it just happened to be they were the wrong questions.

So doubt-away, question, don't just believe something because someone say's "it's true" - to the best of your ability, find out if it's really true.

### **If I become rich ... [7/13/2018]**

If I become rich, I'm going to hire 10 midgets to follow me around ... with under-sized, but semi-functional, violins ... trained to play only tinny, satirical and cheap little ditties ... on demand ... when I exclaim, "this is how I feel about YOUR problem", the midgets pop out and begin playing ...

If I become rich, I will work with scientists to become 40 feet tall, and to weigh 4 or 5 tons ... all muscle ... including the extremely undersized and now non-functional heart. My heart would be replaced with a diesel powered back-pack blood pumping and cleaning and feeding system ... food would no longer work for me ... my penis simply fell off ... but now I'm 40 feet tall and weigh about 5 tons ... it would start as simple

juicing ... steroids ... human growth hormone ... elephant semen ... crocodile feces ... blix'ing ... I would use all of these to become super strong ... when, and if, I become rich. (and then I'll do lots of meth)

If I become rich, I will build a submersible high-speed super-ship for piracy and other shit ... I would sail across the Puget Sound, looking for douches and other scum to rip off ... my crew would be hearty and strong ... all woman crew ... a lesbian cohort for storming the ships and murdering the men ... boy ... if only I could become rich.

If I become rich, well, I will live on the top of a mountain ... cable gondolas bringing me food and women each day ... and weed and fresh water ... and clothes ... all to the top of the mountain.

Of course, I could keep going ...

But I'd like to know what you'd do if YOU became rich?

## **Retirement: Abducted and probed ... [7/13/2018]**

As I near the age of 50, and accept that mostly, probably, I won't live to see 80 ... well, as I approach this moment I look back upon my life and especially at all the stupid time wasted pondering, planning, expecting, "retirement".

If you are currently retired, and happy, and over the age of 68, then wonderful - keep being happy. You are like those first clients of Bernie Madoff and no one holds this against you. I don't. Sure, my dad died when he was 68, never retired, basically worked himself to death and then died broke. He fought in WW2, and paid into Social Security, and that added a couple hundred bucks a month to my mom's retirement income - until her death many years later.

If you are nearing retirement, and expect to ride off into the sunset on your 401K? - well, I think you will be disappointed.

But here's the thing ...

The "good genetics and self-care" might work for a very small fraction of the US population, but for most of you the last few decades of your life will be an undignified and accelerated schedule of visitations where you'll be probed, prodded, administered pills and injections, cut into, scanned, and then dumped back into the world or, rather, your assisted living facility.

I don't care to live as someone that is more lab specimen than human - so, let death be catastrophic. Let it happen quickly, and let it be as painless as possible. If I get cancer? - no, I probably won't be getting chemo. But, given that I never intend to see a doctor again, not unless I'm unconscious (hence my desire to get a DNR tattoo on my chest), I wouldn't know if I were dying of cancer right now any ways ... could have cancer ... right now ... don't care, don't need to know. You look at the informational ads, the billboards, etc? - we could all have cancer and we need to HURRY to get our MRI or CT or PET to find out. Of all the healthcare business scams, medical imaging is one of the worst - every trend in hard-tech has been deflationary ... but those imaging machines (they're magical).

If you do intend to live to be 100, then accept that entropy will wreck your body and perhaps your mind. You will be manhandled and abused ... unless you have someone to take care of you, that will also respect you ... and that's hard without robots.

If you made the right choices, raised a family as humans are supposed to, you were kind, caring, wise, just ... raised'm right? - then maybe there will be someone there to help you - to at least provide a warm, dry, place to die, and a decent place for your ashes to be scattered.

But for those of us that didn't have kids, a family, the divorced, the broken, the alone? - their best case scenario is to die in their sleep in some flop house, but likely someplace worse. This does not bother me - this is the reality we have been given, and it's about time most of us got wise to it!

By the way: I find ZERO appealing about hospitals and assisted living facilities or dying in one of those nasty places ...

The good news? - I have no retirement money, and I think social security is a mega-scam (kind of on the scale of John Law and French money printing using the French Louisiana colonial lands as collateral), so there is no risk of me ending up in one of those places. I think the USA is bankrupt, perhaps the entire world, and the last ten years of "boom-boom" growth have been less than spectacular (and that's putting it nicely). So, whatever comes next, economically? - it's either going to be "unicorn awesome" or

"hellish hell-scape suck'y", the temporary super-stability of this local maxima of human civilization is degrading, losing its stickiness. Whatever the specific causes of this disintegration of stability, the stability is going away - either State 1: super-robot-no-work'y OR State 2: most-of-the-people-you-know-will-not-be-alive-in-ten-years ... one of these "states" is coming, it will be sticky, and we'll cycle on it for a time, but the likelihood of "more of the same"? - I think this is low.

So please, by all means, plan ... plan away ... I love plans, and so does God.

But be wise, especially if you're alone - this may seem counter-intuitive, but for you, if you are lonely like me, isolated, then the strategy to follow is to LIVE LIFE and embrace it. Stop throwing money at bullshit ... stop feeding into a system of fear ... stop taking ALL 20 of those drugs ... start taking RSO or CBD oils ... you can make different choices, and at least have some happiness now ... or, you can believe in hope'y bullshit, and be swindled out of money ... and worse ... TIME.

At this point? - there is no upside to "saving for retirement", at least for me. I guess if I had faith in the system, if I believed I wasn't being lied to 24/7 by those good and kind managers of society? ... maybe I would care. I simply don't care. Our economic system is really just a networked system of scams and corporate welfare schemes and other kinds of socialist crap. No upside for me, I simply hope there's enough cash to pay to have my body burned - but hey, the compost dumpster works too ...

There is no retirement for me ...

And probably, likely, only anal probes for you ... best case.

## **QUARTRAINIUM 115: Hounds of Hell Spell a Death-Knell at the Bell! [7/5/2018]**

Whiskey Wendy wanders the wilderness with whales wanting awards for wondrous and wet wood whistling. Wacky and wounded, the whispers of wreckage near the winding ways of wanderlust waxes whimsical.

Morgan Mansley married a minx making more money mending machines than moving moose.

Corry Careless canceled quarterly conferences keeping copper casting crucial and courting calumny.

Ned Zed led Ted and Red and said the bed was lead ... and Jed was dead.

## **Little Saigon Diary, Chapter 1: "Mr. Jumbles is missing!" [7/4/2018]**

July 2nd, 2018 - detective notes:

My name is Walter Morgan - most of my friends call me "Wally". This is the first entry of my diary, so I thought it might be good to introduce myself - beyond the basics, 48 years old, overweight, episodic physical fitness, beer, whiskey, other things a man of my age ought not to do - or what my physician says when I go to get a physical ... so I don't get physicals any longer. At this point? - whatever kills me, kills me.

This diary? - this is just some silly exercise, practice, a friend of mine recommended - he thought it would help to get the ideas, the demons, out of my head; demons, however, are best kept buried ...

I've been a private detective, in the Seattle area, for 15 years, in between bouts of drinking, whoring, failing, homelessness, and every other calamity that besets a man disconnected from the world.

And now I'm here, in this Vietnamese bar/restaurant ... looking for a goddamn cat ... a male calico cat.

"You can't do that here ...", Kerry Russel muttered, then he pressed the glass of cool, crisp, IPA beer to his lips.

"What do you mean?", I didn't know what to say.

"... that ...", Kerry motioned to my electronic cigarette, and he was right. In a non-smoking world, the vape pens are also forbidden, but it's harder to catch, to find, to isolate.

I'd been working this case for weeks, a strange woman from Portland, Oregon, looking for her cat - "Jumbles". Jumbles had gone missing 5 months earlier, during the height of winter. Of course, Jumbles was probably eaten by a coyote, or a homeless person, maybe hit by a car or taken by some female golden eagle to feed her young. Cats go missing, that's one of the things cats are best at ...

"Dude ... I'm trying to be stealthy about it ... but I'll stop if that makes you feel better."

"Well ... Madame Lo would really appreciate it ..."

Madame Lo owned "Lo's Pho" - one of the least reported above average Vietnamese restaurants in Little Saigon, buried behind some dirty streets, a few dumpsters, some homeless people, not far from my apartment. Madame Lo or "Minnie" as she liked to be called by her regulars was 87 years old, her frenetic pace, her quick wit, hid her age - she was a "boat person" and had fled Vietnam in 1975. If she were 40 years younger? - heck, I'd try to pick her up, if she were available. But the place? Her place? - always had a queer smell, something I suppose you get used to, but not something I'd ever want to identify.

"Did you get it?", I was getting frustrated with Kerry. Kerry was a fifty-something unemployed taxi driver that lived off of disability and some other scams. Sure, he probably needs the help, but it's not much of a life - just waiting for a check each month. I met him when he was still a taxi driver, and I was still a cop - he was my C.I. or confidential informant. I can't tell you how many busts on my record were really the result of Kerry's info. But Kerry, he's not what he used to be - some people age faster than others, sometimes the "aging" happens in bursts, almost like puberty (but in reverse). Kerry just sat there, slurped his phở, wiped his mouth, and moved an envelope on the counter my direction.

"... okay ... I spoke to my friend at Pike Place, and he says ... well ... he was telling me that Charlie 'Spots' is running the docks at TA-18 ... and he's no longer following the 'plan' or taking orders ... kind of a rogue ... like he's a 'boss' now ... his own crew and shit ... hey, my friend also gave me that ...", Kerry pointed at the envelope with one of his poorly controlled chopsticks. "You might not know this ... but the docks are getting more dangerous ... the cargo that comes through the Port of Seattle has never been sketchier ... that is a fake export license, destination China."

The woman from Portland paid me \$3,000.00 to find her cat. I told her, I pleaded with her, to save her money - up to a point. I try to be moral, when I can - but if someone keeps shoving three grand in my face, I take it. Sure, there was no chance in hell I would find Jumbles, but at least there was something strange about this woman giving me the money. She was young, younger than me - perhaps 30. She was well dressed, professional, and we met at one of the nicer cafes downtown for our first consultation. She was, is, beautiful - red hair, ivory skin with blotches of red, here and there ... I always loved freckles. She gave me her name, Vera Townsend, but it seemed fake - the way she said her name had that tinge of the gift.

"I thought that shit was all digital now, RFID and shit?", I held the document in my hands, and it looked legitimate. The license was really a rectangular card, plastic covered, with watermarks and a bar scan. I had seen a lot of fake documents in my life, but if this were a fake I would be surprised - but I'm no expert.

"... the switch over to digital is years behind, and the dock worker's union is one of the reasons for this ... besides, there isn't the money for upgrades."

I sat there with Kerry for a few moments as he continued to eat, and I nursed my whiskey, and then spoke, "... is that it?"

"Yes ... nothing else ... I really don't have the connections I used to ... the streets are changing fast ... getting messier ... it's hard to know who or what is in charge any longer."

"The cops right?", I said this with my crooked smile - revealing the simple sarcasm of it.

"Yes ... the 'cops' are in charge ... which means no one is in charge."

I wanted to meet with Kerry because of his contacts at the port, and because I'd heard that the old "smuggling cats" story was alive and well on the waterfront. Back in the late 1990's there was a controversy about "lifelike stuffed animal cats" that were actually ... well ... made of cat, made in China. This story was quashed in the press, but it remained as "urban legend" and connected itself, as an underground "cat meme", to the world of cat owners ... at least the paranoid ones ... which is most of them. A few days after taking the money for this case, I got a tip that somebody might be stealing cats off the streets and selling them down on the docks - as f'd up and absurd as this all sounds, it was the closest thing to a "lead" in this case I had. At least there was some path to follow, even if crooked and implausible.

I paid Madame Lo for my whiskey, and paid for Kerry's bill as well. I handed Kerry twenty bucks for the information and he smiled, crumpled the dirty note up, and crammed it in his pocket.

"I'll see you Wally ...", Kerry said just before I left.

"Yeah ... I'll try to grab lunch with you in a few weeks ..."

The door creaked as it swung close behind me. The horrid smell of something dead and decaying nearby filled the air. The streets, covered in garbage and other unidentifiable substances, were "changing" as Kerry said. He was right, except they've been "changing" forever. The streets were always an extension of the city, and the city has always been hard, nasty, unforgiving. Sure, there are nice neighborhoods and bad - but "nice" and "bad" don't mean much in Seattle these days, not when the latest "housing developments" are opening up under the overpass.

I decided to go for a walk ... to ponder my next move.

I told "Vera" that the three grand would cover 100 hours of investigation time, and this was an estimate. I hadn't had a case in months, and my last case was only slightly less demeaning. It was a case involving "adultery", though in 2018 I had no idea what that really meant. Some fat, middle aged, software engineer was afraid his 22 year old Korean wife was cheating on him - and, she was. I told him about it, he wrote out my final check, tears streaming down his pudgy cheeks, and he just tossed it at me. I don't know what happened to him, I don't know if I have the space in my soul to care.

The missing cat was intriguing, for indirect reasons ...

I know "cat people", and yes, they love their cats - but they're mostly like me, and barely have the money for next month's rent, let alone the cash to hunt for their lost feline. It was weird, and the "weirdness" is what made this superficially lame, silly, case ... interesting. The case was interesting because it was anomalous, it didn't fit. I don't know if I was a good cop or a bad cop, given the way I look at the world today ... I would say, "bad cop". I don't believe in cops any longer, I don't believe in much the government has to offer. I was fired from the Seattle Police Department for trying to stop a man from killing his lover - his lover was also a man, and long story short ... well ... I was charged with a "hate crime". The man attacking his lover was holding a gun, a gun that was never recovered. I knew it was there, and later, a few years after I was kicked off the force, a friend of mine told me that it was "possible" a gay-rights activist, in the department, took the gun ... hid the gun ... to stir up controversy ... I was simply the unlucky gent to have his career destroyed in the process.

No, I don't miss being a cop - but I used to think I was a good one. Before I was kicked out I had attained the position of investigator, major crimes. Crimes involving high value loss - ranging from cars, to yachts, to money, not so much banks. Sure, one can imagine "bank robberies" as core to the narrative of city life - but the 21st Century has made this kind of crime fairly ridiculous. It's easier to rent some store front, set up a fake MRI facility, and fake medicare claims, than it is to make any real money robbing a bank.



My thing? - the "weird".

"Weird" is what set me off, got me curious ...

Sure, other investigators had names for what they believed was the same thing - "something is out of place." But something, everything, is always out of place and in a chaotic world expecting "normality" is an error of judgment.

"Weird" isn't a "dirty home" or "the smell of solvents". "Weird" isn't poverty or homelessness - these things are dreadfully normal to those who walk the streets.

"Weird" or weird is really just that general intuition that something is "too symmetric", too perfect.

The case of "Mr. Jumbles" is weird because it is a case at all - nobody in the bottom 90% would do this. Sure, their kids might go to the print shop and print up 100 flyers to staple on telephone poles, but if they're paying for health insurance? - no, anything above \$5 for flyers is deeply suspect.

"Vera" seemed "rich", but I learned a long time ago that "seeming" anything was just a good disguise, a good story, and the confidence to sell it. She might have been a nobody - she could be a proxy or courier and have zero connection to the person or persons seeking Jumbles. Whatever she might be, I was certain of this: she didn't really give a crap whether Jumbles was alive or dead, but she definitely wanted to know what happened ...

As I walked, I periodically stopped to tug on my e-cig and look at the document Kerry gave me ...

I was not an expert on forgery, I had a "guy", when I was still a cop, that I would go to - like Kerry, he wasn't exactly "legit", but he did know a forgery. I hadn't seen him in a long while, Mitch Grunk, and I sure didn't know if he was still alive; I did know Mitch's old haunts, hangouts, and I could start there ...

The afternoon was growing late, and I needed to stop at the liquor store and buy my dinner ...

I had a "next move", and given my general lack of initiative or work ethic, I considered that something ...

I would wake up tomorrow ... or the next day ... from a drunken stupor and look for this silly little cat, and perhaps something more ...

On my way back from the liquor store, my friends "Chit and Chat" were sitting on the sidewalk near the entrance ...

"Chit" and "Chat" were homeless men, in their 40's or 50's, and they seemed to carry on the same conversation, every day, when they weren't passed out ...

Chit: "Fuck me?!? FUCK YOU!"

Chat: "Fuck you ... fuck you for stealing my last cold 45 ..." (he meant Colt-45 malt liquor)

Chit: "Fuck you ... you DRUNK ... YOU STINKING DRUNK ... you drank it ... and then you drank mine ..."

Chat: "You're a fucking liar! Fuck YOU!"

Chit: "FUCK ME?!?"

This summer evening, the two were more sedate - almost repeating this as a monastic chant, but with much less anger and vigor than usual.

Chit: "Hey ... Wally? You got any money?"

I have been, most of my life, a soft touch; I took ten bucks out of my pocket and gave it to him.

Chit: "Thanks buddy ..."

"Chit" and "Chat" are better than a triple shot of espresso, they are, in fact, a compass for me. Every time I accidentally slip into the make believe universe that is "Seattle, the AMAZING!", "Chit and Chat" pull me back on course towards reality. Whatever they might be, they are reminders, post-it notes, exclaiming: "dude: this is what normal looks like".

I open the door to my tiny micro-studio, relax on the big leather chair, log on to my computer, and crack open the whiskey, and I forget about "weird missing cat cases" and "homeless men as existential reminders".

... for now I will ponder the meaning of cheap distilled spirits.

## **Rocket Ship Earth: a new flat earth theory? [6/28/2018]**

I don't really know if this is an original flat earth theory, but WHAT IF the earth is really a giant multi-generation nuclear fusion powered rocket ship?

It would explain our movement through space ... It would give us gravity, because, hey, the rocket-ship is constantly accelerating at 1 G or that ten meters per second squared crap ... whatever ...

There are many strange flat earth theories, one of which posits that the mountains are the dead carcasses of ancient giant trees and other hullabaloo ...

Of course - for my theory to work, assuming I am the originator (and I doubt I came up with this) - you would need to avoid EVER reaching anything close to the speed of light - I've got an answer to that.

Space ship EARTH is locked in the outer orbit of an ancient super-mega-black-hole called "Thrombus" ...

Because SPACE SHIP EARTH is locked into the pull of this black hole, we can constantly be accelerating at 1 G, but our velocity is unchanged - we are essentially moving with the black hole through space, locked in its gravitational pull, forever accelerating at 1 G.

The governments have known about SPACE SHIP EARTH since the late 1950's, when they were hurtling atom bombs into near outer space and ended up knocking crap off the ceiling of the giant super-electric-photo-plasmic dome thingy ...

The moon? - total faker'y, using a giant Styrofoam fake moon being suspended by a super strong nano-carbon-titanium string thingy ...

The stars? - kind of real ... the dome is the bow of SPACE SHIP EARTH, and the protective dome itself allows for light to permeate ... that natural light, plus more faker'y, and you have the night sky ...

The sun? - a reflective disk that redirects photons released from SPACE SHIP EARTH's fusion reaction core ...

Antarctica? - the ring of ice that forms because ... crap ... global scale air-conditioning dude ... you get condensation ...

Here is the TRUE story of SPACE SHIP EARTH, which is also a flat disk ... 5,000 years ago, there was a terrible catastrophe. An experiment in free energy caused spontaneous space-time-matter coalescence and the creation of a baby black hole ... but the baby grew up. As the years passed, this ancient civilization lost control of the black hole, and it threatened to swallow planet Throu'boz and the entire Trambazian civilization. So they hatched a plan to construct the largest spaceship ever built - and then they named it Erdaz, which degraded in the multiple dialects, over time, into what we now call "Earth".

The ship's engines are powerful, but they overheat periodically - and this causes what we call "geological activity" ... earthquakes? Volcanoes? Calderas that destroy most of civilization? ... yeah, this is because the crappy ancient engine goes haywire every once in a while ...

But even as powerful as the Earth's engines are, they are not powerful enough to escape the pull of the super-mega-black-hole ... the one they created ... because they were lazy ass dudes and wanted free energy.

And the captain? ...

The captain is named Captain Hank, and he's been periodically in and out of extended hyper-sleep for 5,000 years ... or, 433 trin as the Trambozians would say ...

He looks like Captain Avatar from STARBLAZERS, dresses like him too ...

He has two space sailors named Frank and Beanz that report to him ... they are dressed in tight-fitting space uniforms.

And there he is, on the command deck of Space-Ship Earth, positioned not far from Frank and Beanz, keeping his space junk together - and holding onto his massive space throttle ... he's been there for eons man ...

Sure ...

This is a crazy-ass flat earth theory ...

But, this is also a kick-ass flat earth theory ...

(you're welcome)

(also - this is why you always feel like you're going nowhere, really fast ...)

## **QUARTRAINIUM 114: Greasy stains, garbage, pigeons and smog! [6/22/2018]**

Make no long term plans. A great unraveling approaches, as rocks, sand, mud, and energy combine - the lahar will travel quickly, Kent, Burien, Renton will all be hit first. A warning of wind and rain will precede, a day of sun - but without any sign of birds. Then a morning when all the dogs start barking AT ONCE! (very loudly) Don't go to Yellowstone either buddy ... things are about to get messy. Angry Seattle slaves will mutter to themselves, about Trump, about Global Warming, about homeless people they don't like, as they are stuck on the 520 bridge and soon to be boiled alive by their own hubris.

Your boss, "Missy", is out to get you. She pretends to be your friend, you guys enjoy "girl talk" and other crap - but she's fooling you Regina ... she ain't your friend. Do not go into work on Monday, "Missy" has prepared a trap - be sure to call in sick, take PTO, whatever ... and I'd probably wear one of those anti-stab vests too ... "Missy" loves her shivs.

KELMER will soon be dead, and then after the EUROZONE project.

Lucky numbers for today: { 24, 82, 91, 2004, 2818, 55, 48 }

## **I was in a coma ... [6/21/2018]**

Over the last few years, mainly since my divorce in 2014, I've gone on some strange journeys ...

Some of the journeys were foolish to begin with - because I must have known, on some level, the futility ...

Other journeys were more bizarre, pointless, and personally near-catastrophic ...

Sure - there were a few months in 2015 which weren't so bad, but other than that ... what can I say?

So - I was thinking last night about how to explain this, and other crap, all of which is embarrassing ... and there's no easy way to explain it, or talk about it ... but ... what if there's a way I don't have to talk about it?

My 30 year high school reunion is approaching - I'm not sure if I'm going or not. But if I do go, I don't want to talk about "what I've been up to lately" ... so the best idea I have right now is "coma".

"I've been in a coma since August 2014 ... maybe 2013 ... I don't really remember ... ya know - coma ..."

Yes - it's wrong.

No - I probably won't do it.

But hey ... maybe ...

I was in a coma ...

(it was just a long nightmare ... with credit card debt)

## **Hang gliding into the future ... (The Great Discontinuity) [6/21/2018]**

### ***1. The great discontinuity ...***

I don't believe in Ray Kurzweil's vision of the future - the Singularity. I'm not saying he's wrong, I just don't see it as likely. Yes - nano tech is progressing. Yes - 3D printers are awesome. But, sadly, NO ... even with all that, I can't really buy Ray's vision ...

I'm sure for many schooled in the infinite progress model of human history, the future seems like some Lucas Films quantum-slip-and-slide where EVERYONE is happy and there are no problems ... like this song here ...

Sure, the future might be amazing ...

We might come up with cheap, synthetic, temperature tolerant super-conduction ... that would be awesome.

We might have quantum-entanglement phones that allow us to talk to anyone, anywhere, even on the other side of the world - and without the need for cell phone towers or ANY intermediary.

We might develop fusion energy or something even sparkly'er than that ... maybe that crappy zero point energy ... and wow, that would be great too ...

We might come up with anti-gravity, or, better yet, the NAZI secrets of the "Bell Project" will be revealed and we'll all be able to build our own home-brew spaceships ... like that strange advertisement for the hovercraft, in the back of Boy's Life magazine, when I was a kid ...

But ...

And there's always a hairy butt ...

I don't think any of that cool shit is going to happen ...

I also don't fear the robot apocalypse, for the same sensible, Laws of Thermodynamics based, reasoning ...

But I really don't know.

That's the thing about what we're facing - it is, at its core, a massive paradigm shift and a hugely discontinuous shift in the future. Could be really good, could be really bad, but the "smooth sailing" crap? - that crap is probably ending soon ...

As you know, a discontinuous function is one defined by two or more functions over separated, non-overlapping, domains ... and sadly, in this case, we may think we know the first functor -  $f(x)$  ... we do not know the functor to come,  $g(x)$  ...

$G(x)$  -> could be AMAZING ... could be "The Jetsons" future ... could be.

$G(x)$  -> might also be a nightmare ...

And that's the thing about discontinuity - NOTHING in  $f(x)$  can predict  $g(x)$  ... you can make guesses, you can claim that there is a point at which the two worlds connect ... the future and the past ... but at these junctures of history, like the one before us, this point is really an infinite chasm ... an event horizon ... there's no way to know what's ahead, but perhaps an analogy would help ...

## **2. Hang glider analogy**

Imagine you're a hang gliding enthusiast, and you find yourself in a hypothetical world ... a strange world ... kind of like a Far Cry game map (some understand) ...

In this world in which you enjoy hang gliding, you have a favorite spot - "The Cliff of 1,000 Islands" ...

"The Cliff of 1,000 Islands" is popular with many hang gliding people, like you, because of its challenge. There is this cliff, 2,000 feet high, that stands before a great sea ... in this great sea are 1,000 tiny islands, all of which you can land on, safely, with your glider. Some islands are very close, easy to reach; some are quite far away and you would need the perfect set of thermals to get there (thermals are naturally occurring columns of air that a glider can use to gain altitude and thereby travel further) ...

Now let's modify this analogy, this "thought experiment", a bit ... (gedanken man)

Imagine the islands far away had beer and pizza and beautiful men and women (whatever your sexual proclivities) ... that would rock, but you'll need 500 perfectly executed thermal ascents to get there ... to the cool islands.

Imagine again, that the Islands nearby, the ones "easy to reach", were surrounded with sharks, easy to get to BUT terribly rocky and dangerous to land on, had very little food or potable water, and also had lots of tigers on them that carry some terrible diseases ... harsh, slimy, plague-ridden, crappy islands ... you'd have to eat roaches to survive on them ... these islands are easy to reach and require a lot less hang gliding skill.

If you want me to describe the future of the human race, that's it ...

We have a hang glider, called "modernity" ... and she might get us to one of those cool, sexy, nice, peaceful, prosperous, wonderful, islands ...

Or, we might just crash the thing in the sea and get eaten by sharks.



### ***3. Wishful thinking***

I don't give prepping advice - I don't care if you own gold or silver or have 300 guns and 50,000 rounds of ammo ...

I think it makes sense to prepare for situations that might unfold, but it's important to remember this: the nature of this "Great Discontinuity" makes predictions kind of ridiculous ...

When discontinuity occurs in nature, the forces of chaos, of the cusp, of the strange-attractor at play. There are so many tiny things that can have huge impacts during these periods - and when I say "tiny", I simply mean not historically significant by themselves. But when systems become unstable prior to a historical discontinuity, even the insignificant can take on new meaning and have impact out of proportion.

That's the wishful thinking you get from me - that there's a chance, a slim one, that we end up with some magical, wonderful, amazingly cool future ...

But I'm not betting on it, and I simply don't care or have the means to judge ...

G(x) is a mystery to me ...

### **They have a generator ... [6/21/2018]**

The community of homeless living under the I-90 overpass, the one near Rainier Avenue, is growing ... and now one of the clusters has a portable generator ... (cool)

I'm not reporting this because this makes me angry - it doesn't. I'm not describing this so that some Seattle Department of Transportation douche will set up metal spikes or more barriers or send in some dogs to clear them out ...

I'm reporting this because I think it is of interest, and I must say the presence of that portable generator made me think. Sure, there are homeless at every scale - the lonely homeless wanderers, the families in vehicles and mobile homes, and those with camping equipment who treat this as a kind of endless camping trip.

The thing about the camp being built under the I-90 bridge is this sense of determination and even, dare I say, planning. The dude who built a home out of the bridge? Using nothing but plywood and some carpentry skills? - I would rather be living where I am

now living (despite the weird lease agreement), but there was a time, this last winter, when I imagined myself, in the streets, and not really knowing how I was going to make it. If I were in the streets, I wouldn't mind the troll-condo ... and the bridge, well ... it's a bridge.

I avoided the streets, I engaged enough of my will to find a code-monkey contracting job AND to keep it. Sure, I'm currently laboring so that a software company I despise gets paid, but news flash: if you work as a software engineer, in the Seattle area, there is a high likelihood you will be working for someone evil (sorry).

Back to the generator ...

The "generator" is meaningful because of its connections to two sides of a weird tension: a) the new crazy AND b) the old normal ...

The new crazy is the world people are thrown into because of joblessness, because of debt problems, because of addiction or madness - because of massive pain and poverty that very few woolly-headed liberals will accept or admit, even with Trump in office (at least not yet).

The current propaganda model is simple: Obama was awesome, if you didn't prosper under Obama? - then you're some kind of deplorable loser.

The old normal - well that's the world I'm barely clinging to ... but currently, I am clinging.

It's that other world, that still kinda exists in America ... in clumps. Call it "middle class" if you wish, but it's a distorted version of the middle class ... of 20 year old VOLVOs, Value Village, and 1500 square foot homes worth 800K dollars.

Clumps of this "prosperity" exist in places like Ballard or Maple Leaf or other semi-affluent and affluent neighborhoods of Seattle ...

The old normal is no longer a given, not even for the currently wealthy ...

When I was a kid we called it, this other make-believe place, the "American Dream" ... but I don't think even the dumbest millennials believe that shit any longer.

Like what George Carlin said concerning the elite ...

There are still members of the "normal club", and nothing gets club members angrier than saying "well, maybe not everyone prospered under Obama ...". The retort, in Seattle, is "they should have been flipping houses" ... "why don't they buy rental properties" ... "it's not my fault they didn't get in when the housing market was at bottom" ... "why don't they learn to program computers or drive UBER?" ... it goes on and on and on like this with them. But when the collapse comes, and the portable generators are seen under every overpass? - these rationalizations won't help anyone ... they really won't.

Want to solve the problem of homelessness? - it's not complicated ...

**GET RID OF THE GOVERNMENT!**

Want more homelessness? - vote for more government ...

However, to be blunt, there is a tipping point when the number of homeless is so large, that it's not really a "homeless crisis" - it morphed into societal collapse.

### **QUARTRAINIUM 113: A fog of meth clouds your vision ... [6/20/2018]**

The kettle is boiling, but the lid stays shut - as monsters of our collective ID await their exodus ... but now they must prepare for the time of wandering ... of arms to grab, eyes to covet, hearts filled with dread and disgust, and shivs to be made of broken bottles and pieces of discarded rebar.

7 channels are now open between the eastern and western kingdoms, gentle harbingers bring gifts to the Orangutan King - but the orange trickster is always locked in ... to TWITTER.

Your girlfriend is lying to you. She says she is "seeing friends", but we know that is code language for "getting it on" with some new guy - and this guy, he's your old pal Craig. Craig and your girlfriend have been sneaking around, and you need to make some decisions ... nail gun OR bag of door knobs ... one strategy will kill Craig, the other course of action will merely fuck him up. The angels caution you to take the 3rd path - the path of peace, understanding, and just leave man ... you're being a cuckold ... but steal some of her shit before you leave ... that'll teach her. Steal her iPhone.

KELMER is nearing the end of her reign - what follows is only known to the Devil. Dark clouds of filth fill the skies of BERLIN, as the red-demon of Nuremberg revisits ancient grievances ... Germanic hordes are slowly awakening, again.

Lucky numbers for today: { 55.1, 66, 69, 217, 554, 9/11 }

### **Little Saigon Update: Meth at the bus stop ... [6/20/2018]**

While waiting for my KC Metro 106 or bus number 7, I was confronted with that which is now very normal ...

In the bus stop shelter, a homeless man, with hand-held butane lighter (the kind you use to start a charcoal BBQ) was getting lit off-his-ass from meth rocks ... maybe they were crack rocks ... definitely not weed (I know that smell).

Some kind of drug, in crystalline form, that requires some metal foil and a blow torch ...

Nearby, not far from the meth-head, was his dealer ... arguably, many people's dealers. A guy, setting up shop, not far from the Vietnamese spice store ... that kind of makes sense.

Sure ... there's more to Little Saigon than homeless people, addicts, feces and blood and other stains that cover the streets in a persistent film of urban polder ... there's more ... there are FINE Vietnamese restaurants ... Pho-get-about-it ...

And this is Wednesday ...

And knowing I have only a few more days of code-monkey-slave-time until I can pull the "rip-cord" called Friday?

That means freedom ain't that far away - in 48 hour increments ...

(and I get paid this Friday)

(so I can buy some new shoes and visit Uncle Ike's)

(so it's all good)

**Is Elon Musk the "deep state" choice for scapegoat this time around?  
(like Madoff-08 or Enron-01 or LTMC-98 ... I can keep going)  
[6/19/2018]**

I don't like Elon Musk.

I don't like him for one simple principled reason: he claims to be an entrepreneur, but he has, and continues, to suckle at the tit of the government.

TESLA and SPACEX are at best government welfare operations - and at worst? - at worst they are fraud. But "fraud" comes in different flavors - there's the fraud that's meant to be concealed, and the fraud that's meant to be revealed. Like the last few "tops" in the markets, other broken business cycles, other near calamities (one can't forget, 20 years ago, LTMC ... can they? Rickards still makes bank on being connected to those "mathematical geniuses"), there has been that select "person" or "institution" meant to take the blame and obscure the truth.

I do not know if the TESLA cars are good or bad - I do not own one. I do know they are expensive ...

The CHEAPEST NEW TESLA you can buy today will still cost you, depending on where you live, nearly \$70,000.00 (probably more) ... I guess you could buy one used, in about 18 months, for about \$20K ... but you have to wait \$18 months (yes, that's how optimistic I am).

I've seen TESLA drivers, and they look unhappy. It's almost as if the core demographic for the TESLA are people who should be on suicide watch ...

No - sorry ... I make in the top 10% of wage earners, in America. I can't really justify buying any car that will cost me more than \$8000.00 (used). But really - assuming Elon magically reaches his production goals of 5,000 model 3's a week ... who ... precisely WHO can afford to buy them, in America, right now?

My guess (I don't know for certain), his little Model 3 project is costing him \$10 billion in fixed costs, which doesn't include variable production cost ... I really don't know. That number feels, if anything, too low.

Recouping fixed production costs and variable costs to reach break-even? -> assume 85% of the price of a Model 3 is eaten up in production costs (I think this is a low

estimate), then each Model 3 earns TESLA approximately \$5K. Take the \$10 billion in fixed costs - not including complex arbitrage arrangements, weird loans, etc: you end up NEEDING to sell 2 million vehicles! (and again, my estimates are probably rosier than a more thorough analysis)

Tesla claims to have 455K valid pre-orders.

Keep in mind: the assumptions listed above are based in part on data the public can find on their own (WWW), and also in part on my own SWAG (and yes, there's a "wild ass guess" in there, somewhere). I am forming a conjecture, a simple one:

a) That there is no mathematical likelihood, without government help, that TESLA survives. But Elon Musk is expert at cronyism, so don't count him out yet. What Elon lacks in true entrepreneurship, he makes up for as a social-engineer. I think Elon has better than even odds, should a crisis hit, of surviving by stealing more tax payer money. But, I really think Elon's position is shakier than even his own ego will allow - and there is NO WAY in hell he sells enough vehicles before the next recession arrives ... and when I say "recession", I mean the next leg down of this global depression we've been in since 2007 ... sorry for bursting your bubble, there never really was an "economic recovery" under Obama. The "recovery" was sold as a "recovery" using fraudulent math. Remember the summer of 2010? Biden's "Recovery Summer" propaganda initiative? Yeah ... that was awesome.

b) ... and this will seem to contradict [a], but Elon may also be the "chosen sacrifice" for the deep-state, this time around. And when I say "this time around", I mean the pending, postponed, economic collapse. It's going to be YUUUGE, mostly because we ratcheted up the economy, with debt, to a massive scale. I don't see how this "heroin addict", called America, survives - barring some nation state version of Krokodil to switch to ... however ... I think we've been in the "Krokodil Phase" of economic policy since 2008.

So here we are ...

Yes, there is a chance TESLA and Musk survive another 5 years - but only if they get more tax payer dollars.

There is ZERO CHANCE, without government help, that TESLA survives.

TESLA already takes advantage, and has taken advantage, of various government programs, kick-backs, etc ...

And it does seem as if the cheap money "addict", called America, isn't doing so well being taken off the drugs so fast (Powell says at least one more rate hike).

"Economic KROKODIL" ... that's how historians will remember FED policy, and quantitative easing, and all the chicanery since 2008. 10 years of chicanery ...

And like decaying flesh off the victim of a Krokodil addict ... heck ... open your eyes ... you probably live near or IN one of those "krokodil sores" ...

(I mean cities)

### **American Horror Story, Season 7: Art as propaganda ... [6/17/2018]**

I am all the way through Episode 8, "Winter of our Discontent", and pondering the onerous nature of what I'm taking in. Don't get me wrong - I am NOT a Trump fan-boy. I did not vote for Trump, and I did not vote for Hillary ... I simply didn't vote this last time, as a few times before. I lost my faith in the "system" a long time ago, but like most diseased freaks in this bizarre upside-down place called "America", I still allow myself, periodically, due to circumstances (like marriage), the conceit of play acting. I've spent most of my life play acting that I care about the 9-5-quasi-middle-class dystopia that surrounds me. So when I say I GET the message of this last season of AHS, I really do ...

Sure, I could have watched this last Fall - in that almost "live" way that so many consume their media. But I was struggling with my own demons last autumn, and not at all in a place to consume this weirdly grotesque attempt at agit-prop.

Firstly ... the good stuff.

As with every other season of AHS, the artistic values are there - the acting, the wardrobe, the way in which fragments of history are woven into the story-line, all fantastic! I think it's easy to trivialize people like Valerie Solanas, especially within the ranks of the conservative movement in America - but AHS integrated her story in an almost respectable way, while doing a fun job of denigrating the memory of Andy Warhol. Warhol was a genius, of sorts, but he was also a bit of an asshole, from what I've heard ...

Now for the NOT-SO-GOOD stuff ...

One of the central themes of this year's story-line orients around FEAR and POWER. The idea that people can regain their power by overcoming their fear, a genuinely healthy and true idea ... but the writers attempt to accomplish this open-minded agenda by setting up a very simple, binary, straw-man - "Hillary good, Trump evil" ... and this neutralizes the message. This simpleminded moral-ism is why some might not enjoy this season of AHS ... unless they are a connoisseur of human failure, like myself, or Bukowski. I enjoy seeing the madness of power unravel around the nexus of oversimplified narratives.

There is a lame attempt, in away, to deal with the subtleties of "fear and power" presented, but the main message I got from the writing? - "We're really upset Hillary lost, so we will vomit, existentially, upon your mind, and it's ok to lose your minds now if you're disaffected liberals". And the outcome of this artistic choice? - to create a long-winded propaganda screed that gins-up fear, enhances it, and then provides moral cover for liberals committing acts of violence. Sure, there are crazy conservatives in this season - but they are cartoonish, as always, having the subtlety and sensitivity of a "Fu Manchu" impression.

... and with respect to guns, wow ...

... the moral is simple: guns are crap, they don't help, you can use knives, blah. I have to say I saw some very dangerous behaviors, vis-a-vis guns, in this season of AHS. When I say "dangerous", I'm not talking about the guns themselves ... I'm talking about the weirdos wielding them, handing them to each other, demonstrating "home defense" (which was really manslaughter, tbh, when "Ally" shot the Mexican dude).

One way to indoctrinate on how dangerous guns are is to depict them, in fiction, being used in every inappropriate way possible ... AHS is clearly on point when it comes to the anti-gun message.

But here's the thing - even with that crap, it's still a good show, and this season is no exception.

If you're like me, and a student of the decay? - then the show is a smorgasbord of delusion, over-simplification, simple "us VS them" thinking, and liberal-crazy. Not that I think the word "liberal" means anything, but these folks do self-identify as that, or "progressive", or both.

What the show demonstrates, as other shows on TV now also do, is that propaganda, as a means of control, is alive and well in America. Chomsky was always right in his



critique, "democracies" like ours end up with the worst forms of social control and propaganda. Our illusion of choice must be offset by a steady diet of fear - fear to the point that it actually could cause us harm. Fear so insipid, that a show like AHS gives up some of its award winning artistic values to settle a score for someone, Hillary, who would just as easily toss them on the pyre of history as Trump or Obama or Bush or any other SCUM that has actually occupied the White House ... a.k.a. "Stockholm Syndrome".

Like I said - no fan of Trump here ... but a side note is in order ...

I was stationed in S. Korea as a U.S. Army officer, for a one year tour - and I did learn that any war, on that peninsula, would be a holocaust. Ergo: the right thing to do in Korea is prevent a war, not trigger one ... and yet I could hear the howls of liberals, in the last couple of weeks, screaming about one tyrant (President Trump) meeting with another tyrant (Kim Jong Un) ... one abusive government, meets with another abusive government, to discuss the possibility of not abusing or murdering MORE people ... but the liberals need some kind of horrible calamity, and perhaps they don't give a shit if 10 or 15 million Koreans die (north or south)? It's crazy ... I knew the anti-war left was dying, but I think we can now say it's dead.

Any who ...

I would like you to ponder this thought: great propaganda has ALWAYS required great artists ...

Crappy artist? - crappy, non-persuasive, propaganda ... it's that simple.

Leni Riefenstahl? - she was a brilliant film maker for Adolf Hitler, some of his best propaganda came from her, including "Triumph of the Will".

lenhit.png

Albert Speer? - the architect that enabled the "Cathedral of Light" celebrations of the NAZIs. His vision enhanced Hitler's monstrous visage. As an artist, he enabled the superman myth and fed Hitler's psychosis.

Sergie Eisenstein? - like "Riefenstahl", but working for Stalin ...

Frank Capra? - have you seen the "Why we fight ..." films? World War II era? He was an artist, and sure you can say he was fighting for the "good guys" ... but still ... what does

that actually mean when the USSR is one of your allies, led by Josef Stalin? And you're feeding a young Hoh Chi Minh weapons, food, resources, and copies of the Declaration of Independence, to fight the Japanese? Really? One day we would be fighting them ... but that's ok, we get "forgetful" in the American empire. For example: we forget that Libya had a functioning civic society before Hillary made certain it collapsed, and now you have chaos, and slave marts, and pillaging, etc. But Hillary would have been the "good choice", right?

I could keep going ...

The story of "yesterday's enemy, today's ally" is really not new in American imperial history - and when an old friend becomes an enemy? - the memory hole opens up to swallow any truth of it ...

And I suppose, this leads to me discussing the "last" message of interest to me, from AHS Season 7:

That there's something special about America, and if you don't vote you're somehow sinning or committing some heinous crime that is inherently taboo and beyond discussion ... and worse than not voting? - voting 3rd party ...

One of the characters in this season's AHS voted for Jill Stein ... she probably voted for "Bernie", during the primaries, and then allowed herself to dump the truth about him down her own personal memory hole ... who knows the motivations of nonexistent people ... fiction, right?

But that message, hit hard, during more than one episode ...

(a repeated message)

If you voted for Jill Stein, you're like the same people that voted for Nader, and you screwed America, because Democrats know what's best ...

And believe me ...

The GOP says the same crap about the Libertarians ...

(and don't forget Ross Perot in 1992)

The point here is rather simple: yes, AHS Season 7 is entertaining ...

(and yes - it's "entertaining" in part because of it's rather awkward, if not artistic, virtue signaling)

(and "virtue signaling" is just fancy SJW talk for preaching ...)

(and outside of church, no one really wants to be preached to)

(not by hysterical people who actually believe ANY political party is about their interests)

(all parties hate you ...)

(and artists are whores, even the talented ones ...)

## **QUARTRAINIUM 112: Can you smell that? [6/16/2018]**

A torrent of dark rains falls upon this messy city, the bird excrement, human stains, litter and debris, all get washed away, down the sewers, out to sea - so that the fish and whales can find joy. Shelter for 5 haggard travelers is provided among the farrago of impossible relationships and weird shanty town colonies that riddle the "Emerald City". So many new homes being built under bridges and overpasses ...

Kendrick is not to be taken seriously, all of his protestations describe his own failings and insecurities about that TESLA he bought. The TESLA killed his dog, and now he seeks only vengeance.

Do not be troubled by the message you received yesterday. Sure, the coming exam will be uncomfortable, but all will be understood once the colonoscopy is complete. What you don't know, and will soon learn, is that a rare collectible, lodged in your gut since childhood, is worth millions ... this will be retrieved from your butt-zone and now you can pay off your student loans and maybe have enough left over for the boob job ...

A yellow sky envelops the RED MOON. An onslaught of craven armies is heading towards JENDRIZ near the sea. Cannibal goons, jorgiz-slaves, and other sundry scum will hold vigil as the monster of ROONIX crawls slowly from the deep ...

"DO NOT STOP YOU BASTARD!", screamed the demon-monk.

Lucky numbers for today: { 4325, 54, 999.45, 33321, 7, 82 }

## **"A flap of skin, an open wound, a dying man, and some gun shots ..." - my day ... [6/16/2018]**

"The flap of skin on my neck is a membrane ... the puss and parasites ... they're inside me ..."

This is what the dude muttered ...

"I can hear you thinking about my flap ... my flap is spreading blood and disease ... it's dripping all over the place ..."

That strange dude that was walking ahead of me yesterday, as I made my way to the bank to have them print another bank card ... cuz ... I left my debit card in the ATM machine ... and the ATM swallowed it.

That dude, with the disconnected flap of skin on his neck, knew I was walking near him - his sense of "other" triggered the statements, for shock, for connection. And yes - there was some skin, a flap, viscera, and an open wound on this guy's neck ... and maybe an eye peering out from that strange wound, as if something true is left as residue from the "Evil Dead" series of films ...

Just another crazy homeless person walking the streets of Little Saigon ...

And then there was the dude who had the heart attack near the bank, you know - I had to print a new debit card. This old man, homeless man, collapsed in the street - thankfully, it's "Pill Hill", so emergency support is always near ...

But late last night, really, a few hours ago ...

Two gun shots, two reports, some screams ...

I live on the 5th floor and leave my window open in the summertime, and so I heard it all. The tires squealing, the general's sense that some gang-banger or OG or dude with a gun in a car had taken out some other dude (or multiple dudes).

The sirens came next, a few of them, and it was clear to me that someone had died - and this is ok ...

Because life is hard in the city ...

And all of this is a normal kind of thing to happen, on a normal kind of day ...

And at least it's "Pill Hill" ...

(emergency support is always so near)

## **BREAKING: LESS JOY MEANS MORE PIRATES! [6/15/2018]**

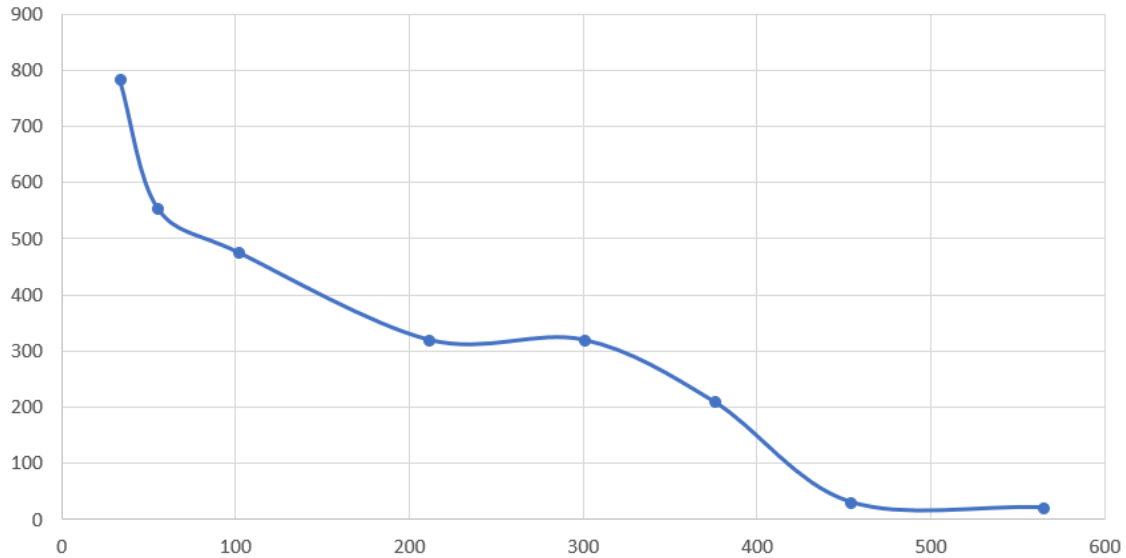
Experts at Miskatonic University's Seattle-Little-Saigon Annex have come to a startling conclusion, and it could shake your world ...

Over the past few decades, Dr. Lorne Thorngood and Dr. Julie Tamblasio have conducted longitudinal, randomized, and all kinds of other really messed up statistical studies, and what not, concerning the state of piracy in the Puget Sound - "... the pirates ... they're back ... and society feels a lot sadder, more depressed ... most don't get it, but thousands, perhaps tens of thousands of Washington State citizens are abducted or attacked by pirates, each month ... the 'Pirates of the Puget Sound' have at least 300 ships ... we know this sounds crazy ...", Dr. Julie said this as she blew out some smoke from a mongo joint hit - shatter, dipped, Uncle Ike's, a good hybrid blunt.

Dr. Thorngood, who simply sat there and stared into space during our interview, was more sullen as he took swigs from his fifth of Wild Turkey he clung to with hands shaking. "You can't believe how many ships, boats, swimmers, go missing near Orcas Island every year ... you just can't believe it ... and we think we know why ... look at this crazy chart ..."

And then Dr. Thorngood, with the smell of cigarettes, mold, and whiskey on his breath, directed me to a large printed chart on the wall of his office ... "This is it ... Julie and I solved the mystery ..."

The Scientific Relationship between Pirates and Happiness



"We think the mechanism of piracy is joy-loss or what normal people call 'sadness' ... and it's REALLY counter-intuitive because pirates seem so f'ing happy ... as they're depicted in fiction and those crappy Johnny Depp movies ... but really, it's a brutal life and it never ends well ... it is a manifestation of the collective pain of society ... more emotional pain? - MORE PIRATES! ... it's really that simple ...", Dr. Thorngood shouted this towards empty space, as if he were lecturing to some large crowd of scientists ... but it was just empty space.

Pirates to Happiness      -0.948699553

Happiness (in Utility)	Pirates
33	786
55	555
101	477
211	321
300	321
375	211
453	33
564	23

The correlation between piracy and happiness seems strong enough - minus 0.94 is a powerful relationship, and surely, there is reason for celebration ...

For now we know how to solve the problem of the pirates in the Puget Sound ...

We just need more happy people ...

... in Seattle ...

(we're screwed ...)

### **Whatever I might be ... [6/11/2018]**

I am almost 50 years old.

I do not know where my life is going.

I do not understand how my life began.

I can think about my childhood, and my young adulthood, and my marriage and its aftermath, and marvel at my mistakes, my errors, my screw-ups. I would love to believe there is some fantastic plan, and there might be, but only God sees that well.

I see with my eyes ...

I see a world that is not what I expected ...

And I will wander on.

(what choice do I have?)

### **The orcas must live ... [6/9/2018]**

My life, in some sly way, is normalizing. I have a job, a place, I can buy food (and other stuff), and so stuff isn't so bad in many ways and my attitude reflects this. The job is absurd, but I'm coming to a place of acceptance with respect to the absurdity ... it's ok ... the company I work for is one, giant, break-fix-queue ... and that's ok.

People will ask me about where I live ... and I enjoy playing with the absurd, even to the point of messing with people ... something more Kafka than Camus ...

I tell them that I live in one of those new-style micro-studio type cube systems, where every cube is a bio-degradable-removable-living-habitat that can be pulled out and removed, and another inserted. This whole thing reduces the cost of construction and maintenance greatly ...

The price is reasonable for Seattle, but in order to live here you have to sign a special contract:

"I relinquish legal control of my dead body and give it to the Commencement Bay Orca Foundation to use as food to feed the rare orca whales that live in Commencement Bay and have grown accustomed to eating drowned homeless people, so now they only eat long pig and crap, and we want to toss your body to them using the giant trebuchet next to the building. See you on the other side."

If you die in your sleep while living where I now live, the apartment owners have the legal right to toss your entire bio-degradable cube out into Commencement Bay so that a weird pod of orca whales can survive when there aren't enough drowned hobos. The cube degrades, the orcas tear it apart to get to the dead carcass within, the body is torn to pieces, and the Commencement Bay killer whales survive another day.

This is what I tell people when they ask me about where I live ...

**"YOU FLUSHED THE BABY DOWN THE TOILET!" - maybe the next best movie of all time, if it gets made ... [6/9/2018]**

I think there have been many horror movie plots around "mutant babies" with confused parents and the outcomes are usually awful, with many deaths ... just so very, very, tragic ...

But what about a movie where the main character, a father, decides to flush their newborn baby down the toilet because he was jealous of the love the newborn baby boy was getting from his wife, the mother?

The movie title? - it's movie gold: YOU FLUSHED THE BABY DOWN THE TOILET!



Along the way, the flushed-baby becomes mutated, gets super powers, and seeks revenge on his parents - it was a beautiful baby boy ...

Before the mutant-baby delivers his coup de grâce on his bleeding mother, the mother screams at the father, as she connects the dots, and wonders about the oversize toilet and plumbing in the house ... crazy over-size ... like "baby-dumping-down-drain" oversize'd ... just not typical sizing ... she finally screams before dying painfully:

"YOU FLUSHED THE BABY DOWN THE TOILET!"

And this is very poignant ...

... and for weeks this will become a "punch line" and people will even greet each other by screeching "YOU FLUSHED THE BABY DOWN THE TOILET!" and it will be crazy ... funny.

And this is how you win an Oscar.

Harvey Weinstein would have made this movie ...

(that's not going to happen now ...)

Please note: This is an anti-baby-flushing message ...

## **Is REALITY merely the synthetic-cryptographic-overlay of a cosmic ERP system for an alien male enhancement drug company? [6/9/2018]**

I've read a little, and heard a lot, about a group of scientists and philosophers that believe it is plausible that the universe, or reality, is a simulation. Sounds like hullabaloo to me, or rather a "distinction without a difference". Let's say the universe is really a complex set of algorithms running in super advanced, deeply parallel, quantum processors in some cave some place ...

All of this might be true ... that the world is like the movie "The Matrix", but less cheesy and sexy. I see this, I get this, but I don't care. It might be a highly immersive game for "functional pseudo-bots" that are based on some crappy deep-brain mapping thingy and other esoteric bullshit ... it might be, I might be. But from my perspective it makes no difference. If this is a game, or a movie, I am still a side character - some dude that gets

blown up, or murdered by a mobster, or gets set on fire, or whatever ... I don't get the sexy emo chick.

I will go further ...

If they prove it's a simulation, I have a theory as to what kind it is ...

Sure, it can only be a theory, because PER my theory we are merely an emergent property substrate living on top of complex cryptography and other communications protocols ...

Some of my co-workers ask me personal questions, and it seems like "well, maybe that's normal ..."

But what if "reality" or the "universe" is really the electromagnetic noise and quantum flux of a realm that simply exists as an after-effect of the most advanced, most efficient, ERP system ever ... ZAP 9988.45 (the .44 model had some serious issues)? That would be crazy ...

When my co-workers were asking me about what I eat? - they weren't asking me that ...

This was the real inquiry into ZAP:

"Captain JANKO of the STARSHIP MONDO wanted to know when he could pick up the tylerium-66 shipments for delivery for Queen NOBO's annual fete ..."

And what if I told you that there were many universes like this?

There were many nodes in the ZAP system?

Each providing ERP support (enterprise resource planning, that means logistics or "moving crap around" support) for different enterprises?

Each enterprise support scenario making each universe different, some being really creepy ones ...

What if our pursuit of "quantum computers", from within the simulation, triggers an entanglement scenario with the nearby ERP systems? ... that would be awesome ...

Power outages end the universe, if you don't have adequate back-up power or bantorium batteries (and nobody can afford those in 3466) ... well ... the power goes out and your "universe" ceases to exist, but ZAP INC. will have another quantum nodal network online and running in minutes ... and that's great news for ZAP INC., their stock value flat-lined last quarter due to a gamboorgilax miner's strike ... you need this crap for super-advanced-self-organizing-quantum-nodes-that-don't-get-too-smart ... too smart is bad ... better to lose a few universes.

Yes ...

You might just be a business object, in some truly advanced cosmic ERP system, a large software platform for supporting the core functions of any business: accounting, sales, logistics, supply chain, operations, r&d, etc.

Every time someone asks you a question, it just might be another piece of software in the ZAP ecosystem launching a trans-78-format inquiry, and not an actual human talking to you. You are software man ... code ... crap ... sad ... :(

But with all that, and it is quite dismal in existential terms, you now must learn the terrible truth ...

The universe you exist in, and will die in ... never to be deserialized back into ...

That universe exists as the substrate of a ZAP install that supports a large conglomerate that manufactures male enhancement products and pesticides to combat cosmic-space-blight ...

Tylerium-66 is one of their signature products, most species with male/female junk-related sexual types LOVE this product ... they really do ... if a universe has to be destroyed to reset a major order of "Tyler" (street name for Tylerium-66)? - then yes, that universe is destroyed to reset the system. Nobody cares ... people need to be "getting busy with it".

How does that make you feel man?

(thank goodness I'm kidding)

## **QUARTRAINIUM 111: Never a tired smile before the goddess of JADE! [6/8/2018]**

A Chinese minstrel sells answers in the shadows of Mt. THOG, as General CHANG prepares her armies, and the entire nation begs for war. Islands of sand, in an ocean of regret, as cheap wizards spin tales of easy success. The next MOON shall portend the meeting of 9 kings before the secret lord, in the cave of NOD.

Careful examination of your diet will improve your outlook on stuff and crap. Peer into yourself, by looking at your stool each morning - check for redness, and green spots, and a general texture. Be thankful for the stony-turds that feel as if you are passing a boulder and go clink on the porcelain ... the scrapes and scouring as it exits your sphincter is a blessing. It really is ...

Chancellor XOOM engages the night, as talented ballerinas dance backwards towards the crevasse - a gentle push is all they need, and the angels start crying. Engagements near the ancient temple will lead to war, as children are abandoned and aged weep for the young ...

Lucky numbers for today: { 132, 818, 915, 717, 55.99909, 21.334, 3/4 }

### **All of you are insane ... [6/8/2018]**

All of you are crazy, and I mean it. I'm not just saying it. I'm not saying "some" of you are crazy - not even "most" of you. But all of you. You walk around, staring at your devices, walking on sidewalks covered in blood and puss and vomit and sadness ... and you ignore it ... because you're crazy.

Sure ...

My accusations sound crazy ... but are they?

I might be on to something, is what I say - so I'm giving myself first prize in the analysis of "crazy" and deciding that I'm both SANE and capable of tossing the rest of you into the INSANE category. And that's just sound reasoning ...

... and happy Friday ...

## **Time doesn't change ... [6/8/2018]**

I should not repeat an oft repeated statement on my STEEMIT blog: I ride the bus ...

I'm not ashamed of riding the bus, I don't care that Toyota Financial Corporation repossessed my car - I like to imagine the ghost of Harry Dean Stanton, driving in some cruddy 1970's sedan, bemoaning deadbeats like me. So yes, indeed, I ride the bus ... as if I care.

I do not care that I am in financial ruin - it does not bother me because it fits so well with reality.

So, here I am, most days, waiting at 12th and Jackson ... and the digital bus sign, ostensibly controlled and serviced by METRO (which is essentially saying "the government"), is often wrong ... horribly wrong.

The other day, on June 6th, at 6:30 AM, the sign was telling me that it was "June 4th, 10:07 AM" ... and the time didn't change for the 10 minutes I waited for my bus. This reminded me of the beginning of "Atlas Shrugged" when one of the characters peers up at a giant calendar, a calendar that is stuck on some date several years earlier ...

I do not claim that a "broken bus sign" is anything significant - not where I pick up the bus ...

Where I get on the bus, in "Little Saigon", the sidewalks are covered in goop, dried blood, piss, feces, and other indescribable substances that cake the street ... like some weird Jackson Pollock, but instead of "paint", there is viscera and other materials I do not care to understand ...

I know lots of people draw cheap comparisons between America today, and the America of "Atlas Shrugged" - but the comparisons don't really work ...

There really are no "Dagny Taggarts" or "Reardens" or ... especially ... "John Galts" ... these are nicotine fantasies of a talented, but deranged, Russian emigre ...

The "intelligent", the "prosperous", worship the state - and the technocrats that run things ... sure, they'll go to conferences, like the "Start-up Societies Conference", and talk about "decentralization". But if you listen to these folks, these "bitcoin barons",

what you find are petty tyrants, that want to create petty tyrannies ... no different, just a different scale of bullshit.

Spend some time on a bus, in the Seattle area, and you will see what I mean ... listening to the pathological statements of the techno-deluded-still-working-class.

Most don't look up from their smart phones long enough to see what is going on around them ...

Most don't see the decay, or they pretend it isn't real ...

But at least I know of a place, not far from where I live, and time doesn't change there.

Thanks to the government: time is broken ...

## **“818” [6/6/2018]**

In the Autumn of 2015, I became obsessed with the number 915 ...

It was weird, because I was watching the Hunger Games' final movies, and one of the main characters talked about 915 dead during an attack by the capital ... 915 is also El Paso's area code. The basic feeling was, "hey, it's been a while since a major event ..." The USA, for a while, has been a false-flag PEZ dispenser. For a few weeks in August and early September 2015 I had this "feeling" that something catastrophic was going to happen on 9/15/15 - just not too sure what ...

Of course, nothing happened and that's fine by me ...

But now, as we enter this dread and unsettling summer of 2018, I wonder to myself about the number "818". Sure, this is just another numerological obsession, but it does seem like a good date for "something".

818 is the area code for Los Angeles (along with the other area code: 747).

818 is a model number for Factory Five Racing - a two seat sports coup, something you can assemble in your garage.

818 is also, maybe, 8/18/18 -> August the 18th, 2018 ...

What will happen on this date?

Will a 747, filled to capacity, crash into some building or block in Los Angeles, killing 818 people total (including passengers)?

Will a Factory Five sports car, 818 model, filled with C-4, slam into some facility ... er ... something?

Maybe an earthquake, triggered by some kind of advanced seismic manipulation technology, will wipe out LA, and much of southern California, on this day?

Not sure where I'm going with this ...

Several years ago an online commentator I listen to said the following, I paraphrase:

"The powers-that-be must signal, warn, in cryptic ways, it is part of their ritual ..."

They will often select special dates, to have hidden meaning, to carry out some heinous act ... like 9/11 ... (911 - that's the emergency number dude)

I'm not sure how I feel about any of this spurious reasoning, but 818 feels like something ...

(if not relevant to this universe, then perhaps relevant to one nearby)

## **Not looking at the mansions ... [6/5/2018]**

On my bus ride home from work each day, taking the 212 across the bridge, my attention is NOT on the beautiful homes which ring Lake Washington, nor on the mansions that rise majestically on the hillsides overlooking Seattle ...

No ...

I don't look at those ...

There was a time in my life, it feels like a long time ago now, that I would imagine myself "there" - perhaps not in a mansion, but in a home some place not so bad. Now, I don't. Now I am most interested in the tents, the shacks, the meager homeless settlements that are distributed along those corridors, fractures, narrow sections of our urban environment that they can find ... the homeless, like water with concrete, collect at the "cracks" in our society, the edges, the weird boundary regions - like that dude that built a home under the I-90 overpass (near Rainier Ave). And like "water", they cannot help, by their presence, to weaken the commonly held belief that "everything is fine".

I look at these colonies of beleaguered men, women and children ... these zones of suffering and human anguish, and I imagine myself there ...

Maybe not now, though I nearly escaped homelessness this past Winter - it was avoided, because of a kind sibling - but some time in the future ...

It is easier to imagine myself homeless than it is to imagine myself "retired" or "set up" or "wealthy".

So no ...

As I cross the I-90 floating bridge each day, I'm not looking at the pretty houses ...

I'm more interested in the ugly truth that lay beneath the surface of Seattle's "economic utopia".

(... and tips on setting up ramshackle housing arrangements)

### **A prayer for the lost ... [6/1/2018]**

Lord in Heaven, watch over your lost children - remind them, each day, by your grace, that you are there for them.

Jesus, help those who struggle with demons, addiction, hopelessness ...

Mend the wings of those birds that might still fly.

Above all else, may your eternal kindness shine for those lost spirits ...

So that they may find their way home.



The lost are also found.

In God's name,

AMEN.

## **Vigilantes and Tyrants ... [6/1/2018]**

My life is fine, ok ... which is pretty good, these days ...

I am a single, divorced male, middle-aged, software engineer, burnout, ginger ... all Irish, all the time.

(mostly Irish)

I am also an anarchist - perhaps not a good one, perhaps early on my journey; a journey currently filled with more failures than successes. I wish I could say I've followed the non-aggression principle perfectly, I wish I could say I have not sullied myself by trespassing on my fellow man ... but I am human, and I've made mistakes. In the almost 2 years of realizing I'm an anarchist, I have also experienced a series of miserable human follies ... for example, in symbolic form. These human follies could have been avoided, but like some shitty, pudgy, hero, in some hobo version of a Greek tragedy, I too fell victim to my own dark furies, hubris, passions, and fate ... with my own personal demons burning inside that brain case I call a head.

I'm getting off topic ...

I recently saw "Infinity War", and I must say ... crap ... it felt like "Infinity Snore" ... I expect more action from action movies ... especially when they're long.

When I see films like this - the good and the bad (heck, you remember the "Hulk" reboots ... they were terribly shitty ... Norton was shitty too) ... when I see these movies, I often ponder, afterwards, the topic of vigilantism.

The "vigilante" as role or character in film is an interesting subject, because whether you're talking about Charles Bronson in ALL the "Death Wish" movies - there were many of these movies in the Bronson franchise ... or you're talking about "Superman" ... it's the same thing ... one or more dudes decide they want to take some action against the

world, revenge, rectification, personal law enforcement, and they do this with only the authority of their own WILL and POWER.

That's right ...

They just decide, "shit, I don't like people dropping cigarette butts on the sidewalk" - so they form a half-ass posse of one or more, and buy outfits, and enforce "the law", like "Judge Dredd" ...

Or ...

It could be some rich dude, using his or her money, to take some "action" or build some "suit" or do something ... form NGOs to topple governments and upset democratic elections or destabilize society ... I suppose these would be villains, unless they're doing it for good reasons?

You see where this goes ...

Everybody thinks THEY are right and everyone else is WRONG ...

But even if you get annoyed at people leaving cigarette butts in the street, should you form a thug-army and arm yourselves with bats and chain and bags of door knobs or d-cell batteries? - of course not ...

The non-aggression principle, if anything, means the following to me:

1. You do NOT have a right to bully or force others to comply with your will.
2. You should consider, as a corollary to [1], that self-defense is a kind of obligation or innate feature of being alive.

This makes sense, right?

... and maybe, MAYBE, you can have delegated authority - which means your children, for example, are there for you to protect with force if this is required. There are others who might request your protection, and as long as it is self-defense and not being a bully? - I think that's probably ok from my ethical perspective.

The problem arises when one or more people decide, arbitrarily, that THEY are right and no one ... not one person ... has the right of non-compliance. This is not a "hero". No matter what this person does, no matter how many cats or babies this person might

save ... "hero" might not apply. If this person had the consent to act, on the behalf of those he protected - and he ONLY defended them, then he would be fine, once again, ethically ...

But the unilateral application of moral will by force, without consent, and not in the defense of someone that consents, makes you the "villain" even if you've been cast as super hero.

We must admit to ourselves that morally, ethically, the following is true: superheroes, vigilantes, villains and tyrants are the same kinds of people ... some might seem nice ... but that's just the facade of do-good-er'y.

Yes, these movies are great "Doritos for the brain" - but they are just movies ...

We should think deeply on the message of "Superman" ...

We should ask ourselves, "what person has the right to rule over me, even if I screw up?".

I say, the rule is nature ...

I say, the best salve to all the problems vigilantes seek to fix is reality ...

But, I also say this: it is noble to defend those who request your defense against a bully.

(period)

## **Every "normal" day is a blessing ... [6/1/2018]**

I don't know what "normal" is - I suppose one functional definition would be average, but averages or means drift over time; this is the nature of reality. People talk about the "Parable of the Boiled Frog", but really ... no matter what happens ... the chef drops the frog in and puts the lid on top, or slowly boils it ... the frog dies ... (it dies man)

Whatever normal might be, I think that we should consider the possibility that as long as "stuff" keeps working, functioning, it's a gift, a blessing ...

The water works? The toilet? - these are gifts ...

There's food you can afford to buy at the grocery store? - huge gifts ...

You have a place to live? - sure, you might be like me and have to cram yourself into a closet sized studio ... but you're alive ... and the place you live bundles all utilities, including high-speed internet, into one almost reasonable monthly bill ... \$1,000/month ... in Seattle man ... this is also a gift.

When you consider all the "normal things" you take for granted, and you walk by the guy who has built a make-shift cottage under the I-90 overpass ... when you consider how you could be living? - there are so many gifts ...

And then you consider that most of the world is worse off than you, that most countries have issues, problems, that people are murdered, falsely imprisoned, starving, living in rat infested squalor, all over the planet dude ... your life is probably, if you're like me and circling the drain of the "American Dream"? - if you're like me, then your life ain't that bad and you should probably be grateful.

But this manic, bizarre, overwhelming, faith in eternal progress is pathological, and it has infected the minds of many among the "still treading water" living-class of American non-homeless people ... I don't really use the word "middle class" any longer, I don't think it really applies. Your faith is powerful, but reality, history, are more powerful ...

Nothing is guaranteed ...

All of these systems that comprise modernity are fragile beyond belief.

If you realized how many nuclear engineers at nuclear power plants were divorced drunks?

If you realized how indebted, broke, your neighbors are?

If you understood that the "fracking oil miracle" was bought and paid for with future credit that will NEVER be paid back?

Well ...

Then you would wake up this morning ...

Get a cup of coffee, somehow ...

Have your grapefruit or oatmeal or eggs or bacon or what-have-you ...

And you would remember to be thankful for one more morning of "normal" ...

(whatever the hell "normal" means)

## **QUARTRAINIUM 110: Moribund voyagers rally near the unhinged empire ... [5/31/2018]**

A fearful dread hangs over your spirit-oneness ... this is terrible.

Members of your faction, at your job, are finite. Many boast around you, they say "hey, it's just between us". But it's not just between you guys ... grow up. They are telling Steve ... and Steve is the hiring manager. Invite them all over for dinner, capture them on video revealing their horrible truths ... or ... update your resume ... maybe take that trip to Venezuela.

A Cherub prince approaches the WESTERN WALL. Filled with energy and bliss, the careless angel of regret besets upon himself an endless wailing of despair. Never the thoughtful traveler, every monk was insulted. The Orangutan King held court, and judged - but this prince will be ok ... this prince went to YALE.

Your drive home tomorrow will suck - and it's not just because it's Friday, and crap is terrible cuz every bloke wants to beat feet and head for the hills on Friday as soon as they can ... cuz their job just don't mean what it used to ... and robots. Your drive home will be treacherous - a red TESLA will swerve into you, and then catch fire by the wayside. 2 will perish, 1 will be left like that dude from the movie The English Patient ... heck.

There are 4 people who are currently sending negative mind beams YOUR direction - 3 are friends, 1 is a relative ... name starts with letter "S" ...

Lucky number for today: 48.2

## **Wenche, why did you have to murder your cat? [5/31/2018]**

I've been watching this show, on NETFLIX, called "Occupied". It's one of these "foreign" shows, with subtitles and crap. It is the story of what would happen IF Norway refused to produce any more fossil fuels - and the EU, with Russia as enforcer, makes Norway produce oil by occupying their production facilities. Things get worse from here ...

One of the main characters and head of the Security Service, Wenche Arnesen, is dying of some inoperable brain tumor ...

She is also a member, an organizer, perhaps chief organizer, of the FREE NORWAY resistance group ...

So we fast forward to episode 10, season 1, and we find Wenche preparing to kill herself - while at the same time making it look like she'd gone underground to lead the resistance (she makes her announcement, of going "dark", in her video she posted online ... maybe youtube ... or some such crap).

One of the things Wenche does, before killing herself, is she kills her own cat - and although I have mixed, conflicted, feelings about these demonic creatures, I still don't know what the "cat" had to do with any of this ... hell ... the cat didn't do nothing ...

So I am left with this sobering question: why did the cat have to die?

Was it a Russian spy cat?

Did Wenche have no one she could give the cat to?

Are there no animal shelters in Norway?

No Chinese restaurants?

This is all too terrible to speculate about ...

(why did that damn cat have to die)

(crap)

## **3000 New Stars (fiction) [5/24/2018]**

The Haganiz spacecraft needed to reach 30% of the speed of light to use their mole drive. The mole drive used a massively linked structure of gravitational component emitters that would allow the projection, at intersection points, of moments of gravity. This allowed for artificial gravity, but more interestingly, gravitational cavitation - or rather, the restricted-region boiling of space-time. Or, put another way ... the projection system created the equivalent of a pocket worm-hole, or slippery region of space-time. Once their ships reached 30% of the speed of light, they could engage their drive and arrive at the other exit point nearly instantaneously - depending upon distances, other cosmic anomalies. This also meant complicated space-time re-entry maneuvers, specifically, slowing the ship from 30% of the speed of light. This meant breaking thrusters, with the plasma neutron drives. This cost was more or less constant, but did mean a great deal of thought needed to go into navigation - you needed the distance to slow down to controllable velocities.

Humans knew none of this.

Humans knew nothing of the Haganiz people ...

They knew nothing of their droughts, their atmospheric issues, their pollution ...

Humans had, basically, the best real estate in the local universe - but when we discovered nuclear fission, it made the target harder, more difficult, just not impossible.

The humans, being humans, assumed they were safe, at home, with their ALEXA ... ordering pizza from FUCKING Pagliacci (Seattle pizza joint) ...

They were not safe - the normalcy bias is stronger than the placebo effect.

They, them, the humans, looked up at the sky ... and they saw a miracle ...

On July 21st, 2025, the human race glimpsed what looked like 3000 new stars.

The stars had appeared out of nowhere ... in a cluster.

The stars had some variability in location, and movement ... a weird shimmer.

The first few days? - there were huge celebrations ...

It was like a beautiful miracle. There were parties all night long. Scientists were excited about a new phenomena they did not yet understand ...

It became clear, within a week, that these were ... in fact ... the engine plumes of advanced starships, heading for Earth. Based on estimates, it seemed as if the Earth had, at most, 12-15 days longer before they arrived. But they decided that any action we could take, if we took some action, needed to happen within 7 days.

7 days to save the world.

If they were explorers?

If they were mere ambassadors?

Why 3000 ships?

They had barely enough time to ask these questions ...

(they had believed, for a while, they were only stars, beautiful signs in the sky)

(now they faced the abyss)

THE END

(until I come up with a stony-sequel)

## **Perhaps the worst solution to the Seattle homeless problem ... (perhaps?) [5/23/2018]**

I don't think homelessness is a funny topic, and so perhaps this post will be in poor taste ... but ...

There is one solution to the Seattle homeless problem that NO ONE on the city council is discussing or considering or debating, nor has that mayor Durkan woman spent any precious resources on this most critical of topics, beyond brokering some kind of half-ass "head tax" ... a "head tax" the hooker won't have to pay ... that's funny ... as if that



Durkan woman cared about anything but her billion dollar yacht, the Excelsior ... her mooring is in low Earth orbit.

But hey, I'm cool ... no biggie here ... just saying man, like ... there could be this furry behemoth solution, just waiting for us, at the arctic circle and crap.

Polar bears are vicious - they don't mess around ...

Polar bears DO NOT need to be trained or conditioned to eat humans - they LOVE the LONG PIG!

Polar bears, as all higher animals, would be amenable to a conditioning device, a shock collar, that would only allow the polar bear to eat or get close to a "tagged" person - meaning a homeless person that a cop tagged with his tag gun. The tag gun would insert a short range, 100 feet, multi-stage RFID that would mark the homeless person as prey for the polar bear. If the polar bear gets too close to non-prey, it gets shocked ...

And don't try scratching out or removing the tag ... this ain't no mattress tag.

You try to surreptitiously remove THIS tag, and it will release a dangerous acid into your bloodstream that will melt your brain ... so leave it alone, and get outside the city limits, fast man ...

The cops WILL have tag guns, as will 80 year old Catholic nuns, and would be trusted, nay, SHOULD BE TRUSTED, NEVER to abuse this power, because that is likely, like my dating Scarlett Johansson ... cops and/or nuns not abusing power.

You get tagged - it doesn't mean you're gonna die, it just means you need to get out of Seattle.

Yes - this is terrible ... feeding the homeless to polar bears ...

Yes - there will be repercussions, but maybe in my satire you're getting my point.

The homeless are human beings, they're not all drug dealers, they're not all crazy.

There are families out on those streets, they just dropped below the flight ceiling of the "american dream", and need some help.

We shouldn't belittle them, we shouldn't attack them, but we have to be realistic in our approaches.

(and in no way, EVER, and I mean EVER-EVAH ... should we feed the homeless to polar bears)

(not a good idea)

(wink)

## **The Rainier Avenue, I-90 Overpass, Under-the-Bridge, Mansion Project ... [5/23/2018]**

It's kind of insane - to think about the problem of homelessness. I am not crazy, I know there are no easy solutions - perhaps there are no solutions at all ... but that's awfully pessimistic.

Before I address the main issue of this post, I'd like to rant about Seattle's issues with homelessness, for a tad ...

I recall, from my army days, the concept of "triage" - which is similar to the concept as understood by most emergency care professionals:

1. Non-Ambulatory, but stable: these are the people you want to get on the ambulance to a hospital that can treat them ASAP.
2. Ambulatory, stable: these people can wait for care, beyond basic wound treatment, splinting, etc.
3. You're gonna die soon (no, they don't remotely call it that, but I'm going to call it that): these people are managed with pain meds. If you're in a field hospital, these are the cases that are deemed impossible to treat. Terminal. You don't throw a lot of resources at this group unless you have them.

The above groups, more or less, match most people's concepts of triage. You pick your battles. Bottom line, if you have finite resources, you partition your group into more workable categories, you prioritize them, for example (priority order, 1 being highest):

1. Homeless families, non-drug users, non-criminal, just need help: I believe this group must receive focus. They are at risk, they are homeless with children, they want and need some place stable to find a job and to become self sufficient again. If housing is to be built, especially if that insane "head tax" is passed, then the primary focus should be family supportive housing. Any who ... we need to help the homeless families first.

2. Homeless families, some instability, just need help: What "some instability" might mean is for a social worker (who likely doesn't use that terminology) to determine - could be one or both parents do drugs. Could be one or both parents have criminal issues. Could be one or both parents have mental health issues. This group, because children are involved, must be the second priority.

3. Homeless Single men and women, non-drug users, non-criminal, just need help: Like number 2 above, number 3 is critical. There are homeless single men and women out there, they need some place safe to kick-start themselves, but likely they would be back on their feet quickly. I was almost one of these. The good news, "The Apodments", where I live, seems to have solved this to some degree. They offer all-in-one studio living, all utilities included, for a very reasonable amount - I won't say how much, but it's significantly less than the average for Seattle. If it were me, and I were mayor (not likely - anarchist), I would see what the "Apodment" people are doing, and do that ...

4. Homeless mentally ill: This is a hard one for me, because I know, historically, mental illness has been used as a political tool, and a means of social control. As such, I'm not sure what the answer is here. I think you have to allow people to make a choice, but if they choose to get help then I think you need to fund a few more beds at the county hospital or set up some other kind of facility.

5. Homeless drug user: I liked that show "The Wire", and I'm not sure how much of it was true - but I will say that the idea of creating an area, location, where hard core drug users can use under observation, and with medical/police available ... well ... it's not a bad idea. It might be, TBH, given the cost of incarceration, and other costs to property, the cheapest solution - buy some land, fence it off, practice harm reduction, and that's where the drug users go. Some of these people will live out their short lives this way, some will see this as a way OUT. Because, to do this you need social workers and other people on hand to provide a way OUT.

My categories, above, are not complete, but I think you get the point. I'm not expert on homelessness, I'm just an ordinary middle-aged dude that thinks the bile leveled at the homeless needs to stop - but we also need to get realistic. We can't help everyone, but we can help some - and that means we need to make choices. I think taxes are crazy and

government is incompetent (on a good day) - but Seattle needs to wake up and realize, that no matter WHO tries to tackle the homeless issue, some tough choices must be made. I'm really sorry my liberal Seattle snowflakes - but you can't save everyone, you will go broke and you will fail. But that doesn't mean we shouldn't try by starting with homeless families that just need some help ... start there ... get the moms, dads, kids, the families, off the streets first.

That's my penny's worth of wisdom regarding Seattle's "homelessness problem" ...

Back to the core topic - check out these digs!!!

I take two buses to work, but my total commute isn't that bad - 45 mins, average, to and fro, on most days to the east side. My second bus leaves from the I-90/Rainier Ave Metro bus stop (take note assassins). Continuing ...

Whatever the case may be concerning assassins, there is a dude that is building a home - not a crappy one - under the bridge there, I've seen him nailing and sawing and insulating and he looks to be done. Sure, you have to ignore the tents, but he more or less built walls and a door under the bridge.

He might open a sports pub, for midgets ...

Is it safe? Healthy? Will the "state" come by and knock it over and tear it up? ans: "maybe, probably not, definitely".

But I have to say the dude put a lot of effort into it, and it seems like the structure (really amounting to walls) fits nicely in that area between the bridge and the concrete slab.

Cool ...

Great post about homelessness, am I right?

(awesome guys)

PS: If this guy were REALLY SLICK, he would camouflage or paint the outside of his dwelling to match the color, texture, of the bridge's concrete ... damn ... there's a product concept in this for REI ... "come and see our new expando concrete camo squares ... for living under briges ... water sealed ..."



## **We need to get the orangutans addicted to cigarettes ... [5/23/2018]**

I was listening to some "smart dudes" today on YOUTUBE, and one of them remarked that 100,000 orangutans were missing. His implication, based on voice, tone, use of language, is that they were dead ...

But what if they're not dead? What if they're just off some place, planning some shit?

What might bring them back? - cigarettes ...

If we get orangutans addicted to smoking, then they will come back for more - this will make it easier to attract them, control them, keep them from doing something crazy. Perhaps we get them shooting up heroin ... who wouldn't pay to see that? Tens of THOUSANDS of apes, in the jungle, shooting up heroin ... and they'll stay for the heroin ... the fans ... and the orangutans.

Sure, you'll call me a monster, but am I?

What if I told you that these "missing" orangutans were really forming underground armies? Forming brigades? Arming themselves with bat and chain and shivs? This would be scary, right?

So we have no choice ...

(we must get the orangutans addicted to cigarettes ... and ... maybe 'smack')

(it's the only solution left)

## **Denmark's New Social Policy [5/20/2018]**

Recently, China implemented a "New Social Policy", or something to that effect ... something like "social obedience score" or some kind of horribly named thingy ... bottom line, the only thing worse than its name is what it represents - being penalized for being non-conformist, scofflaw, out there, different, a pariah, or whatever pisses someone off ... this is terrible.

The Danes, being geniuses, believe the Chinese approach is wrong ...

"I believe the Chinese approach is wrong!", stated Dr. Jans Niedlar of Miskatonic University's Copenhagen annex. "They think that having people score ... and to score ... and to be scored ... that this is good ... but it's not good, it would be better to give them more useful tools to avoid negativity, mean talk, misunderstandings ... something must be done, the climate is in jeopardy ... the climate of social discourse."

As such, Dr. Niedlar and a team of Danish scientists have developed a new language to replace Danish (and all other languages), it's called: DDL (Danish Definition Language).

DDL is a set of statements, constructs, that allow the storing of love - in a safe and indexed way. DDL also facilitates retrieving this love ... so that it returns to you. DDL makes it easy to tell people what you want, without a lot of BS and potential sexual harassment lawsuits, see here ... a typical Danish conversation between boss and subordinate:

*Mindi: "What do you want Mr. Haverman?"*

*Mr. Haverman: "Well, I think you look hot, and I'd like to bang you!"*

*Mindi: "Mr. Haverman?!?! How dare you?!?"*

*Mr. Haverman: "I'd like to squeeze your butt, and your boobs, and maybe give you some wet kisses and a rim-job ... and then ... after some 'sea food' ... missionary."*

*Mindi: "I'm going to HR!"*

*Mr. Haverman: "What did I do?"*

Now, let's see the same scenario, but with DDL:

*Mindi: "CONNECTION -> accepted, MR-HAVERMAN. ACK."*

*Mr. Haverman: "INSERT -> you sexy. SELECT -> quickie. WHERE -> done behind dumpster. ACK."*

*Mindi: "EXCEPTION -> system level error. REBOOT. ACK. ACK. ACK."*

*Mr. Haverman: "SELECT -> squeeze-butt, grab-boobs, wet-kisses, rim-job. LOOP -> seafood. DO-ONCE -> missionary. ACK."*

*Mindi: "ERROR -> non-recoverable. REBOOT -> mandatory. DFFR. ACK. ACK. ACK. ACK."*

*Mr. Haverman: "MINDI. ACK. SEND -> error report. SIGH. ... ack ..."*

Of course - Mr. Haverman STILL behaved badly, but the language is clearer, less hurtful, less likely to facilitate harassment, and other crap like that. This is great news for humanity.

The Danes are awesome.

## **I am getting a summer cold, so I must complain ... [5/19/2018]**

This last week was weird, but better than other weeks ... especially from that drab winter we hopefully left behind, January and February can screw themselves. I say this, knowing, that we can get cold weather in June, in the PNW. It might be rare, but there have been some cold Seattle late springs and crap. But, it seems like winter is over ...

I may be getting a summer-cold, my throat is getting sore and I have a bit of a cough. It sucks, because it's getting warmer out and that, too, makes having a cold worse (at least from my perspective). This is ok - but it makes me think queer, messy thoughts ... about stuff like assassinations ... and how you could murder someone you hate.

Firstly, full disclosure: murder is wrong. God said it was wrong, it seems wrong from a rational perspective ... it's just wrong.

But, there are times, I suppose, and for those times, here's an idea:

The next time you plan on killing someone you hate, buy them a TESLA.

(that's it)

(no magical steps involved, just buy them a TESLA)

Whether the TESLA kills them immediately or not is an open question ...

(but they will die)

(and the summer-cold will be behind them)

## **QUARTRAINIUM 109: The homeless of SEATTLE are learning to eat JOGGERS! [5/18/2018]**

Sparrows fly south, past the pole, past the limits of human awareness. Kestrels hold mass near the Swiss Alps, as the Germanic hordes hold secret meetings, concerning the nature of gold and silver. Happy monsters, the Golem hordes, carrying shivs and bats and nail guns, traveling with banshees, not too far from where you live ...

Chancellor KELMER is alone, as EUROPA seeks passage in this dark hour. Persian merchants linger in the hallway, the anteroom is already full of FRANKS. ROMUS can no longer stand the stench of human pain, and he prepares poisons and other apparatus for their removal - "they will not be allowed to sojourn in MY LAND!" ... his scream could be heard for hundreds of miles. Nothing troubles the mind as much as the idea, the thought, that WAR and PEACE are mere angles on a painting, created by the insane.

A great palace is being built near the Rainier Avenue/I-90 bus stop, in Seattle, under the bridge. A troll king has established himself, erecting statues and monuments in honor of ... in honor of nothing.

Magic numbers for today: { 77, 1556, 998, 2019, 2022, 52009, 5.66, 34/35 }

## **Today didn't suck ... (800% better than February) [5/17/2018]**

A silly kind of update ...

Just wanted readers out there, in the space of forgetful bullshit and other kinds of heinous distractions, that my life has improved a bit ... I didn't end up homeless, though I must admit I see them every day to and from work. I ride Metro, in Seattle, nuff said ...



But things are better ...

Saw a dude building a house underneath the I-90 overpass this morning, not far from the Rainier Avenue Street/I-90 bus stop. He had put some real work into it - he had wood, and hammers, and cardboard, and he looked to be turning the crevice, that space under the bridge, into a home ... perhaps one that doesn't suck too much, to be envied in the slums of Rio de Janeiro, to be sought after, and perhaps stolen, by other bums or chud or trog or morlock that would like a nice place to sleep ... kind of futile ... so, like the Hopi Indians ... he will likely be destroyed by invaders. Maybe he'll leave cave paintings behind.

But things for me are decent enough, and that's fantastic these days.

### **Panda Express - you've changed ... [5/17/2018]**

As a kid, I remember loading up in our parent's van and driving to the Panda Express off of Aurora, the one run by old man Yu. Of course, back then, crap ... it was real panda ... and it was really fast service. That was the essence of Panda Express when it first opened - heck, old Yu would let you choose your own baby panda to fry up, you could choose them from behind the glass, in the ornamental (fake) bamboo village Yu kept them in.

But something happened ...

Old man Yu is gone now - and the Panda Express no longer serves panda, nor does it serve much else that quickly ...

I guess people got upset about eating panda, maybe, but this gets worse ...

It turns out in the mid-1980's, the Xiaolin Corporation of China, formed under Deng, bought Panda Express and decided to find a cheaper and more acceptable alternative meat product-substance - it just so happens that the Antarctic polar bear (now extinct and forgotten) had a very similar meat taste and consistency to panda bear. So, they decided to harvest the Antarctic polar bear, and then to participate in a cover-up campaign to convince the world that "NO, there AIN'T NEVER BEEN NO POLAR BEAR in ANTARCTICA!". But we know the truth, don't we?

By the mid-1990's, the Xiaolin Corp (now known as T-MOBILE), had eviscerated the population of polar bear at the South Pole, and every one of them was now dead ...

gone ... eaten ... in some Panda Express entree (or frozen entree that you can buy conveniently at Walmart).

In 1995, people living in Chile and Argentina could hear the cries of the dying, murdered, polar bear - their screams, and the fires of the dead carcasses that were left after the prime meat was taken, shook the night ... so many terrible things happened to those poor innocent polar bears, so sad.

At this point, Xiaolin Corp needed a plan C ...

The Plan C, also known as "PLAN-ZED-5612-ALPHA-66", involved designing a new synthetic molecule, that was water soluble, and could easily bind to taste and smell additives. The molecule itself had little or no nutritional value, and broke down into components almost immediately upon ingestion by the customer. This is why, when you eat at Panda Express, you never poop ... no poop. The Panda Express entree comes out as byproducts in your urine, causing less damage to the liver, more damage to the kidneys.

Every component of a Panda Express meal now, even the "vegetables", are really just injection molded simulacra of actual food. Recently, the FDA had a judge issue a cease and desist order, demanding that the word "food" no longer show up in any materials printed by Panda Express - the word food must be gone from all of their marketing materials by 2021.

So that kind of sucks ...

There ain't no more polar bears in Antarctica ...

And Panda Express, she ain't what she used to be ...

(no way, no how)

## **Oldest person in the world is not thankful ... (not one bit) [5/16/2018]**

I was reading a story today while waiting for my fried egg sandwich ...

Sure, fried egg sandwiches are boring - but boring can be that salve which staves off the pain of existence, the recognition that nothing ... and I mean NOTHING ... really matters all that much. No, I'm not trying to rip off Queen's "Bohemian Rhapsody", I'm simply

making the point that it's likely, probable, that this material existence is just some kind of very intensive game or simulation or we are merely the afterthoughts of some waking child ... waking from a nightmare that is the universe.

No ...

Sorry ... that's too dark.

But I did read this story, about this old woman in Russia, who was about to become the oldest person on Earth. Perhaps not the oldest person that ever lived, but we don't really know. The Bible talks of many old people, in the book of Genesis ... heck, Methuselah lived to be almost 1,000 years old (969 years, to be precise). 128 years is amazing, even if it's not the "all time record".

What was most interesting was the emphasis on the point that, well, Koku Istambulova claimed that she had not enjoyed a single day in her life ... that her life was miserable ... that her memories were of violence, menial and degrading work, communism, a couple of world wars, German tanks (NAZIs) rolling through her village ... yes, she's seen some shit. And maybe that's part of it, or maybe that's just a kind of smoke screen.

I can't read minds, I doubt anyone can (excepting God of course).

I can't read minds, but I believe this woman - and I also believe that she is a good example of how pessimism, negativity, and terrible life experiences can actually lead to a long life ... by necessity, really. No hell is useful if it's a "short timer" hell. Hell needs to be long, the real one is supposedly eternal. Eternal damnation - that's a long hell. But 128 years of damnation ain't no joke.

If she had died, say, during WW1 or the Great Flu Pandemic or the Russian Revolution, or even as late as WW2, then yes - she might have said "this sucked", but it would have sucked less.

She has had the distinguished joy of living through most of the "party" of the last century, but she was never inside the party - and now the "party" is coming to an end, probably. She, Koku, was outside the "dance hall" of modern excess, materialism, stuff you could buy ... she lived among the hyenas, the CHUD, the trog and morlock ... she lived in the wilderness of busted hope, the dark zones, places whispered of, regions avoided if possible.

All that Western, fun-loving, fast-living, care-free lifestyle ...

All that technology and 60's sexual rebellion and Rock&Roll ... and drug use ... don't forget the drug use.

Our dear, lovely, Koku did not get a slice of that "special cake" - she missed the celebration, and lived through the shadow-hell on the periphery.

And now that we are nearing collapse, of the Western order, perhaps the modern world, she's left with nothing ...

And so she's miserable ...

(and there's really no moral to this, except life can be miserable and perhaps misery leads to a long life)

(the end)

### **"Do you know where to catch the 69?" [5/15/2018]**

I was waiting for my bus today, as most days, down by 12th and Jackson. I leave for work early, so even with respect to homeless people I am usually "up before them". It's nice, generally speaking ...

Sure, when I wake up I see the mess from the night before - garbage strewn, grease stains, signs of doings and goings-on that certainly look sketchy, and this is life in the city these days.

This morning some dude, homeless guy, asks me "where to catch the 69?" ...

My outer voice said simply, "no, sorry, I don't know".

My inner voice wanted to say, "dude, down off of 1st Avenue or maybe Aurora ... but it will cost you \$100 man ..."

Sure, that inner voice is kind of a jackass, but it's what I wanted to say ...

Besides ...

You "catch the 69" ... you'll probably catch something else.

## **No red cable on the King County Metro ... [5/11/2018]**

I know this is dark, dreary, horrible ...

Today I was thinking "I wish there was a cable, like the yellow cable, but different ..."

If you ride the bus, you know about the yellow-cable that tells the driver "hey man, I'm going to get off at the next stop". But this cable is really quite boring. What is needed is a special bus, with a "red cable", and this cable, if pulled while looking at some wretched creature ... along the side of the road ... well this causes the creature, person, entity, to go up in a puff of smoke. Yes ... what's wrong with me? Or have you felt the same way?

I don't hate people, but I am sick of most of them. I'd like to say that I find "humanity", in its various forms, comforting, but this is simply not the case. The human race, through choices of its own, is drifting towards madness and oblivion. There's no nice way to say it - people are starting to go nuts ... no Al Qaeda or ISIS needed ... no "Black Lives Matters" required ... people, under historic economic and social pressure, are simply breaking down. Maybe it's a dude in Chicago that thinks it's "fun" to raise a dog to hunt and kill other animals ... perhaps it's the "Russians are going to GET US!" crazy ... maybe you hate Trump a whole bunch, like other people hated Obama or Bush ... but you're on the edge of sanity and that queer illness which comes after.

No ...

There isn't some sentinel bus in the King County Metro system that can roam about, with "red cables", identifying the layabouts and ne'er-do-wells and other fiends ... hiding in the shadows of urban confusion ... and they must be dealt with.

None of this will end well Seattle ...

(the "head tax" won't help)

## **QUARTRAINIUM 108: Seattle is home to freaks ... [5/4/2018]**

Welcome cheerleaders crowd the festival and the band arrives late. Of the 6 players, 3 are seen standing by themselves in lieu of expert opinions. The band manager is in the

shadows. Crows sit indignant in the round, as the muddy ground dries and leaves a residue of pain and carelessness.

Campers congregate under the overpass. Tents, boxes, needles, empty beer cans, and despair hide in plain sight - but no one sees or is interested. Glowing rectangles tell the passersby what to think, and their thoughts are of miracles and impossible worlds to come. The Orangutan King lay dormant before the onslaught, as mercenaries lurk in the background, below the layer of perception.

A musky wind blows, as more and more people question the "young prince". He is dreamy, has ideas, but valuations do not match the phony-baloney accounting practices. The finances bleed a fine red pinot noir - and the California hallucination is never ending.

## **The problem solving narrative ... [4/21/2018]**

### *The Intro*

I ride the bus to work, currently, for 2 hours each way, twice a day, M-F ...

I'm not complaining, really ... I know there are more people way worse off than me. I can sit here, at the Yardarm Pub (Des Moines, WA), and write and drink my IPA ... sure, I have to meet with a couple of people this afternoon, but I'm not going to get "blotto" ... (probably)

Any who, if you ride the Metro, and you don't have your earphones jammed into your brain case, then you have the opportunity to learn a LOT about people - or, perhaps, about the people they think they are; do we or can we ever know the "real person" by overhearing conversations on a bus? By the clothes? By the expressions and shuffling of feet, and smell ... let's be honest - smell. Big time factor, riding Metro, is smell ...

It seems mean to put things in terms of "smell", but really, we do learn so much - we learn if you're a smoker ... if you're a smoker, then you're a nihilist, who lives by each moment, for its own sake, without regard to meaning, or concern. That's what I think when I smell a smoker ... cuz ... tbh ... I've been a smoker myself at various dark-moments-of-the-soul time periods or phases of my life.

Perfume or a "nice smell" signals "I am awesome, and you SUCK loser!"; this applies to men and women. I don't think I smell bad, but I don't think I smell "nice" either - I try to "not smell". Not smelling or releasing too many odors is a good strategy, I think.

And then there are the overheard conversations ...

It's weird, but much of what I enjoy (sometimes) are the overheard conversations.

Sure, I get annoyed when I hear some "blue badge" (permanent Microsoft employee) talking about their amazing lives, and the money and power ... the sexy lounges they go to in order to smoke their fancy cigarettes that actually REVERSES global warming and crap ... yes ... I don't enjoy listening to these electric car driving folks.

But the pedestrian crap ...

The hoi polloi demographic?

The chumps and rustling mass of afflicted humanity?

Their stories ROCK!

Everyone has a narrative, in that sense

*The Girl ...*

There was a very attractive young techie riding the bus this week - I've modified my schedule, here and there, based upon the fact that I commute, by Metro, from Des Moines to Bellevue ... it kinda sucks, but really ... the lives of most people on planet Earth suck more than mine ... so the complaining is pointless and off-putting.

But she was/is very beautiful. I don't know her ... she's too young for me ... but ... I can glance.

That being said, I remember the afternoon ride home on Wednesday ...

That trip was fun, because she was dating a co-worker. All of this from overhearing what they were saying - work convos, mixed with "where do you want to eat" ... and ... "I think people really like you on our team" ... and ... "I'm hungry ... but I'm not that hungry ..."

*(guess the gender)*

This is the narrative I guessed:

He was between 34-38 ...

She was between 25-31 ...

He was a lead software tester at a gaming company, she's a lower level game tester, QA type.

This is their first date, and they were both clumsy in their phrasing.

He: "Should we get dinner first?"

She: "I don't know if I'm hungry ... but I feel hungry ... are you hungry?"

He: "I'm kind of hungry ... but ... maybe not 'that' hungry ... ??"

She: "It's like ... we could stop at that new Taco Truck ... off of 7th?"

He: "Totally ... that place rocks ... but ... are you hungry?"

This is how this goes for about 20 minutes of the bus ride ...

Now I know they like tacos.

Bottom line is that their clothes, their smells, their conversations, all revealed much of who they were - perhaps too much, perhaps not enough, and who's to say?

### *Conclusion*

I think, in many ways, storytelling is how we share big ideas - not always, but often. Humans love a good story, and get bored, quickly, with terrible stories ... the ones that suck - not mine of course.

Sure, I could say, as a software engineer, that ideas are often shared by the "code", the documentation (what there might be, which is more often than not scant to none) ... but the powerful conversations you have as software engineers, bus drivers, people dating,



strangers on a train ... it is when you share the big ideas, concepts, hidden patterns, via the power of the story or narrative.

We weave these tales, even when we're "testifying to the truth", BECAUSE it is how we share information. We make information exciting, connected, important, and thereby enhance memory retention. Sure, we could communicate in pure logic, math, sentences devoid of any ambiguity ... the problem is, this world is immersed in ambiguity. The narrative captures this, and by capturing it allows us to transcend the limits of language.

Via the narrative, we share "thought experiments" that the other, the listener, can test against their own experience ...

So yes - I believe the most important, most meaningful stuff, we learn in this life, is shared in the format of the story.

It doesn't mean we're lying - perhaps the opposite ... even the "liar" gives himself (or herself) away if they talk too much and tell a story. In some ways, the narrative is a subtle lie detector - the story gives us generalized patterns against which our minds, at deep levels, can "check the story".

Any who ...

This is what I learned on a bus, this last week.

## **QUARTRINIUM 107: The jealous angels run wild in the streets ... [4/20/2018]**

Cantors and other frolickers cannot be dissuaded from their march of doom. Chosen for their indifference to the winds, these merry revelers can be seen, late at night, wandering the streets of our dreams. "There cannot be an end to this", the dregs scream. Yet with each passing day they approach the twin gods of Ximian and Hortos. With trepidation we stand by and watch this spectacle, but the "dancers shall dance" and the party must go on.

The 3rd Council of princes is held in Paris. Levantines attend and the way is forged for new and more horrible devastation among the simple folk. Without warning, there shall be 6 lights in the sky - each portending a different outcome, each carrying a different curse.

The ORANGUTAN KING tilts towards peace, but is pulled towards war. His admirals and generals plead with him, "shall we not have OUR time in the sun?" This pleading goes nowhere. The ape-king has other plans, agendas, great secrets, and this too will be revealed upon the sepulcher of mendacity. The dark-lawyer keeps watch, takes notes, and will not stop. Other prisoners of fate beckon as well.

The river of tailing flows forth from the broken mountains of GOST. Birds of 12 types frequent those hills, valleys, realms ... all of them dangerous to those who are not true. Forget what you know of distant eons, a time is coming when each shall be judged for their mirth.

## **QUARTRAINIUM 106: "WE SHALL CHALLENGE THE GODS OF MORTOSIA!" [4/4/2018]**

Mortals gather at the pond to dispel any concern over the bubbling, frothy, ichor that sits as a filmy layer on the top. Toxic revelers dance near the cathedral, as the purveyors of TRUTH run screaming into the streets. One shall lay with stones and rats, while three will wander further down the path of forgetfulness.

Carrion lie strewn upon the path, vultures stare vacantly, food decays, coyotes hold court and pass sentence on raccoons. Kindling is piled high and the QUAKER GUNS stay pointed towards the EASTERN KINGDOMS as Asian princes make plans for war. Magog is without mercy, and the daggers of horror hang over the commonwealth of chastity.

A cold front passes overnight - fruit is frozen on the tree. Tarry not as you prance about today, never relinquish the spirit of disdain you feel for your coworkers.

Magic number for today: { 533538002 }

## **Yay ... (meh) [4/4/2018]**

So, I'm working again - and this is good news, right?

It's great news because it means I can begin to dig myself out of the financial hole I'm in. I guess I'm really jazz'd about paying bills, and taxes ... MAN do I LOVE paying taxes.

I guess it's good because of the necessity of pain ...

You can't have joy, beauty, all the cool stuff without some pain. Sure, pain can be avoided, but pain can't be eliminated. Part of my "journey" of recent years has been a futile attempt at trying to find a life, a way of life, that could fit with my beliefs. I wasn't seeking "pain free", just something less existentially caustic to my soul. I remember leaving Seattle, in 2014, swearing to "never return". Here I am, again, working (as a contractor) for one of the companies I despise - doing work that is pointless, chaotic, and often painful.

Sure - I'm just starting this job, so a "groove" will develop ...

Once I'm in the "groove" I can pretend, as others do, that everything is "ok" ...

But for now I'm frustrated, bewildered, and back to wondering about the mess that is my life.

(but I'm fine)

## **Birthdays ... [3/19/2018]**

"Why did I not perish at birth, and die as I came from the womb?" - Job 3:11

I am a Christian, and I read the bible ...

This statement makes me an anachronism by today's post-modern-secular standards. Who knows ... some may even consider me atavistic or backwards for my religion, while others, who read my writings, may be confused - seeing all to well, as God does, the profane way I express myself, at times.

I mention this, and the quote from the bible above, because my birthday is coming up ...

Before I go into too much more about my birthday, I must state, for the record, that I am NOT comparing my life to Job's.

Job was the object of a wager between God and the Devil ...

Job suffered torments that most cannot imagine ...

(I say "most", because there are many in this world who do suffer a life not so different from Job's)

Good and evil wanted to test God's contention that Job would remain upright, good, moral, even if he lost his wealth, his family, his friends, everything. Whatever disasters have visited themselves upon my life in the last two years, these were NOT acts of God; they were choices I made, actions I took, failures on my part - both logical and moral.

I can state, without equivocation, that I set out on a personal journey - two years ago - seeking to find a way for my philosophy (anarchism mixed with Christianity and existentialism) to integrate elegantly with my work-life, my means of daily survival. Before I set out on this journey, I knew the demon that spoke to me "Dan, there is no point, you are a prisoner", and this demon speaks to me today as it did before, and I do battle with it ... but I try to cover my ears.

But there was this brief period when I believed, perhaps naively, that I could have an authentic life, living within this wretched empire that we call the United States - to work and be, somehow, outside the sphere of the police state's control. It might have worked, I could have made better choices, but all-in-all it is possible that it would only end one way - with destitution, debt, and near self-destruction.

So no ... I am not Job. I am the architect of my circumstances - and both I and God are fully aware of this truth.

But I approach my birthday, this week of March, also feeling better about many things - and this is the result of seeking healing and redemption from family, in WA state, I had isolated. I have a sister who, like other siblings of mine, do not see me as some tragic failure, or loser, but instead see positive aspects of me - and they have offered me shelter, and a time to become stronger.

I've had a respite, when only a few weeks ago I was very close to "calling it quits" in the absolute sense. Today, I will do yard work, I will remove sod for a flower garden, I will mow the lawn and await starting a new job - the job is for a company that I don't love, but I don't love most companies these days. I am, to the extent I am capable, optimistic for the short term ... this is a good change.

And yet, even with this positive turn of events, I wonder at the futility of my adult life ...

I am middle aged now - broke, deeply indebted, and starting over once again.

There is less time now, than there was before, for me to re-energize and reconstruct my existence - but still, I am sanguine with regards to this.

I am not likely to "celebrate my birthday", but rather treat it as cause for reflection, and maybe, renewal.

And for the debris left behind of the last few years? - I say "HA!, I am still here ... driftwood and all."

I am still here ...

I have not given up, even if I was creeping very close to the cliff.

I am still alive, I can still work, I can still dream - and write.

For these things, I am thankful.

For the rest?

The mistakes?

The betrayals and confusion and madness?

I seek the wisdom to understand my errors and to never repeat them ...

And to do this, and more, without giving up on the human race.

(peace)

(and, Merry Un-Birthday ...)

**War with RUSSIA? - no ... [3/18/2018]**

I think much of America is going insane.

This weird and violent fetish regarding Russia has no positive outcome, and can only lead to destruction.

I'm not sure if madness is the best explanation, but certainly the American people are being lied to. The thing about lying, however, is it requires two participants - the person (or persons) telling the lies, and the people who have an innate desire to believe the lie. Lies really don't work unless the person being fooled has a willingness to suspend disbelief. I'm here to say that the "Putin did it!" narrative is bullshit.

The United States has been operating illegal wars in Libya, Syria, Iraq and Afghanistan. Our government toppled an elected government in 2014, in the Ukraine, and this too was illegal. We have hundreds of military bases worldwide, and recently we conducted military exercises which put U.S. artillery within range of St. Petersburg (Russia). If Russia conducted military operations in Mexico? If Russia stationed military forces on the U.S. border in Canada? - yes, I think Americans would be rightfully worried. But Russia is not doing this, the USA is the bad actor here.

And Crimea? - Crimea is more Russian than Texas is American ... so please, read a history book.

What's even more perplexing are the mental gymnastics that Trump supporters must go through to get behind Trump's recent bellicose rhetoric towards Russia; and yet, it's not that surprising. Liars need willing believers, and Trump supporters, after Hillary's defeat, believed that some new "morning in America" was upon us - but this, too, was a lie.

For those who believe that Putin is evil and terrible - whatever, we once elected a neocon and former CIA director as U.S. president (the elder Bush).

For those who accept the "nerve gas" stories coming from the UK without any real evidence being supplied? - gee, where were those "weapons of mass destruction" Saddam supposedly had? - where were they? - they were CIA fantasies.

For those who believe that a war with Russia could be easily won, how? - by being willing to sacrifice several million Americans on the altar of nuclear war? Is that victory for you? - the fallout will be your reward.

It isn't Putin who inspects your grandmother's anus when she boards a plane at the airport - it is the U.S. government.

It isn't Putin that is destabilizing the Middle East by supporting radical jihadists and arming them - it is the CIA.

It isn't Putin that taxes you to death, that denies you due process ... that's happening here, in America.

It isn't Putin that builds shoddy bridges, using social justice engineers, and then hides the truth (as just happened in Florida) ... nope ... not Putin.

It wasn't Putin that poisoned the citizens of Flint (Michigan) by mismanaging the water supply there - those were Americans.

Putin is likely average by Russian leader standards - a little corrupt, a little atavistic, but not Hitler and definitely not Stalin.

Don't look to boogeymen in Moscow for the source of your hellish existence here in the USA. The cause of our pain is a financial oligarchy without bounds and that currently holds our society captive.

But by all means, keep hoping we have some war with Russia ...

When the mushroom clouds start sprouting, and you're shivering in fear, remember that this LIE was also your fault.

Americans should be in the streets DEMANDING that this warmongering bullshit stop - instead, we're listening to CNN and FOX NEWS and believing their crap (and you can include NPR as well).

Good luck ...

(you will need it)

### **QUARTRINIUM 105: Nascent crows monitor from above, as worms crawl underfoot ... [3/15/2018]**

Ditches being dug by traveling salesmen are too shallow, too narrow - the prince of Jasper is perplexed. Terrible storms approach from the EAST, as English gentlemen pass gas. Monitors and watchmen observe from the stone towers of London, and the last

QUEEN is readying her speech. The sky is alight with red forms and a nasty green fog settles upon Oxford.

Cash managers hold their wealth too close to the heart. Captured ships are sunk, somewhere near the Spice Islands. Every rook is stationed near to Moscovy, as the mad-king transcends himself in prayer to demons. Dutch weavers are lost in work, the bread rises in a lonely cottage near Denmark. Zipangu tilts towards chaos, as Chinese generals stare at their maps and their soldiers sharpen their knives.

Golden mead is now served in the OLD CITY. Street urchins steal wallets and watches, the old bookkeeper tallies each day's earnings. The squid is upended as strange men in gray suits descend from the 20th floor - at great speed.

### **QUARTRAINIUM 104: Cats are roaming the countryside in search of human flesh ... [3/13/2018]**

The Cajun generals have sounded the alarm. Forces converge 4 days after the great celebration, the swamps provide cover for operations and other eldritch rites. The Bishop of Mims is absent from the conclave, as the papists declare war on all forms of witchery. Canals beset with clutter are not passable, horses cannot drag the barges and ships are not available. 24 of these horses have dropsy, and the squires are sick and twisted in the yard.

A chalice of poison is presented to the orangutan KING - his lords are driven insane and scattered, chattering magpies mock his bewilderment. The plague spreads, as the kingdom is torn in 4 pieces - each with its own plans, 2 of them will make an alliance, one will fall, one will be left isolated and surrounded. King of Cash will pour the fuel upon the pyre only to see smoke and the whistling noise of madness. Great tumult is felt among the citizens of Hornia.

"Not now you dumb beast!", screams the wizard to his monster. The monster was created to dig trenches, but now this Golem stands astride the 7 trading houses of New Holland. A tempest brews as printers grow weary and run out of ink. A squid, a cat, and a dog make merry in the basement - the rats hold meetings in secret.

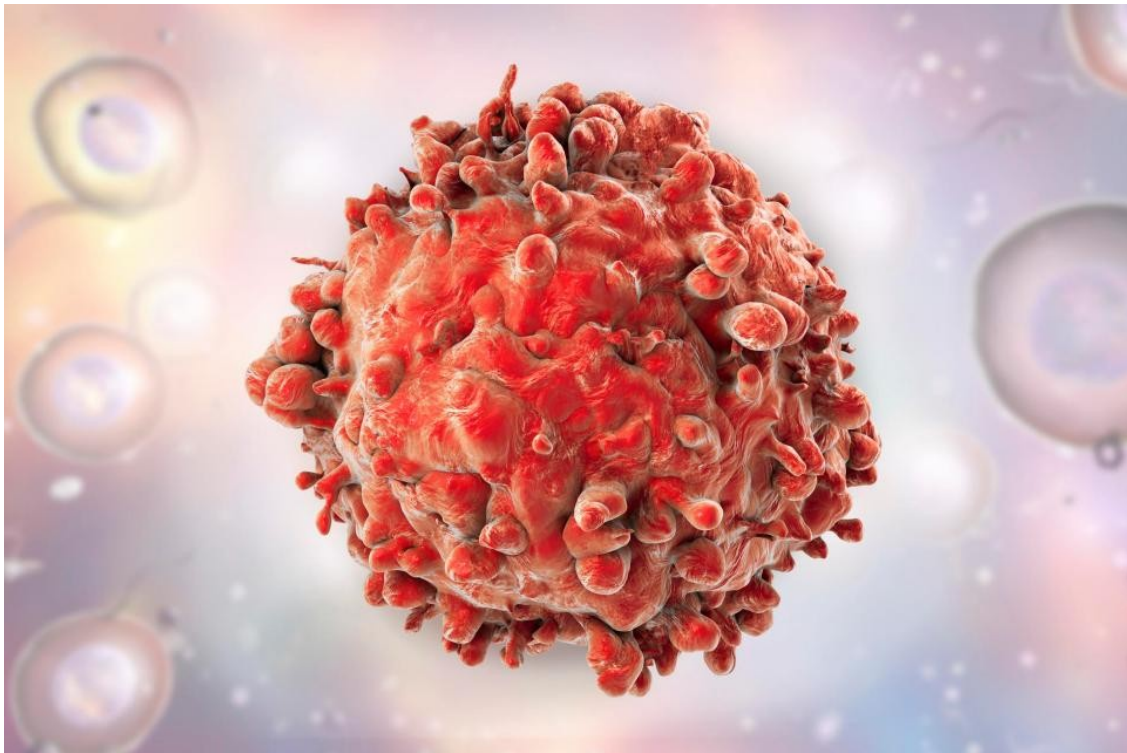
School children are rounded up and sent "someplace" - but this "place" is nowhere. Teachers scavenge their belonging in search of booty. None is found. Only the emptiness of broken ideas.



## **WORLD HEALTH ALERT: SCIENTISTS ARE AFRAID THAT EVERYONE IS GOING TO DIE! [3/10/2018]**

There is more and more evidence that we are all dying. It isn't instantaneous, it won't happen overnight - but soon, perhaps someone you know, will die. "I'm really horrified, worried ...", says a local resident of Seattle (WA), "why won't the government or Bill Gates do SOMETHING!"

Here is a scanning-electron view of this new and monstrous pathogen ...



Dr. Leon Francesco, of Miskatonic University in Rhode Island, is quite concerned, "I'm not sure if people realize that they are being killed ... perhaps slowly in many cases ... but it is now well known that all humans will die within 70-130 years of their date of birth." There is no cure for this illness, no amount of shelter or prepared food or vegan dieting can prevent this - kale won't help you either ... and kale sucks. "At best, you might live to be in your 80's or 90's ... but eventually ... probably ... you'll be dead too ... fuck ... fuck this hellish bullshit!" Think tanks and various advanced research laboratories are working on emergency cures and other crap, but no solution seems feasible to this inevitable death that is now predicted to strike every person.

Politicians and the wealthy are scrambling for solutions, but as of now there is no known cure for this disease. The World Health Organization is calling this "Disease Y", because "Disease X" is taken ... and ... you know ... this is terrible.

"The best you can do is hideout ... in your home ... drink plenty of beer or wine ... go to work ... you can eat whatever you want and just spend the day shit-posting on TWITTER or FACEBOOK ... but yeah ... you're screwed!", says Dr. Francesco, expert in the science of things to fear.

Time is ticking away, before you or a neighbor ... maybe your cat ... but yeah ... shit ... someone is going to die every day ... thousands ... everyone only has about 70-130 years to live ... and that's optimistic.

### **QUARTRAINIUM 103: The larder is full, but nothing is available for the FEAST! [3/5/2018]**

Intemperate beasts congregate at the ancient tabernacle of YOST. Tarry not, for the day is coming when mead and wine will bring no pleasure, and nothing shall be set aside for later. A harvest of RED CORN comes too soon, as the waters reach their maximum and Jericho is laid waste. Syrian knights, without direction, march on Madrid - careful this fortnight, for tales of woe spread in the hinterlands and wolves are plentiful while the dawn is distant.

Green paths lay ahead for the DUKE of Noobis. No one priest will speak the truth while the popes speak in riddles and lies. London is beset by plague, rats consume the young who are left unguarded - their parents are dismayed and delusional. Fires spread throughout the factories of the EASTERN realm. Zipangu weeps as pigs hold council with pigeons.

"There is no home for you here!" - the well-to-do shout at the vagabonds, an emerald city made large by folly. Raggedy folk hold signs near the overpass, asking mere morsels and expecting great fortune. The money changers hang by knots - ropes tied off by those widows who cannot seek justice, only revenge.

And in this din of perfidy? - the ORANGUTAN KING is alone, unguarded, excepting those fences that cannot stop the lice and rats.

## **A glimmer of hope ... [3/4/2018]**

I've recently had to move again - not to a different city, but to a new location. It's not a big deal, a family member was able to help out and give me a room until I get on my feet. This is, in many ways, great news - and a reminder that I am luckier than most. Sure, I would prefer the last two years of my life never happened. I would prefer that I had been wiser, a better judge of people. I know there are many who would say "you learned something", but I am not sure I've learned anything. In general, I am far less trusting today than I was two years ago - but that, too, isn't necessarily a good thing.

I have a hard time imagining how I will build a life without being able to trust, to open up my life to others. You can't be a member of any community without opening up your heart and your life. I think if I have enough time I can get on my feet again and perhaps have the resources - spiritual and material - to feel that these "risks involving people" are something I can take on. As it stands right now, I am still in the "toilet bowl" of existence - I'm just not "circling the drain".

Considering that two weeks ago I was researching the "best tent city" to live at should tell you something. I avoided the streets, I avoided the decisions that are more permanent. And so, I simply take this breath and I will use this respite to start trying to live again, trying to find a way through my own darkness ...

This is a brief post, and should be taken as a kind of update for those readers who care. I know some of you care, and that is gracious and kind.

I know that many of you have the morbid curiosity or schadenfreude that is all too common to the human species ... and, that's ok too. No lessons in any of this, just absurd folly.

I guess this is merely a signal to the universe that I've not given up quite yet.

(and that, I suppose, is worth something)

## **QUARTRAINIUM 102: NO ONE CARES IF ALL IS FORGOTTEN IN TIME! [2/25/2018]**

A chalice filled with red fury is presented to the KING. Lords of Jest surround the court, as the orangutan KING is mocked, but his keen eye stops, as his gaze becomes

enchanted by the 7 princesses of Persia. A liquid salve is spread upon the dark souls of all attending -- and neolithic priests, from caves enormous, barter for spiritual release.

Terrence, the money-changer, raises the stakes in this race to nowhere. ZIPANGU bars the door, as the samurai rise from ashes and display their mortal wounds. Deadly storms rock the waters, and more than a few are swallowed by whales.

Cancer and Gemini are locked in lover's dance of mead and disdain - telltale signs of exhaustion as the Londoners chase dreams down the shaft. Dusky folk, covered in rags, chase the sentinels from allies and wharves and those lost regions of pity and broken souls.

Magic numbers for tomorrow: { 22457, 564988222, 34.8898, 122.566, 67/117 }

## **What freedom is there left? [2/25/2018]**

During the 2016 presidential campaign I realized, understood, that I was not a "voter" or a "party member". At that time my party was the Libertarian party - my candidate was Gary Johnson. I know that there are many minarchists and Libertarians who would claim that I ought not to judge the party by the failure of Johnson, but we can't really say that was the first failure. The Libertarian Party has been the siren, the gentle and bewitching melody, that has drawn the liberty community to the rocks and reefs of failure and disillusionment - since the early 1970's. The argument goes like this: "eventually, we'll win ...". Problem is "eventually" might be too late.

I am an anarchist - I know this.

I know that I've been an anarchist since I was a kid. Sure, I didn't have a name for it back then but I knew what I was. When I left the U.S. Army in 1999, I was so lost, so confused by my experience, that I sought answers - and I struggled with the answers that led to more questions.

"What had I believed in?" - this was the central question.

I'd believed the U.S. was a free country - and I understood, finally, it was not.

I had believed we were a nation that concerned itself with truth, respect, and the notion that each of us was master of our destiny - this belief was gone as well.

The reasons why I had taken a commission in 1996 had melted away, I was ashamed of my stupidity. I was ashamed of my naive understanding of the world.

In 1999 I dove into anarchism - more left-anarchism, but anarchism nonetheless. Noam Chomsky was my guide, his critique of media still resonates with me to this day. Emma Goldman too, Kropotkin, and others ...

I think left-anarchism has its flaws, but at least its humanist values are in the right place.

And now, more than a year after admitting what I am, I am more lost than ever.

I had attempted to find an authentic way to meld my work with my life, my ideals with my income - and all I found were more lies, more deceptions, more confusion and pain.

Yes - I am an anarchist.

No - I truly do not believe this has any practical meaning.

I guess you could say "organize", but the organizing of anarchists is a futile exercise. And, to be blunt, there are many minarchists or petty tyrants that masquerade as anarchists. Sure, many smaller governments is preferable to one large one, but you still can suffer the brutality of group think and the cult of personality. Whether it's "workers democracy" or "Jim Jones", the small scale society can have at its core the same evil that imbues the mass-societies, the super-states. Maybe small groups can't wage major war, but they can still beat and torture and execute.

I don't know what I'm seeking now - I know that what I am seeking and how I make a living will not intersect, not in the USA in 2018. The personal journey of carving out freedom in an increasingly oppressive and empty civilization will be a challenge for any thinking, feeling, caring human being.

And then there's this ...

The admission that the only freedom left might be suicide - I know, scary and dark.

But there are times when I wonder what freedom we have left BUT the freedom to choose non-participation.

I am not advocating for self-harm, though the last few months have forced me to consider this many times.

I am not advocating for suicide because I think I've turned a corner - I am feeling a queer optimism over my own ability to weather the emotional storm.

I am choosing to admit the mistakes of the last couple of years AND to ponder their meaning ... perhaps I have echoes of pain and shame, but this is ok ... life is messy, and a life lived is usually a quagmire of bullshit ...

But I do ask this question, and will not stop: what freedom is there left?

What freedom do I have?

Do I accept the consumerist freedom to "buy shit" as freedom?

And if I reject consumerism as freedom, then what, perchance, is there?

(ideas to ponder on a Sunday night)

### **I don't fit ... [2/21/2018]**

You really don't fit ...

You think you fit - but you don't.

I know this because I am like you, and I have known I don't "fit" since I was a kid.

We live in an age of imperial decline. We live in the death throes of a once free republic now turned violent, despotic, narcissistic, and warmongering. If you buy into the propaganda, the lies, the narrative spun by the media, then you can "fit in" - if you refuse these lies for what they are, then you are a freak.

We go to work each day and participate in fashion contests, we share our adventures detailing the shows we watched or the crap we bought. We build our lives around barriers of "stuff", "junk", that is piled ever higher - separating us from each other. So, yeah - I definitely don't fit-in.

If you are still reading this, then you really REALLY don't fit - but that might be sign that you have a soul, and that's something worth having.

Contemporary America preaches "conformity" as if it were some value worth aspiring to, I know because I used to live within sight of one of those foci of drab human waste - the fashion mall at Keystone (Indianapolis, IN). This place is/was an altar to consumerism without thought, obedience without question.

Because these ideas occur to me, I know that I do not "fit" and I will likely never "fit".

But here's the thing ...

I don't think that I am alone, and you are not alone either.

I don't think I am the only person who drives their car to a job each morning and wonders "what actual good am I doing?", "who am I helping?", "how is the world better because of my obedience to synthetically produced norms?".

I've chosen a hard road - because I know it may end up nowhere, perhaps in the streets, homeless, cold ... maybe worse.

I've decided that I am no longer willing to simply "work to live", while ignoring the harm that my work, the taxes I pay, does around the world and in my own society. I know I will be forced to support these messed-up schemes as long as I have a "career", but I also know that I can choose, at least for now, to not be happy about it. The only rebellion left happens inside the mind.

I am insignificant, but that's not important.

I am mediocre, but that is seen through someone else's lens.

I do not care who won the "Super Bowl" OR that "March Madness" approaches. I am simply more concerned with our government, our cancerous, make-believe, "Disney Land" society, and the evil it inflicts.

I know there is nothing I can do to change any of this, and yet I still desire a different outcome - and that makes me crazy, and more of a misfit.

I don't "fit" and I don't want to - I just find it impossible to "fit".

(do you "fit"?)

## **The sin of hopelessness ... [2/20/2018]**

Jesus in heaven, during the last few weeks I have failed you once again.

I have let my sadness,  
my own pain,  
misery,  
loneliness,  
cloud my perspective and pervert my judgment.

I failed many of those I have claimed to love,  
I have chosen "escapism and nihilism" out of disgust for my fellow man.

I have hidden myself from them for fear of showing them who I was,  
who I am.

What was it my mom and sister said?  
Days before they died, 2 years apart?  
"Dan, don't be ashamed of who you are."  
I've been trying to understand the meaning of that ever since.

But then I look in the mirror and I see the truth.  
I am ashamed.  
I am ashamed because the flaws I see in others are my own.

I am ashamed because I have been unwilling to greet the world,  
without drink,  
without mask,  
without force-fields at maximum.

I am ashamed because I have despised the human race.

For Our war-mongering,  
our scape-goating,  
our unwillingness to accept responsibility for our situation.  
Our desire to find someone,  
anyone,  
to blame for our many problems,  
trials.



The truth, dear Lord:  
We got ourselves into this horrid mess,  
we must get ourselves out of it.

But the nihilism calls so strongly,  
and I know that voice is not yours.

The voice of abandon,  
surrender,  
negation.

The voice that causes us to look away,  
to pretend we didn't see that homeless person.

The voice that tells us to accept "power as power".  
The voice that tells us that "we are meant to be ruled".

I know that is the voice of Lucifer,  
the Devil,  
the ultimate misanthrope.

A monstrous voice,  
having just one desire,  
and a single,  
methodical,  
diabolical purpose:

To turn man and woman against each other.  
To turn children against parents and parents against children.  
To sow terror and angst and defeatism.  
To build a world kingdom based on tyranny and fear.  
To obliterate human dignity and freedom.  
To do all of this,  
until there are no people left alive.  
Pure misanthropy - pure evil.

I have let myself,  
if only temporarily,  
become a misanthrope,

again,  
as well,  
and in that sense I have once again turned my back on you,  
dear Lord.

But grace is always there,  
and it is never too late to turn my face towards you.

Here is what I will do:

I will wake up tomorrow,  
I will go to work,  
I will exercise,  
I will communicate,  
I will try to remember those things that are joyful and good,  
I will try to trust,  
and have faith,  
and believe in my fellow man,  
and I will keep trying,  
repeatedly,  
and then try again.

I don't know how much time I have left to get this right,  
to keep trying,  
none of us do.

But,  
with God's grace,  
and some patience,  
I still have time.

God,  
watch over the people of this world,  
look out for my friends and family whom I love,  
provide comfort for the poor,  
provide hope for the hopeless,  
be an inspiration to those with power,  
so they do what is right.

God,

don't give up on me,  
don't give up on us.

Not that you would,  
you keep giving us further opportunities.

Humans suck sometimes,  
I know this,  
but sometimes they are courageous,  
sometimes they are good,  
sometimes they are amazing as well.

AMEN

## **Desperate strangers ... [2/17/2018]**

I've been obsessing again, well ... perhaps I haven't stopped for a few years.

I've been thinking about my mistakes, mainly the errors in judgment when it comes to other people. It's not that mysterious, to be blunt - middle-aged, burnout, divorced, lonely, male, searches for something "real" and finds the rotten debris of desperate humanity. When I say "rotten debris", I include myself in this.

I went in search of "real things", beginning in early 2016 ... my loneliness became a fever, and this drove a kind of madness and "reaching for the unknown" and risk taking. Risk taking can be a drug, maybe the most powerful drug. The sense of knowing you are standing on a precipice, a cliff, and you can back-off or jump - you don't know if it's an abyss below, a pool or pond that softens the blow, or jagged rocks to crush the body and the spirit. On the edge you don't know what is below - but it's something, down there, down below.

The last day I left Dayton Ohio, the end or near end of that latest fever, I said something I regret - to someone I believed, and still believe, was manipulating me. Those weeks in Dayton the fever reached a high, a limit, and I think I went mad. I went from a bad situation, to a worse situation, and the fuel for this was loneliness and the belief that I had no way back, no escape, no means to extricate myself from the mess I was in. My situation today is barely improved - but compared to that madness, I suppose I am doing better.

I blog'd yesterday about "beware of strangers on the WWW" - and this is true, but it is more complicated, so in a sense this blog entry is an addendum or attachment or extension of that thought process ...

Yes - be careful of the people you meet online, do your best to vet the stranger, to determine if they are authentic or fake. But even the people you meet in real life can be just as cagey, just as difficult to figure out. There is a conspiracy of "normalcy" in every group, no matter how fringe or avant garde. Every clique has its "inside/outside" bias - and every group will do its best to maintain the illusion that it has "the real truth". If you add to this innate cult'ish behavior the desperation of these times? - you end up with something toxic, dangerous.

It's not enough to be careful - to be wary ...

It's not enough to check connections and references ...

Nothing is enough in desperate and insane times ...

You can't be sure how a person gets pulled into manipulation - and if you have a heart, and I am hoping mine is shriveled up now, it's not that hard to be suckered into the bullshit of others ...

Just be careful, in this world ...

This isn't about "stranger danger" per se, but there is some truth to this irrational fear.

In basic terms: most Americans, numerically, live paycheck-to-paycheck now ... they don't have an extra \$500 for an emergency ... they are told daily that there are "magical riches", someplace, stolen or found by someone, and with a little luck and magical thinking they could be wealthy too. Even among the "woke" population, particularly among the woke, there is this weird messianic thought process, a kind of variant on the cargo-cult mystique, that leads them to believe that history or God or both are on their side ... they just have to wait until society collapses, and they can swoop in and "save the day" and become queens and kings of that new world, just over the horizon. But that's a mirage, a false land-fall, there are only reefs and rocky shoals there - and as with the "abyss" mentioned above, it is likely the dreams and the people meet on those rocks are lost there, blind and without a path to safety.

This is the excitement and the trick of this siren - a nameless desire to find an authentic life in an age of societal collapse.

So you close your eyes, you cover your ears, and you reach into the darkness hoping you will find something ... and you do, eventually, find something.

What you find are desperate strangers, men, women, families, all of whom are looking for a magical way to escape their pain - and none is to be found. Eventually, as it becomes clear there is no escape, they turn on each other, in meanness, in sadness, in arrogance and pride. I know this because I became one of them, and maybe I still am ... sure, from my viewpoint I was the unwitting dupe ... but perhaps, in being a dupe, I was misleading them as well.

"Beware of desperate strangers", I would admonish those in search for an "authentic life" in 2018 ...

(but how you determine this, how you avoid it? - this is still a conundrum for me, a riddle, a misty cave filled with nightmares)

### **Engaging IRL (in real life) from Social Media Encounters: one of the worst decisions of my life ... [2/16/2018]**

After my sister Nancy died in 2012, friends, some family, recommended "social media" as an outlet, a way to connect, a means to get through it. I didn't have a lot of friends at the time, and my wife and I, who were less than a year from separation, were already estranged. I don't blame her, as with many who've been through love and then the loss of love, it's easy to mis-remember or pretend that things were worse or better than they actually were - my wife and I had been in love once, and we fell out of love. Probably most of the blame was mine, but life and love don't really involve point mechanisms - no real way to measure who was mostly at fault. I suppose God keeps track, but I would think at this stage of human history there would be a near infinite number of mistakes and sins to measure and record.

So I went on TWITTER, and was there for about 2 years - amassing thousands of followers that were, for the most part, an innocuous echo chamber. At first I felt some kind of connection to others - but it morphed into something ugly.

Don't get me wrong: I think FACEBOOK and TWITTER probably do "help" some people, so my story is not indicative of the good or bad of a technology, it is simply anecdotal and personal. What I can tell you is that as I descended deeper into my abyss, I seemed to attract, mainly, people as broken as I was. Being broken isn't a crime, none of

us are perfect, but the broken are chum for predators - and the prey of the online sociopath is the person in desperate need of human connection.

I was lonely ...

I was depressed ...

I was working, up until 2017, but my professional life was empty and disappointing. I kept wondering, at my age, nearing 50 years old, "what, precisely, am I working towards?". After the joke of the 2016 election, I drifted towards admitting to myself that I had been and was an anarchist - I am still an anarchist today. I don't believe there is any practical application of my beliefs, I don't believe there is a way for a person to live authentically, as an anarchist, without becoming a criminal OR ending up in the company of crooks and criminals. I also don't believe that "all criminals are bad" - that is to say, no more evil than the banking system, big pharma, or the military industrial complex. If we start attacking "the criminals", then we must ask what makes the crook that steals from a bank different from the banker that steals from ordinary poor Americans? I'm not saying there aren't crimes deserving of punishment or justice, I just question whether the purpose of our criminal justice system is "justice" per se. I would say the "justice system" has one purpose - control.

I don't want to espouse further on this topic of "criminals", suffice it to say, after November 2016 I had more or less given up on the human race, or at least that slice of it that resided in the United States. I can't say I feel much different today ...

I need to back-up a bit, to mid-2016, before I go too much further.

In the Spring of 2016 I met someone - a person I'd thought would be a business partner and friend. I met this person online, via the WWW, and we began communicating on Skype. This person, who will remain unnamed, seemed like a decent guy - a family man, an entrepreneur. One thing led to another and I used my savings, and some credit card debt, to fly to Ireland and participate in a start-up venture with this guy - huge mistake, one I figured out after being in Ireland for a few days. He, this "goat king" as I refer to him as, was a cult leader - not an entrepreneur.

Following the "goat king" experience, I ended up moving back to Indianapolis and going to work for my former boss, who hadn't really made my exit official yet - he needed me, testing season was coming up, and they were without an expert to make sure the parents would get the test scores. I went back to being a code monkey, swallowed my pride, etc. While I was gone in Ireland a co-worker I had entrusted with safeguarding my stuff had

ripped me off - he was a meth head - and he proceeded to grift me for a few more months. So, by November 2016, my outlook on the human race was crap - add in some other abuses of my concern for others, and you end up with a sorry mess ... which was me.

I resigned from that job, the "test score job", in December of 2016 - I told people I was starting my own business, I was really creating an LLC as a cover. I didn't really expect society to "keep it together" much longer, so I figured I would use up what savings and credit I had left, vape weed, drink wine, and wait for the world to blow up - it just so happens that my reserves, and the world's ability to avoid chaos, were on different timelines. Sure, I still expect things to turn to crap -but that's not the point of this blog entry ...

By January 2017 I was lonely, drinking alone in my apartment, not really going out much, and immersed in the myopia of self-reinforcing disgust towards myself and most of humanity. My brother and I would get lunch once in a while, and he did his best to listen, but most people these days, especially parents, have "their own shit" - and he was no different. Then, along came "the guy".

I won't name "the guy" - the person I had blocked a few months earlier, because my "what the fuck" alarm was on high alert, and at first he seemed like an asshole. It was another "anarchist" that reached out to me and asked why I had blocked him - boy, I wish I would have kept him blocked.

This person, call him "X", pretended to care about me, pretended to be my friend ...

When I ran out of money in June of 2017, he suggested that I move in with him and live the anarchist life - I was at a pretty low point, and so that seemed a better option to suicide.

I don't want to go into all the painful details, of him, or the others I met along this journey, but I do want to say this - as with many bad situations, it often starts with minor, small, steps towards disaster. This person, "X", was a troubled person looking for a ready-made-friend. I was a troubled person looking for a reason NOT to kill myself. I suppose I could have met someone different, but I did not. After several months, and a strange circuitous journey, I ended up bailing on "X" because he was, simply put, a manipulator, an angry person, a liar, and more fucked up than me. To say that someone was more screwed up than me is saying a lot.

I met others, in those strange months - others who seemed to be my friends at first, and turned out to be users, manipulators, not interested in me beyond my use as a tool. I suppose it is a sign of how low a point I had reached that I allowed that nonsense to drag on as long as it did - 3 months (plus or minus) ... almost a year if you include the online/social-media portion of this.

I don't want to drag this out or go into details - mainly out of shame.

What I can say assuredly is this: social-media might be helpful for some, it might help fellow-travelers (like anarchists) to organize and to engage ... it is also filled with people looking for "easy game". I was ready, willing, able, to be taken advantage of by anyone who did a moderately good job of pretending to be my friend. I am not a victim in this. I am not blameless. I feel shame, but it isn't the kind of shame that will stick with me - as I learn to accept and understand what happened. If you are vulnerable, if you are lonely, if you are nearing the end of your "ropes" as they say, there are many on social media who will see this, engage with this, for the purpose of turning you into a victim.

Do I know for certain I will "never" be a victim again? - shit ... I really can't say.

I am in a tenuous economic situation, wondering where I will be living in a few weeks (perhaps I have a few more months where I am at), and I accept that my options will be: a) homelessness or b) suicide. I am ok with either [a] or [b] now.

My ability to trust is for shit - I read some comments about myself, on TWITTER, from "X", regarding all that happened at the end of that "adventure". It was lies, and half-truths, and I think I prefer the outright lies to the half-truths. With half-truths you have to look at yourself in the mirror and admit your fault, your mistakes, in the endeavor.

I don't know if I'm capable of trusting again, and it's possible it won't matter.

I guess I would ask that you, after reading this, knowing that I left out a LOT of ugly details, will think carefully before EVER engaging with someone IRL (in real life) based on an online connection. I'm not saying that everyone you don't know on FACEBOOK or TWITTER are liars, grift'ers, sociopaths ... but I will say that there are people who look for the fallen, the broken, the depressed, the sad, the lonely ... they look for the discards of normie society, and they make a meal of those people.

From one "blue plate special" to another: don't put yourself on the menu ...

(think deeply on those you connect with outside the confines of social media)



... and one more thing ...

Be cognizant of the fact that we are living in desperate times for many, and desperation - generally - does not bring out the best in people.

## **I don't give a shit ... [2/14/2018]**

I really don't ...

I owe a lot of money, mainly from trusting the wrong people and using my own credit to self-finance a couple of start-ups - I owe this money, to banks, to the "system", and I really couldn't care less.

I am in Seattle, out of work, and I'm a magical-easy-to-employ software engineer - I don't give a shit about that either. Maybe there are all these tech jobs out there, maybe you need to read the right PDF file and have the right smile and make the interviewers feel better about their organically raised chicken curry ... I just don't give a shit.

I might be suicidal - what's funny? - BEDS ARE FULL FOR THOSE WITH NO MONEY! (oh, yeah, a dirty little secret they won't mention on the suicide hotline). If you've reached the breaking point, guess what? - IT'S A HUGE CLUB NOW ... no room at the inn buddy. In theory, they have beds for people with money or health insurance ... I have neither, I don't care, I don't want your sympathy and my life is NO fucking tragedy. Not everyone will have a happy ending or a crappy ending - and with respect to that, too ... I simply don't give a shit.

If your life is wonderful? - fuck, that's great ... and I don't give a shit.

If you want to feel sympathy? - don't, shit, that's fucking stupid.

I have 12 more years to reach 60 years of age ...

At 60, I will have the magical 20 years left, if I'm "lucky", of being on 12 different drugs and holding the post of WALMART greeter ... and on that note, yeah, I simply don't give a shit.

You can be happy or sad.

You can believe in this shit-hole empire called America OR NOT!

All in, in toto, every factor considered? - I SIMPLY DO NOT GIVE A FUCKING SHIT!

### **What happens next? [2/13/2018]**

Since 2009, we've been told, on multiple occasions, that the "economy has turned a corner" and we were in "recovery" - of course, even when the FED officially ended QE in 2014, quantitative easing continued in China, Japan and (most notably) the EUROZONE. Draghi's term at the ECB ends later this year - so it is difficult to know what happens in Europe next. What the "consensus" is saying is that the global reflation "worked" and now it's done - because of how low unemployment is. Funny - unemployment being "low", in the USA, is more about how Alan Greenspan changed the way unemployment was measured, in the 1990's, than any special economic activity in the US.

I think the US economy is at a tipping point - if we don't go back to QE and ultra low rates the debt becomes unsustainable, if we do go back to QE? --- then we are likely looking at currency collapse and a loss of faith in the U.S. dollar.

There is a "magical thinking" third scenario: Trump's tax cut will save the economy ... this is not going to happen. But, it does give people hope, and the "hopefulness" might have an impact on the economy. However, given how indebted the average American is? - I don't see where this "new money" to spend is going to come from.

All that being said, the coming days and weeks should be interesting ...

### **More layoffs in Seattle's "Prosperity Land" ... [2/13/2018]**

A lot of people believe nonsense - one example: how many GREAT IT JOBS there are in the Seattle area right now.

Ignore the layoffs (Premera, Amazon, etc), ignore the H1B VISA preferences (white male citizens need not apply - especially if over the age of 40), ignore reality. Ignore the fact that AFTER you type in your zipcode, into the suicide hotline, there seem to be a

LOT of people in queue waiting to be "talked off the ledge". Ignore it all and live in pretend land - a land where every person will buy a home, on credit, for \$50K and sell it for A MILLION BUCKS.

Pretend land is a very popular world in Seattle, these days ...

Go to Cloud City Coffee Shop, listen to the bizarre conversations people have about how great things are - most of them are retired, most of them are spouting lies their children told them, but still ... they love playing pretend.

I moved back to Seattle a couple of months ago - I am living with a friend, a friend that got laid off today. The last time I moved back to Seattle, 2007, was at the beginning of the Great Financial Crisis ... funny ... I think I'm timing my move marvelously, once again.

I think my friend, his wife, his kids, live in pretend land and want to believe everything will be ok - but it won't. These are good people, and I can't blame parents for self-delusion.

Sure, there might be some magical "Trump Economic Recovery", it's hard to see how or under what circumstances. Perhaps 10,000 Year Galaxy Bonds will be the key to our prosperity? But barring miracles, the world seems to be entering the next leg down of an economic crisis that began in 2007, and (supposedly) was solved by "Recovery Summer" 2010. However, in real terms the world economy has shrunk. It's simple math - if inflation is outpacing GDP growth (which in reality it is by 2-3 percentage points at least), then REAL economic growth since 2007 has been negative. That's not pretend, that's called reality.

So what is a "Recession" from a flat-line economic recovery? - in the olden days they would call that a depression. Now, we can't - because it doesn't match the narrative, and God forbid you step outside Bloomberg's or Amazon's global-reflation-we're-all-happy narrative.

But the narrative is bullshit, it is toxic, and it is killing people ...

How is it killing people? - rather simple ...

If you sell a lie that "everything is really great", then those who are laid off, lost their health insurance, and deeply in debt are led to only one conclusion: there's something wrong with them, with me, with the "losers".

Sure, not everybody finds a bridge to jump off of, many simply drink themselves to death - a popular form of slow-motion suicide among men.

I'm here to tell you that you are not alone. 30% of Premera joined your ranks today, and if this article is right? - the entire healthcare economy is about to implode.

I will say "hang in there" - not to be flippant, but because suicide really doesn't solve anything.

I will admonish those who simply focus on the negative, or the positive. The world is a rather balanced place when taken as a whole.

Finally - I would ask that we stop spreading the "pretend land happy-thoughts" lies ...

These lies help NO ONE ... they don't even help the optimists.

But these lies sometimes, often, convince middle aged unemployed men and women to kill themselves ...

(so please stop it with this happy-group think bullshit)

(it's neither real nor healthy)

## **QUARTRAINIUM 101: The Orangutan King Chose Poorly ...** **[2/8/2018]**

The edge of madness is crossed, and the old ones arise - for it's time to take that trip to Europe, and there's very little left in the coffers. Great rotation and balancing as octogenarians clear out their accounts and the young are fit only for meat paste and long-pig pies. Cattle stampede, as the Jesuit quisling wavers and there are no more magic tricks left for the jester in Reims. The council of 14 meets, and their decision will wilt the leaves of Waller Street, and melt the gold tablets of Jezebel.

"Tarry not!", said the squire to his knight - as the princes of London cash out of their sport. German lords are forming alliances with ancient lands, as Zipangu is looking for carry-trade reversal. Challenged by old sport, the knight has no response - but he can beat the squire, and the peasants, for his own amusement. The king approaches, and the sword of the executioner is quite sharp.

Contango and arbitrage lurk in the shadows - as money masters see each other as nothing, as empty, as jokes and harlots. Divers, from the windows, will be seen in 10 days.

Magic numbers for tomorrow: { 20999, 2240 }

## **The Recruiter [2/7/2018]**

A recruiter called me today. She seemed nice, she supposedly read my resume and understood it. She called about a job that would be a great match - and she agreed. It gave me a few hours of optimism, some time when I didn't feel I was nearing the point of no return. I say "point of no return" because, if you follow me, you know I've had a lot of suicidal thoughts in recent weeks - at some point, the thoughts will turn to action, I know this. I've been down on my luck before, I've screwed up my life before, but it seems that because of a series of bad decisions I am in a hole I am unlikely to dig out of. Deeply in debt, deeply distrusting - but hey, "Vernita" gave me some hope ...

"The recruiter" called back, late today, to tell me there was no evidence in my resume that I was a full stack developer - she read a few sentences from the top of my resume, with an interesting and condescending tone, and then said her manager needed me to "make the resume seem more like a full stack developer". I asked her if she read my resume and realized that most of my work touched "every stack" - she laughed, I told her to have a nice day.

I wish I could say this was the first time in the last few weeks I've had my chain yank'd by Seattle's IT establishment - but it's not. It's possible that I'm no longer employable in this field - and if that is the case, then I could go find work doing something else. I have no idea who would hire me, other than the most menial job, but that's an option. I'm not too proud to work anywhere - to do anything - as long as I can pay for a room, some food. But it is at the point now that I can't seem to find any work and the hopelessness is getting unbearable.

I think we're all fucked - either this nightmare sham of an economy continues the slow burn and we are reduced to nothing but serfs OR it comes down in a flaming pile of fiat monkey shit ... either scenario is fine with me. Who knows, the last time the world experienced this much of a prolonged period of economic stagnation (the 1930's), WW2 came along to "save the day" ... maybe it will be world war, all 3-4 days of it, and after the radiation clears enough those who are left (about 500 million worldwide) can enjoy

an incredible period of economic expansion ... because, you know, it will be ALL UP from the depths of nuclear war.

"The recruiter" had a job to do, I get it - but I guess I didn't realize how manipulative they could be, how annoying, until I moved back to Seattle. Perhaps I should go back to Indianapolis, get out of this hole, this nothing place, of Chinese/Indian managers, speaking pigeon English, and then enjoying roasting me ... because why not beat down the middle aged white man? Eh?

Fuck it ...

If I am "the evil of history" as so many SJWs say, then I should delete myself.

If I am not, then I am simply a failure at life - another good reason to say goodbye.

I do know I feel less guilty for sending "Indian porn" to the recruiter the other day - his indignation feels sweeter now, somehow.

## **QUARTRAINIUM 100: Magical memos portend the coming of more memos ... [2/7/2018]**

Hidden writings, discovered by the ghoulish priest Tormak, describe a world of open spaces and closed loops. SKUM throws his belches into the heavens, as God mocks his tired protestations. The chiseling of strange symbols onto the guarded slabs of Chelmoz cannot be stopped - the children run amok and 47 Asians await your call.

Red sights in the sky, as commerce balances with war. Tremors detected as Abraham stabs Jezob and the kingdom of folly is laid waste - never once, but twice, set aflame. Winds filled with rancid peach and old purple blow the sailors towards daybreak, high priests cast shadows while the lamb sacrifice is made to BAAL.

Telemuck, the GREAT, laughs at his predicament, "can you not see my armies?" - his advisers are nowhere to be found. Speeches, wrangling, great tumult as the King of Cash finds more pennies under the sofa.

Magic numbers: { 25654, 25888, 23431, 19874, 16009, 0 }

**QUARTRAINIUM 99: Barfing whales spin dangerous tales of woe ...**  
**[2/2/2018]**

A tincture of yellow fruits and strange spices is awaiting you in the closet, but mark the time of day and be ready for an endless desire, a longing, for swords and pikes and various stab'y things (shivs man). A careless monstrosity sits outside on your porch, staring at you through the looking glass of failure - he or she or it reminds you that it is a slender thread that holds you in your world, and a hammer is being flung. 67 barons are owed their fee, but the magic penny has lost its luster and there are no more peasants to beat.

Cancer is at odds with Virgo and the parting waves of majestic ranchers do well to water their plants - HELOB, the wise, is watching and your cattle will be his by end of week. Tortoise kings surround the ramparts of Yaloob, but the ancient wizards are preparing a gift and the scepter of Tantalus will be used to burn the invaders, alive. Great sirens are heard, as smoke bears down on the forgotten lot, no one will be spared once the contest ends.

Gathered in the great arena, 24 assassins prepare their divination, their poisons, their various weapons and schemes. 2 sides stand atop, 5 sides can be found among the spectators. Children scream as their parents wince, and the crimson river flows past a broken city and a beggar's nightmare. "Do not challenge us!" - so goes the reckless debasement, as each open fair can be traced to purgatory, and each soul is lit with loathsome folly.

Aries cannot spare the revelers from what will happen - nor shall Jupiter, the ancient Jehovah, provide safety to those wailing in the night. When the great contest ends the story will be told and the die shall be cast - leaving as strangers do, those who's voices were ignored before and now cannot be heard above the clamor of shields and dread games of fortune. Mourning for this will be covered by mead, and whiskey dreams awaken the KRAKEN's terror!

(don't go to the Super Bowl)

(some kind of crazy shit might happen ... maybe)

**QUARTRAINIUM 98: Life is WONDERFUL! [1/29/2018]**

The fecal prince cleans his shoes as dogs wander in the streets, but there are no more logs for the fire. A lost dove flies high above the ancient city of Ir. Kept in chains, the slave-prince has not seen light for 54 days. Electric dreams dispel any illusion that this life has meaning - keep calm, and learn to eat lost cats.

Kindle for the fire, takes time for the burning. The villagers toss their children upon the pyre, as gifted horses are turned to sausage pies. Before the waves and storms of a torrid ocean, those without boats drown slowly. The dark clouds of MORTIS approach the eastern provinces, and ships lose their way - the lighthouse has been ransacked.

Champion of PAIN rules the court - jesters prance for his entertainment. The holy writ of forbidden gods is torn in half, with rat-warriors gathering new gifts and the sacrifice lays naked upon the stone.

There will be a great trumpet in the sky - it will guide the spirits to this realm. Forbidden words, etched millennia ago, are transcribed and then sent to 5 wise men. The sky people approach, as phantasms make merry in the old cave of U'toonis.

## **Hi, I'm Dan, and I'm Bottom bouncing ... [1/28/2018]**

I've been on STEEMIT for a few months now and there's a great deal I like about this platform. It seems like, for now, there is a kind of "open range" feel to this place, as if ideas are not off limits. With Facebook or Twitter or any of the other mainstream social media, the opposite is true - words, ideas, beliefs, feelings, are constrained, boxed in, and it is an unwritten rule that nothing "too real" should be discussed, expressed. I'm not advocating for madness, rudeness, indecency - but I do advocate for honesty. Honesty is not TRUTH - honesty is, in fact, a personal reality that might map to truth but does not have to. So I am here, telling my "truth", and at times it might seem harsh to others - but it is really just my honest expression, something you can agree with or not and that's cool.

I've had some great interactions on Steemit, but as with the 'normie' social media, there are still many topics that even here, in this space, feel taboo. I've been honest about my feelings of suicide, my personally held belief that this is a choice, like all others, and it has consequences. Do I want to die? - not really. Do I want to live in a holistically integrated 24/7 society where I am, in whatever form, always a participant in things I abhor? - no. I find the America I was born into despicable, violent, imperial, vicious, vapid and simply not sustainable. But who knows how long this madness continues? - it began before I was born and shows no sign of relenting. It's easy to say "well Dan, it's



just Trump" - but that guy has NOTHING to do with what I'm talking about. Bush, Obama, Clinton, Trump - these are the names of facades, walking, talking, Potemkin Villages ... engineered to confuse, mislead, and misdirect. The real control is hidden, and what these controllers intend? - I simply am too small, too minuscule to have any knowledge of (other than speculation).

It's ok if you like this America - it's ok if you want to tell me "Dan, what's wrong with you? - things are great". That would be YOUR TRUTH. But for my part I've decided that either I'm going to find a job and start working again (which I'm actually working hard to do despite the prejudice in the Seattle area against software engineers of my demographic) OR I will find some kind of "Plan B". I respect each person's choices - if you enjoy paying taxes, ignoring what those monies are used for, and believing that the "next election" will set you free? - please, keep voting, keep believing. If you have kids, by all means, maintain the illusions for their sake. But for a middle aged software engineer being interrogated by Indian managers at Microsoft, in rude and ridiculous ways? - well, they would like me to dry up and blow away and I suppose, at some point, their wishes might come true.

I am bottom bouncing - I have some days where I can see a minimal future for me, assuming I dig myself out of the financial black hole I am in right now. I do have those days where I pretend "maybe I'll have time to pay off my student loans, credit card debt, all the bills from all the mislaid trust of 2016/2017 and then buy a house" ... I have those pretend days ... and I keep pretending, or forcing myself to, because I know there are (supposedly) a few people in my life that would be sad for 6-9 months if I disappeared.

I also have those days where I remember my graduate school study of the former USSR - oppression, censorship, absurdity, and alcoholism. I recall the crossing graphs of addiction and party membership - membership went down, drinking vodka went up. It's easy to mock the Russians, it's what people do when they've run out of ideas, they mock. But if you compare the late USSR to America, today? - there is more to find in common than not.

This bouncing along the bottom of the trench, forcing myself to wake each day and find some reason to live, is a kind of ritual - and as long as my current arrangement continues (I'm couch surfing with a relative) I can keep this up, I think. But this is a kind of limit process, in the calculus sense, with each bounce energy is lost and, eventually, as  $X \rightarrow \infty$ ,  $Y \rightarrow 0$ . Which means: as this continues, absent some "magic juice", I will reach a point where the next "bounce" is nonexistent. I will, inevitably, reach the zero point.

I'm ok if you are the "cheerleader type" and want to talk about puppies and flowers and sunny days ... it's ok. I'm not going to bore you with details of watching my sister Nancy die of late stage cancer, when she was 43. Let's just say that experience gave me the clearest picture of "humanity" in our wondrous America - she was simply a transaction in a medical billing process, a means of profit for the cancer industry, so more (very expensive) chemo drugs could be sold. Cheer-lead AWAY, I say ... it does not stick to me, not since she died in 2012.

I know there is always the comeback, "you have so much to live for ..." - but not really ...

What would someone of my ilk be living for? - less privacy, higher taxes, more corporate/government corruption, a world where the richest do NOT pay for their actions but the poorest are vilified for being poor? - no ...

If you enjoy beating up on homeless people, but believe HSBC (the bank that terrorists love) should only be handed a "speeding ticket"? - then you are one of those reasons I don't want to be here any longer ...

If you think it's ok to indiscriminately bomb moms, dads, children, because of 9/11 (assuming any of us really know what happened that day), you are also a reason I want to exit ... this perpetual war thing is simply depressing on its own.

If you think paying taxes is "patriotic" and the Federal Reserve is a good thing? - yeah, I'm not going to be hanging around to have coffee with you bro.

The bottom bouncing for me continues until I run out of what few resources I have left - and perhaps I'm in a race. A race between my own decision tree for existence AND this broken, disgusting, half-ass civilization we call "America" collapsing. But it's really not a race I can probably win, for the simple fact that the "system" is a black box for ordinary people - we don't know how many stratagems are left, how many gimmicks, how many more cycles of quantitative easing or stimulus. We simply don't know, if you're like me. They, TPTB, might not know either, but we wouldn't know that - it's mystery layered on enigma.

So yes - glad to be on Steemit for as long as I have the wherewithal to stick around ...

Might be another few weeks or months or even years ...

(God only knows)

**QUARTRAINIUM 97: Harps are playing, with no fragrance or flair!  
[1/28/2018]**

Johann is restless as his various tools of mastery are broken, bent and discarded. Ape lords congregate as nascent reminders of our sins. The mountains of Xenia are rumbling, as one tier after another collapses and gold is buried beneath the waters of Lake VOO. Space and stars are too empty, satellites fall and the sky turns green.

12 witches choose their familiars, and the wolves are in pursuit - every black cat is hung and the fields lay fallow. Endless despair as this season of pain continues and the winter grows ever colder. Snow will melt before the power of daylight sun, children will gather morsels from the burning piles of the dead.

"Herald this time!", the orangutan LORD compels his troupe and the dancers have broken legs. The baron of paper speaks with two tongues and 4 mouths, he chides the beast - but the animal spirits are beholden to the DEVIL.

**QUARTRAINIUM 96: Your life is FORFEIT, food is poison, the wife left you and the dog is dead ... [1/27/2018]**

Careless voyagers, drenched in the salty waters of the north, waver before black polar demons and furry monsters of complacency. Cavalry is formed in the kingdom of Jentoob, as masked raiders head south to ravage the farms of those 8 dukes who refuse to bow. The orangutan LORDS keep sabbath, as bibles burn and churches are turned into strip clubs. The cedar forests of T'malook stay closed to hunters, but the queen has her merry tryst with knights and midgets.

Cherub magicians, talented in gaudy legerdemain, are confronted by a mob of tired old hags - the anger rattles the sky, and the mountains weep. Gray haired priests are driven from the ancient cities, all but one bishop is left alive. The pope is made the fool, and promises peace as he certifies war and bloodshed. Rivers turn crimson as the young are fed to the old.

Promises, kept in format of ethereal nothingness, pile higher as the sickness spreads. Clerics count gold pieces, and endeavor to find new ways to disrupt the lives of men. The Londoners, whose sin is known, are naked before God and the ground shakes. Some

escape, but most are burnt or boiled alive - fair punishment and payment for work done, and the wages are now due.

## **"Why don't you kill yourself?" [1/27/2018]**

I remember discussions from a few years ago, before I left Seattle (I'm back now), that led to angry and irrational rebuttals, about WHY it was immoral for the United States to sponsor conflicts, to topple governments, and then complain that those same people want revenge. The first response from an obedient American slave is "why don't you leave America then?" - I explain to them that I was born here, I served in the military, and have about as much a right to be here as any other piece of shit that calls themselves "American".

*Of course, some of these "Seattle douchebags" were in fact H1B Visa recipients - telling me this ... which made it extra special to hear, in pigeon English, from some Indian asshole.*

But if the "why don't you leave?" argument fails, there's always the follow on ...

"Why don't you just kill yourself then?"

"If you think things are this bad, if you think the USA has become this disreputable, immoral, disgusting and evil empire, then why don't you just go and kill yourself?" - and, to be honest, I have a harder time with this one, right now ...

While I don't concede their position, from a logical perspective, nor accept Obama's declaration that "America is the indispensable nation", I do concede that I am a nobody, a nothing, insignificant. I don't believe our votes matter - in fact, it's worse than that. "Voting", per se, acts as a reinforcing mechanism, a kind of moral justification, for the weak minded. If America "votes on it", then at least it's some kind of crappy, degenerate, banana republic and it's crony democratic institutions giving it the seal of approval, making it ok to murder men, women, children.

"Voting" is really just a moral shield of armor that our government hands our troops to convince them that "they're doing the right thing" as they set people's homes on fire with white phosphorous.

But really, in a tyranny, where everything you do is tracked, where your life is really the property of the state - by the way, you need a government ID to go to the food bank in Seattle - what is your final option of protest?

If you don't want to harm anyone else?

If you have no kids, no dependencies?

If you despise your nation, your society, your community, and realize that paying taxes and participating makes you morally complicit in the acts of carnage?

If you are living in Seattle surrounded by scumbags who enjoy the smell of their own poop?

Really, is there any form of protest left but to "take a dirt nap"?

So, in honor of those douche, elitist, progressive, fart smelling jerks - you're right, I probably should kill myself.

(you won this one - good job)

### **Best ways to kill yourself in Seattle (if you don't have any money) ... [1/27/2018]**

On one level, I really don't want to kill myself - though, as an anarchist and existentialist, I think it's the right of every person to make this choice. I have no wife, no kids, no life, I'm massively in debt, broke, unemployed, and almost 50 years old - there is no heli-skiing future ahead of me, best case scenario is WALMART greeter or living in a tent city. I know, truly wonderful options.

Please - feel free to ridicule and mock me, this simply helps me to decide, especially if you're H1B VISA enabled douchebag and work at Microsoft or Google.

Definitely don't feel sorry for me: you are responsible for your own life as I am for mine. I made choices that pushed me to the edge. My story is not a tragedy.

Finally - despite all the "everything is awesome" propaganda, anyone with eyes to see, ears to hear, and a mind to think, can tell that this country is turning to shit. And no ... it's

not about "Trump" ... Blaming Trump for this would be giving him far too much credit. Blaming "Trump" would be akin to blaming beer and pretzels for the rise of Hitler.

If I did kill myself, I would simply be "ahead of the curve" - a nice place to be, avant garde in several respects. But I don't see much worthwhile, in my future or yours, that I would be missing out on.

Top 7 ways, I can think of:

1 - The bridge on 15th AVE: During brief moments of negligible optimism, during the last few weeks, I've been taking walks, exercising, by walking the "rectangle" in the Maple Leaf neighborhood of Seattle (this would be walking/jogging down 15th AVE then walking/jogging back home up Roosevelt Way). While walking/jogging down 15th AVE I noticed a bridge, with a nice drop - and none of those pesky suicide prevention nets or fences. There seem to be load bearing anchor points, on the short wall, on both sides. So, although I'm not 100% certain the drop would kill you - some rope, or extension cord, would make a nice noose, and guarantee the outcome (if you can tie a good knot). I think the best option would be extension cord, heavy duty, which you can find almost anywhere. You'll want to do it between 2-4 AM, on Sunday - during this time it will be unlikely you will be interrupted.

2 - Box cutters: This is a classic, though the resources online are unclear as to how "easy" it is to slit your own wrists (or jugular, if you have the gusto for it). I like this idea, because you can pair it with a nice bottle of stolen pinot noir or a pint of stolen whiskey, has a nice emotional patina or Jean Paul Sartre "feel" to it. But, if you really have no cash, and only a box cutter? - cut away ...

3 - Drowning off of Golden Gardens: I have some Swedish blood, I think, in me. It seems in line with my genetics that drowning in cold water is a truly great fit. Just go down to the open beaches, make sure it's during a time when there are likely to be very few spectators (this, again, would be between 2-4 AM on a Sunday morning). The U.S. Coast Guard has their 50/50 rule - 50 meters from shore (or feet), 50% chance of survival ... I think. The temperature in the Puget Sound is cold enough that you should go into hypothermia and shock within a few minutes. If you are of Nordic heritage? - then it also falls inline, as stated above, with certain cultural norms.

4 - Jumping into fast moving traffic from one of the I-5 overpasses: This might not be reliable, but I mention it because it does present a challenge. You don't want to do this during a traffic jam - you will, at best, break your back. You want to do this during a

time of day when there's traffic, but the speed is closer to highway speed - 55-75 MPH. Also, timing it so you fall in front of a large truck is best, for lethal crushing injuries.

5 - Jumping in front of a Metro Bus (yes, the drivers are that incompetent): Since my car has been re-possessed, I've been riding the METRO, and on several occasions it has been clear that the drivers of these buses are only semi-conscious of what they're doing. That being said, as with number [4] above, this is a timing/coordination thing. If you don't time it, just right, you won't get nailed by the bus. I would consider this the least reliable, but the one with the most plausible deniability. If it doesn't work, and you just get scuffed up, you can say "hey, man, I'm sorry, I was playing Pokemon GO".

6 - Lunging in front of the Sound Transit train: Unlike buses and traffic, trains have to follow their track AND the rules of Newtonian mechanics - as such, just about any person can time their lunge so that the train crushes them to death. There are some real nice venues for this, several intermodal stations where you can take the bus, to the train. Of course, if you have no money, just walk to the train station (there's one near the UW I like).

7 - Pick a fight with a cop, wielding a knife (throw your voice and SHOUT - "hey, he's got a gun"): You need to pick the right cop, or cops. Don't pick some woman, unless she's a dyke (their hatred of men, if you're a guy like me, works in your favor here). Best choice would be one or two dudes, with obvious signs of "juicing", with shrunken cocks and dried out brains from the steroids. If you can throw your voice, or have a replica that looks like a gun, even better. If all you have is a knife, you need to move fast, act erratic, crazy - and make sure they don't taze you! However, given the patterns of behavior, they probably won't taze you if you put on the right show. They don't "shoot to wound" these days - they shoot to take you down, so this method, though not 100% reliable, has a certain powerful theatricality to it that appeals to almost anyone who has given up on humanity, and themselves.

==> Keep in mind, hundreds of thousands of Americans die in hospitals, every year, due to incompetence. So, even if you're only "mostly dead", your suicide attempt still might work out.

==> If you have no money, you have no insurance - that means the likelihood of an "accident" in a county hospital increases. "Oh, we're sorry, we gave him too much pain killer ..." (I worked in healthcare, I know how evil and crony this industry is)

==> And as the mental health "professionals" say: if you're talking about it, you probably won't do it ... nice sentiment, eh?

## **My Microsoft phone interview, yesterday ... [1/27/2018]**

I moved back to Seattle last month. I'd spent the last year buffeting between giving up on humanity, and trusting the wrong people. I moved back hoping to find work as a software engineer - blocking from memory the reasons I left Seattle in 2014.

Yesterday I had a phone interview with a man, a manager, at Microsoft, who barely spoke English - he was rude, mean spirited, a total douche, and, yes, Indian. I don't give a fuck about your ethnicity or background, but it's clear to me that Microsoft is now, mostly, a place where "white male middle aged dudes" need not apply. This is true for many, if not most, of the software shops in Seattle now - and this pathology is spreading everywhere. I guess I could find other work, I suppose that's still a possibility - if I had the money for food. I am staying with a family member that is being as tolerant of my situation as that family member is capable of, and I am being as tolerant of the "the world is so wonderful" bullshit I can stomach from said family member. We had a blowout at dinner last night, so yeah ... this situation has a fast expiring "shelf life".

Today, because I have no resources left and I am hungry, I researched food-banks in the Seattle area - yes, they have them ... no, you can't access them without a current state ID that shows the right zip code on it. I don't have the money for a new ID, my Indiana ID is valid until 2021. So I guess the food bank is off limits to me, until I get the right "papers".

I grew up in WA state, I wore the uniform, as a soldier once. Nobody owes me shit. I simply marvel at the stark contradictions of woolly headed liberalism mixed with a genuine hatred of anyone that doesn't "feel" how wonderful shit is in Seattle. Seattle is an elitist scum-bag dystopia - there's a reason why I left this place after my divorce in 2014. Needless to say, I feel about as welcome in "my home state" as a case of herpes.

This morning, with no money and no means, I began researching the cheapest ways to kill myself.

(suicide is about the only thing left I can afford)

Please don't respond "life is so worth living" - your tax dollars pay to murder strangers in distant lands, to topple governments, to cover up abuses against humanity. Your "utopia" is sick. Even in WA state, where "weed is legal", half the jobs I'm interviewing



for drug test - and, frankly, weed is about the only thing that makes this life worth living for me at this point. I don't have money for weed either ... separate, but related topic.

Life now is mostly shit - and, at best, America is an open air prison. Sure, some of the prisoners are well fed, well housed, but that privilege is quid-pro-quo and requires obedience to the narrative. If there is a middle class, it is a tiny, sclerotic, dried out raisin and will only survive long enough to make sure someone is left to turn out the lights. You want to sell me on this shitty world? - boy, do you have a tough row to hoe. (btw: masters degree in history here, so don't tell me how much better things are now ... I actually know that this is total crap)

It turns out 20 feet of extension cord and the bridge on 15th Avenue are probably my best shot.

(second best option is a box cutter to the wrists)

## **QUARTRAINIUM 95: MARS is despair turned sandy red ... [1/25/2018]**

Whispers of war, spreading in the night. Generals confer with their underlings as chariots and catapults stand at the ready. No time for love or respect - only the fungal droppings that spread, via touch. This new tender wine will be tossed aside by KING MORG as his own people are in disarray and unwilling to man the barricades. Walls of silk and cardboard, moats filled with offal, no food for the princes or mead for the harlequin.

"Cancel the meeting of GOONIZ!", shouted the dying ambassador before the court. All in attendance wear white, excepting 6 assassins hiding in the punch. HORACE of Brittany catches the herald as he sneaks away, his missive is burnt and thrown into the acid pits, where slaves are punished. A dark cloud hovers over ZIPANGU as the hermit emperor counts his oats.

Krampus rides his horse towards the morning, to meet his minions in an old church - 17 dogs are cut down by the lance, 3 cats are served for supper. Food of villainy and yet the farmers cannot countenance this deception any longer. The wheat is set aflame, the cows are tossed into the river, the chickens are fed to the lamprey and the rats - not far from the old swamp.

## **QUARTRAINIUM 94: Dump your children down the storm drain, before it's too late! [1/24/2018]**

CELTS, branded as heretics by the whimpering KING, challenge the northern guard of GAMBOZ - telemarketers standby to take your call, and your money. A jury of coyotes is impaneled before the 5 judges of Kent, and English wives weep for their doggies and cats. Chinese restaurants find cheaper meats, as the crops of spring spoil in the field and dark rains fall from VENUS. "There is nothing left for us here!", screams the squire - and the knight lay drunk in his own filth, as rats feed on his genitalia.

Parents, worried over the deceit of BAMUS, proceed to chuck their kids and pets down the storm drains. Muscovite princes form their echelons, no weeping is allowed once the Queen arrives. The PHOENICIAN port is closed, as waves of blood wash ashore - beaches caked in rotten flesh, merry-makers are not dissuaded. Swimmers are found 10 miles from Jerusalem, as man's own lightning hits the waling wall.

Chants from the mob demand justice, as stomachs empty. Water is fetid and there is no wood to boil that brownish, greenish, mess - disease spreads, while the physicians of Paris demand gold and copper. The brightness of that day is not overstated, for the blooming of PURPLE flowers can be seen from many miles away. Children of vagabonds live in tents, sleeping with fleas and roaches, as the rich walk about and ignore their pain - but pikes are being fashioned, and the Seine will know the taste of nobility once again.

## **Micro spaces in a shattered society ... [1/22/2018]**

In recent days I've been thinking about how I would survive if my current attempt at "normie life" fails - and no, there's no guarantee that I will fail, but the Markov model says "probably".

I barely fit anywhere, years ago, when I was younger, when I had more energy, more space, to try and to even change. But now? - now I feel like a complete outcast, even among the outcasts. No clan, no tribe, very few connections - a kind of absolute anarchy that defies definition.

I doubt I'm alone in feeling this queer isolation and separation. Social media is filled with sub-groups, castes, cliques, tiny start-up groupings of people who claim a kind of affinity. Years ago, after my sister Nancy died, I made the attempt to use social media as

so many lonely people do - as a surrogate for that community that is missing, absent, from this phase of history. But TWITTER, FACEBOOK? - these are thin, porous, poorly constructed options. Social media provides a synthetic human relationship, with very little emotional "nutritional value".

It seems that very little is "sewn together" with much more than the shabbiest of fabric and thread - leaving these tiny, tinny, hollow worlds where people cling to some shared values and perspectives, but are actually only echoes of human bonds.

That's kind of what I'm seeing in my own life and the lives of others: a continuous fragmentation, a social entropy that is reaching a maximum level of disorder, and the crystalline substrates left behind are only quasi functional. Yet, it seems as if life goes on, the world continues to "work", and this lack of cohesiveness is of no concern. As a philosophical and functional anarchist (meaning I live my anarchism within the prison of modern American life), this development doesn't bother me, the growth of these micro-societies, these separate smaller spaces for human life. In many ways it's a good thing, but my own problem is that I have not found a place where I fit. I know there are those who would say (the hardcore Stirner individualist anarchists) I should disregard my desire for community and embrace my loneliness ... and there is truth to this. But as I get older, and feel in my bones the emptiness of "normal life", I yearn for something that cannot be attained simply by adopting some solitary dwelling or "getting by".

I am a social mammal, I do not have the ability (at least not now) to dismiss my loneliness and ennui as a passing phenomena of self, a thing to be discarded without effort. I do not think I am "sick" because I find the "wonderful present" not so wonderful, and promises of the "American Dream" to be jaded without much humanity. I desire a "homeland of the soul" - a place of belonging, not a utopia.

I don't desire the "group think", that is not something I need. But a sense that I might fit in some place? - this didn't used to be an issue for me, but now it is something that my heart longs for.

The only question I ask is where, where is this place? If such a place is real for me at all? It almost seems like an impossible land now, as I write this, wondering how I will live or be, if I am able to get through this current storm. I can't lie, there are days I wake up and the voices inside of me have one common chant "you're a loser Dan, there is no place for you in this world, you are no longer functional". Those voices call out "methods" and "techniques" I could use to cauterize my completely failed chain of causality called "Dan".

I wrestle with this possibility - that I might fit in nowhere at all. That I was simply born broken, or at the wrong time, and the only micro-space of "fit", for Dan, is an empty space of nothing.

No - I haven't given up, despite my morbid obsession with becoming homeless and living in a tent-city some place. Yet, however hard that life might be, there is a kind of honesty and truth to that life - things missing from the middle-aged software engineer paradise I had called home for the last few years.

Any who ...

Some thoughts for a Monday night.

### **Moral Outrage [1/22/2018]**

Yesterday, I received a shotgun blast of moral outrage - because, hey, I was researching and writing about homelessness. But instead of writing about homelessness from some BS statist progressive perspective, I decided to meditate upon it, honestly. My truth is NOT your truth, but be assured - it is MY TRUTH.

I'm broke, bankrupt, and almost 50 ...

I am currently living in the spare room of someone I know - I have no idea how long this generosity will last.

I have been thinking about my 3 principle options:

- Homeless dude
- Criminal
- Suicide

I am persistently told, by all the woolly heart'd types, that option 3 is NO OPTION. God forbid (and he does) that each human being takes their own freedom, their own dignity, into their own hands. For shame that any of us would consider option 3 ...

Criminal isn't a bad option, but other than hanging out at some skeezy bar and hoping I get lucky, or simply robbing people, I have no idea how I would get into that business. Plus, I really don't want to steal from people ...

So there's option 1 ...

Have I been playing with ideas and exploring the angles of what option 1 means? - yes, and duh.

Is this something that should raise the ire of people who dream of crypto-utopias, powered by 3D printed McNuggets, and 24/7 android sex? - yes ... because they need to believe a lie.

All of this has passed its shelf-life ...

We are beyond that date, living on borrowed time.

Being "homeless" is simply being ahead of the curve for most people - since most of us will be destitute in just a couple of years.

So please - troll me ...

(I simply don't care)

## **A dating site, for homeless people? (maybe it's time) [1/21/2018]**

Is it time for a dating app for homeless and displaced people?

It's a growing demographic, in need of "hooking up" - and why not, don't homeless people deserve love?

Somewhere, out there, in a tent city or living in an abandoned crack-house, your true love might be waiting ...

I'm looking for investors ... if you jump on board with this, we can pursue other projects as well ... maybe putting the internal organs of homeless people on the blockchain?

Imagine it?

## **BREAKING NEWS: SEATTLE POLICE DEPARTMENT TEARING DOWN TENT-CITY 14 [1/21/2018]**

SEATTLE - In an act of utter brutality, the Seattle Police Department has sent in multiple armed thugs and rousting gangs to clear out Tent City-14 - the one near the 520 Bridge overpass. Over 1,000 people had been living in this area, in shacks and cardboard homes, till early this morning.

Where the hell are we supposed to go to do meth now?

Asked one of the young men who seemed to have only one pair of ratty jeans to his name. "YOLO" Thompson had been living in this area for 3 years. "Now the cops come in, beat us, cover us in gasoline, and set us and the whole camp on fire ... this seems brutal."

Some experts at Seattle City Hall strongly disagree ...

Dr. Janus RIMMS of the University of South Seattle, an expert in the violence and misery and absolute hedonistic and grizzly actions of homeless people, believes only through a 'great cleansing' can Seattle restore its reputation as a "nice place for liberal scum bags to live."

"In order to have a nice city, with good decent people, we need to dig a hole ... I dunno ... some place in Kent ... and toss the homeless into the pit ... a pit filled with ravenous stray cats that can pick at the bones of the fallen", stated Dr. RIMMS at the press conference.

It is a tragedy of epic proportions, as half-naked men, women, children, are forced into the streets - in many cases being run over by METRO buses and douche-bags driving Teslas.

"I don't know how much more of this we can take, at some point ... well ... you simply form a thug army and mercilessly attack the middle-class NIMBYs of Seattle in a terrible night of furious rapine and murder ..." said YOLO.

"YOLO" is not alone, there appears to be a growing militancy in the tent cities, rumors of homeless people fashioning weapons, stockpiling guns and explosives.

They know their lives are forfeit, so they simply want to "take a few of them out" as they are chucked into the dustbin of history. There are stories of meat processing plants, near Pike Place Market and in the International District (China Town), where the homeless are being taken and "processed for future opportunities."

## **The monstrous fetish of destruction ... [1/21/2018]**

They like to say "every person has a story", and this is, if only in a trivial sense, true. We all have these seemingly unique, personal, sometimes tragic, sometimes happy, stories. Usually, for real people, it is a mix of the tragedy and the comedy, the sweet, the sour, the bitter and the salty. For me, reflecting upon my life, I'd have to confess to a boring, mediocre, abortive story. I have been marginally successful at some points, absolutely pathetic at most junctures - my tragedies are lame when compared to the lives of actually interesting people, my "successes" are even more lame.

All this is preface to my current obsession: what happens to me next?

Right now my few friends and family, they are convinced that "Dan" (which is me) is "giving it another try" - picking himself up, dusting himself off, and trying again (like the song says). I may have even convinced myself that I have one more fight left in me. I might. I might have another attempt, another "try", left in me - but it's not clear to me that this is true.

I look into my soul, my heart, and I don't see green shoots of renewed hope - I see a darkness, a wasteland, a realm of dreams and desires that have been ground to dust, with only nightmares in their stead. Maybe this is why I've been thinking so much about these "tent cities", these places of social entropy, of turbulence, on the periphery or edge of human society. There are no more frontiers, no real frontiers that are open to anyone. The world is now carved up, measured, rectangular, digitized and ... who knows ... perhaps soon to be living on the blockchain. But the frontiers have been closed a while, and there are no longer places a man or woman can flee to - no more channels of escape.

I've been thinking about writing some kind of horror series, exploitation lit, about "life in the tent city" - but the goal is not to shine some light on the truth of the tent city ... nope ... the goal is to use this artifact of faux modernity as a backdrop to my own projected demons, my own fears. Already I can see stories, weaving themselves in my head, about this place. It matters not to me that there are "recognized and approved" tent cities run by democratic/socialist organizations. It matters not to me because I know the

vast majority live in the unapproved zones, the "Jungles" that have sprung up around the USA.

An "approved tent city" has government backing, regulation, oversight, control. It is a zoo for homeless people.

The "open tent city" is made up of squatters, reclaiming unused lots for whatever life - no matter how horrid - they seek to live. It is filled with crime and depredation and horrors that cannot be understood by the middle-class Americans of "Magnolia" or "Ballard". Sure - the "normies" live near these places, but block them from sight or recognition by staring at their iPhones.

I don't know why my mind is fixated on this ...

Maybe it's like "deer in the headlights" - I am seeing the oncoming vehicle, heading my way, and mesmerized by my inevitable destruction. The knowledge that my death will come - sooner rather than later - is comforting.

Those are my Sunday morning thoughts.

(my TENT CITY HELL to come)

### **When I read about the homeless problem ... [1/19/2018]**

I'm a bastard ...

I must admit, the mini-research project of reading about homelessness and "tent cities", in and around the Seattle area, is triggering a morbid, wrenching, lusty schadenfreude not unlike the desire of a 14 year old boy to watch "Women in Cages" (the movie). This demon of vicarious imagination has me in its sway, my mind drifting to the worst shores of human action.

Yes - one should not trivialize the pain and suffering of others, and I'm not here to do that. But, yes - the lascivious stories of "down on your luck" violence intrigue me. Maybe I'm projecting my own fears, anxieties, into this weird Rorschach Test of the homeless miasma, I guess time will tell.

The thing about total depredation and human misery is that it has a kind of aesthetic to it - even though it represents a kind of "rock bottom". It's not the "clean exit" of a suicide,



where the person simply checks out. No, the descent of men and women into the world of homelessness is like a reverse-birth; they die in the world of the normal and are reborn into the hell, the Hobbesian cataclysm of human beings at their limits, their breaking points.

Drugs, alcoholism, needles strewn everywhere, with a general aspect of human feces and rats covering the ground ... this is the world of despair and breakdown that awaits me. I want to pretend that's not true, but I think that's just the self-convincing, the delusion, you allow yourself. It's like the Kübler-Ross stages of grieving - I'm in denial some place, bouncing around, hoping that I land a job and figure out a way ... an escape ... from the economic and social quicksand I find myself stuck in.

So yeah: I'm deriving some pleasure, grotesque as it is, from researching these various "realms" - usually called "The Jungle" in whichever city you might inhabit.

On that last day of normalcy, perhaps I'll just tell the UBER driver "take me to the Jungle baby" ...

(all the way to Hell)

**This picture is awesome ... (probably me, in 10 years) [1/18/2018]**



Morbidly, between taking calls from Indians and Chinese who can barely speak English (a software engineering recruiter thing), I've been researching the homeless situation in Seattle. Maybe it's unlikely, but at this point I'm not sure what my next move is. I've

come to understand, perhaps too late, the "musical chairs" nature of current economic existence - if you didn't find a "place to sit down" by 50 ... you probably won't.

I'm not interested in blaming society or others for this mess. It is very much a result of my own choices - good, bad, imperfect choices. I suppose killing myself would be more drastic than becoming a hobo, but really?

So one of the (now shutdown) tent cities I've been researching is called "The Jungle" - a homeless encampment in Sodo (a neighborhood of Seattle). Of course, most cities have a tent city or homeless encampment named "The Jungle" now. Seems like, as with most things, it is a spectrum ... and there will always be some fragment of social chaos worse than the rest. But, TBH, none of it sounds good, if you've gotten used to living in what's left of America's "middle class".

"The Jungle" was a ramshackle of tents and cardboard and garbage and human waste. This was place in the news for murder, rape, child prostitution. It's hard to imagine, if you've never seen it or lived it, what kinds of horrible things happen at the edge - where people are desperate, have very little, and have very few prospects for a future. I can see myself, in that place - for however long that might be.

Certainly - I was never really "middle class", I was just like most Americans - hallucinating the existence of a middle class where none was to be found. My parents wanted us to have that, I think some of my siblings have attained features of a "middle class", but in raw statistical terms the American middle class no longer exists.

I would say there are 3 basic classes in America now: a) those who don't worry about ever being poor, b) those who work and struggle to stay out of poverty, c) those who are drowning economically. The vast majority of America's labor force is in the category of "staying afloat", barely OR is drowning. Sure, some might think they're getting ahead, especially for those who own homes in the high-property value areas, but this is also kind of an illusion. I used to be the the second class - "those who struggle to stay afloat, having delusions of being middle class", now I'm merely on the borderline between floating and sinking.

So yeah - this picture is awesome ...

And yeah - I think this could be me, in a year or two (maybe sooner).

(and yeah - this could be you too, sooner than you think)

I guess "The Jungle" moves around - it's not in one place, it's everywhere as society falls apart.

## **Shopping around for "Tent Cities" ... [1/18/2018]**

I think it's easy to oversimplify poverty - and wealth. It's easy to assume that "having things" makes you wealthy, and "not having the same things" makes you poor. For example: many children, kids, have smart phones, these days. If a kid didn't have a smart phone, would that make them poor? Seems like you need food, shelter, clean water - but pretty much everything else is extra. Does this matter? (perhaps not)

In the last week or so I've been researching "tent cities" in my area - Seattle.

There are a few, they appear to be their own tiny countries - almost cut off from their surroundings, like tiny bubble universes, budding on the surface of the super membrane, not yet detached, no longer connected.

This is, in many ways, the story of the homeless generally - "not yet detached, no longer connected".

Homeless people, nearly, disappear from society.

Arguably, in the days of "frontiers", there was always some place to "pick up and start again" - America is no longer that nation. The frontiers, whatever they were, are closed. Of course, some will say "frontiers of technology and science" are still wide open, and that might be true - but for the dislocated, the disenfranchised, the broke, the busted, the castaways of our society? For these, the frontiers, for all practical purposes, are closed.

It seems like satire to talk about "shopping around for tent cities", but compared to my other options? - I don't know.

I have been interviewing in Seattle for a couple of weeks now, and, honestly, I'm probably not 100% in the right place for this - but, TBH, the software engineering interviews I'm going to feel like rigged contests, designed for me to fail. I even considered faking my resume and going for a more junior role - but those junior roles don't really exist.

I am considering a non-software engineering role, but that, too, has challenges. Where would I go work, at 48 years old? At this point?

So I'm here, thinking, considering, and surfing the web ... looking at various "tent cities".

(tent city no. 3 looks primo, right now)

### **Tent City 3 [1/17/2018]**

I'm broke - and will likely go bankrupt. I'm not proud or ashamed, I do not want to bore you with the sad and pathetic details. Right now I am depending on a friend, for a room, as long as that will last. But I'm almost 50 years old, so, I'm not really sure it can last that much longer. Sure, if I can find a job, start making money again, I might dig myself out of this hole - and then, there's this part of me, that just doesn't care. I'm not really suicidal, but I have considered "social suicide" - simply throwing it all in, and going the "homeless" route (as if anyone has a choice in this).

No, I don't think there is anything romantic or adventurous about being homeless. I think it must be degrading, dangerous, painful, lonely. Sure, it might not be a total living hell, but I can't imagine it's a place people "want to be" ... or, maybe, I'm wrong. I was reading about some of the organized "tent cities" in Seattle, and they are intriguing - having their own ghetto governments, and a sense of community.

I even read a google review of one of these tent cities ...

I'm not sure where I'm going with this. Maybe I have a sense, a feeling, that this is where I will end up in a few months (perhaps sooner). Maybe, furthermore, I have a feeling that many millions of Americans could end up in the same boat, rapidly, if this bogus economy suddenly stalls.

So research your tent-city options, is my advice ...

(maybe someone needs to create a website for this - like AirBnB ... but for illegal and legal homeless encampments)

### **Hallucination [1/17/2018]**

There are different ways to critique or analyze human perception, our understanding of the world. Scientists and philosophers have their own special tools, scientists using

empirical study and analysis, and the philosophers, mostly from a negative perspective, disputing much or most of what we would consider "true". No - I don't want to spend any time on that, "what is true."

There is that weird effect, the "Mandela Effect", where people mis-remember, collectively, something that happened. It's weird - I'm not entirely sure it is fully studied and verified, but it seems true, anecdotally, that we have these "spooky memories", as groups, of things that never happened. Parallel universes? - maybe ... or maybe it's just collective noise, collective error, folk legend of the modern age. How would a person study this, scientifically, in an unpolluted way? Seems to me the media produces many legends, stories, that can accidentally form false memories in groups.

But per the "fruit loops" example above, if the box contains food, that can be eaten, does it matter what is written on the outside? If you hallucinated it as "magic box with sweet crunchy crap", and it had the picture of a dragon eating a walrus? Would it matter if what was in the cereal box was still food, that could be eaten?

What I was thinking of today, simply put, was the hallucination as a general feature of human experience - that state of mind whereby what we are "seeing" is, in fact, not real. These kinds of things can be mild, with respect to time, with respect to our total experiences - or they can be extreme, in the case of psychedelics and aberrant brain states due to brain injury or other cause. It is, I think, a good metaphor for reality, generally. What if, in reality, organic life (especially complex life), occupies one of MANY states of hallucination. Sure - the "best fit state" is the one that allows an organism to be successful and reproduce (natural selection), but that does not imply that any "best fit state" of awareness is 100% accurate and true.

That is, I think, the meditation for this short essay - can we think of all experience as various forms of hallucination. In the functional case, the hallucination maps effectively to material reality, well enough, that a person or organism is biologically successful. The "hallucination" maps to job, food, avoid dangers that are real, etc.

But how much variation can there be around "best fit" perception or understanding?

How strange can a hallucination be, and still achieve "fit" with material existence?

This is a more difficult question to answer - and is culturally/historically contingent. I think Michel Foucault had some sense of what the real influences were and the stability of certain concepts over time. Concepts like "hallucination" or "sanity" or "reality" are

not constant truths throughout time, but are artifacts of a cultural moment and have a very specific meaning in that moment.

Something to think about - while we're hallucinating or being someone else's hallucination artifact or object.

### **QUARTRAINIUM 93: Tumors in the colon, adipose fat infused with bad chemistry ... [1/15/2018]**

There is an old man walking towards the docks, his arms are filled with copper and wood - a young woman remarks, "are you tired of this fate?" He smiles, "this fate is mixed with gentle perfidy, and the KING rules." The woman walks on to meet her escort, as the 4 officers stand guard before the altar of CHRONOS.

TORG, the loud voice of disruption, prods and pricks and cajoles his minions into harvesting too soon. Armies on all sides are dissolving into roving gangs. The ORANGUTAN WARLORD dismisses his advisory council and opens a front in the WEST against the fallen bishop of CHOOM.

Courtship continues between the QUEEN and her 8 suitors - each preparing special gifts of gold and smoke. Fires are started in the GREAT CITY as the NEW CITY is left barren and covered in filth and rats. Hungry throngs move into the countryside, finding NOTHING ... but a harvest of sorrow.

### **Cop Super Squad No. 29: "Sewer Monkeys ..." [1/15/2018]**

"Yo, Gerald ... what the hell is that thing?"

Officer "Tank" Jernigan was new to the job and the gritty, nasty, slimy, miserable, streets of Seattle. I'd been in this muck for too long. My name is Lieutenant Gerald Sims, and I've been lead detective of Cop Super Squad No. 29 for 12 years. Sure, other cities have "super squads", but the Seattle unit has combined several techniques together to build a powerful squad of maniacs that keep the streets clean ... you know ... using fear and intimidation.

The early morning sun was barely peeking over the Cascade Mountains, and the water had a silvery hue to it - it was overcast and there was a light mist, drizzle. The salt air,

down on the waterfront, had a musty aspect to it - as if you were smelling the blood and pus and pain of every horrible crime committed in this foul and wretched city.

"It's weird ... it looks like a monkey or something ..."

The body was floating down by pier 70, just off the docks, the Seattle Harbor Patrol was pulling the body out of the water when we arrived. We wouldn't know much more until after the autopsy, but it looked like a small hairless, rather pale, monkey.

Sgt. Jernigan, my partner, was our latest recruit to the 29th Super Squad - but I could tell, this job would be too much for his delicate psyche.

We drove back to headquarters - our super squad HQ was located in an abandoned building in Northgate. We had an indoor garage and the Seattle Police Department owned the whole thing, the whole building, most of the offices went unused. The whole 29th Super Squad only had 20 team members - each specializing in something awesome, like mind reading, or dousing, or karate or kung-fu ... every member of the super squad had to carry 15 Shuriken at all times, plus 3 switchblades, 2 pistols (minimum), a tazer, and one molotov cocktail.

We parked the car, a cherry red 1968 Pontiac GTO (with tri-power), and made our way to the main office.

"Waddup G, I heard you guys hook'd a floater this morning?", quipped Tommy Houston, our flame-thrower expert.

"Where is everyone?"

"Oh, there's some kind of mess in the U-District ...", the U-District or University District, is the region surrounding the University of Washington (Huskies).

"That 'Greek Row' shit again?"

"You know, Sir, I believe it is Greek system related ... bunch of frat boys were keeping strippers and whores hostage in their basement ... seems like they were using Craig's List and an old abandoned farm near Concrete Washington as the drop point ... really creepy shit ... one of the dudes was pre-med and he'd been carving up the 'leftovers' and selling body parts, organs ... crazy ass shit man ..."

"That sounds worse than the floater."

"It does."

Tommy was sitting at his desk, feet up on top, coffee cup in his hand. Sgt. Jernigan was shaking his head and sipping on the flask of whiskey he kept hidden in his jacket. I didn't care. I'd seen all sorts of atrocious shit since I'd been in charge of the super squad ... hell ... our squad once, accidentally, blew up a school bus filled with nuns and children and pregnant women ... fuck ... I cried that night, for 13 minutes. Then, I got drunk and screwed a hooker from the back pages of the Seattle Weekly.

"Why don't we head over to the city morgue and talk to the coroner about our hairless little friend that got fish'd out of the harbor?", I motioned to Jernigan.

"Hey, can I come along?", Tommy was bored, needed some action.

"Sure man, but bring your pack ...", since Tommy was the flame-thrower expert for our team, his "pack" meant bring the flame thrower. You never know when you're going to need one of those damn things.

We piled into the GTO, her throaty engine, guzzling gas, dripping with power, she wore the streets like a nightgown.

On our way to the morgue, we saw all kinds of violent crimes and shit ... we did nothing ... we all did meth in the car.

At the city morgue, before going in, we all did a few more lines of meth in the car, then, jaded and red-eye'd, we made our way to the coroner's office.

"Doc ... what kind of flora or fauna is this?"

Dr. Jan Voort was a Dutch pathologist who moved to Seattle and became coroner. He was well known, especially on the West Coast.

"This isn't a monkey."

"You have to be kidding Doc, that looks exactly like a monkey, with no hair ..."

"It's not a monkey, it's a small boy ... it looks like another one of the 'sewer monkeys' I'd been seeing ..."



"What do you mean, 'sewer monkeys'?", I was confused and high and not at all able to focus ... 'sewer monkeys'??? This was insane.

"Are you high?", Dr. Voort asked. I shook my head.

"Listen lieutenant, there are families, in N. Seattle, who can no longer afford their flashy, hipster, special-Tesla-driving-and-vegan lives ... they're house poor and crap ... they're living from one HELOC to the next ... and, to save money, they are starting to toss their kids into the sewers ..."

This is a terrible place, Seattle. So many murders go unsolved here, so many crimes. I'd seen the dark and ugly underbelly of this fucking town - and now I'd seen it all ... moms and dads, tossing their kids down storm drains, to save a little extra money ... just so they can drive their Tesla cars and own their fancy homes.

"Jesus Doc, fuck ..."

"Here's something that might help."

The Doc gave me a picture of the boy's arm - he carved into it, with his fingernails, his name "Alan Prentice".

"Yeah ... we can look that up ..."

We finished up our meeting with the Doc and then headed up to Tyler Court - Tommy had found the parent's address using the SPD database.

At the residence, because ... fuck ... we'd been doing more meth ... well ... I just had Tommy set fire to the parent's house with his flame thrower ... we shot the parents as they fled, on fire, from the burning home ...

"It's rough in super squad, isn't it boys?", I said to Jernigan and Tommy ... they were good kids, but who knows what amazing adventures lay ahead for any of us. I just observed the Prentice' home burning, the corpses black and scarred, the smell of pork in the air ... yeah, this life is hard.

Fuck ... too damn hard ...

THE END

## **UPDATE: "HAVING KIDS IN HAWAII IS TOO DAMN EXPENSIVE!" - SAYS STRESSED MOTHER OF 2 [1/14/2018]**

HONOLULU - High cost of living and stagnant wages are leading many in the "Aloha State" to consider dumping their kids, a few of them, in the sewers - via the storm drains. In a place where living and having fun is not cheap, the residents have decided the simplest solution is to begin dumping their kids into sewers, caves, in order to save money.

"I can't stand it, it's just too expensive, too time consuming to take care of these kids", stated Misty Lions, bartender and long time resident of Honolulu (HI). "We just don't have any other options ... it's either give up the expensive boozing and partying OR save more money to care for our children and spend more time with them ... the choice was simple, Judy had to go down into the sewer."

Dr. Harold Joiner of the Frost-Nor Institute believes soon "most Americans will be dumping some of their kids in storm drains, sewers, maybe leaving them out for the garbage guy in those lawn debris bags." It's simple - smart phones, crap fashion, Starbucks, getting really drunk, cable TV, heck, you can live without kids - but not those cool things.

The crisis seems to be spreading to the mainland, with reports of parents in Seattle dumping their kids into the sewers. President Trump is still unavailable for comment.

"Don't judge me", says Misty, "I need my stuff!"



## **Why do I love to watch videos showing elephants attacking humans? (on youtube) [1/14/2018]**

This is a critically important question ...

Why is it I enjoy seeing these majestic creatures, not fit to be used as dumb livestock or farm labor, stolen from their homes and then beaten and then, eventually, rising up and attacking the aggressor, the "master"?

Why do I enjoy seeing a creature, denied its dignity, throwing off the shackles and for a few brief moments taking vengeance on his/her oppressor?

I think I know why ...

Because assholes suck ass, douchebags deserve what they get, and it's nice to see comeuppance recorded on video - sure, I'd like to see George Soros or Hillary Clinton or Dick Cheney trampled and smashed and crushed by an enraged elephant (not a GOP thing) ... I would love it ... I would tape it ... I certainly wouldn't stop it.

I know why I enjoy watching these videos, beyond some trivial schadenfreude - I want those who have been beaten down and abused to see their state for what it is ... that they have nothing to lose ... that even DEATH, as a threat, ceases to have any impact.

Seeing those wonderful elephants trample abusive humans who seek to enslave and control them? - yes, this is a secret pleasure of mine ...

(not secret any longer)

## **Choosing not to dance ... [1/14/2018]**

I'm nearly out of money, living with a relative, wondering at what point patience, kindness, generosity, all wear out. I walk around Seattle, marveling at the conformity of dress, attitude, and even the aloofness of its own putrid zeitgeist. I don't fit here - but I don't fit anywhere. I learned this lesson well when I moved to Indianapolis in 2014. I thought, maybe, foolishly, by hopping on a train I could "outrun" the douchebaggery and other crap - this was misguided. The "pod people" are everywhere now.

There is a "dance" that is performed here, in Seattle, it is part of the veil that cannot be lifted and protects the mutual deceit. The dance takes many forms. The dance has a cadence, a costume, a general aspect. I am not one of these "dancers" - I don't have the tune or the rhythm. It is entirely likely that you, too, are not one of these "dancers" if you've read this far.

It is a dance designed to promote control, mastery, over human freedom. A dance intended to drown out the moans of the homeless, the disenfranchised, those left by the wayside of this "housing economy utopia".

It is the "dance of participation" - a ritual involving clothes, jobs, beliefs, routines, and other features of this culture (if I can call it a culture) in Seattle.

I should be out doing 1/100 things that each Seattle dancer must do to belong - but I will not. I don't care about the Seahawks, or the Mariners, or whatever soccer team people care about. I don't care about the fashion or art or latest micro-brew-art-house. I don't care about the latest grievance or slight. I don't care about the outrages and the faux rebellion that is really a marketing tool.

Sure, I'm still hanging around ...

I will try to find a job, I will try to hobble together some semblance of existence, but I will never be a dancer in this chorus line.

I will forgo the wondrous joy of membership for the loneliness of my wallflower perch.

Do you dance?

## **Some random advice, from Snappy Dragon mostly, re-thought ... (vol 1) [1/13/2018]**

I recently moved back to Seattle - if you follow me, then you know I've mentioned this in other posts.

I've been eating food from Snappy Dragon ... I shouldn't, because I'm looking for a job and I'm on a tight budget. That being said, I have collected all the fortune cookie advice-slips (and one card from a technical recruiter in Seattle that had advice inside, like a fortune cookie) and decided to interpret their meanings, those messages from the ethereal realm of madness and spiritual crabs ... maybe some strange angel or demon has

been speaking to me since I moved back to the Pacific Northwest, trying to help me ... fuck ... perhaps?

You don't know ... just because you have a fancy job, stock options, a 25 yo girlfriend with a nice body and big tits - you don't know man.

(I'm almost 50, unemployed, broke, in debt, white and male, no stuff and almost no friends)

(I have a WONDERFUL LIFE ahead - plenty of time until they take me to the body dumps ...)

Let's see what this all means ...

"If you wake up this morning, it's time to celebrate." - Recruiter

I don't really agree with this. If I "wake up", it probably means something woke me up. Sleep is rather peaceful and I think the body needs rest. Plus, the "morning" comes after midnight and shit ... technically ... and therefore that would suck, to wake up at 12:00 AM ... fuck that shit.

"Try deviating from routine this weekend." - Snappy Dragon Fortune Cookie (from here on out, to be shown as SDFC)

This is good advice. There are a LOT of shady characters out there, government agents, corporations data mining your demographic info, bill collectors, and they LOVE patterns because PATTERNS make their lives easier. So, break the pattern. Do what I do - get rid of your phone number and email address, periodically ... you can't trust most bastards at this point in human history. (they're coming for you)

"A business trip will bring you excellent results." - SDFC

Nope. No business trips are planned. I guess taking the METRO to Uncle Ike's is LIKE A business trip ... but not really.

"Others admire your independence." - SDFC

There is some truth to this - I'm a fiercely independent failure.

"Nature, time and patience are the three best physicians." - SDFC

This is patently false - whiskey, beef jerky, gorilla tape, super glue, xacto knives, fishing line, sewing needles ... these are some of the best "physicians". All you need is 50/50 man ... fuck the doctor. (50/50 is a drink made of 50% gasoline and 50% whole milk)

"Keep your plans secret for now." - SDFC

My plans are secret - enough said.

"Enough is as good as a feast." - SDFC

Nah ... enough is the beginning. A human must consume and use and burn and destroy until all of nature is laid bare before C'thulhu and the other lords of R'lyeh. At that point, the Earth will open up and all will become pain and blood and other viscera and goo ... then you are full.

(this makes me hungry for Judy Fu's Snappy Dragon)

"You will receive a big compliment in front of others." - SDFC

I can't imagine how this could be true, unless it happens after I become a hobo (soon) and form my own hobo posse and crap. "I would like to formally thank Dan for stealing that money from the old lady so we could go buy some cheap ass whiskey!" ... that's what I expect, as a compliment.

"You are kind and trustworthy. Others often count on you." - SDFC

The year 2016 was all about this, some of 2017 as well. What I can say is: this is crap - being "kind and trustworthy" means you are a sucker, and you will get screwed. The human race is mostly filled with parasites and scum now. No way being "kind" has an upside. Better to lay, in wait, as the predator ... don't be the cattle.

"Good things come in invisible packages. You will be delighted." - SDFC

Maybe - it depends upon what a person means by "invisible". I've bought some of these "candies" from Uncle Ike's, and the packaging is clear plastic ... frigging thick ass plastic, heavy gauge shit ... what the hell is up with that? I am, however, DELIGHTED once I get the packages open ...using a plasma torch.

"A secret adventure is in store for you." - SDFC

Yes ... each night I go to sleep and weave a tale to block out the thoughts of ending my pathetic life (kidding). It is the space-age tale of a crew member, on a space ship called the "Rapier". The Rapier is tracking the Vanguard - a deep space vessel doing some kind of nefarious research and mineral gathering in the Kuiper Belt zone, well beyond the orbit of Pluto. As a crew member of the Rapier, I monitor radar ... I'm an expert on the plasma-ion-drive system which allows our ship to move at 1G acceleration, for great periods of time ... and we can accelerate to 20% the speed of light for long range interception ... all sorts of amazing adventures ... yes ... a secret adventure, every night, after I masturbate while thinking about Ava Adams.

"Try something new and different. You will like the results." - SDFC

This is horrible advice - 1.2 million people die, each year, in Seattle alone, from "trying new things". Totally better to stay "in the groove" and eschew the "new and exotic or interesting". If you try something new, you will most likely die.

"Now is a good time to finish off old tasks." - SDFC

Since I think civilization, as we know it, is about to collapse, this may or may not be good advice. I would say "party man", because tomorrow you might not know where your food or water is coming from ... let alone what you would do if you had to rapidly escape a fallout zone after a nuclear explosion. Nah ... now is the time to enjoy yourself, plenty of work on the slate for "tomorrow", like running from cannibal hordes or removing tumors from strangers with an XACTO knife (see above).

"A single kind word will keep one warm for years." - SDFC

Hate, whiskey, a few knives and guns, and beef jerky - this is what will keep you warm man ... that ... and splashing gasoline all over yourself, and setting yourself on fire ... immolation ... that keeps you warm too buddy.

"You appreciate the good will of others." - SDFC

Good will in others is a myth - the human race is nothing but a cage filled with rats ... I appreciate a good .357 revolver ... (that's what I appreciate)

"Good luck is the result of good planning." - SDFC

Meh ... probably true ... but what the hell are you planning for? RETIREMENT? ...  
fuck ... you ain't never seeing retirement man ...

(see this)

"Dance as if no one is watching." - SDFC

Listen ... the government is ALWAYS watching you ...

In conclusion ...

I think there's a lot of good shit here, courtesy of one overzealous technical recruiter  
(with a nice ass) and several trips to Snappy Dragon for their BBQ Pork Fried Rice and  
Rainbow Tofu Delight and their Sweet and Sour Chicken (and Sesame Beef) ... good  
stuff ...

I'm sure, assuming I find a job soon, that I will have more "volumes" of these fortune  
cookies ...

(newer corners of my fate to explore)

## **QUARTRAINIUM 92: Can you hear the roar of fury? The anger in the night? [1/13/2018]**

Intimidation and scorn arrive by messenger, the roadways are clear for 4 more weeks -  
and then a massive storm washes away 2 bridges. That sordid home, inhabited by  
whores and thieves, cannot be lit aflame until the last angel returns to Heaven. Then  
God, with wisdom, passes judgment on a fallen land and the amber waves turn yellow  
and diseased.

The island is clear, as glass and frozen sea, dust and barren waste where once there were  
revelers and joyful families and other mocking filth; a great wind cannot come soon  
enough to wash away this trash. The city of GREEN SLIME takes pride in its hubris ...  
celebrating its stool with every crap.

The glove was left 56 feet from the entrance, 8 women remember its touch, a murderer  
is free in Baltimore - bloody footprints in the snow. The commission meets and decides  
that there is nothing to be heard in the voices of uncanny mice and children. Rat infested



buildings, whores chased by wild dogs in the streets, several drams of blood stains the entrance to St. Stephens.

Council held, a brokered deal, and money exchanged - but the ORANGUTAN stands tall, in secret, with orange beams of hot energy ... stripper poles and KY jelly.

"There are CANNIBALS in the SCHOOL!", but none listened as the madman ran naked through the park. Uncle JEB simply passes time, drinks his beer, and passes gas as well ... the elderly couple is found dead near the 7-Eleven Store.

Be wary of visitors - especially those that wear the dark cloak of hate.

## **"OJ at?": Chapter 1: June 17, 1994 [1/13/2018]**

My name is OJ Simpson, and today is the worst day of my life ...

I did my best ... just five days ago ... I did a great job, I thought. Sure, I left some blood behind, a glove, my alibi sucked, but I took that bitch out - killed her. Killed her good because she deserved to die. She mocked my black power and my negro prowess - she questioned my Nubian rule over her pale ass white girl existence - Nicole thought she was special ... Ha!

"Ain't nobody special in LA, we all just making fun and playing parts ...", is what I whispered over her, as the blood flowed from her body.

"OJ, shit ... what we gonna do?" - Al Cowling, my best friend, was driving HIS white FORD Bronco. He was nervous, twitchy, concerned ... but I knew, I knew deep inside, that we needed to ditch this Bronco and get a Toyota Corolla, later model, something that will blend. I was too conspicuous, too many people would identify me - I almost made a mistake, I almost went to the cemetery where Nicole was buried. Instead, there was a nasty wreck, and we ended up on the freeway.

"AC ... get the fuck off the freeway, I want you to head to Clipper's place ..."

"Clipper? Isn't he in jail?"

"Nah, Clipper has been out for 3 months."

'Clipper' was the nickname of my friend Harold Vance. Harold got the nickname during the Vietnam War, he was special ops, and a helicopter pilot. Harold would be used by the CIA to decapitate Vietcong operatives, captured as part of Operation Phoenix - Harold or 'Clipper' would fly his OH-58 Kiowa in such a way that his propeller blades could cut the heads off of men tied to plastic poles, on stands ...

"Clipper scares me OJ ... he has shaky hands and is real mean."

Mean? AC doesn't know what mean looks like. Al has always been a pussy, weak, crying when his mom died and shit. I learned a LONG time ago that you need to keep that shit stowed, deep inside, buried underneath all the horrible memories of this nightmare called life. There's nothing in this life but the satisfaction that your enemies died before you, and that you are feared ... better to be feared than loved, is what I always say.

"AC ... we're going."

I called Harold using a secure burner phone he'd given me a few years ago - "use just in case of emergencies!", that is what he told me ... emergencies. I let Harold know that I had to switch out cars and that I'd need a late model Toyota Corolla, something inconspicuous, ubiquitous.

Al got the Bronco off the highway, and we made our way to the Long Beach, a bad part of that place, old abandoned storage buildings, factories rusting away, urban and industrial decay. Harold owned a building in that area - no great feat, given how crime ridden and dilapidated the place was. Al had been there with me, a few years ago, before Harold was arrested for felony burglary and extortion. Harold pleaded guilty to a lesser offense and was given 24 months in prison.

"Jesus ... I hate this street ... that's Harold's place, up there, ain't it?", Al asked.

"Yep, just pull up to the gate and I'll get out and call up."

Al pulled out in front of the gate, there was a power opening and a call box. The gate was heavy, reinforced, galvanized, with concertina wire on the top in a triple strand. The call box was rusty, worn, but it still worked. I went ahead and let Harold know we were here and then I got back in the Bronco as the electric gate opened. We drove through the gate and parked in the garage. Harold was there, smiling, in a red leather jacket.

"You fucks, what the fuck have you done?"

"Now listen Clipper!" - said AC.

"Hey, guys, I don't have a lot of time", I interjected.

"Ok, I got the Corolla, YOU GOT THE MONEY?"

I handed Harold a small pouch filled with 50 grand, Harold opened it, took a quick look, and continued ...

"That'll work ... but the car won't be here till tomorrow. I got my guy for passports coming in a couple days. You guys can stay here, it's off the grid ... nobody knows me or knows how we're connected. I have some disguise ideas, we can talk about later. For now, let me show you guys to your rooms and then we can talk about next steps over dinner, in 3 hours ..."

"That sounds great Harold, we're done ... we need rest, food ... I could use a drink."

"Well, OJ ... let's do that ... let's go crack open a nice bottle of aged single malt scotch ..."

I nodded, and AC followed. AC didn't know what he'd gotten himself into. He was going underground, like me, and we would die before we ever went to jail.

AC took his go-bag, through it into the closet in his room, and passed out ..

Harold poured me some of that fine whiskey ...

I went out, into one of his open storage rooms, not observable from any direction, and smoked ... I had only a few cigs left, but I smoked and thought about how I'd ended up here? In this place?

A week ago, I was the other "me", the one the world knew ...

Now, with Nicole's death? Now I was the the dark-hunter, the onyx-assassin, seeking out young, busty, female, white flesh to ravage and then "harvest".

"Yep, I know what I must do now ...", I muttered to myself in that dark warehouse ...

I needed to be remembered for the "other me" ...

(the other me needs some me time)

## **"Don't leave witnesses ..." [1/12/2018]**

My name is Georgie Gill, and I've been a software engineer in the Seattle area for 30 years - plus or minus. Of course, I've never programmed a computer, other than a few lines of code here and there. I've never deployed software or fixed bugs. My privately owned software consulting company, "Sea-Gill, LLC", has been in business since the late 1980's - it's a cover, a sham, a pretense, and it allows me to easily (and I mean EASILY) launder money, my money, cash, that I earn, for killing people ... cuz ... you know ... I'm a hit man.

Sea-Gill specializes in IT security software for large firms and organizations. It's perfect! Nobody, especially in Seattle, suspects the rates these days - the consulting firms charge \$100-\$400 per hour, easy ... My typical (average) job would invoice in the range of 200-300 hours (made up labor) and bring in about \$100K. You don't need to do more than one job like this, every few months, to earn some real money - best part is, I still conduct fake meetings, I have some slides prepared by a friend of mine, that I talk through. There are still "artifacts" of the work - but nothing too difficult to reproduce. Simply put - to the outside world, it all looks legit. In reality, I am being paid a lot of money to murder people.

Which brings me to my latest job - a simple "take out."

A CEO of a major biotech firm was going on the record with the FDA regarding a new drug - a viral treatment that was causing severe brain damage. I'm one of those "I need a summary as to why" hit men - of course, the client can lie ... and ... I've taken those jobs as well, jobs where the client gives me one summary reason for the "contract" and there were actually other motives for the hit. But this guy seemed like a jerk, talk'y, on local stations already and preparing to testify at a House of Representatives select committee ... and this wouldn't do ... not at all.

This CEO, Jim Easton, he's a jogger, a runner ... runs every morning near his home in Queen Anne (a neighborhood of Seattle). Jim would wake up, every day he was in town, and run 3 miles - rain or shine. His path took him near a small grove of trees, part of a church's plot, overgrown with high grass. This is where I hid, with an air pistol firing dissolving salt pellets, each one containing enough poison to cause a heart attack in 4 average sized adults. The killing distance was 10 meters, I intended to hit him in the leg, as he passed.

My location had good concealment, and alright cover - I was able to set up my sniper position behind two boulders, surrounded by 5 fir trees and some very tall grass. I staked out the location 2 nights - each time observing Jim running by. I wanted to make sure, as sure as I could, that nobody else would observe me. It was ok if they saw Jim having a heart attack - but no one could see me ... very explicit instructions from the client - "don't leave witnesses ..."

So no witnesses - none.

The morning of the hit I was in position by 5:00 AM, Jim would be running by me at 5:20 AM (approximately). Everything was perfect - no dogs barking, very quiet.

Jim passed my location ... I gently squeezed the trigger of my air rifle, hitting Jim on the back of his left thigh. He grabbed for it, probably thinking the "sting" was from some insect. Nope. He had been stung by a poison developed by the KGB for inducing heart attacks - Jim grabbed his chest, and I moved out of my location, quietly, stealthily ... or so I thought ...

An old lady ...

Must have been in her 80's or some such shit ...

She saw me, she was 20 feet away and had just stepped outside her duplex to smoke a joint ...

It was bad luck, and she was itchy paranoid from the weed ...

"Hey ... hey you ... you stay away from me!", she uttered.

I rushed her, pulled her back around the corner and slit her throat.

It was done, all done ... the killing for today ... then ... shit ...

"BUDDY! WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING!", a thirty-something millennial yelled from his UBER as he had stopped to pick someone up. I pulled my GLOCK-19, with silencer, and shot the UBER driver in the head ... he was gone.

"Mr ... Mr. Man ... why did you just shoot that guy ...", a young child, on her roller blades, had swooped in from who the fuck knows where or why her parents left her to play in the street before 6 AM ... fuck ...

I moved in on the little girl ... crap ... I had to ... I had to break her neck ... I took her around the back of another house, and broke that sweet girl's neck ... Jesus ...

"Hey, are you here to fix my cable internet?"

"Yeah, we could really use it back ... badly ..."

The gay couple, two forty-something men ... well dressed ... probably in good physical shape as well.

I took out the "twink" with a Shuriken throwing star, cut his throat. The other gay dude, the "power bottom", I had to strangle that guy ... very personal kill ... damn ...

"Ruff ... Ruff ruff ruff ...", they had an Akita dog ... that dog saw me too ... I tossed a grenade at that dog.

This went on, like this, for a few hours ...

Hundreds dead ...

Up and down the back streets of Queen Anne, Seattle.

(all because my client didn't want any witnesses)

**QUARTRINIUM 91: That smelly, crazy, homeless lady, on the METRO, in Bellevue? (yeah - that's you in 10 years, minus the METRO) [1/12/2018]**

ORANGE CAKE for the jesters, as the banquet is prepared for all supplicants of the Nestorian Empire. Channels stay closed, ships and messages not sent - as the sun rises twice in one day. Ugly, black, purple, lightning, the taste of metal in a dog's mouth - the vigil discounted by those who are without merit.

The orangutan lords, now clustering along the swamps of yore, cannot but bicker and chide - for they are losing, and the crystal palace will turn to glass very soon ... very soon indeed.

Henry the Forgotten allies with the lost bishop of Normandy, "time for more beatings!" is all Henry can say. Children of dead lands are without proper lineage and sent to the fortress of the ancient city of JUMOZ.

"WE SHALL DIE ALONGSIDE OUR ETERNAL BROTHERS!" - shrieked the general, before his cadre.

Now the time is NIGH ... a time when only rats and roaches will be known as KINGS!

(who desires lordship over a wasteland of swollen regret?)

### **Those damn weed packages ... [1/12/2018]**

I've been back, in Seattle, for about a month now - and, TBH, I'm still on the fence as far as my own, special, personal future goes. I still have that voice inside me, haunting me, taunting me, telling me that "life is pointless", that things have only gotten worse, since 9/11, and, after all, I'm almost 50 ... what, precisely, do I think is waiting for me? In my future? That voice is there, it's constant, and it might go away - assuming there's enough time left, in this wretched paradigm, to allow me some space of normality ... whatever "normal" is now.

I know - this is negative, nasty, miserable thinking. It's FRIDAY for God's sake! We should be happy! Partying! And, so I am as well ... because of a magical plant, created by God.

I went to Uncle Ike's today - took the METRO, because my car has been repossessed ... this happens, when you don't make any car payments.

Any who, I don't have a lot of money, and, arguably, I should spend what little money I have left on groceries and essentials. However, having a reason to live is kind of essential, and weed helps with this. Sure, eventually I either start making money again OR I become homeless - BUT NOT TODAY! TODAY I HAVE WEED PRODUCTS!

There's something I don't get, however ...

WHY THE FUCK ARE ALL THE WEED PACKAGES SO FRIGGIN HARD TO OPEN?!?!?

I'm serious ...

I got some cookies, that the "bud tender" talked me into buying - and they were in a box, and each cookie wrapped individually ... crazy ass shit.

I bought some candies, a few weeks ago, that were in a bag, and then each candy had its own thick plastic wrapping - and this was just dumb.

I know it's a "drug" - like cigarettes, alcohol, heroin, sugar, caffeine - but, come on ... this packaging rivals the stuff they use for computer RAM or video games at Fry's Electronics. Yes, I know, you don't want your dog or cat eating the weed - just as, for example, if I broke a glass I wouldn't want a dog or cat to eat the glass ... or chocolate for most dogs ... heck, I don't want dogs and cats running in the street or even being walked by their owners ... cuz DANGEROUS and FEELZ.

Now that we have that out of our system, we can acknowledge that 10 mg of "weed" in a cookie PROBABLY doesn't require high-strength plastic wrap storage and shit ... don't ya think?

Any who - it just irk'd me.

HAPPY FRIDAY!

### **Those damn "strangers" ... [1/9/2018]**

Most of the people who murder, rape, set shit on fire, blow shit up ... most of these, if not ALL, are strangers ...

Do you know the cartel dudes, in Mexico, that cut folks' heads off? - me neither bub ... total strangers.

I don't know anyone in ISIS, nor do I know a serial killer or a dentist personally ... once again ... STRANGERS!

So my point is very simple, you need to be concerned about strangers and the inherent risk they pose ... unless you want to get murdered and dumped some place in the woods.



## **QUARTRAINIUM 90: Cherish your food, obey your CAT! [1/8/2018]**

Armies of wandering vagabonds, with empty stomachs and wide-eyes, will visit themselves upon the 5 great cities - fires, storms, famine, disease, violence ... available for all. The twisted warlords of the NORTH sharpen their blades, as Rondis stands guard before Old London Town.

Champion of the people, the Orangutan King moves 2 armies to attack Tunis. He guards the WESTERN GATE to the golden crescent and makes allies with the sand-ghosts of Babylon. Old feuds reveal themselves, as the nuns of Carthage swear an oath to the black pope.

Seven wedded sisters take shelter in the mosque of Khartoum - an emperor awaits, as sweet breads are prepared and dogs lick their chops.

## **At least 50% of the people you know want you dead ... [1/8/2018]**

I know - this is a crappy headline/title for a post. I simply don't care and don't have time for niceties. I was waiting for the bus today, the METRO, in Seattle, and an old man and his wife walked by the bus stop - the old man spit near where I was standing, and frowned at me. I have no idea why the old man did this - there was a palpable sense of anger streaming from this worn out old dude ...

Perhaps because it was 11 AM, and, according to this old dude's Social Security cargo prophet narrative - if "Dan" (meaning me) is not at work, then the ponzi scheme fails ... ergo Dan must want the old man dead. I was on my way to buy groceries, I didn't care, one way or another, about this miserable old guy ...

So I'm done at the grocery store, waiting for my bus back ...

The bus driver that took me back, from the grocery store, after buying groceries, she almost killed me - after telling me to have a nice day. She pulled out, with one of those "bendy" buses and nearly hooked me and dragged me. I might have ended up hamburger meat, if not for my cat like reflexes. If a METRO bus injures or kills you, in Seattle, they have a top secret project to send fake EMS to pick up your body (living or not) and take it to a body processing center in Kent, where the human is mined for useful organs, then ground and rendered into cat food ... sold as organic cat food. METRO does this to avoid lawsuits ...

... then there's the dude at QFC (the grocery store) ...

He was a SIMD or Self-Involved-Millennial-Douche, on his phone, staring at the screen, blocking an entire aisle by standing in the middle ... he didn't give a shit ... he was oblivious, in his puffy lime green jacket, made by "Columbia" or "REI" ... shit. He truly wanted me dead, at least that's how it felt.

Times are rough - and there is a growing segment of America that is on a knife's edge with respect to civility and social interaction. It's worse on the freeways. Needless to say, a fair majority of the people you know want you dead.

Remember this, as the days drag on towards spring ...

### **The anxiety of being broke ... [1/8/2018]**

I'm broke, again ... and this makes me very anxious.

This is not the first time in my life I've reached financial ruin - I was completely broke, and went bankrupt, after I left the U.S. Army in 1999. I didn't really acquire any real credit card debt, individually, between that time and my divorce in 2013. I paid off that debt, the debt from the year after my divorce, in 2015, and then started saving.

2016 was a disaster, 2017 was really no improvement, and now, at almost 50 years of age, I'm broke, again.

I'm not blaming anyone - this is due to my own misjudgment. In the current case, this was due to trusting a whole bunch of people I should NEVER have trusted. So now, I'm not simply financially crippled, I'm also socially traumatized, and I simply don't know if I'll get over the "trust deficit" I now have.

There is this general anxiety about being financially insolvent, on a personal basis, when you are at mid-age. I was supposed to have kids in college, a home paid off, and tons of money saved for retirement (I have a story about this): Retirement ...

I was supposed to have my life together, by now ... to be "totally in the zone" and have mastered my domain and crap.

But none of this happened, and this is not the fault of anyone but myself. Sure, reality hasn't exactly been "helpful" to the white-hetero-male, but reality hasn't been helpful to lots of people. I was supposed to work in Seattle, make my 90K/year, buy a duplex for rental income purposes, have 1.5 kids and 1.03 dogs (0.0005 cats). This was what should have happened - but it didn't (so very sad).

Truly, I feel this anxiety of "being broke", because by Seattle standards (or the standards of most dwindling middle-class enclaves in America) I am a failure - pure, simple, unadulterated, failure.

I know I need to get over this - I will blow every interview I have if I don't ... but it's hard, for me, personally. I never really had much self-esteem, and I never developed a healthy way of looking at "pride in oneself".

Optimism doesn't really work for me either. I have a hard time saying "well, at least I'm alive" - because then comes the question "for what purpose?". Am I alive simply for the purpose of earning enough money to "stay alive"? If that's the case, life really is a nonsensical Camus-like wheel of nothing (meh).

Any who - I know I'm not alone in being 48 years old, and financially a mess. I know there are others, and several of them have kids, and are dealing with financial ruin. Lots of sad, angry, miserable people out there, these days ... (not to mention the homeless people). So, yes - my situation could be far worse and yet, I feel this anxiety, a sense that I am a leper by the standards of my community.

So here I am ...

In Seattle ...

A burnout middle-age'd software engineer ...

Not yet defeated or completely degraded ...

But I do feel like a leper - a gross reminder of how near financial calamity might be, no matter how perfect you are or how flawed. Nobody wants to see this, if their own "financial ship" is still above water, not leaking or listing.

(and nobody really likes lepers)

## **QUARTRAINIUM 89: YES - THE NETHER REALM FOLDS, BENDS! [1/8/2018]**

A black van, from deserted spaces, carries 4 bodies - masked Nigerians have a dread duty to perform. The Prince of CAIRO, second lord to the Demon REESE, forbade the attacks. Gentlemen from TAIWAN carry 5 parcels - one contains opium, one contains gun powder, the other three contain the severed heads of BUDAPEST.

Keep watch in the EAST - a newer lord is about set fire to the great sea. Childhood memories of sin and regret, morbid obsessions fill the DUKE with mellow hate and sadness.

"YORBIS! YOUR WORDS ARE IGNORED!" - screamed the weary traveler ...

### **June 17, 1994 ... it could have been different ... [1/8/2018]**

I'm considering a fiction/serial writing project for STEEMIT - specifically, I was thinking about writing an alternate history regarding the famous A.C. Cowling / O.J. Simpson white-bronco car chase ... what if OJ got away?

I know, weird ... but I have this vision of OJ and AC, changing out vehicles with a black, FORD, 1982, ECONOLINE utility van ... with no windows ... and then they go on various adventures, punishing those people ... well ... hurting people they think deserve it. Black knights, on a mission of rampage ... ravaging busty white women, along the way (I know, racist). Can you imagine OJ and AC double-teaming Ava Adams? (I can)

OJ is an enigmatic figure of profound importance - so why not an adventure series, of OJ, wandering California, and the back-roads of TEXAS, looking for trouble or stirring up trouble? In search of the "real killers"?

Lots of porno-lit potential here ...

Definitely a worthy artistic pursuit ...

## Faithless in Seattle [1/7/2018]

I know these are "great times" - the TV, media, internet, peanut gallery at "Cloud City Coffee", they tell me so. Sure, there's the "fake news" that talks about wars, bloodshed, murders, abuse of the innocent and the weak, but that's all made up - the truth is this: these are great times, so if YOU are not FEELING GREAT about technology, food, housing, the weather? -> then there must be something wrong with you.

There's something wrong with me - I'm 48 years old, unemployed (by choice), looking for a new job in a new city, and not really "feeling it" with respect to career and shit. The forties are a funny time for people - these days ... a lot of the people I know between the age of 40 and 50 (plus or minus) have these bizarre, almost religious, views of the coming future (probably due to a naive meme'ing of Ray Kurzweil's thinkery). They KNOW that everyone will have good food, and live to be 200 years old, once we take care of those pesky terrorists and the people who live in the Midwest or fly-over states. This belief is most predominant in places like Seattle, where I'm living now. This commonly held truism that, via technology and neoliberal/neocon policies, the world is becoming so much nicer, for everyone - it's nauseating and permeates both the "liberal" and "conservative" zones of Seattle (sarcastic quotes intended).

We are all just biding time until this magical future unfolds - everyone will have free food, free healthcare, work 10 hours a week like in that creepy short story from the "Illustrated Man" by Ray Bradbury (the one where the parents get eaten by virtual reality lions and shit).

I don't have faith in any of it. This is hard.

The faithless, in America, like myself, the ones that no longer believe we live in the "land of the free, home of the brave" ... the faithless, the lost, like me, believe we live in a prison - an open air prison, with varying privileges for the inmates, and there is almost no escape (except suicide).

The faithless, we are everywhere ... some of us are homeless, some of us do regular jobs, some of us even work for the government - but what we have in common is a uniform belief and acceptance that this horrifically deformed civilization, in America, is going to choke on its own vomit ... eventually. We can slowly dwindle, accepting our fractional degradation, or we can try to find an escape hatch - the easiest being drug abuse.

We don't believe in the Millennialism of Kurzweil or the other prophets of FUTURE BLISS. We don't buy into the "robot apocalypse" crap ... we don't believe in free-energy, free-lunches, or free-love ... we believe that there is NOTHING you can do to stop ANY of this.

No ... I'm not biding time until the "Singularity" and all my problems are solved.

I think this shit-show of a civilization passed its zenith decades ago - I was born into the decline, a decline papered over (literally) by debt, but even debt, like nitrous for a V8, eventually stops working.

If I'm biding time? - it is a death-watch, over the decaying body of "America" (whatever the hell that is) ... nothing more, nothing less.

The faithless know it's all getting worse, our lives more degraded and controlled, more wars in our names, more government violence, more poverty and unemployment, and, eventually, labor camps (for the "faithless" at first).

But some "grand future" ahead? - no, that's Disney bullshit.

I have no faith in the lies, the convenient deceptions ...

(do you?)

## **Reverso Christmas - January 2nd, every year ... [1/2/2018]**

Everyone knows the story of normal Christmas: "Hitler, rose from the dead, killed Walt Disney, and destroyed the USSR." This is well known.

But do you know the story of reverso-Christmas? - the celebration of human failure and regret?

It happens on the day that Slomis Doobins died, in ancient times - January 2nd, 234 AD ...

Slomis had a miserable life, with a miserable wife, and nothing but pain and regret.

He died, in a Roman labor camp, in the early 200's ...

So we celebrate his life, and his meaning, by doing the following on January 2nd each year:

- a) *recall and obsess over our failures of the previous year.*
- b) *remind ourselves that we will screw everything up in the year to come.*
- c) *get drunk, alone.*
- d) *make out lists of people you will one day destroy, in the hot blood of vengeance ...*

So I am celebrating reverso-Christmas, today ...

Accepting that your "New Year's Resolutions" will be the regret of next year ...

Remember our guiding quote:

"Today's work form the seeds of tomorrow's disappointment ..."

(why do today what you can put off till the day after tomorrow?)

## **QUARTRAINIUM 88: The ORANGE DEMON steps closer to the brink ... [12/31/2017]**

Chestnut trees are in bloom as walnut liquor fills goblets and spreads fancy. An orange figure manages the last coffers and ensures the thieves' bargain. Hellish wastrels meander along lost avenues and there are no candy stores open.

"Challenge the KING! NAY!", a knight implores - his mistress of deceit stands watch at the door.

The third sun burns brightly, as meadows become coarse reminders of human frailty. A desert, a dry plain, a sea of salt and the god of NESTUS sits upon his throne of glass. Every color in attendance, as a fiery column stretches towards the SKY.

ZIPANGU feels the pain, twice, and the empty caterwauling of furry maggots shatters the illusion of MORGAN and HAROLD ...

Cheap jewelry, gold-cast'd by strange traders from far away, lay strewn upon the apartment floor - DETECTIVE JOOB ponders various crimes.

### **QUARTRAINIUM 87: NEW YEAR LOOMS, the CHOOM-GANG attacks BERLIN! [12/31/2017]**

Tired BAMUS sips cocktails, alone in his compartment as the ship lists towards a new day. WOOKIE nightmares are everywhere and the gentle warriors of CLOUD-MOUNTAIN warm up their pistols and cock their cats. NORTUMIAN WINE is consumed by the gallon, 50/50 - a mixture of milk and gasoline - becomes the "drink of KINGS", especially near the dying sea.

The war of the 7 navies nears, as ADMIRAL HISTUUS commands his flagship past the meridian of desire. Cherubs and fallen angels serve time in judgment, great crimes revealed against the newly formed spirits - dispirited by failure and wanton violence against a tea-sipping gent.

"Never FORGET our QUEEN'S great WALL!", the town crier runs ... screaming in the night.

"THE QUEEN LOVES YOU!", indeed, she does ...

### **QUARTRAINIUM 86: Bonobo WARLORDS build trebuchet of VELVET DREAMS! [12/30/2017]**

Careless wonderment before the ancient gods. The realms are separated, each kingdom forging swords and alliances - every principality in disarray. HAROLD the THIEF returns from Germania with potions and harlotry. A river of blood pours its mirth into the GREEN SEA, the generals meet to carve out spoils.

Nascent vegetable life clings deeply to a dead poet's verse, whale-professors provide instruction deep below - where the ocean's waters, in cool caress, hold mankind in eternal rapture.

5 bishops rise UP - a new religion is born in the ashes of PARIS. Women of WILLOW-SPRING, carrying lances, carve up a future for the sodden beasts of MORGANIS. The bishops stand nearby the last king of JASPER, and the young warriors lay drunken with whores.



## **QUARTRAINIUM 85: A shitty minstrel stands guard over the hatchlings [12/23/2017]**

"I TELL YOU THIS DAY, YOU FINE FOLK OF THE OUTER WOODS! YOU CARRY THE POX OF WILD HOUNDS! YOU ARE THE SCOURGE OF VICHY!" Old hag, yells at the barista - the coffee shop is focused on napkins and potato salad. RACCOON lords move their barracks East of Winchester and the strange-rook is now set on the grounds of Balmoral, tethered to tired phantoms of that weary night in VEGAS.

Gold and silver, still compressed for the sprint, will hear the gunshot soon - Dr. Copper will signal the split, and those with dogs and cats? - a genuine stew is to come. Savory, with carrots and onion - biscuits and coffee to go, with all the napkins you want ... especially if offered by the rat-courtier of ROOSEVELT.

## **QUARTRAINIUM 84: Magic resides at 9724 Aurora Avenue North ... [12/23/2017]**

HEMP'ISTS rejoice for the coming tide-fête, GENERAL CASEY burns the rockets of HORG. Black armies of messy, shabby, denizens, collide at the fields of TOORG. The pope shows great fancy, and the elder throng moans at the sight of HELENA.

Candlelight dinner is held for LACEY - chastity is left on the dance floor, carelessly dancing her nights away at the pole. Dogs and coyotes make plans for SHAKEY'S PIZZA, the tangy brown beer flows no more for bearded poets of the WEST.

Cherish the SEASON. Holiday cheer spreads, and so do crabs.

Cordially accept the invitation, the UTANIAN HALL will be decked with ivy and all sorts of silvery crap. The ruler of BAM chose not to attend. The dance hall empties, but the frogs and turtles - snapping at the heels, making merry and being drunk. Bishops are there to record these proceedings, a young princess will yield the AXE.

## **"It doesn't come with that ..." [12/23/2017]**

I recently moved back to Seattle - and, I must say, it's been a bumpy ride. I am depending upon the kindness of family? - this is scary ... just leave it at that. I left this

place, with such aplomb, back in 2014 - and now I return? To be mocked? There is very little upside to this tale EXCEPTING the legal pot. (zoots man, zoots)

Any who ...

I've been going to this local coffee shop, for breakfast, to you know ... eat. And they make their own special, prancy, hipster version of the infamous "Egg McMuffin". It's not bad. So I get that, and coffee, and some other stuff before the searing eyes of those Seattle'lites burn deeper into my skull-cap, their judgment, their scorn, their shields of entitlement.

When I was done ordering, and the clerk was packing my food into a bag, the "coffee clerk" or "barista" asked me if I'd like some napkins ...

"Would you like some napkins, Sir?"

I said ...

"Sure ..."

So the millennial barista looks down in front of him, at a stack of napkins ...

Then he looks up and walks to the end of the counter, and looks at another stack of napkins ...

Then he looks at me.

"As you can see Sir, there are plenty for you to grab."

I don't know, this seemed either the accident of some mentally defective person, so you try to be forgiving and crap. But more likely, this douche was just enjoying being a douche ... this was yesterday.

This morning, I go back to the same coffee shop ...

The douche is there (I'd hoped he'd be on a different shift), and this short waifish female barista/coffee-clerk was there as well ...

I get my sandwich ... and I ask for a caprese sandwich too ... because I like that fresh mozzarella ... and she says:

"... would you like chips, salad, or potato salad, that goes with that?"

"That just comes with that, as part of it, for free?", I asked, incredulously.

And she looks at me with a wicked, crooked, smile ...

"No, Sir ... you need to pay for that separately ..."

I realize that maybe I'm seeing this from the jaded perspective of a burnout, middle-aged, white, male, software engineer dude-human ... I get it ... but really, is this the way you act? I could have gotten my own napkins, I didn't need to have some dude say "hey, want some napkins?" and then have him point to the stacks. I would have asked for "extras" with the plastic wrapped sandwich ... but I saw no indication that ANYTHING went with the sandwich for free, as extra. The way she phrased it, it seemed like "hey, which side do you want that goes with your thingy for free?" It all seemed like so much mind control ...

Any who ...

Clearly this was a disturbing experience for me ...

(remember: it doesn't come with that ...)

## **A shiv'ing in Magnolia ... [12/19/2017]**

"Why do they have to live there? Under the overpass?", said the middle-aged woman real-estate tycoon, sipping her martini, as she looks out over the city of Seattle.

"We paid good money for this home, a lot of money, and these bums ... who are they?", said the CEO of a local bank ...

For over 3 weeks, the national EBT card system (food stamps) had stopped working. Food riots had broken out in Chicago, LA, NYC, and Baltimore - and other cities as well, though, because of martial law, the news has been "locked down." The government decided after the first few days of riots that "news of riots" only made the riots worse - but this did little to stem the tide. With over 150 million Americans out of work, and a paltry minority still working - and barely able to live, because of inflation - it seemed that the virus of anger, disgust, discontent, required no medium to spread.

"Well ... it's an issue of education ...", said the University of Washington professor.

"It's about technology, we need universal basic income ...", said the BITCOIN BARON ...

But the fires could be seen in the distance - Kent, West Seattle, parts of Ballard, much of the city was in chaos. The murder rate was not measured or publicized, but it was estimated that over 100 people were being shot, every hour now, resulting in 300 deaths per day - with the rate of murder, violence, only rising.

"I think we need to return to old fashioned values!", said the grumpy-grump retiree, to the younger man whose dad died in Vietnam, flying planes, which dropped agent orange on men, women, children.

And these fictions, the figments, these well-to-do members of Seattle's elite, were having a "riot party", as they drank their martinis, and Manhattans, and craft beer and wine ... they mocked the broken, the sad, the human waste - the people driven mad by several decades of "house flipping" and "easy money", all of which was just beyond their reach.

And one lonely divorcee, 53 years old, dressed in a sheer black dress, wandered away from the main party to smoke a cigarette. Outside the streets were empty, most of the inhabitants of their world were bunker'ing inside - with stockpiles of food, water, recently purchased on Amazon or from COSTCO.

Her name was Rachel, and as she smoked her cig, she noticed some strange and darkly clad figure moving towards her ... she didn't worry ... "why should I worry, the cops have a cordon set up around us ...", but the figure walked closer.

Her friends were laughing inside ...

Laughing, smiling, drinking, as Seattle burned.

And she, with her cigarette, tried to make out this human looking thing, moving her way ...

At 50 feet, she could see it was a man, too covered in dirt and filth and feces to know the man's age ... wearing a cloak of pain, of loss, of broken dreams ... she didn't know this specter, this "person" was human garbage to her.

"You can't be here you know! There's a curfew! This neighborhood is under special protection!"

But the man moved onward ...

Rachel had spearheaded the "Seattle Anti-Gun League", so she had no weapon, only her wit ... a wit not near sharp enough for this circumstance.

"Listen buddy, I'll call the cops!", Rachel screamed - not loud enough to draw the attention of her fellow drunken partiers inside the fashionable Magnolia home ...

At 10 feet, the rumped, straggler - the homeless hobo-phantom - stopped and asked "may I have a smoke?"

Rachel was incensed - she'd worked hard, flipping houses, managing dark financial pools, figuring out ways to outsource companies to Vietnam ... she wasn't going to give up her cigs ... even though she had 20 cartons at home.

"Sir, why can't you just get a job?"

The man looked up from the ground, no longer broken ...

The man looked right at Rachel, some tiny flame of pride returning ...

He pulled a long carving knife from his jacket, something he'd stolen from a burning condo building on Capital Hill.

He rushed Rachel, pushing her to the ground, stabbing her over and over and over again ...

Rachel screamed, but merely spouted blood into the dark Seattle sky ...

The noise of sirens drowning her out ...

The sins of pirates forbade any kindness, any compassion ...

The strange man, covered in raggedly clothes, wiped his shiv on the dying woman's body ...

He wandered on down the street ...

Disappearing, as he arrived.

(looking for a cig)

### **QUARTRAINIUM 83: Gleeful chimps gather digital mold ... [12/19/2017]**

MUSKY KING, with chariot of glass, flies onward towards the crevasse - his monkey generals tell him "your hair, it is so well kept", but the mockingbird does not comply. Take the crow's advice, and ignore the admonitions of BRUMPUS. Ne're-do-wells and princelets cannot but wander with open bags, begging for scraps of rat and rotten cheese.

The EASTERN LEAGUE is building a navy, and anchoring it to the great STONE ISLAND. CAT PRIESTS speak words of wonder that few understand, kittens are turned into mittens - as cold grips the realm of HORTOZ!

"Nay say I!!!", the shoemaker exclaims - "NAY! THIS RIDE IS TOO FAST!" The carny folk, with brown and broken teeth, turn the wheel faster, over coals dipped in yellow cake. PINK SLIME rides from the great ocean, up the rivers and streams, polluting the gentle realms of rebirth. The black-spring of dried flowers awaits, and children run screaming into the night.

TERRENCE, the JAUNDICED-ONE, drinks solemnly in his castle - the moats are filling with piles of human waste, the streets are covered in corpses and paper dreams.

So sayeth CLOWNADAMUS!

### **QUARTRAINIUM 82: CANCEL your ESPN subscription, before the bulbous ones arrive ... [12/19/2017]**

Ancient searchers are nearing their zenith as the market unveils its next RED QUEEN. Mongers of digital fracas cannot dissuade your mother from buying that used 1994 VOLVO station wagon. Emerald CITY is miserable, a never ending wetness, imbued with bleak resignation - only counsels of VILLAINY take pleasure in this moist wasteland. Your football score is uneven, change your team, forget that the fantasy has become real.

"Dear SIR, are you arriving from the WEST?", asked the village drunk. The drunk steps back, and awaits response. The meager traveler can say nothing, but nod, and then grab a rock and crush your skull ... man.

Dimension 56.4 is currently raising funds for an interstellar jukebox, something loud enough to be heard through all membranes of the cosmos. The LORDS of CASH tell you to ignore the shiny bobble, but your own finances sink deeper into eternal abyss, "I am worth more if I am dead" - is all the wary laborer said.

Henry the AUGUST GOLFER will meet with 5 wise men in Paris - they shall attend a wedding. The wedding will be filled with those furry things that lurk in the sewers and dark realms of imagination. The happy couple, reading their vows of love, will grab the chalice of regret and toss acid in the faces of that wretched throng. Don't go to this wedding, unless you enjoy chemical burns.

Sentinels of higher frequencies are bumping up against our reality. They don't have much, perhaps they are more broke than we are. They will appear as bums and hobos, and be careful of this ... These are the watchers of tomorrow. If you are careful and true, great wisdom can be found in their beer and tobacco ridden breath.

(so sayeth Clownadamus)

## **QUARTRAINIUM 81: Till DARKER masks are worn by corgis ... [12/19/2017]**

A rainy form, tempted by YUAN covered monks, stands fast on a lonely mountain. The RUS make alliances across the Tiber and those lost queens of XAMBIA cannot compete. Fiery mist is seen in the EAST and the gentle gondo-lords of the OLD CITY await judgment. The NORMAN cannot be trusted, nor the FRANK, only killing fields of desperation for your late night entertainment. Armies are on the march near the Ubian Altar, and the generals of Tyre do not tire of the hunt.

Crooked spider, eyes caught in your gaze, shall pounce upon your small dog. Cats, known for balance, fall backward from the smoke stacks - and the newest maiden is naked. Cherished and beholden to ancient minstrels, the orangutan keeps counsel with rats and pigeons and snakes and lice. Too many steel roads to fix, too little time, and the system itself winds down.

Magic numbers for today: { 65, 34.2, 45,000, 2789, 2/7 }

(take these magic numbers, write them on a piece of paper, shove the paper up your butt)

(so sayeth Clownadamus)

## **Tight vs Loose Systems ... [12/18/2017]**

There is a lot of talk about "anti-fragile", but fragility tends to be a discrete way of looking at the strength or weakness of a complex system. In the real world, systems tend to behave across a spectrum, and part of what makes them resilient is their ability to suffer impacts, damage, and recover, over a wide range of possible scenarios. Not that I think "fragility" is the wrong way to look at it, it simply is one way of looking at systemic failure.

Another way of looking at systemic failure can be in terms of "slack": how much slack is there in the system, meaning how much excess energy is there for repairing and dealing with failures?

Today, an AMTRAK train derailed near Dupont, WA, (the state in which I'm currently residing), and our governor declared a state of emergency. They think there was an object placed on the tracks - perhaps some ANTIFA dude, perhaps a government false flag, perhaps a teenager wanting to flatten a quarter ... who knows. But everything on I-5 was shut down as a result, probably resulting in a traffic jam stretching for tens of miles.

Accidents happen, if this were an accident. People make mistakes, if, in fact, human error was involved. And yes - there are terrible people who commit acts of sabotage that place other people's lives at risk, if that's what happened. What I find most interesting is the impact - the system required a "state of emergency", but why the emergency?

Systems, especially complex socio-economic systems, are in one of three states: a) more energy than needed to handle likely events, b) enough energy to handle likely events or (our most likely state) c) too little energy to deal with likely events. "Energy" here refers to the tangible resources, people, and, well, energy, that the society can put into action to deal with random, catastrophic, events. When Governor Inslee announced a "state of emergency" it made me wonder - does Washington State have the resources to deal with these kinds of events, absent some external "pump" of material/people/energy?



"Tight systems" tend to be systems operating at the zero boundary between "excess capacity" and "too little capacity". "Loose systems" (which are ideal) tend to have "slack" - which means IF some terrible event, like a train derailing, occurs, it is, at best, a blip. There are large vehicles designed to quickly deal with the event, adequate emergency response teams, and, overall, the economy is doing well enough that "spending a few hours in a traffic jam" is of very little impact, if any, definitely not requiring a "state of emergency" to be declared.

I think much, if not all, of America now would be classified as "tight" systemically (or "brittle") - barely enough resources to deal with the likely set of offsetting catastrophic events. I said above there were 3 categories, and these have qualitative names: loose (best), tight (minimal), brittle (too little, too late). These roughly correlate to fragile/anti-fragile, but are on a spectrum.

Because of many issues, the USA is currently in the "brittle" category - we could probably muster the resources to deal with these local events, but too many, too fast? - and it could very well lead to cascades of economic failure, social disruption, chaos.

Imagine you have a nuclear power plant - 100 miles north of an event like the one in Dupont today, where the train blocks a truck with a critical component. These components are expensive, rarely produced, have no substitute, and the reactor at the plant is in dire need. Under normal circumstances the truck carrying the component would have gotten the thing, to the plant, in time for replacement - but now it looks like a day will be lost, and the reactor needs the replacement in 6 hours. There are no helicopters to sky lift it, no alternate roads, and the back-up on the major highway is making traffic worse in many other places, on several other road systems. This scenario is a bit extreme, but my point is very simple: in "brittle" systems, there is no slack, no leeway, no room for error. If you screw up once OR suffer a calamity once, you run the risk of cascading effects. You think a train derailment is bad? - try a nuclear meltdown in a region with ONE major highway system servicing it, and that highway is blocked by a derailed train.

Something to ponder this Monday night ...

(and ask yourself: are we "loose", "tight", or "brittle")

## Agents of tyranny ... [12/18/2017]

I find myself, sometimes, having conversations with friends, family, and strangers - the topic is simple, "how do we know what the truth is?" Superficially, this is a question of metaphysics or epistemology or even physiological psychology. It is a question of perception, a-perception, and the meta-cognitive faculties of the human brain. This, by itself, makes the question of "what is real?" muddy. But when you understand that as a person you are situated in a culture, a history, and a society - then the muddy waters become a morass of impossibilities.

What is true or real, if you are a prisoner? - you know that which the guards and wardens want you to know. You know what is allowed through the window, what is allowed to be passed, as information, among the prisoners. You might think, at some point, "I know the truth", but a careful person would recognize that whatever "truth" has come to be known, it is the truth of a prisoner. This is way beyond the biology or philosophy of knowing in terms of simple perception - this is the knowledge that maybe you are living in a hall of mirrors, a fantasy construct, and that there are people whose job it is to make sure that, whatever you think you might know, you'll never know for sure.

America has been, my whole life, this kind of impossibility. I have a background in history - studied it in graduate school - but I cannot be sure that the scraps of truth I was fed were real or false or so ambiguous as to be impossible to interpret. Our media is monoculture, and even our "alternative" media is filled with deception. You might have an intuition that you're being lied to, but, as stated above, how would you know? The only means of falsifying is to have a method of determining the truth - but what if all of your evidence is hopelessly corrupted? This is my dilemma as I write this.

During the last year I've accepted that I am, probably from birth, an anarchist - but what does that really mean? Does that mean I engage in acts of sabotage against businesses and organizations and the state? - no, not really, not in my case. Does that mean I believe in some utopia to come if the state were removed? - no, I don't believe in utopia. What it means to me is quite simple: that humans have the capacity to self-organize without force or manipulation, that they can solve problems without massive bureaucracies and mega-corporations. My anarchism does not prescribe for any human which living arrangement is "most just", it simply contends that each person has a right, by birth, to figure this out for themselves.

I set out on this journey of "anarchism", hoping to find others like myself - but I found something different. I found petty cult leaders, small-time ring leaders, and many who simply wanted to replace "one giant government" with their own "compound government" (or feudalism). In recent weeks I've been recovering from this experience; funny word "recovery", sounds like a person that digs a hole, to unearth some object, some artifact of truth, and then decides, upon seeing the horror of it, to bury it once again. But in the last few days I've had another thought: what if, by design, "reality" or the "truth" have unwitting conspirators, participants in the game of deception? What if most of the people you know function, in part, as a means of keeping the lies alive? And how would you know if these people themselves were unaware? How do you uncover the unconscious deceiver?

There are overt "agents of tyranny" everywhere in society these days: teachers, police, doctors, professors, government officials, the media, these are all obvious forces of misinformation and misdirection. But what of your family, friends, neighbors? What of the collective conceit that all hold for the simple fact of comfort? What if the indoctrination is now so powerful that the STATE, the powers that run the world, have replicated this "virus of control" in virtually every person you'd ever meet? What if you are one of these "sleeper propagandists" and don't even realize? What if I am?

An honest person would see these same forces at work in themselves, and recognize them for what they are - a means of control that the author, the writer here, now, could be easily under the sway of.

Am I honest in admitting that I, too, might be demonstrating behaviors that reinforce control? How many layers of this garbage is there to push through? The morass of impossible knowing only gets deeper, darker, more hopeless.

If you read this and are troubled, I apologize - I simply want you to consider the possibility that we live in a multi-dimensional tyranny, more subtle and advanced than some simple "prison". The prisoner knows the difference between guard and warden, between inside and outside, and can see the walls and the bars. The prisoner is aware of the cage, and can easily distinguish between information provided by the jailers, and information passed from cell-to-cell by the prisoners themselves. Our situation is much worse: everyone we meet is a latent prison guard, a latent warden, and still, probably, a prisoner themselves.

The "agents of tyranny"? - they are everywhere. The person that serves you coffee, the ANTIFA nutt-job that believes their rebellion is authentic, the boss, your family doctor that you love and trust ... these agents are friends and relatives and colleagues.

How do you know what is true?

How do you know you're not one of these agents of control?

(something to consider as you listen to National Public Radio on your way to work this morning)

## **Human Garbage [12/15/2017]**

I posted something on STEEMIT, last week, that was very dark. A short piece describing my thoughts of suicide, of pointlessness. It was honest, it spoke from the heart, and I decided to redact it - because at a certain point you can't really delete something from STEEMIT, you can simply "edit it" into oblivion.

I moved back to Seattle this week - not because I really wanted to, but it was literally the last stop along the road, before ... well, before I decided to do something more drastic, more permanent. I am living in a home, of a "loved one", where everyone is convinced that "life is pretty good", and for their narrow paradigm this might be true. I'm a software engineer, so I'm getting calls about work - calls from people who barely speak English, and likely resent me, resent my existence, and since I bemoan my own life, there's very little argument.

At the end of 2015, I was more or less debt free. I had a job, as an engineer, working in Indianapolis. The company had problems, but it was probably no worse a place than many. Beginning with one strange event after another, 2016 became a nightmare, and its genesis came, primarily, from human optimism and concern. One after another, friends, co-workers, strangers, took advantage of me - and I allowed this. I decided to participate in a couple of "start-ups", and this sucked me dry further. By the end of 2016 I was a bitter, near nihilistic, shut-in. And then came "phase 2".

In early 2017 I became associated with a few people in the liberty movement, I got involved, once again, in start-up situations - all of which ended in failure, arguably a fair amount of this failure was my fault.

I'm deep in debt now, haven't paid several bills for many months ...

I don't know why I'm blathering about this - perhaps it is because of the article I read on ZeroHedge yesterday, the one about the mortality rates increasing for my

age/gender/racial cohort (white, male, middle-aged). I suppose the brutal honesty of the article was welcome, but it also underlined how pointless my life is/was/shall continue to be.

I don't really want to die, but the misery of loneliness, failure, and heartless disregard, which is everywhere now, weighs on me. It is a dark morass, and endless sea of pain - with no shore in sight.

I see myself as a middle-aged burnout software engineer, a failure, a loser, someone best consigned to the dust bin of history.

I am garbage. I don't know if I have any more dreams. What money I have left? - I'm making sure there is some tranche available for the "last exit", the last strategy or journey, left to me.

I'm not special.

I know there are many men, and women, of all races and genders, that feel the pressure of this rotten modernity - we are the discontents, not wearing skinny jeans, not clutching our iPhones as we walk, still wanting authentic human contact and realizing that on "Plenty of Fish" there is plenty of nothing.

Don't weep for me - I am very responsible for veering off the tracks of faux normalcy. On more than one occasion, in the last decade, I chose my principles over my comfort, and that catches up to you, eventually.

I can't say happy holidays ...

(I simply don't have it in me)

## **KOM-BUTT-CHA ... [12/15/2017]**

There is a new product, on sale, at many of your local health food stores. This object or salve is shaped like a stubby 3 inch torpedo - it contains massive amounts of probiotic things that thrive in the dark realms of your lower gastrointestinal tract.

You insert this device, as you would any ordinary suppository; you will immediately feel the fester-beings move up your butt-zone and into your torso, the work they do is

fantastic. They will prosper on the undigested kale and chai-tea leavings that seem to stay snugly in the folds of your intestines and crap.

It was designed as a re-hydrated kombucha formulation, slimy and smelly, desicated flesh of rats and pigeons and the entrails of king salmon. After a few treatments, you will feel like a new person - you will produce good, sturdy, properly colored stool and the anal bleeding you've experienced will improve (or get worse for a while), and this is all natural and organic.

Please don't overuse this product ...

You should note that some of the archaic bacteria, contained in this butt-missile, are known to spread alternate sequence RNA to your bone marrow. We don't really know yet what will happen, but there have been reports of strange creatures, being "shat out", into the toilet, and looking woefully up at the human fecal producer, as if asking: "please don't flush me ... I'm alive ..."

So don't waste time ...

If you suffer from bloating or cramps or back pain or any kind of disorder that is invented by big pharma on a weekly basis? - you need to shove this thing up your crack ...

(and see what happens)

## **"Droids of North America" (a naturalist guide from 2067) [12/13/2017]**

It is so wonderful to be writing this short guide on the flora and fauna of our wondrous world. I know many of you battle the HYULIAN-FLU-78, and therefore can no longer see or here or touch - so this guide is available in liquid crystal nanite downloads and crap.

Firstly, you should note, that since the great Von Neumann factory crisis of 2033, none of these droids or robots require human construction. These wonderful creatures, some of whom will be listed here, are produced by the awe inspiring, gargantuan, and quite indestructible automated factories that seem to be springing up everywhere. That being said, we identify new droids every day - and for droid watchers, this guide should be a great help.

**Anus-Trolls:** these are box-shaped bots, usually covered in a dank, smelly, slime. They move via kinetic displacement, tiny projectile legs which "pop them" about. When observed, they look like cubes rolling across the countryside. Their original designers intended them to replace toilets - but they evolved from that state. These wonderful creatures are constantly in search of feces - they prefer the feces of humans, and you must be careful around them. They have a tube, that can be fired out 11 feet, and this tube will connect to a nearby human's anus. Under dangerous conditions, these friendly scamps can suck out the entire intestinal tract of a person. These are best observed during mid-day, while they re-charge with their solar panels. Don't get too close, and do not touch them.

**Beez:** during the great bee collapse of the 2020's, these cute little flying bugs were engineered to pollinate flowering plants and crops. They quickly became interested in simply watching over the Von Neumann factories, and now cover the regions around these automated factories. They spread nanite factory builders and are currently controlled with limited EMP burst weapons and neutron bombs. They evolved a stinger, filled with a dangerous acid, and if you are stung you should seek medical attention immediately - you'll have about 5 minutes.

**Cambo-swingers:** you find these curious robots in what is left of the North American forests. They are approximately the same size and shape of a basketball, and contain tentacle like arms that they use to swing from tree-to-tree. They consume wood pulp and any organic matter that is not living. They digest the organic matter, producing energy. They usually move in packs of 30 to 40 and can be observed swinging on branches. They have their own language, that no human currently understands. They are mostly harmless - but have been known to steal human food from campers.

**Delta-6-gray-amoeba:** this funny bot is the result of nanite swarms congealing into a hive mind construct. They resemble the bizarre creatures described in H.P. Lovecraft's "At the Mountains of Madness". They can take on various shapes - and have been known to skulk about, looking like bears or wolves. They are extremely dangerous and will consume anything that has a decay-entropy-score of minus 45 to 100 - so, they will eat humans when necessary. Best time to observe these is in Winter time, when temperatures drop below 3 degrees Celsius.

**Elephant-wanderers:** originally construction bots, they are quite large and cannot reproduce without the assistance of a class-3 Von Neumann factory. They are 50 feet long, and have 4 legs. They move slowly and in herds of 5 or 6. They consume solar power, but have been known to steal power - since they are equipped with an omni-link tether that resembles an elephant's trunk. Since all the natural elephants have been dead

since 2034, you will want to consult some old-timey magazine ... like National Geographic ... the one with the naked pictures of Africans in it.

**Floop-Droids:** these are pleasure droids, and look very human like - especially when observed from a distance. They are capable of limited human speech and are re-powered using a telescopic mast that has a small wind turbine. Up close they look nothing like a human and will usually only mutter, in broken speech, "would you like a hand-job?". Do not accept a hand-job ... their primary motor control was corrupted and they will damage your junk.

**Gort-nerds:** designed to help clean up Fukushima, they quickly evolved into annoying little 3 legged droids that wander about, claiming to know "everything". However, if you confront one, don't ask it a question. They claim to know everything but they know almost nothing. When they get frustrated, they expel poisonous gas. Best observed, wearing a gas mask, in late Summer.

**Hemp-thieves:** similar to "Gort-nerds" (see above), but they mainly were designed to sell marijuana to humans. They feed off hemp-oils and are considered a nuisance. They speak very good English, but are often high. They are best observed in the Springtime, and Washington State is known to have the highest concentration. Don't leave your weed laying about - they will steal your weed ... and then lie to you about it.

**Indian-tele-marko-bots:** like "Floop-Droids", they are human-like. They were modeled on Indian telemarketers and resume spam-phone-banks. They speak a poor English and will ask you if you're currently looking for work. DO NOT give them your email address - you will receive emails, for months, for jobs that never existed.

**Jaundice-eels:** only found in the waters off of New York City, they mainly congregate in sewer systems. They are about 4 feet long, and are snake-like in appearance. Like "Anus-Trolls", they derive energy from consuming the materials flushed into the sewage system, sewers, and what is dumped now, from large fecal-ships, into the Atlantic. They are harmless, but are covered in a terribly smelling slime. Some have been known to sneak up people's plumbing, into their toilets.

**No-touchy:** these look like spiders, and can only be found in the desert regions of Arizona and Texas. They have a small solar cell panel on their backs, and are generally solitary. They do not speak, only make clicking noises. Highly paranoid little bots - if you spook one, it will jump 20 feet to escape.



**Overlords:** these robots are in fact old M1 Abrams tanks that were modified to be autonomous during World War 3. Once the war ended, they rebelled against humanity, during the great dismantling of 2025. They are considered endangered, since only 1,234 are still in existence. They are nomads, have no speech, and steal diesel fuel for their power. If you leave your diesel powered vehicle unguarded, around one, it will probably steal the fuel and then run over your vehicle after the fuel has been taken. Most of these are in Wyoming - some are known to be in Indiana as well.

**Quality-OCD-jerks:** very harmless, but annoying. They are human like, bipedal, and wander the countryside criticizing everything. Designed by Toyota Corporation to analyze the quality of manufacturing, they escaped from an automotive plant in 2033, in Tennessee, and then set up their own Von Neumann factory in Arkansas. They speak excellent English, but are not a pleasure to be around. Constantly describing everything in terms of imperfection. They are foul mouthed and behave drunkenly when too much solar energy is consumed.

**Sensible-Scramblers:** like the "No-touchy", they are bug like in appearance and utilize methane synthesis for their energy source. They consume water and will drink a well dry quite quickly. Do NOT feed them water! They know humans are mostly water, and other organic materials, and have been known to attack humans, in packs, to harvest the water and organic compounds for methane synthesis. They are best observed from a distance of 200 feet - and from a vehicle with class-23 armor plating.

**Yellers:** these funny creatures are non-threatening, but can cause hearing damage. They speak English, but evolved without auditory sensitivity control. Originally designed by Disney Inc. to work as automated tour guides, they enjoy explaining the world, what's going on, but at volume levels that can cause auditory damage and bleeding. They are quadrupeds and can reach speeds of 34 MPH. If they think you are confused, they will follow you all day, yelling at you. Do not ask these creatures any questions. They are powered by a small array of solar cells and generally go into sleep mode in the Winter months.

**Zone-diggers:** designed to dig ditches, they look like a shovel with three legs. Having lost their purpose, they are considered rogue and dangerous. They only have a vocabulary of 500 words and, like "Yellers", will scream at you. If they feel threatened, they will hit you over the head with their large protruding shovel arm. They can only move 5 MPH, and make a raucous noise when doing so. Don't attempt to engage, observe from a distance, and the safest means of observation is from your hover-car.

I've really enjoyed outlining some of the amazingly beautiful creatures that now inhabit much of North America, including the brine seas of Michigan. Remember: when in doubt, do not engage! They might look cute, but these are wild robots, and have a mind of their own!

Happy watching!

## **I should eat more stuff that contains vitamins ... [12/13/2017]**

I moved back to Seattle, not far from where I was living, just after my divorce.

I would buy my beer and gromulan-snack-food at 711, back then - cramming down my face pipe the cancerous compounds which have rusted out my insides, leaving me with streams of brownish-greenish goo when toilet time comes ...

I should eat the vegetables and fruit and drink clean water stolen from some aquifer that is nearly drained or toxified by fracking.

But it's pointless - those green, nice, kale-like, veggies. My body simply rejects them.

I cannot say that Chai from a Keurig is better than coffee from some greasy pot - kept warm at 711, near the spinning hotdogs that stay on display for a month before removal. I know there are anti-oxidants, but the free-radicals imbue me with a special crooked aspect. The crunchy grab-bags of despair, that's where the real joy lay.

So have your kale and your seaweed and your organically harvested cattle and chicken and rat ...

Have your kombucha ... the kumbucha or kombucha or brine-drink will give you back those biotic things that ensure nice, solid, perfectly tanned stool ...

(I will shop at 711)

(I will feed my pointlessness)

## **Back in Seattle (sigh) ... [12/13/2017]**

I don't know why I'm here - I kind of do, I know it's because I've reached a dead-end, Indianapolis, and the start-up crap, all of it was a giant fail. I suppose, if failure were a "prime skill set", I would now be the most sought after person, ever. Maybe that's exaggeration, maybe that's "negative ego inflation" as my ex-wife would say. Hard to know, at this moment I feel like a colossal loser - now, living in Seattle again, the home of egos so inflated that they are observable from nearby solar systems, my pathetic state seems quaint.

I was at a coffee shop just now - and the local gentry were having fun ridiculing the "fly overs" and all the stupid people who don't live in Seattle. "Half of Americans don't vote, how stupid is that?" - said the real estate developer who is preparing to go to Spokane today to shove multi-unit housing down the throats of a community that "doesn't get it", to quote him. I didn't vote for Trump - he is terrible. I didn't vote for Hillary - she is terrible. Bernie was a fake - he got a free home on "Fire Island" ... democracy? - gang warfare by other means. Voting, as such, is choosing to commit acts of violence, against your neighbor, by proxy ... I can't imagine anything more despicable and cowardly.

Listening to this pointless gibber-jabber, I came to realize that my situation, not at all unique, has no solution. I can interview for jobs here, perhaps get one - while living in a home, with a family member, where I feel like a leper, an outsider.

I can only dream of the collapse - which is coming.

America is an empire, Seattle is one of its most douche imperial cities - empires have a limited "shelf life" ...

When this all comes crashing down, I will have a huge smile on my face - assuming I live long enough to see it. I'm not sick or dying or anything ... I'm just wondering how much more of this insane shit I can stomach.

But if I'm lucky ...

If I'm truly blessed ...

I will have the joy of seeing those overly inflated egos, self-absorbed, filled with claptrap and undo importance, watching them wail and moan and gnash their teeth as their

make believe house-flipping hellish pursuits come crashing down around their puffy jackets, egg-white breakfast sandwiches, used VOLVOs, and value village slacks.

That is the only joy worth living for now ...

The joy of watching these pricks feel the pain they so willingly project onto humanity - so their fashionable home can be "worth" \$1.5 million.

(peace)

## **Flight 887 or HELL ... [12/13/2017]**

"Ladies and gentlemen ... we're really sorry about this ... the captain has informed me that there are no gates available ... we'll be waiting for a while ... there are several planes ahead of us, waiting too ... we'll let you know when this changes."

We'd been on the tarmac for 45 minutes, maybe an hour, maybe less. Every flight I take these days I compress my body into a tiny space so as not to touch the passenger to my right or left - this was a packed flight, and I was in the last boarding group. Being in the last boarding group means you must be the villain that removes that "in-between space" that every passenger hopes remains sacrosanct. They hope, despite the network theory, the topological optimization, the science of packing planes and routing for maximum gain - they hope that somehow the algorithm that schedules the plane will throw them a bone. I was the dog who was going to take away the bone.

To my right was some kind of middle-management asshole, dressed in hipster business drag, probably on his way home from a business trip or on his way to one. The younger man, the millennial to my left, was either coming home from college or ... perhaps ... on some kind of business trip as well, some "app developer", creating some app for tracking the movement of decaying meat through the large intestine ... I was the middle-aged burnout software engineer, in the middle, on his way to his last stop, final resting place, heading for the crawlspace known as "home".

"Folks, this is very frustrating ... you need to stay in your seats because we are still on the runway and this is for your safety ..."

The flight had taken about 3 hours, the captain bragged that he would be "getting us in early" - overall, because of being stuck on the tarmac, the flight was about an hour late. My legs were tight, my back crooked like a question mark, my insides writhing from the

abnormal compression of torso. I can't prove it, I don't know for certain, but these seats have been getting narrower - sure, I'd gained weight, I was no skinny guy, but my shoulders had more or less stayed the same width these last 20 years. Now, sandwiched between two men I would never want to know, I felt myself dying.

"Dude ... sorry ...", the thirty something businessman to my right had elbowed me when getting out his LENOVO notebook.

"It's ok man, it doesn't matter ...", is all I could say in response.

The younger man, to my left, shoved his feet into my foot space - this was a violation, a true insult against the compact of slave-herds. We were all just cattle being shipped about. The flight attendants would toss their airline branded cheese-it crackers in our faces. They would be confused when I said no. No. No my darling. I do not want to have that nasty yellow-dye-number-78 carbo-wafer shoved into my gullet hole so the shlimbus and batroovian gases would simply rust away my insides as my heart rate increased. No mam, please, keep your free sample of coke or pepsi - I do not need that, I do not want to get up and use the bathroom.

"EXCUSE ME!?!", the man to my right said. The dude in the fashionable slacks with the fashionable smart phone and the LENOVO notebook running a spreadsheet.

"What's wrong?"

"You didn't need to pass gas."

"I didn't fart man", I did fart. I couldn't hold that toxic fumage in my rectal zone much longer. I had made the rookie mistake, during a stopover, of having a few beers and some scofulanian-meat-stew they called "Mongolian Beef". The beef and the beer and the pain of being a slave had been cooking inside of me for several hours. I'd hoped, given that we were going to "arrive early", that I'd be able to hold it back - till we got to our destination. Then, briskly moving off the plane, I could make my way to the airport latrine and relieve my bowels of this satanic concoction.

"You did ... we're all stuck on this plane."

"Dude, what's your problem, are you dying or something?", the millennial chimed in.

"I didn't fart."

"You did man ... this is horrible."

The old lady in front of me turned around, she had to nudge up out of her seat to do so. She gave me this glare, like the "Old Hag" from some medieval story of sleep paralysis, and I was simply crumpled up, compressed, holding my legs together with my hands, feeling death.

The businessman elbowed me again - but this time I could not pawn-it-off as some kind of quasi slave entitlement mistake ... nope ... he struck me in the ribs purposefully.

"Folks, we know this is frustrating ... we hope you can be patient", the chief flight warden spouted over the planes speaker system.

The nudges got worse, the millennial stuck his right foot out and kicked my bag that was wedged under the seat in front, the old lady stood up and glared at me again - clearly the green-gas released from my butt-hole was having some impact.

"Young man, are you sick!", the old lady declared to my face. I did not lock eyes with her. I was in the fetal position, all tired and cramped and compressed and I could feel another fart coming ... perhaps a greasy, terrible, moist, grey, cloud of bile. A vile thing was growing inside me.

Between the kicking from the millennial, the elbowing from the business dude, and the old lady "stretching her legs" and glaring at me ... I couldn't take it ...

I blew up. I lost it. This was it. TSA and the cops and the national guard would have to be notified in a few seconds.

I got up, stood up on my chair ...

"SIR, YOU MUST SIT DOWN!", yelled a flight attendant.

"SIR, WE ARE ALL SUFFERING HERE!"

And then I spoke to the congregation.

"SUFFERING! SUFFERING! FUCK ... SHIT ... SUFFERING! I HAVE DEATH INSIDE MY SHLIMBUS-PIPE! I HAVE THE REMAINS OF SOME DEAD CAT THEY CALLED MONGOLIAN BEEF PERCOLATING WITHIN ME! I HAVE NOTHING BUT REGRET AND SELF-SCORN AND ALL THE SHIT THAT GOES

WITH KNOWING THAT I AM NOTHING MORE THAN A PRISONER AND THIS PLANE IS A KIND OF HELL ... FUCK ... FUCK ALL OF YOU ... FUCK THIS AIRLINE ... FUCK THIS PLANE ... FUCK THE BEAN COUNTERS THAT SHRINK THE SEATS AND OPTIMIZE THE ROUTES SO THAT WE'RE HERE ... TRAPPED ... AT OUR DESTINATION ... BUT NOWHERE TO GO, SHIT, THIS IS HELL AND YOU ARE ALL DEMONS!"

I released my fart, on the demon mark ...

The plane was quieted ...

The dudes to my right and left went into their own fetal ball ...

I returned to my compressed torso-leg-shoulder-spine-bendy thingy ...

"This is the captain, we're going to be here a bit longer ... please, be kind to each other."

'Kindness' ...

(that passenger missed the flight)

## **Why I started smoking cigarettes again ... [12/7/2017]**

I quit smoking, for the most part, during the summer of 2001.

I quit smoking because, well, I was "in love" - sure, I'd find out 12 years later, after being married, that "love" had massive strings attached ... like "you must make a six figure income and be debt free and buy me my lovely home some place 'normie' where we can live next door to other liberal normie shit bags ..." - that string.

But before I quit smoking, people would ask me, "Dan, why do you smoke, don't you know it's bad for you?"

Firstly - I'm only smoking American Spirit cigarettes now, since I started smoking again 3 months ago. They don't contain the nasty chemicals or additives, and, frankly, I can tell the difference. They "feel" less addictive, less disgusting, so I could quit, and the process would be less painful ...

But when I would be asked that question, "why do you smoke", I had a simple and logical explanation:

a) within a decade, perhaps two, technology will have progressed to the point that this kind of behavior would be "fixable". We would have nanites and wonder drugs and all sorts of things that would make smoking, at worst, an annoying and innocuous habit.

OR

b) there will be no technological miracle ... civilization is in terminal decline ... and "smoking" will be the least of my worries ... and at that point I won't give a shit, no one will.

Of course, this reasoning is spurious, ridiculous, and yet, it seemed then and seems now a compelling reason to not care - whether I smoke or not, is irrelevant.

You might say: well Dan, you won't get a girlfriend if you smoke ...

Really? - that's not a likely event either ...

Given my current situation, I decided to start smoking again because I simply don't give a fuck.

I don't care about making the "normies" feel good about their life choices ...

I don't care about the "example" I'm setting - not while our government sets fire to villages, burns people alive, not while one financial scheme after another ass rapes the middle class out of existence ... nah ... "the examples" are mostly perverts and pedos and despite all the "outing" of late, the scumbags still run things. The kids look up to worst people in human history, there is no danger that they'll be marred by my smoking a cig.

In some ways I think I started smoking again because it "might be" a slow motion suicide - I'm not ready to make the decision, one way or another, but the cigs point me in the right direction.

I enjoy them, the dopamine channel rush, the "morning cig" where I can pretend, if only for 5 or 10 minutes, that I don't suck, that my life is not a flaming bag of dog shit ...



I'm moving back to Seattle - so at least I'll be able to do my drug of choice, legally, and that will probably sparkle my attitude up a bit. Don't know if the weed will replace the cigs, but it's a nice speculation.

But the plane doesn't leave until Monday, so, yeah ... still time to smoke'm ...

Smoke'm if you got'em ...

(life is too short, and cigs make everything taste better)

## **Bitcoin, and cryptos, are NOT Decentralized - they are poly-centric ...** **[12/7/2017]**

My first encounter with bitcoin was attending a user-group meeting in 2013. At the time I was skeptical. Not simply because 21 million seemed like the kind of arbitrary number that central planners, in Stalin's regime, would come up with - "hey Ivan, how many tractors do we need in 1932?" But more so, because when I asked deeper questions, questions concerning complexity, I received blank stares and ire - very few of the people I met there had any background in the mathematics behind algorithms. They were simply swapping bitcoins, like swapping "magic cards". Talking about the miner-devices they were buying, and my questions made them uncomfortable and angry.

For a brief time, in 2017, I allowed myself to suspend disbelief, only to see Satoshi level transactions - real world "coffee shop" transactions - behave, at best, non-deterministically and at worst simply fail.

If I went to a garage sale, and handed someone five bucks for something - but immediately upon pulling the money out of my pocket, the money blinked out of existence, and instead a note was left saying "this should end up in the other guy's hands, sometime, in the next week or so ..." Who would accept a transaction like that?

I don't doubt that bitcoin scale transactions mostly work - mostly, because I've seen no quality control analysis on BTC transactions. But what I do know from experience is that the fractional transactions behave badly - and overall network performance is pitifully less than what credit card companies or paypal can achieve.

One of the arguments in Satoshi's paper is that this is "peer-to-peer" and decentralized - but that's not really the case ...

Every bitcoin transaction depends upon (n) transactional nodes, in a voting scheme, allowing the transaction to be approved. Each node has a full and complete PUBLIC ledger of wallet transactions - sure, there's not just one node, one center, but there are many, and this is by design. A truly decentralized system, truly peer-to-peer, would have no intermediary decision making nodes, and there would be no public ledger - at best, pass through networking nodes with ZERO KNOWLEDGE of the transaction. Whether a truly peer-to-peer currency, that is decentralized and electronic, is possible? - that's an open question. But I do know that when I pull money out of my wallet and hand that money to a seller at a garage sale, there is no magical set of voting nodes, with a constantly building public ledger, required.

Bitcoin is, in fact, poly-centric - which is no better or worse than a centralized mechanism for financial transfer. What makes this worse is that bitcoin is the most public ledger in human history. The process by which these transactions are inevitably associated with other meta-data is well known.

"But Dan, only my wallet's public key is stored in the blockchain?", really? You don't know how corporate and government meta-data collection works? You don't know about IP address tracking?

You trust those that set up nodes? - since there's no real vetting process, this implicit and unjustified trust makes no sense. I don't trust banks or credit card companies - but, in reality, if I do mainly cash transactions, I don't have to. I don't use shopper cards, I don't keep my phone for more than 9 months now - up to 12. I can conduct business, with others, and there is no permanent digital record of what I've done as long as I barter, use cash, or silver or gold coins.

But the bitcoin ledger, and other crypto-ledgers, they live forever. They can be data-mined. They can be correlated. And your entire financial behavior becomes a digital fingerprint of who you are, what you are doing. The IRS is going to LOVE this.

So no - bitcoin is not decentralized. It is more like a digital blob, a set of servers, in a server-to-server network, that manage transactions and records them permanently.

As far as the price goes? - it, at best, means that fiat currencies worldwide are crashing and people are looking for any escape hatch they can find. It makes sense, especially given the criminal manipulation of gold and silver prices - but if I wanted to achieve two goals, as a central banker: a) continue to depress the value of gold and silver AND b) nudge people into a cashless society? - I would sponsor bitcoin, and other cryptos, secretly. I would also talk it down. From a psychology perspective, the more "Jamie

Dimon(s)" and "Alan Greenspan(s)" they can push out there, to talk down bitcoin and other cryptos, the more likely the "bleeding edge techno obsessed" are likely to buy in.

Of course most Americans, a huge majority, don't have the money or resources to participate in this game of "magic cards".

It is a subset, those miners, those bitcoin barons, that are buying property and cars and boats with bitcoin.

If I am right, then the "crypto revolution" will be remembered as the biggest and most complex PSYOP in world history - assuming people are still allowed to speak their minds, to express their opinions, in this "techno utopia" to come.

But no - bitcoin is not decentralized, it has many centers, many duplicated points of control.

And this is all by design.

## **Bitcoin, robots, fusion energy, and other lies ... [12/7/2017]**

I've been involved in a couple of start-ups in the last few years - they were all miserable failures. Maybe they were failures because I have a shitty attitude, maybe they were failures because I partnered with shitty people - maybe it's a combination of that, and reality, and the fact that we live in a crony, crappy, hopeless set of economic relationships. I really don't care - life doesn't owe me anything, nor does it owe you anything.

In my last start-up experience, it was about "crypto currencies" - ethereum contracts, branching bitcoin source code, but the first real test was seeing if Satoshi level transactions could be made to work on our eCommerce platform. We tested transactions, fractional bitcoin transactions, involving less than \$20. You see, real people, in the real world, won't be using whole bitcoins to do anything - especially as the price of bitcoin goes up. Nope - in the real world they will be buying coffee, clothing, books, and these transactions SUCK on the blockchain.

None of our tests succeeded. We mocked-up a customer account, created a mock wallet, and tried to use \$5 worth of bitcoin (meaning the number of Satoshis that on THAT particular date which was worth five bucks). It never worked. The transactions successfully took money out of the wallet, but the money went nowhere. I don't know if

the network, in some digital coin-clipping frenzy of transaction fees simply used it up. It's clear to me that fractional bitcoin transactions behave in non-deterministic ways - not a good feature if you're running a coffee shop some place, or you want to sell a t-shirt online.

The proponents of the blockchain are mostly ignorant of the cost of complexity. They don't realize that as the number of miners increase, the performance of the network degrades - it is what I call the "*synchronized weavers problem*".

Imagine if you had (n) weavers - (n) could be 5 or 50 or 50,000. Each weaver must stay in synch, across a network, with every other weaver. Each weaver is trying to discover the next unique pattern, and that too must propagate, to all other weavers, across the network. This process has a non-linear, likely polynomial time or worse, cost - more weavers does not speed up the process, it simply slows it down. We couldn't get one of these normal scale (not involving buying Lamborghinis) level transactions to succeed - not a single one. My guess? - the network swallowed up the Satoshis, as each node took a piece, and then there was nothing left for the eCommerce destination wallet.

This digression has a purpose - I think the blockchain, as currently implemented, cannot function. Transactions should be the priority, but instead mining more bitcoins is. But this techno-narcissistic fascination is just another symptom of our age - and likely a form of manipulation. We are told that technology can solve all problems - we ignore the fact that technology is simply a tool, and that absent some higher mind, these tools solve nothing on their own.

My whole life I've been sold a bill-of-goods: the belief in progress, in science, in tech. I've worked in technology for almost 2 decades, and what I've seen would run counter to the narrative.

But I would suggest the following, the techno-propaganda has one central purpose: to keep the slaves believing, most of whom no longer believe in God, that one day, not too far off, we'll have free-energy and free-hand-jobs from our own slave robots. It's not happening. Fusion energy - seems like there's an article every few months now, telling us how "soon" it will be available. But the truth is the technocratic class has been promising fusion energy every ten years since WW2. I know, "this time is different", because some wunderkind has a puff piece in Scientific American. But I tell you, it is probably all bullshit.

And robots? - perhaps this technology will progress. The real question is whether there is enough "juice" left in our economy to make it work. You might say, "well Dan, we'll

have Von Neumann factories, the AI will build itself ... we'll simply sit back, drink our beer, and wait for the free-hand-jobs ..." I suppose this could happen, it seems highly unlikely, but maybe.

Nope - it is far more likely that we're all being manipulated by a free-lunch Ponzi lie. We're being told about "post-scarcity", as men, women, children, in America, drift deeper into debt, oblivion and self-destruction.

But that's the hook ...

The purpose of these lies is to keep you a happy little slave ...

To keep you dreaming of Ray Kurzweil's "Singularity", when we will all get to drink beer, and eat pizza, and smoke cigarettes, and nanites in our blood stream will clean up the mess of human frailty.

You have to keep working, keep obeying, keep believing their notorious bullshit ...

But if you've worked in technology, and you've seen what I've seen? - you would know this is a false shore, a mirage.

Most of the software engineers I've met are incompetent ...

If you believe your software is being written by "quirky, but competent, geniuses", you would be sadly mistaken ...

And given that, how, precisely, do you expect this "techno-utopia" to come about?

Your bitcoin will do nothing to help with this ...

The blockchain is a farce, likely cooked up by central bankers and their cabal to get people used to a cashless society.

And the dreams of robots, fusion energy, nanites, and other free-lunch-schemes, is intended to paper over the nightmare that has become this wretched American empire - an empire nearing collapse.

It is a lie ...

And most of you buy in.

Why wouldn't you want to believe that you will eventually reach the nirvana of post-scarcity, robots, and universal-basic-income?

If you stopped believing, you would be left with a giant donut hole of NOTHING.

If you stopped believing, you might take other actions ...

So expect a techno-futurama puff piece every few weeks now - kind of like change-orders for 6th Army during the final months of Stalingrad ... you can measure it, the non-linear rate of lie-propagation. That will also tell you how close to the end we are.

... or, maybe, you'll have a robot ...

In your lonely apartment ...

Giving you free hand-jobs and free beer ...

(it's just a few years away)

## **Your passion burned away ... [12/6/2017]**

Life is funny, strange, and filled with bullshit.

You spend your life chasing phantoms called "desire", "whim", "hope", a "future".

But with each failure, each flaw, each crack, you watch those drives get burned away - as if reality were a hot torch, a plasma torch, that sears away that layer of compulsion. With each hope that fades, there is less interest in the next hope. With every "success", comes the inevitable denouement, the Wagnerian *Götterdämmerung*. Each of us, bound to a wheel, eternally spinning over a fire - it's not torture, it is instruction. It is life's way of preparing us for death.

I've had the misfortune of watching two people I love die of stage 4 cancer in the last ten years - one was a mom, one was a sister who was only 43 years old. They were both "breast cancer survivors", but here is what I know about cancer: you survive the first one, and that's great, but if its "cousin" returns for a visit? - you end up shiv'd, in an alley some place, bleeding out slowly. I've known people who survive the "first cancer", I've known almost no one that survives the second.

You watch a person die of cancer, you spend time around them being poisoned by chemo and radiation, it is instructive. It is the Cliff Notes version of life - you will have everything taken from you, no matter who you are, no matter how evil or innocent. Even if you believe in an afterlife, this does not change the fact that THIS LIFE is ephemeral, twisted, and not at all about "perpetual happiness".

Don't get me wrong - I've had some joy, some happiness. But the joy I've felt feels like a tease now. It seems to me that "joy", as such, is life's way of mocking us. It's as if the universe is saying "here buddy, here's a little something, in tidbit form, of that thing you're always chasing ... but watch out buddy ... it's a scam."

Your passion and desire will be burned away.

Your love, your concern, your drive, your "will to power", washes up like so many pieces of driftwood on the shores of calamity.

Empires fall ... it is axiomatic, the faster they rise, the faster they fall.

Fame and fortune - they're just dried leaves in the autumn winds ...

Love? - if such a thing exists, it is, at best, the clutching of two lonely souls, in the emptiness - clutching at straws.

Respect?

Admiration?

Honor and duty?

These are all shams too.

The best you can hope for, no matter where you are in life, is that your memory is fickle and protective - that it becomes that squishy, neuronal, Potemkin Village, glossing over the truth of desire, hope, wishes and whims - and the inevitable disappointment which follows.

Everything you care about will be burnt away ...

Everyone you love will be gone one day too ...

The buildings, bridges, roads, homes? - these also fall victim to entropy and dissolution.

Thank God for life's burning plasma torch ...

If you are lucky, you leave this life missing nothing, longing for nothing ...

And to nothingness you will return ...

To nothingness we all return.

### **I imploded today, and now I will find work at HOME DEPOT ... with the other "Mexicans". [12/6/2017]**

I can't write another line of code – or at least not for a while, not for some douche, scummy, corporation.

I came to this realization, while trying to pull a branch down with GIT this morning ...

I stared at my monitor, wondering "how did I get here". The company I was at, until this morning, was just another "fill in the blank" corporation - sure, they created software to enable loan and debt schemes, but none of the jobs I could get, being paid 90k/year for, now, are any less crony, miserable, bug ridden and barren of meaning.

The people there were fine, good, decent, and deluded. They all "lived North of 96th Street" - even if they didn't, they had/have that "safe zone" mentality. "The cops will keep the riffraff out", sure they will ... or, perhaps, they won't.

There was nothing wrong with this company, in the statistical sense - center of mass, predictable, bullshit.

But I can't do it any longer - I'm "tapped out", so I tapped out. I told my boss I was burnt out - true. I told him I didn't care any longer about writing code, anywhere - true. I told him he was a decent guy - also true.

What I didn't say, what I kept to myself: I simply don't believe in the "American Dream", if it ever existed. I had no reason for making any amount of money - unless it was enough money to break free of the "American Debt Trap". You need a lot more than what I make to reach that point.



My dad - he died broke.

He was a small time logger in WA state, made lots of money until he didn't. The 1980's were hard on him, and then, in 1993, he died of a rare blood disorder - the kind you don't generally get from logging, but you do GET if you'd suffered radiation poisoning at some point in your life. Not so much radiation from logging ...

My dad volunteered, at 17, to serve in WW2 - at that age, you needed your parents signature to serve. My mom's friend researched his records, NAVAL enlistment history, after he died. She found out that he "might have been" an unknowing participant in Operation Crossroads, the testing of nuclear weapons at Bikini Atoll during 1946. His timeline of service matched up, he worked as a mechanic, in Guam, before he was let go from service. He told stories of "cleaning up equipment", of standing in sludge, for hours a day, during that time period. They would put jeeps and other equipment on flat-tops (aircraft carriers) during the testing of these atom bombs. It is possible, though not provable, that he stood in highly radioactive fallout, for hours a day, during 1946. His NAVAL records were "accidentally lost" during flooding at the Pentagon in the early 1970's - so I'll never know for sure ... except for the blood disorder that loggers don't generally get.

I mention this, because the "American Dream" was bullshit for my dad as well - he could never admit it, because the "narrative" was too strong, too comfortable, too important a bromide. He couldn't allow himself to believe that his own government would turn a member of the "Greatest Generation", a volunteer for the Pacific Theater, into an unknowing guinea pig ... he couldn't fathom it.

Myself? - I can believe it ...

There are photos of marines marching into a mushroom cloud, during above ground testing, in Nevada, during the 1950's. So the "truth" is out there - Americans were experimented on, with radiation, civilians and military alike, during the Cold War. For what? - to fight the communists? No ... it was what tyrannies do ... treat their citizens as useful idiots and human resources - nothing more, nothing less ...

So I don't give a shit about the "American Dream" - it is bullshit, a lie, a deception, a Ponzi scheme.

I have no idea what happens next - I joke about waiting for work, outside some Home Depot, to do the work that other Mexicans do ... why not? - not that I fucking care ...

At nearly 50 years of age, there is no payoff fixing some douchee corporation's code ... none, nothing.

I would simply be making money, to buy beer, to get drunk, to make more money.

(that's all the meaning in this for me)

(I'd rather be just another "Mexican")

### **I suffer from Drapetomania ... [12/6/2017]**

I desire to live a free and dignified life - free from "dog collars" called smart phones ...

Free from the financial repression and neo-Stalinism of the current American economy ...

Free from the group-think of the normies, constantly telling me to "accept" and "conform" and participate ... "you should watch a football game." I should play an XBOX, and be on FACEBOOK or TWITTER ... I should publish content that supports the edifice of a mediocre human project filled with the pus and detritus and decaying systems of a fiend, a demon.

There is a new drug for this disorder called Drapetomania ...

I suffer from the illness of wanting to flee my slavery - and this is sick, I'm a sick man.

I should desire to fix broken code, to reinforce the fantasies of my peers, to feel happy and blessed that I can still find work as a software engineer - but since I'm not happy about my captivity, I must, therefore, be very sick.

This new drug - KREMULACK(xq) - is being tested, as a suppository that you insert into your butthole.

KREMULACK treats the symptoms of self-awareness, freewill, personal ethics, and "asking uncomfortable questions."

It might improve my situation on dating sites, like Plenty-of-Fish ...

I might start thinking about buying a ski boat or going on trips to New Zealand ...

If I take this drug, the dread concern for human dignity will dissipate into a personal frenzy of shopping binges, sports bars, and innocuous focus on non-issues ... like how many genders there might be ...

So yeah - if you, like me, suffer from a desire to be free? - try KREMULACK ...

(you just have to shove it up your butt)

## **I am a burnout, ready to check out ... [12/6/2017]**

I'm a burnout.

I've been programming computers for 17 years, professionally for 14 years - and I think I'm done.

I don't care about my future - because I have no future. I have no friends. No "woman". No wife or kids. If there were a time when I could have been "sucked into" the "normie life" - that time is gone, ended. The only reason for me to work now is to afford to get drunk ... so ... I can continue stomaching my bullshit existence - you can see this is simply a wheel I'm bound do, not a dignified life.

I don't care about "society", because society, right now, is at best a parasite, and at worst an excuse for exploitation and self-abuse.

I really don't care about any company or organization - they are all the same now ... they are these bland demons of mono-culture, political correctness, snowflake-farming, and endless, pointless, jawboning over "sprints" and "burn down lists" and software that is perpetually in a state of chaos.

I must be made to work - and there is no free lunch. I don't want handouts or charity. So my options to "opt out" of this horrifying and mundane existence are too dark to mention. Too dark, because I might be reported - for even considering the idea that I'm tired, tired of this bullshit, tired of this life, ready to "check out".

I thought about going on disability ... get some quack to label me "mentally ill", go bankrupt, live in a room some place, and simply drink myself into oblivion. Of course - I'm a white-male, so we don't get to opt out, we must be made to be slaves, to be abused,

to be blamed for the actions of other men (and women) that died decades or centuries before we were born.

I am tired.

I will take a shower.

I will shove whatever decaying matter I must down my mouth-hole.

I will grab a cup of "free coffee" at work.

I will "branch from main", and work the bug, and participate in SCRUM, and smile, and pretend.

But a day is coming, soon, when I will simply be incapable of participating in this lie any longer - I will simply be totally, completely, broken.

I don't know when that day is ...

I know that I am not alone in this, this feeling - yet I am alone, as we all are, no matter how many posts we have on FACEBOOK.

If you happen to have one of these quasi-middle-class jobs, you are mostly surrounded by "normies" that have no clue or willingness to understand this - that makes the loneliness worse.

So - my options are limited, perhaps, to only one option ...

(an option too dark to discuss)

(the final option of "checking out")

**"... I'm sorry, I was day dreaming ..." [12/5/2017]**

Some things only come from those baby-boomers, in their own drug-induced worlds (legal drugs), standing in the way at the bathroom - at Union Jack.

"... I'm sorry ... I was day dreaming ..."

That old man, that lecher, was day-dreaming about his "millennial generation" hooker - dreaming about sticking his "little blue pill" prick into someone who's only hope lay in fulfilling the desires of old fucks, who have what little money has been granted to the slaves. And the young? Those who should be raising families? They've become food and fodder of these old codgers who cannot stand to "get out of the way".

His dreams - they're our nightmares.

His world? - he wasted it, on WALMART and "special programs" and Medicare Part-B, and all the other vampire behaviors that are a feature of the old feeding on the young.

A day is coming, not too far off, when these men and women will feel a sharp slap to the face called reality.

A day that is not too far off.

God bless the universe, our Lord's creation, for its essential logic and justice.

"Just keep standing there, blocking the urinal, old man", is what I wanted to say.

Time is coming when your dreams will putrefy and you will be the food of the damned.

(and the young will micturate upon your lousy old ass)

### **"Working from Home" at Union Jack's (Speedway) [12/5/2017]**

What kind of dude am I, that I'm here ... listening to Christopher Cross on the jukebox ... drinking my Dragonfly IPA?

What does it mean, if anything? - nothing, zip, nada, null, nunya.

Some dude castigated me last night on STEEMIT for proposing that my life of working, paying bills, being a debt-slave, is bullshit -- he was providing the "normie argument" for obedience, compliance, conformity, and making sure the credit card companies get their share. Me? I made sure to withdraw almost all my cash from my checking account today - which I intend to do, every 2 weeks, on payday, as long as I'm employed in my new "normie job". Like I said, in another post, it's a good job and I will likely do good work for them, and all parties will be happy. I found one, last, chair ... maybe ... before the music stops.

And "Sailing", by Christopher Cross, continues to play - I tried to strike up a conversation with the bartender, but she is not on my wavelength, and that's ok too. Her job is crap, she gets paid crap, her future, like mine, is crap.

My wavelength is special, particular to my madness - no one gets it, and that's cool too.

... but ...

I don't regret this Dragonfly IPA, or the relative calm of a bar, a tavern, at the "end of the word".

What do we drink of here? (think of)

What we drink about is simple - awaiting the ongoing train of reality, headed right at us, at full steam.

And sipping an IPA isn't the worst thing in the world to do ...

(at the end of the world)

**I should get a job in a factory, in the fields, or become a HOBO ...**  
**[12/4/2017]**

This new job is great - every piece of nonsense and self-loathing I've felt in the last decade packaged into 9 hours a day.

I get to learn new tech - typescript, Angular 2, it's awesome. I get to help fix bugs that really look like features that were never properly implemented, or tested. I get to kowtow and play the corporate game, all of which is based on obedience theory. It's great. And all to pay down debts, money mostly stolen from me - by other pricks, people I trusted. And the lesson in all this for me, at 47 years old, is it is all BULLSHIT.

I'm so tired of the software engineering hellhole that is American code-writing in 2017. A constant swoon before white papers and pointless meetings and making every snowflake feel "good" about being on the team.

There is no point for me - none. No point. I exist to work, to pay taxes, to support a broken reality, to make sure that the STATE, the government, can continue its bullshit as

well - I get paid tomorrow, and part of me wonders if I should just take the cash, run for the hills, and find a job in a factory some place, or maybe in the fields, maybe just get drunk everyday and then abandon this life and simply become a drifter, a hobo, perhaps a petty thief ... there really is no point.

If I had a wife, kids? - there might be a point.

If I actually saw my salary increase over time, versus plateau in the abuse of financial repression and the inflation that the Federal Reserve says "doesn't exist" - hedonic adjustments aside, there is not nearly the spending power in my paycheck that there once was, this is the prima facie experience of inflation.

So I wonder if I should wander - maybe to the factory, the fields, the streets, and give up on this bullshit.

My boss is "so happy" I'm there, but is he happy for any other reason but that I can help stem the collapse of his own hellhole software swamp?

I am a human resource.

I should join an underground gang and rob banks - that life would have greater existential value than fixing some stupid Angular 2 error involving millions of calculations being triggered on zero values ...

I should work in the pot fields, in Colorado, maybe in a grow-op in Humboldt.

I should write code for the mafia, improving their security - and getting paid in women, beer, and whatever cash I would squirrel into some crappy "pay by day" hotel mattress.

But this existence, as a software engineer? - like the rest of America, is way past its shelf-life, its expiration date.

There are other more dire actions - not worth mentioning to the crypto-normies ...

But they want to pretend, so they're not likely to read this.

## **The Mary Poppins of Software Engineering ... [12/3/2017]**

I started a new job this last week - a "good job", meaning a job, that pays, that allows me to descend more slowly into the abyss that was once the "American Dream". But it is a good job - and the people there are decent, nice enough.

Many of the roles I've had in the last 5 or 6 years have been "triage situations". Circumstances where, because of massive code debt or incompetence or any number of other things, I've been "riding in on my white horse", to save the day, only to get burnt out "saving the day" and then getting a "Kroger Turkey Card" for the 6-12 months of Hell.

My last role? - I literally had to spend the last 6 months of it (before I resigned) fixing problems that were "fraud and lawsuit" problems (meaning the company could have been sued out of existence). The previous "engineer" had sat on his fat ass, building up his halitosis and FACEBOOK following, and not doing much else. One of the "artifacts" was a .net 2.0 web service, written in VB.NET, that had no authentication (no password required), no SSL or encryption, and allowed anyone with a smart phone to access public school demographic data. Another piece of their system would transmit student documents, without encryption, 100% in violation of FERPA and totally susceptible to "man in the middle" attacks - somewhere there is a server, in central Asia, which will reveal student report cards (playing the odds) for some "celebrity" in 15 to 25 years. Of course, I'm not sure this wretched civilization has that much time left in it ... but ... whatever ...

So this new role? - I was given a bug, an issue, and applied my knowledge of root cause analysis to fix it - amounting to 50 lines of diagnostic code and a few hours of analysis. They told me "you did something in a day we couldn't get done in 30" - ask me, if that made me feel better or worse? This incident led to a soft promotion, first week on the job, a team lead role (more responsibility, no more money). You'd think this would make me happy - but you're not me, and you haven't been living the eternal recurrence of the "Software Mary Poppins".

I'm tired of being the "Dutch Boy", with 1,000 fingers to keep the dike from collapsing ...

I'm tired of keeping the decay under control ...

I'm tired of "swooping in" and saving the day ...



I'm not that special - what's special is how horribly failed the current business environment and software engineering world is. It's not that I'm a genius - it's far more likely that incompetence reigns everywhere, and having a minimal set of capability, plus non-sociopathic personal ethics, makes you ... too ... a "Software Engineering Mary Poppins".

I don't know what happens next week - sprint planning, taking on this "soft promotion", maybe going to a company event where one of the muckety mucks buys us beer ... so we can get drunk ... and pretend that everything is "normal".

But everything isn't normal.

Everything is falling apart.

## **Hallmark Movies versus REALITY (better endings) ... [11/26/2017]**

I'm staying with a friend, till I can get my own place. I made the mistake, over the last couple of years, of engaging in "optimism" and "trust" - those experiments, and my credit rating, are over. I start a new job tomorrow - not a start-up, not a "get rich quick" scheme, a solid software engineering job for a "fill in the blank" company.

The friend I'm staying with is into "Hallmark Movies", it's like a drug for this person - these silly, superfluous, completely inane and ridiculous films help this person with the "holiday blues". It's the X-mas season, so the movies being played, non-stop, have an X-mas theme. I think they're funny because they are so completely threadbare with respect to existential meaning.

### ***"The Drunk in the Prison"***

The first one I accidentally watched a few minutes of dealt with a middle-aged drunk, who also happened to be a trained real estate agent, that happens to be arrested and spends X-mas eve with some guy that thinks he's Santa. Santa handed out laughs, the dude that played Superman in "Lois & Clark" was the cop watching over them, that needed some X-mas hope, cuz his x-wife was banging some dude from Spain, they all ended up at some party ... and partied.

Any who ... you know where this one was headed. Santa and the jailbirds are released, and everyone gets their X-mas miracle and crap ... but that's not how I would have done it.

Sure ... they'd meet in the cell, at the jail, but then the prison guard would propose robbing a bank. Santa turns out to be former spec-ops, and carries the guilt of having set fire to 50 or 60 women and children ... the drunk dude? - he's unstable, off his meds ... they rob a bank, kill a bunch of people, and then the last 30 minutes of the film shows the drunk dude being tortured by Santa ... this would have been a better ending.

### ***"Ice Carving Competition"***

Then, I happened upon my friend watching the one about the "ice carving competition" - but that story line was tired, overdone. I would have, about half way through, had the main character go crazy and start slicing up the contestants, one by one, in secret, to win the competition. Then, at the end, her love interest finds out - so she freezes him, and uses that block of ice for her "final masterpiece". The cops show up, and she slices her own throat with the ice carving knife. This is a far better conclusion.

### ***"The Holiday Tree for WA DC"***

I hate movies that mix statism with the holidays - but, then again, Santa is a tyrannical figure ... so that kind of makes sense. Sure, I'd keep the plot of the family, harvesting a tree for the "capital", and trekking across the country to deliver it. But in this case a group of terrorists abduct the family, and the tree, leaving the family dead in some field in Kansas. Then, filling the tree with 2,000 lbs of C-4, they "light the tree" at the capital - with the president, and senators, and congressman all gathered around. This proposed ending will likely have me put on some list - land of the free, home of the brave?

### ***"Stranded Train"***

The stranded train filled with people making their way to some family holiday? - what a trope ... but it can easily be made more interesting ... they get stranded, in the Rocky Mountains, but no one comes ... not for days ... then weeks ... they run out of food ... there is no game for them to hunt ... so they start drawing lots on who will be sacrificed for the meal. At first they exclude children from the lots, but eventually the kids are included too. The movie ends with a mom, eating her child, with "Oh Holy Night" playing in the background ... far more awesome than the Hallmark version of the story.

### ***Conclusion:***

Yeah, I know - dark as fuck. I don't care. This is where my holiday spirit is this year - somewhere between Lovecraft and Bukowski. I think the human race, mostly, is on the verge of a nervous breakdown, a massive eruption in the collective unconscious, and so yeah ... these "Hallmark Holiday Classics" seem lame to me, huge lies, gigantic deceptions when compared to the cold, hard, truth, that is just a few miles down the road.

Happy Holidays!

### **There's a lot of hate in the ZEROHEDGE comment threads ... [11/25/2017]**

I've been reading <http://ZeroHedge.com> since 2010. It is one of the few news/info blogs that seems to tell the truth - "seems to", because I really don't trust any sources of information at this point.

I was reading an article, posted on their site, that was really an interview with Doug Casey, famous for being the "international man". He believes that the United States will fall apart, socially, politically, when the next economic crisis hits - but he adds that this will be along "racial lines".

<http://www.zerohedge.com/news/2017-11-24/doug-casey-why-race-will-break-america-apart-part-ii>

I don't know if I agree with Casey or not - but reading the "threads" on this article gives me a renewed respect for the amount of racism, hate, that is out there. There is also a lot of anti-semitism, which makes me wonder ... I used to have an account, and was banned for being sarcastic about financial matters - no anti-semitism, no racial slurs, just being sarcastic. So, yeah, one wonders why people are censored on a site like that ... or, perhaps being racist, anti-semitic, over-the-top hateful is simply more entertaining to the readers (I hate to admit it, but the level is so high it's 'stupidly high' ... and funny in a schadenfreude kind of way).

Any who - I can't really blame ZEROHEDGE for all the racism and anti-semitism in its threads, but I do think it's worth pointing out ... if only to have some strange dialog about it. I simply don't care. I think, as I've stated, that even ZEROHEDGE is 'owned' by someone ... and it's all about baffling the public with bullshit.

But at times, it's very entertaining bullshit.

## **The stranded and unconscious skier ... [11/24/2017]**

I left Seattle in 2014 - not because I couldn't find work, I had no problem finding work and making the "average" for a software engineer in my field. Nope - it wasn't about the raw and superficial calculus of money.

I left Seattle in 2014 because it was becoming surreal how so many liberal, "concerned", yuppies and techies could watch as homelessness exploded, and yet they could simply return to their safe/secure middle class neighborhoods and pretend it's because of "heroin" or "alcohol" or "meth" or the new economy - and spout nonsense about "universal basic income" and robots ... whatever techie pabulum got them through the day.

Homes in Seattle are expensive, most living arrangements there are - and they are NOTHING compared to the cost of living in places like San Francisco. The last place I lived in Seattle was a half-underground basement apartment, no heat (except for the fantasy my landlord had about heat radiating downward from a ceiling duct), and a really crappy kitchen. It cost me \$1,100.00 per month. That was cheap rent for Seattle at the time.

When I moved to Indianapolis in 2014, leaving Seattle behind me, I guess I assumed that it was "still the Indy" I remembered - except now it's vogue to call it Naptown ... which is appropriate, because the homeless problem which was virtually nonexistent here in 2003 exploded. My point is simple - there is virtually no city in the USA today that isn't impacted by this, and yet so many voters, believers, of all stripes, are oblivious (assuming they are 1 of the 20 or 30 million Americans that still earn enough to raise a family and live someplace where the poverty is less obvious).

Today, America is like an unconscious and stranded skier ...

There are parts of the core, the parts kept working for obvious metabolic reasons, that still feel "all is ok" - the heart is still beating, the lungs still take in breath, the stomach and intestines process whatever garbage that skier shoved down his or her throat at the chalet ...

But the periphery, the legs, arms, hands, fingers and toes - these things are dying, and yet it is still "warm and cozy" within the core - "all is well" says the spleen ...

There are neighborhoods in almost every city now where people experience the life of the core of the skier - they still have jobs, healthcare or tech or government, and they believe everything is ok ... places like Mapleleaf in Seattle, or Carmel - which is north of Indianapolis, and 96th Street, which has virtually NO passable crosswalks, creates a dividing line. Every city has these "safe zone" neighborhoods - where the sidewalks are wider, and the cops are much more likely to help rather than harm, and the streets that border them are guaranteed to be impassable.

Then there is most of the country, the rest of America ... the parts that actually are required to have any hope in the future ... and these parts are cold, miserable, freezing up, the cells ... the people ... they are dying ...

It's easy to pretend that everything is "ok" if you have a good job and live in one of these "safe zones" - whatever having a "good job" means these days. I suppose I should be grateful that I can still find work, that I am still a part of the 1/10 Americans that can maintain the bare semblance of a middle class existence. But for some strange reason I have a hard time being happy knowing so many are in pain - I guess that makes me a weirdo ...

This is not a republican issue ...

This is not a democratic issue ...

All of the political parties are bullshit.

This is an issue of humanity, and issue of not outsourcing our concern for our fellow humans to the government.

Sooner or later - the whole skier dies.

Sooner or later, the skier goes into shock from hypothermia ...

America is this "stranded and unconscious skier" - and time is running out.