

**The**

**Handbook**

**For**

**Your**

**Own**

**Mind:**

**A**

**Thought Journal**

**Dedication: To my mother and father for unconditional love, a disease I hope to spread to all the children of this world.**

**---**

**My mother asked me to scribe her life story as a lesson to those who want to free themselves from abusive pasts and this is what the result is.**

“The future will show whether my foresight is as accurate now as it has proved heretofore.”  
Nikola Tesla “Famous Scientific Illusions” (Electrical Experimenter, February, 1919)

and

"Peace can only come as a natural consequence of universal enlightenment and merging of races, and we are still far from this blissful realization, because few indeed, will admit the reality that "G-d made man in His image" in which case all earth men are alike. There is in fact but one race, of many colors. Christ is but one person, yet he is of all people, so why do some people think themselves better than some other people?"

Nikola Tesla

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We must come together as a united planet, for if we are in war with natural resources such as water, ozone and the likes, they are not indigenous to regions, are recycled throughout the globe, and are very limited. From ozone holes worldwide you can already expect 50 million new cases of skin cancer and a surge in blindness. To make the sun our enemy children, will be a war you will certainly lose. If Mother Nature calls us together she calls to us through a single united voice.

Welcome to the Institute for Critical Thought, a non-profit organization. The Institute is a non-biased center, accepting thoughts on any issue, from any person, regardless of; creed, color, religious ideals, political ideals, socio-economic status, age, and sex. In order to become a subscriber there are two processes, the purchase of the current Thought Journal and your participation in the Thought Journal.

A Thought Journal is unlike any book before it, as it is a living and growing entity, being built by all who wish to participate. The purpose of the Institute is to create an entity in which problems facing our futures, and more importantly those problems facing our children's futures, can be addressed and theorized upon by all, anonymously. The Institute provides a method for all, to express and share thoughts, globally. No rules or regulations will apply, no criticisms, just free expression. Finally, the Institute belongs to all the people of the world, yet it is intended as a donation to the children of the future, to be a point, where the true process of unification can begin, where together the children of the globe can solve the problems of the globe, as one.

The price to access The Penny Times, A Thought Journal, is a penny for the thoughts times the inflation rate since Jonathan Swift, in 1726, said, "A penny for your thoughts" and then multiplied by .01 or, one hell of a discount. I have taken the average rate of the consumer price index since 12/31/1913 to 3/31/1992, 3.9%, from American Funds Group Statistical Update 3/31/92, and calculated it back to 1726 using a penny. The penny currently would equal $262.87, which seems absurdly expensive for your thoughts. So I have given Peoplekind a discount, and, The Penny Times will cost $2.62 for the thoughts and the thoughts of all current subscribers.

The Institute For Critical Thought requires your own thought on any subject to help our children, the participation is essential, as your thoughts count. That is for those who can afford it, if you cannot afford any of these costs, just send in your thought and we will put it in. The Institute would not want to miss the thoughts of the poor, or Russians, or anyone else suffering economic plight. Each thought will be input on CD ROM laser memory of read only files and thus will accumulate based only on the dates scanned into memory. Each CD will then be released to major linguistics centers around the world, to be translated into all languages. (JAMIE FILL THIS IN WITH HOW IT WILL BE SET UP NOW 10 YEARS LATER)

If you are a subscriber to The Penny Times, you may access any or all the thoughts of all members, at any time. The Institute will be posing questions annually, to subscribers, on a variety of problems that currently plague our world, in an attempt to find solutions to help all. The problem for 1992 - 3, rapidly affecting all creatures, Ozone Holes, thoughts on ozone will be input at no charge.

Within the Institute for Critical Thought, your thoughts are safe. Your thoughts will not be subjected to personal criticism, or altered by the perverse process of editing. Every thought will count, as you are paying to have them entered regardless of content. Please be sure NOT to include your name or any other distinguishing factor, don't worry about grammar or spelling. Encrypt only today's date on your thought. You will be given a number with your first subscription, in the event you ever want to access all your own thoughts.

If you want a copy of The Penny Times, the beginning chapter in the Institute for Critical Thought, please write,

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Anxiously awaiting your thoughts with warm personal regards and a wish for world unity and world peace

Eliot Ivan Bernstein

Person

**WARNING - TO READ FURTHER WITHOUT COMMITTING TO BECOMING A MEMBER OF THE INSTITUTE FOR CRITICAL THOUGHT WITH A THOUGHT TO HELP THE CHILDREN OF THE WORLD, IS A VIOLATION!**

**February 12, 1992**

So many years have passed since I wrote my personal thoughts and passions. So many twisted events have come to shape my mind, I stand crying at this cross road of my life, wondering if ever stability will reign within. Since the accident 10 years ago I have traversed the highest peaks only to fall with the force of gravity to hell. I now question my ability to pick up the pieces and climb again. You would have me believe that is an easy task. With your understanding of the past hells I've seen and been part of, you probably think I should have gained knowledge and strength for my next journey. The question pulling at me now is do I have the courage, the will and the energy to overcome.

Most lives and minds are not quite as tired as mine feel, at such a youthful age, but I, as you know seem to have lived one hundred years of experience. Am I experiencing the same lack of will one encounters in old age? Have I given up the fight, to conform and be accepted, after a life of being rejected? Afraid of the total rejection of the past, I have chosen to conform for acceptance, and in the process my spirit has weakened.

I have been modified to act for acceptance within a society that could not tolerate my deviance. You have missed this transformation, yet my actions are evidence, and it is from these that I conclude that if I do not fight for my intrinsic nature, my purpose here will have ceased. A mental suicide that is more harmful and more pathetic than the actual act. My rebellion tamed, I am uncertain of my power to overcome, afraid of the loss of what I have conformed to receive.

Hitting a car carrier at 70 MPH, having a few Cadillacs’ fall on my head, you may also suspect has had a profound impact on my strength and courage. I am afraid to assess the importance, and this you will not understand until your time has come. Yet, somewhere deep in my mind it will be a major aspect in which road I will now travel. I doubt suicide, I anticipate freedom.



The cost of freedom is my single greatest fear, possibly the fear that has constrained me most since being sent away at thirteen.

POEM

My vulnerability exposed, don't abandon me here alone; the albatross hung for the world to see and dragged me near death to the bottom of the sea. The oxygen which once enriched me so, now seems to wane and lose its glow. Beset by obstacles of love and acceptance will I drown here or again rise free?

Go back with me now over those fragile moments and you may understand the way I am. Born to rebels, I rebelled against all, determined not to be influenced by others, and thus I immediately came into conflict with every person. No one would tell me how to act or think I would shape my own destiny. No molestation of my spirit by others opinionated and tainted advice. At this point in my life I do not think I had learned this trait, it was innate. I did not question authority, I blatantly disregarded it.

Within the super structure of my family, rebellion was not only nurtured but, promulgated. My parents came from molested and painful childhoods and with intensive psychoanalytical therapy have vowed to pave a different path for their kids. In defying their parents’ methods and practices openly, their own methods were suspect and open to their children. Not only did they allow us to question their methods, they urged us to undertake therapy in an attempt to understand our behaviors and their behaviors, and, the effect theirs were having on our own. I was the first in therapy at eight. The reason, mass non-conformity to the norm, I still go at 28, the reason now however, mass conformity to the norm. I am an extremist.

**2/13/92**

Yet I am a natural rebel and conformity has been feigned, for I am still truly in disagreement with all establishments or cults. Weighing heavily on my spirit is the understanding that I cannot conform to the norm for acceptance. The reason I began the process of conforming was to survive within society. When sent away, I learned that in order to be a rebel, certain traits would have to be sacrificed in order to have a society to rebel against. I saw very young that if you did not fit, society had its way of stifling you. Alone and very angry at the world, I reflected intensely on why I did not fit in the mainstream.

**2/15/92**

Questioning all, I began my life with no pre-defined beliefs. At home I was the center of negative attention, I could not obey rules, and my parents could not control me. No matter the methods they deployed to modify my behavior, I was constantly finding ways to stir trouble. My energy level was manic, life seemed full of adventure, and the only obstacle in my way seemed rules and regulations.

**2/19/92**

My mind most radically differs from the norm. I accept no answers from others in an attempt to gain comfort. Discomfort has ruled my mind since birth. Lost and helpless in a sea of confusion and the answers written in stone were only others illusions. So striking to me was the way in which all children seemed to conform to the norm of their homes and environments, and simply accept what they were told to believe. I am of the belief that these personality patterns are the result of manipulation of the juvenile mind, and not the child's innate mind running a normal course.

From birth, each one of us is bombarded with hosts of beliefs from a variety of institutions, in which our faith is tamed with assaults on our innocent infant and fragile psyches. The greatest crime of inhumanity, more degenerative and stagnating than all others, is the killing of the intrinsic beliefs of our children.

Deny that you are a not a product of other's beliefs. That your own innate beliefs have long been mute and dying somewhere deep and out of reach, and I will cry lie. Unless you admit chaos and confusion, and thus the true pain of ignorance, I cannot even relate. Order chaos, and you have religion, politics and law. Predict order from chaos and you have science. Since order does not exist, all attempts at ordering rely on faith to a degree. Theories are all we believe, truth is what we desire, ignorance and confusion are what we have, and, fear is what controls our thoughts.

Fear of admission of chaos, confusion and disorder, allows for extreme vulnerability to conformity. In order to qualify for familial, cultural, religious and political acceptance we slowly sell our souls to pre-defined and prehistoric beliefs. Or, we are outcast and shamed for lack of conformity. Extreme pressure on individuals to separate from others, become "sane" or "normal," by a particular cults definition. The first cults to prey on our mind are propagated and dictated by the belief systems of our parents. Since parental acceptance is possibly the most powerful influence on our actions, we are in constant need of their approval and love, and we live in constant fear of the withdrawal. Not only are physical attributes visible within a family's genetic structure but also their mental beliefs and thus our personalities are also hereditary and observable and modifiable (at a cost). How many children accept the same religious fantasy, political ideals and cultural laws as their parents? How many more have the same prejudices, emotions, temperaments, neuroses and psychosis as their parents? Even when children are rebellious and defy their parents, it is often only from a temporary lack of acceptance and a direct attempt to gain attention.

Alone and afraid, the infant needs parental acceptance in order to survive. Through acceptance we feel the basic needs will be provided, a system of rewards created that promotes conformity, and a system of punishments created that destroys individuality. The "perfect child" acts in strict accord with the pre-defined ideals set by parents, teachers and preachers. The "problem child" often ventures far astray from this route. Parents understand for they constantly praise the child that fulfills the ideals promulgated and damn those that don't. Parents thus the first influences on our frightened psyches often having a lasting effect on our behavior and beliefs, it is easy to persuade conformity to any belief through withdrawal of love and affection. I am the middle of five children and I have witnessed the powerful effect this persuasion has on influencing children's actions to vie for parental attention and acceptance; how it has shaped they're very lives, even into adulthood, mine included.

**2/20/92**

Parents then submit children to schools and churches which further their beliefs. These institutions control through similar methods as parents, always a set of rules and regulations, always a system of reward and finally a system of punishment for non-conformists. Unlike my family, these institutions had no tolerance for the rebel, they did not try to understand, and they demanded change. When my will would not bend, my real problems with society multiplied.

Off to Hebrew school to become a Jew, yet even my own kind could not accept me as my own. From the first words of the preacher’s lips, I was cracking up. History in religious terms seemed more like a cartoon, and I found no basis for reality, really, a man splitting a sea and talking to burning bushes? An imaginary G-d choosing chosen people? A G-d who flooded the entire world but one boat? A G-d killing first born children?? This I find to be particularly bizarre and perverse for a G-d to be doing, does it not know that children are innocent? Anyone who prayed to a G-d that slaughtered innocent infants I thought to be insane.

Institutionalized G-d's and my G-d were in immediate confrontation, for I am of the belief that my creator loves all creatures, all things, equally. My G-d did not ask me to pray, submit and accept only him. G-d instead was the G-d of total confusion that allowed me to think and contemplate the wonder of the creation with a specialized brain, I think? My G-d did not build buildings. Many people I know did, to observe his greatness. The only places I ever feel limited in viewing the powers of creation, are within techno man's institutions.

Forced into these institutions, I felt like I was missing my G-d's work as it went on outside. I could not attempt to understand it in brick buildings with gatekeepers. Preachers and teachers, promulgating with colored college degrees, decrees, mass producing sameness for the politics of the day. I had to escape. I could not bear to watch all these children being molested. Losing their free will and spirits before my eyes, as the world blindly passed them by. Nobody was going to force me to submission, no matter the tactic, and I stood up to any belief with my own. I have paid the price since.

I could argue any belief. Hebrew school suspended me for I was uncontrollable and a threat to the entire system they were trying to brainwash Jewish children with. I wondered why so few other kids questioned their religious beliefs, and blindly accepted what was fed to them. The reason I presumed, fear of rejection and fear of repercussions. Group pressures to be same or be condemned to hell. My G-d created no hell other than institutions which blocked the vision of his grandeur other than through stained glass. Through rituals and festivals did they entice, through gifts did they buy our young spirits. I mean when I heard of Santa Claus I damn near had a mental breakdown when I found people believing in it, did they believe in Mickey Mouse too?

**2/28/92**

School was another institution designed to instill the beliefs of the ruling system. Teachers, like preachers, enforced the belief of the day with a system of rewards and punishments. Theories taught as absolutes, and grades based on your degree of acceptance. Thus, one plus one equaling two became a reality for most children, not simply a theory. Schools also taught that chaos was somehow predictable and fact. In astronomy, for example, we learn that the earth has predictable movements around the sun and as such we can set our watches accordingly. A twenty four hour day becomes the norm, (and fact?), and we set our cycles accordingly. Of course, this will all change one day, when the sun loses its planets or a meteor knocks us off course. Yet, reality often becomes suppressed in exchange for the comfort we find in having chaotic events as facts. There was no room for variance from these facts in schools. Variance was condemned with poor grades and isolation. When I challenged the "facts," I became labeled obstinate and a behavioral problem.

Once labeled a troublemaker, the system applies pressure for conformity. Arguments with teachers led to immediate discipline, in front of the entire group, and then tactics of isolation. Sent to the principal’s office, outcast from your peers, punishments applied, these are but a part of the methods employed to strip individualism and create conformity. If you do not adapt to the system after punishment you further become labeled a delinquent or misfit and are removed from the mainstream. This dear reader has a devastating effect on the fragile psyche of a youngster, once outcast and labeled, it is near impossible to have confidence in your self.

Rejection from the norm is a powerful aspect in directing any life, more so for the rebel. Once removed from the mainstream, you feel rejected and angry, as if you belong to nothing, your self-worth shattered. Normally, home, school and religious groups are all applying pressure to the rebel for conformity, trying to "save" you if you accept their ways. At home the rebel is the black sheep, at school the rebel is the delinquent and at religious pomp the rebel is a subject of Satan. Now, if that is not enough pressure to conform you, then society has institutions to remove you. Prisons, mental institutions, special schools, and the likes are but housings for misfits to the norm. Society has many labels for those confined, thanks to our ability to define chaotic behavior in absolute patterns; through psycho-babble such as; psychotic, neurotic, dysfunctional, retarded, antisocial, compulsive, obsessive, delusional, depressed, paranoid, personality disordered, psychopathic, schizophrenic, sociopathic, or some other syndrome. Once diagnosed, hosts of treatments based on prevailing therapy theory, such as; psychoanalytic, behavior modification, conditioning, aversion, cognitive, drug, shock, are rendered. If these do not work there is always the threat of death or death itself.

**3/3/92**

Not many children can withstand the weight of these attacks from so many institutions on the free spirit. Instead, I found them either conforming or being condemned. The rebel, is either tamed or sedated by the controlling forces, and thus poses little threat unless of course revolution stirs. Yet revolutions are becoming rarer due to the armament used to suppress them, as illustrated in Tiananmen Square, where adult power structures moved to kill their own children for their voices. Makes you wonder that if children see no way to rebel with voices, they may take up knives to their very parents.

I rebel against every single theory supposed to be fact. I think chaos rules, that all beliefs are the result of the predictability of chaos. Over time, certain elements of chaos become predictable, so predictable that we believe they are facts, examples; the 24 hour day, the 365 day year, the moon at night, gravity, mathematics, physics, and chemistry. All are only patterns of chaos, subject to change at any moment, and new patterns evolve. The erosion may be gradual or sudden, chaos has no defined order. Everything believed is only theory, yet why cannot inhumanity accept the bliss of chaos? ManUnkind needs order to suppress fear, the fear that our own lives are chaotic. From nowhere do we appear, to nowhere we seem to go. Most organisms go through life seemingly unconscious about existence, as if, the transitions of life are only a part of existence on a grander scale. ManUnkind, in stark contrast, centralizes existence on himself, fixating on this brief state of transition. In attempts at countering the natural chaotic order that exists, the fear that his life, elevated in mind, will cease with no knowledge of what is to become and then ManUnkind searches desperately for order.

Freud, in defining the id, ego and superego did not begin with the natural order of the mind, a state of mental chaos. He began to interpret the mind after it had already been shaped by the controlling forces of the time. Portraying the ego as a mediator between impulse (id) and civilization (superego), Freud neglected the ego's rejection of chaos, the force of the ego's existence. If chaos prevails, there would be no need for the mind to undergo the destructive process of the battling forces, confusion would prevail and only instincts would rule.

**3/27/92**

What a horrible thought, man ruled by chaos and confusion. In a desperate plight to preserve the population and planet, all people must begin fresh. First, wiping the egos blood from its hands and then admitting that all these deaths in the name of male ego, have all been false. Get ready for the massive guilt from the superego, associated with all the deaths that have been caused by the ego's need for order. Humanities method of population control, war, has been driven by this or that belief. Most of those beliefs are now archaic, yet the dead must be tolled regardless of reason.

All battles fought, are precious wastes of time, if humanity is to challenge true tests of time, such as, entropy and chaos. Humanity will end as a result of either its own hands or the hands of chaos. Yet, is it not a higher calling to give the children of the planet a future, instead of planning for their destruction? Will your superego not be filled with horror, if your time and energy has been wasted promoting "beliefs" and "systems" for profit or death, instead of giving the children a chance? Can you sleep at night, knowing that soon, our "systems" will force the children into desperate plights for life? Not against one another as we have so diligently prepared for, but against the limited resources necessary to sustain life, or, Mother Nature.

What will be our excuse, our ego's got in the way? If humanity does not destroy the ego, the ego will destroy humanity. Radical reform must occur with the death of the ego, as humanity faces a near impossible feat of survival. A profound respect for the earth, its inhabitants, and the elements which sustain us, must prevail. Our energy, time, knowledge, resources and technologies, must be entirely dedicated to the continuation of all. Not the prosperity of individuals. No individual or group "right or wrong". Instead, a unity of the species in which all people and their ideas are accepted, the link being a common pursuit for the future of our offspring, the highest order of life we have forgotten. World summits of ignorance held between the entire population via satellite, in which problems and solutions are exchanged, amongst all those wishing to air them. With the ego dead, wars vanish, and thus no more critical energy will be wasted battling who is right and wrong. =

**3/4/92**

Man views instincts as, primitive and uncivilized, "animal like" behavior. Thus separating and elevating the ego from its natural order, and imposing a surrealistic order on chaos. Since the order perceived is false, man must constantly attempt to justify the perceived beliefs with fact. Only in the mind are there facts. Reality is theory, and thus the mind is in a constant state of anxiety throughout a human life trying to impose order on disorder. The measure of psychological stability has become the degree to which the mind accepts the beliefs imposed on it from ruling institutions. Deviate behavior to the "norm" viewed as uncivilized and primitive, no matter how primitive and uncivilized the behavior of the "norm" may be. Mass murdering hundreds of thousands, even millions of people, viewed as sane if within the "norm." A recent example from American history is the Iraq police action.

Being of Jewish decent, if I were "normal," I normally would not care that a sworn enemy got killed. Since I have resigned myself from all established cults though, I view all life as equal and sacred. In the Iraq war, if it can be called a war, I witnessed hundreds of thousands of people die unnatural deaths by the hands of "civilized" people. I watched as the "norm" was transformed for the people of America. Why during the ten year battle between Iran and Iraq, one of the bloodiest on earth, costing millions of lives, did the American conscious not awaken? I could not tell which side we were supporting more, I know that the profits were staggering for the war industry on both sides. After we placed Saddam Hussein in power, and supported his war efforts, we were displeased with the truce called, and abandoned Iraq. Saddam then cried that his country was in ruins and looked to his "allies" the U.S. for help in restoring his destroyed country. Since the profits of war no longer existed, the incentive vanished and the U.S. left Iraq in ruins. I believe the U.S. suggested that Kuwait, before the British had divided the middle-east had belonged to Iraq. Since Kuwait had not partaken in the war, they had wealth with which Saddam could fund his war. All Saddam had to do was rape Kuwait and again make it part of Iraq. The idea made sense, and the U.S. sat ideally by, while Iraqis armies took over Kuwait. Then the U.S. found another use for Iraq, that of our enemy. From ally to enemy, the public conscious did not even notice, while we transformed Iraq into a monster. Through the propaganda machine of the time, television, did the government inundate the public with the horrors of Saddam Hussein.

There are many atrocities occurring throughout the world in which dictators or governments are mass murdering, and the U.S. has not interceded. We sat ideally by while communism spread through violence and murder, and never lifted a finger to Fidel Castro our neighbor. Yet suddenly we are going to travel half way around the world to save Kuwait? Why is Kuwait suddenly so dear to the U.S.? Here you must travel beyond CNN coverage and question authority if only for a brief moment.

The U.S. government realized that the war industry, the savior of the economy from the great depression, was dying. With the collapse of Communism in Russia, and an end to the cold war, the most profitable war, the U.S. economy was looking bleak. Defense cuts proposed and approved faster than all other items in the budget. Since the demand for war goods decreased, and production had only slowed, a major surplus developed, and there was no available outlet for we were not at war.

Iraq looked like a suitable opponent, we controlled Saddam, they were weakened and already half defeated from the prior ten years of war, and thus could be easily conquered. First, the U.S. needed world support from its allies, who were all suffering from the end of the cold war. Thus, compliance was easy, since all parties had the same profitable objective to relive the surplus. Almost overnight did all interested parties transform Saddam Hussein into an Adolph Hitler, who threatened the entire planet. Claims that he had amassed the third largest standing army, and that he might be capable of nuclear weapons were rampant. News on his invasion of Kuwait bombarded the world in a coordinated event of cinematic propaganda. To me it appeared that the whole war was more a part of the war on drugs. You know, while Iraq was being bombed Saddam was smoking some opium at the White House with Ronnie (a man from the "biz", all cocaine addicts), Nancy (look at her face addict) and the ballet boy? Reagans', George Bush (Shot down twice in WWII, shortest CIA job in history), Puck, and dying doggie Bushy. I heard they flew in, no less on your tax dollars, Ollie (well there are not many words to describe this asshole) North and President (Of Cocaine Country and developer of 900-COKENOW) Emanuel (blow me) Noriega.

Like sheep we were herded to believe that the new norm was to hate Saddam Hussein, and for that matter all people of Iraqi descent. Overnight we began cheering actions that seemed yesterday uncivilized. First we began to starve the Iraqi people, not Saddam Hussein, and the U.S. sheep's accepted this as an acceptable behavior. When Saddam would not let loose of his Golden egg, we created a war. Again, overnight, the sheep were herded into frenzy that mass murder of innocents was acceptable and normal, for that is exactly who we killed, innocents, not Saddam Hussein and certainly not any warriors. Like a savage beast did we prey on helpless and innocent children, in order to save helpless and innocent children? Like all good wars of the past, this war seemed to have no battles per say, only futile attempts of the innocents attempting to cover their heads from the bombs which showered their days. Where was the savage beast we went to conquer, why did it not raise a hand? Simply because there was no savage beast that threatened anything but Kuwait, not even the Israelis were that concerned with Saddam. His soldiers were starving children, most soldiers already were laid to waste with Iran, and those that remained were barely armed or dangerous. There were no battles the undeclared war/war crime was just simply supply-side economics, the release of excess surplus on an innocent and helpless victim.

Mass murder began, and the world joined in, our conscious eased by the unity. In the end thousands of Iraqi innocents were dead, Saddam Hussein was unscathed and still in power with all the riches of Kuwait, the killing goes on in Iraq, the U.S. and the allies relieved tons of surplus armaments. The war industry justified its existence in what appears to be its end or the beginning of the end. I viewed the military as desperately trying to sell programs which were on the executioners block weeks before the "war," such as the Stealth bomber and the Patriot missile system. I did not understand why Stealth capabilities were necessary, when none Stealth bombers took out Iraqi's radar defenses in the opening seconds of the war. I would not be caught dead purchasing a Patriot missile system, when a Scud missile made a direct hit on a U.S./Saudi Marine base which was completely surrounded w/ Patriots. This system costing millions of dollars, designed to fend off thousands of missiles' hundreds of miles away, could not stop one lousy scud coming directly at it? Another interpretation might be that the U.S. was launching the Scuds at non-populated sites and then having CNN tune in for the simultaneous launching of the Patriot but staged to look like they worked, so that they could sell the system to the public or foreign idiots. Then either a patriot or a scud exploded at the Marine base and killed 28 marines. I could understand if there had been hundreds of incoming scuds from an Iraqi offensive in the battle of some city name and one slipped through the cracks and hit our base.

Furthermore, had Hussein been the Hitler he was depicted as, I would have expected that he would have launched all out attacks, with the most destructive capabilities. Had Hitler invented the atomic bomb first do not err and think that he would not have launched it, better that, we used them. No matter the odds against him, at the time. I recall Hussein transporting fighter jets out of Iraq, to hide them in safety. I do not recall one chemical weapon, although this helped the gas mask industry. Finally had he any similarity to Hitler, he would have launched an all-out attack on the Jews. Hussein more paralleled Goofy.

I am afraid to write views and theories such as these, for it is not "normal" within my society. I would be considered "crazy" for such ideas, everyone around me is so proud of our nation. We fought for a "good" cause and won, ticker tape parades galore. This would not be another Vietnam in which public confidence eroded and veterans returned to a public conscious filled with guilt. What was termed a military success, I view as a military massacre of innocents, another case of bullying an unworthy opponent with excessive violence. Why there has been no public outrage is a testament too successful advertising and marketing, and the ability to suppress rebellion.

Suppress what rebellion you might ask, the revolution coming rapidly into consciousness, that the ordering of our lives has led us catastrophically close to the brink of destruction. In the 1960's, right here in the good old U.S.A., which admittedly and proudly committed genocide against the Indian population, the most lethal revolution began. A revolution by the children against all institutionalized authority systems, for the first time, did human consciousness come close to recognizing chaos as the order of the day and it came to the children of the U.S.A. And from the melting pot came this wild and orgy like subculture, in which all rules vanished. "Question Authority" became the anthem and from this conclusion came the "Summer of Love."

Note that from the acceptance of chaos, and life without order, came love. From life with order, we have produced hate. So how did order come to be and how has order affected us, and, how do we re-establish ourselves in chaos? These are the same questions I am asking in my own life at this cross-road. I predict that I will have more questions, no certain answers and just more chaos and confusion.

Once upon a time, when man was "primitive" and transportation limited to feet, and, the voices range was the extent of communication, small bands of humans came together. At first, the reasons for togetherness seemed natural, like any other species that travels in packs, the pack provides the individual with a similar group to belong to. The needs for primitive groups are mainly hunting and breeding and the group generates a greater sense of security than alone-less-ness. Hierarchy defined by strength or inherited birth rights, the group’s survival more important than any individual, people acting more for the group than the self.

Humanity began in this fashion but what has aspired does not seem to fit the natural disorder. Unlike other species that seem to have almost global unity, mankind's groups vary in purpose and belief. All other species go about their activities, without concern about purpose or belief, humanity cannot live without it. Each cult that formed began the process of ordering existence with itself as the center of the universe. In early groups the belief that all planetary motion moved around the earth prevailed.

Mankind's order dominated by strength, with the strongest member or sub-cults' beliefs ruling. The varieties of beliefs imposed over the general public would be amusing if chronicled, a few examples; the world is flat, we are the center of astrologic activity, it is OK to feed undesirables to the lions for our enjoyment, hang them on crosses, lynch them, beat them, to submit to whatever belief is current fashion.

**3/7/92**

Today began with the revolution that I am free. That no one owns me, my spirit will not bend. View the rest of my life as you will, dying reader, but take with you that I knew nothing. Do not believe in this rhetoric before you, I would only wish you believe what is in you. I have only expressed what is within me. I admit, for a while, a long time it seems, I had a damaged and shattered shelf image. So would you when the walls of every institution come crashing down on you, damning you to submit, and your will, young and free can barely resist. Finally, when I was completely alone and rejected at thirteen, labeled and analyzed, I began to lose my self-worth. I yearned for love and affection, and I began a long process of submission. At first I knew that my mind could never conform, but I could pretend that I was "normal", and thus look like I fit in. It would be worth it, it seemed, if it would secure love and acceptance.

My innate, wild, free, uncontrollable attitude sacrificed on the exterior, but I believed I could maintain myself underneath. I am finding that slowly that has almost seeped from veins, and that is why I must go and abandon society, rules and regulations. I want to get back to nature and learn from the animals how to be natural and free in spirit, free in mind. The walls of the institutions surrounding me have created nothing but hate and toxic wastes, they have separated humanity, and I can no longer be a part, I resign. Call me a quitter, call me insane, try to define my chaos to find comfort, I do not care. I am packing it up anyway and taking my insanity with me.

**3/10/92 or thereabouts**

Where to begin my chaotic adventures out of "civilization?" The first step, geography. The Islas Canarias, Tenerife, to begin, with a climb atop Pico de Tiede, to get a glimpse of the world missed by joining pseudo techno-society. The Canaries are named from the morning sounds fishermen make amongst the Islands, I will be happy as a Lark. The next step would be an undertaking of the minimum skills necessary for survival on my journey out of uncivilized ManUnkind with the objective of the quest being removal of myself from all un-natural events.

My dreams are simple; fishing on the Islands, providing enough food for myself and any family, simple shelter, readjusting to nature, relaxing, and enjoying life without fear. Of course the natural order of existence, chaos, does not go without fear of Mother Nature, but I will no longer fear techno man, with all his gadgets. Although, in the back of my mind, even isolated, I may die from techno man's achievements, such as, pollution, destruction of the Ozone, nuclear weapons, and the likes. Besides chaos throwing a sudden curve, techno man seems the only other force capable of destroying all life, unless of course you believe in devils. I will be guiltless in the event that any of these bizarre behaviors do destroy life though. I will no longer contribute, or "fit in," or be "normal," or "sane," or whatever you may think.

POEM

There was a G-d,

A merry man was he.

There was a man,

He was a G-d,

But he could not see.

Self-centered and alone,

Blinded by greed,

In nature not at home

A very "sane" breed?

Good-bye, farewell, techno man,

To nature I return, no longer give a damn.

I wish you well with all your possessions,

I would rather abate in a chaotic state,

No longer a part of the "social" processions,

Withstanding my favorite obsession, to mate.

Freedom from any confessions

No more analytic sessions!

I find that I just cannot face myself anymore here, I can't even find myself. Since re-programming of my natural mind has occurred over so many years, I have questioned my ability to abandon that which I adorn. The answer was simply questioning the possessions I will have to forgo. So many "things" come to mind; electricity (other than a bit of lighting in the rainy season), automobile (yet, I am more certain of dying on the California freeways than Pico de Tiede burying me), bills (good riddance), my job (good riddance to; suits, conformity, working for systems of mass disaster), money (I only have debts here so this will not be difficult), locks (to lock away techno man), things I must do (in other words freedom), time (for that is just a theory plagued by rules and regulations, with death the end result), anything other than natural substance which I must have to survive (good bye all that "I just can't live without." I rather feel that these very "things" are slowly killing me, and you, and all species futures), police protection (used to protect only against techno man, which I assume, has killed, and is killing more innocent people for this or that righteous reason, than deaths against man due to the entire animal kingdom since the beginning of civilization?), laws ( in which "the current fashion sets the pace" to benefit those at the top, to control those on the bottom), politics (which no one but politicians have ever benefited from), nuclear fission in every aspect (either, bombs, Chernobyl, or more locally, San Onofre), nuclear fusion (which could be mankind's savior, no, I am sure the theory of cold fusion, recently covered up by techno government, will be used to profit some and not all), phones (an impersonal method of communication), faxes (I have not had it long enough to grow attached) and finally, civilized man (good-bye at last, for as once said, "Parting is such sweet sorrow.")

I find much more happiness in my dreams which lack any of techno man's gadgets, rules and regulations. My dreams are of waking to canary sounds, strolling through the Island environment, cohabiting in harmony with nature, naked in purpose, swimming in the waters I believe to inhabit the lost city of Atlantis, making love under starry skies unmolested much less by manunkind and writing. Writing again so that my thoughts and actions on how to get back to nature might be helpful to those soon to follow. Helpful in the event that techno-man finds manunkind at the brink of destruction and instead of nuking each other, working together as a whole for the survival of all versus for self. For that will be the only time I will ever be a part of "civilized" man again.

Goodnight and may you dream of more pleasant things.

**3/9/92**

Everyone I try to say good-bye to asks "and how will you survive?" as though it is impossible to live life without technology. I reply, like all other species, naturally. They then call me "crazy." The argument is that how can I just pack up the addictions I have grown accustomed to. What addictions? The addictions' society offers to calm, to tame, and to entice you to submission, the false sense of comfort that you are safe from the animal kingdom, when actually you are in greater danger in man's kingdom. That you are "normal," that you cannot survive without submission to a cult.

**3/11/92**

I abandon society and all the cults for I see the behavior of its members to be insane. I cannot rationalize humanity as kind, caring or compassionate. I see it psychologically out of control. Murdering one group or another for profit is OK, as long as it was not your group getting murdered. Exploitation of one group or individual OK, as long as it was not your group. Prosperity of one group over another, instead of prospering for the whole of the species is somehow ok. Hate and separation of any group other than one’s own OK. Exploitation of the land, minerals, water, ozone, for one group or another, without regard to the whole or the continuation of the whole, all are OK.

Destruction of entire societies, such as the American Indian, to bring, "civilization, in the name of G-d?" Rob and rape the American Indian of their lands and life's (taught to accept that it was OK. through false cinematic propaganda), teaching that it was the Indian's fault, and thus John Wayne and the likes became "heroes" dealing with the "heathens." American's still cannot admit that we have successfully committed genocide, when talking of Indians, yet other than zoo's called Reservations, that was what it was. "Civilized" man traveled the globe, and conquered, murdered, robbed and raped all that he met along the way. Claiming ownership for this or that king or for this or that religion, and then massacring the majority of people, stealing all their possessions and converting the rest to slavery. Seems manunkind is very "civilized?"

Now we rape and reap the environment in the same fashion. Actions carried out with no thought to their reaction for they are done by those blinded in greed, those who lack social morals in exchange for personal gain. We exploit the world's resources as if unlimited, economies soon to learn that without the resources necessary for survival the outlook is very bearish.

The end of Communism proves that limited resources do exist, and that war cannot fuel economies forever. Building a military is only good if you use it. But "civilized" man has come to a stalemate in war. Must be very difficult for a conscience to survive massive nuclear destruction, must have been an "insane" mind that created the potential. Yet, as resources grow depleted or environmental concerns constrain production, man may go to war for that left in the end, or a new solution must be found. World War II was due to Germany’s economic collapse and the people becoming desperate, war brought immediate gratification to the masses, at the expense of so many lives and allowed the conscience too again overlook "civilized" behavior.

The United States, hero to the great foe Hitler, foe to the Indian, created a war economy that pulled it out the great depression. Now, without a hot or cold war, again it will fall, in suit with Russia. World War III, the grand finale, how foolish it seems, how real it has been. I have lived my entire life with the threat of nuclear holocaust for all creatures. I am tired and scared, am I to mingle any longer with "civilization".

The Russians plan to bury their nukes, along with the U.S. and Sweden is burying its radioactive waste in granite beds under the city. Send all the waste inside the nukes and launch them in orbit around Uranus. For the next 500 to 1000 years that these contaminants are "hot" I would rather have them far away from our natural resources. Chernobyl and the likes are much better circling Uranus, than sinking into your water and soil tables, polluting the atmosphere and finally the children. For that matter, build a few more Space Shuttles, and ship the rest of toxic waste in them. Name the company Rock-It Garbage, and keep it out of our lakes, rivers, oceans, land, atmosphere, animals, plants, and our future generations. Thus three problems solved. First, an industry that replaces the war industry and for those of you remaining war mongers there is a great need for your skills, for this is just a different kind of war, battling to save the earth. That is the noblest war, one requiring noble soldiers that work for the benefit of the whole colony. Second, we would have a use for Nukes other than incinerating ourselves. Third, we would begin the long and necessary clean-up of the earth. These are simple suggestions, the obstacles are minimal, the profits enormous and are easier to justify as civilized.

We must as a civilization, begin to traverse a psychoanalytic study of the behavior of "civilized" people. As with analysis one must traverse back into infantile states, to understand and treat infantile experiences, with an adult mind. We must re-evaluate the forces which control our actions, and find better, more constructive outlets for our energy.

The task is difficult, for experiences which are painful and often un-civilized, become shrouded in years of elaborate defenses, psychological tricks that keep them from the human conscience. The defense mechanisms are the same as for an individual mind, yet as a group, the conscience has the element of strength in numbers to justify.

For example, Christopher Columbus has recently come under scrutiny for his actions after landing in Plymouth. Why after hundreds of years, could the interpretation of such a pioneer put him in the annals of evil? Once glorified by the mass, a model of the super-ego, Columbus may be the symbol of more death and destruction than any other man. With a world population at the time (1500's) of approximately 500 million, 100 million were Indians inhabiting the America's, by the 1700's only a hundred or so remain. I do not care what defenses are offered, if any can be with a "civilized" mind, this is genocide.

In grade school our innocent infant and gullible psyches were tricked to believe that the man who represented the movement most, Christopher Columbus, was to be honored. My question, had Adolph Hitler won would we taking school off for his Birthday? This was one of those moments in my mind, where I could not accept, where I rebelled and went nuts.

I was in history class when the teacher began his sermon with the landing of "civilized" man in America and the colonization of Jamestown, more aptly the beginning of disease, death, colonization of the land and slavery for the Indians. Pocahontas and Rolfe married, feasts, and tobacco as cash, and then the Indians killed the settlers, and thus what the Indians got they deserved.

Backing him was vast amounts of cinematic propaganda at the time repeating the same moral, yet I wanted to know what caused the Indians to react in such bizarre fashion, the response, Indians were savage beasts. I was not satisfied with the response for it still made no sense why the Indians were at first so friendly and then so savage, I pressed the point. The defense was weak, the Indians could not act civilized on our land which was theirs, which they could not conceive had ownership with boundaries. From this, I raised a more irritating question, asking if the Indians were fighting to keep the land free for all, then what exactly were we fighting for. Here the teacher raised his authoritative voice and claimed that we had to move on to the settlement of the land by the pioneers before our pre-defined time expired. I asked how we could proceed forward with settlement when we had not learned why it had become ours to settle. The response, typical in these situations of my life, shut up or get out. I got thrown out.

Did my friends believe this account? Most yes, it was dictated by the group conscience to accept. Given a host of hero's to celebrate, a host of holiday's to be thankful on because school was out (Columbus Day and Thanksgiving), you had to be nuts to dispute it. The next day, in the very same class, the teacher claimed, "Look, when Cortes found the Aztec Indians, they were doing human sacrifice to their G-d's to thank them, that's how barbaric they were. I responded, so it was better that Cortes slaughtered them all in the name of Christ, and that seems more "civilized?" Immediately this time I was sent out.

My friends all wrote papers and answered exam questions which proved they had all been brainwashed, their consciences at ease. I was not allowed to participate in the class, my conscience left my teacher with too many unanswered questions, so with authoritative powers, he labeled me a behavioral problem. As a behavioral problem that disrupted the entire class, I was removed from class, sent to the library to study in solitude. Different thinking is the variety of life, accept in school? I loved the library though as it offered me the availability to research subjects unmolested by dictators.

In the library I found much contradiction to the story being sold in class. The truth looked fairly obvious; the Indians were killed by the settlers unfairly, to steal their natural resources. Our great country was founded on 100 million dead Indians, I was ashamed and my friends were masquerading as Cowboys and Indians, continuing a sick and wrong tradition, if there had been 500 million, I am sure we would have killed them off by now. Thought Hitler was bad?

In this classic example of group molestation of the individual mind, all defense mechanisms are active on a group level. First, the group represses the "forbidden" event, the killing and raping of the Indians. Then the group substitutes an acceptable image of "cowboys and Indians." Cowboys attacked by Indians, “defending” themselves on "their" land, projects an acceptable image to ease the conscience of the genocide we committed, the utter massacre of an entire continent of people, displacement of your brain occurring mainly in the media and in our very classrooms we were educated in lies in, as we transfer and displace our hostility onto the Indian, the victim. Denial of truth obvious as we celebrate the Indian holidays in honor of massacring them. Reaction Formation, the Indians were heathens and we were saints sent in the name of G-d to kill, really, in the name of G-d we came, what evil G-d was this. Rationalization, the Indians believed the land was for all with no true boundaries, we believed it was ours, we were stronger and killed them off, that’s ok because we all now believe it, and if you believe it too, it will be even more real. This explanation would also account for Intellectualism of this "civilized" concept of massacring innocents and blaming it on them. We have fixated on this false historical account for to progress to any greater understanding would leave us weighed with shame. Columbus Day would no longer be and we would ask the Indians for forgiving on Thanksgiving. In "A primer of Freudian psychology" by C.S. Hall, he gives a catalogue of regressive behaviors used by adults:

They smoke, get drunk, eat too much, lose their tempers, bite their nails, pick their noses, break laws...fight and kill one another...rebel against or submit to authority...pick on scapegoats...Some of these regressions are so commonplace that they are taken to be signs of maturity.

We did not however sublimate any of our aggressive behaviors, we instead acted them out.

To traverse back and re-evaluate this massacre with a civilized mind is very difficult and painful, for it exposes the horrible pains the Indians must have suffered. The analysis would force you to feel the pain and agony caused by our ancestors to 100 million people. We would have to admit our actions were uncivilized and learn that we are to be ashamed of such evil tendencies. I have always been ashamed to be an American, but let you not think I am prejudice, I am ashamed to be part of "civilized" man.

**3/14/92**

How did "civilized" man come to possess everything, not only land and resources but animals and other man? The answer is simply ego violence.

**Flashback May 25, 1983**

Where does it originate, this feeling of inferiority which drives men to violence? How long has violence existed? When does history incorporate violence as a part of our past and not advancement in our self-destruction? I question whether history will ever conquer violence, who knows, violence may conquer history. Violence has had its definite advantages in history, in a way it gave man a means to conquer new territory, to expand. To some extent, violence gave man a feeling of superiority over the "lesser" beings and furthermore over other human beings. All this talk leads to the belief that violence is inbred in man as in all other animals.

OK, I'll concede to the belief that man is intrinsically violent. Since the beginning of Homo-Sapiens the tendency to club, instead of use a system of logic in order to reach a compromise, has predominated. This technique of muscle over mind is simple to understand, primitive man was but a mere animal. The question most on my mind, how, when man claimed he was "civilized" did he allow violence to become incorporated in his definition?

We seem to think of advancements in "civilization" as a movement away from our animalistic and primitive behavior, due to a greater knowledge of what once controlled our thoughts. In other words, we become able to control that which once controlled us. Yet, we were not controlled without reason. Once one accounts for the reason behind our primitive beliefs, you see that muscle was incorporated into society, for the formation of society. Do not believe that everyone just stepped into beat with the beginnings of society as many had to be clubbed over the head. Can you blame those who resisted? Of course not, if, you found freedom in instant gratification, would you want some insignificant other to impose his beliefs on you???? You see where I am coming from? a lot of people had bumps on their head. Let's be realistic and all admit that at some point, we have all felt like knocking some common sense into someone.

Many other features helped violence survive within the formation of society such as; for the settlements of disputes, claiming of a wife, setting territorial boundaries, release of primitive anger and converting new members? Now we face and even more puzzling question. How in G-DS name did violence survive the "advancements of civilization?" Now it becomes more difficult to find rational arguments to support violence, so be careful not to doubt my irrationality or I'll knock some sense into you. I guess within the last statement you can partially see the advancement of violence in society. Yet, you must often look carefully and cautiously in order to comprehend the fallacy.

**3/14/92 continued**

Until "civilized" man there appeared to be enough resources for all and there were no defined boundaries. No other animal has claimed ownership of all resources, and thus disrupted the natural harmony. All creatures exist together, the food chain being the central link, each existing in its own space, till either it becomes food for another or die's and becomes food. I know that it is hard to imagine life without possession, but remove man from the scene and that is what exists. Ownership has a heavy price it seems, so much killing and destruction. Ordering the world and defending the order has cost so many un-necessary lives, owning the earth has destroyed it. "Civilized" man's ego, so insecure and frail within the natural environment, need's to conquer and destroy to feel security? From birth, our whole worlds are shaped and molded to accept order, the nature of the order is not important, for man will buy almost any belief.

Upon departing techno-man, I will search to find the answers as to how and why man has come to need order and ownership to provide security in an ever changing and insecure existence. A more important question, how man has developed the skills necessary to kill, other than for reasons associated with the food chain. Like a plague we have spread over the earth, a parasite, no symbiotic relationship exists any longer between man and man, man and nature, and, man and the environment.

POEM

O'earth I cry, may you give rise,

To children that turn their heads;

Pain and agony are all I see upon your balding Skull.

From generations past that loved you not,

You might as well be dead.

I blame you not, if for their deeds,

You kill them all.

In your veins poisons they have dumped,

As if it was not the very breast that feeds their Own.

Yours eyes are filled with smog and soot.

In the name of technology.

All creatures that you nurture suffer,

For this crime, man, alone to blame.

Yet I beg for pardons,

And instead ask that you make their children see.

Children,

Rebel,

Revolt,

Against these crimes of nature.

Once bountiful our earth, for all, her cup runneth Over.

And rape, and reap, was our respect to her.

Now she rots, as evidence that we were not her Lover.

Ignore her no longer!

She dies at your feet.

If you fail this greatest of challenges,

It will be your own defeat.

**3/16/92**

"Civilized man" will have to drop his possessions and his weapons soon, so many dispute this, denying that resources are limited. For example, as the ozone dissipates, and our heads begin to fry, I believe the human spirit will rise above its childlike behaviors, and act as a whole. Across the earth a brotherhood united in a common purpose, the greatest of nature’s challenges, and the survival of the species. Any challenge that unites us in a common pursuit shall unite us in a common spirit. Once humanity acts as a whole for the whole, boundaries and positions which we once killed for, will again be valued for all, for the future and not abused. We will struggle to save resources and restore the delicate balance we have violently trampled upon. United not by creed, nor color, nor religious fantasy or geography but united instead by membership in Peoplekind.

The fight, for the first time in history will not be against one another, but, for one another. No idea will be rejected as desperation peaks, each individual may be summoned to suggest ideas, no matter how "crazy" the idea may be, no matter who the individual is. From these kind of fresh ideas will come forth changes in the whole, for the whole, based on caring for the whole. We may find this battle so rewarding spiritually, that we may find ourselves as caretaker of nature.

Education would have to begin to be based on critical thinking versus rout memorization of pre-defined beliefs as facts. Facts will have to dissipate, as they are killing us, and we will have to take greater pre-cautions to survive more chaotic events that can destroy all life. If, for example, we remain tied to the earth for too long, and cannot adapt to space, we must find a way to protect the earth from anything that could disrupt the balance necessary for survival in thousands of chaotic facets. The first and most dangerous element on earth mankind has truly to fear is ManUnkind. Once this is conquered, if it does not kill all, real fears and threats may begin to be challenged.

Earth is not in a perfect steady state, nothing seems to be. Life hangs on a delicate thread in comparison, so many elements need to be perfect for the maintenance, and even if humanity is not to be the cause of decay, each element is consistently in entropy, the earth and sun included your life no less. The future is not guaranteed in this state, the job of attempting to provide a future for life is immense but I would much rather partake in this war to save humanity and life, than a war against others, ever. Already so much of man's limited mental energy has been wasted on learning to kill other man, thus depleting the ability to work on saving all life. Humorous to note, that in learning to kill one another and possess, we have learned that we not only effect the other's ability to survive, but our own, and all.

Now that we not only have come to possess the ability to kill all, and have lived within the threat, we may rise above and find greater purpose, finding ourselves caretakers of our planet and that seems the most noble of any cause I would ever die or live for. You want to continue economy for all, stop fighting over earth's limited resources, and look into the heavens around us. You want to preserve the pristineness of the planet for many more generations to come, and then learn to protect it or encompass it into a large space ship, for that is all it is. Find clean methods of energy in fusion do not be limited to the filth of fission.

The splitting of atoms, evil; desired by Hitler, costing trillions of dollars, producing millions of tons of hazardous materials that are a danger to the environment for thousands of years, or immediately, as Chernobyl illustrates, leaving us with heaps of un-necessary bombs and equipment to launch them, debt that is staggering to economies and environment, and horrible long term potential disasters. Am I wrong in assessing humanity in its own therapeutic term, psychotic, for these bizarre behaviors? The hardest part of changing behavioral problems is accepting there existence, but once accepted is change not more likely?

**Flashback 4/21/83**

You have only one choice, to progress or regress. There is no choice to remain the same, no progression equals regression. When we claim, "things are the same," this is an admission of regression. Once you begin to believe that change is not constant, you become stuck and begin regressing. No, things cannot be in a state of neutrality, the minute you begin regressing, progression comes to a halt.

Going down blind alleys, or sun glittered ones can always be included as movement. Movement in any direction is a progression. Take a car for example, in neutral it does not move, reverse takes you backwards, and forward the opposite.

Think of mental progression as divided in two states of movement, reverse and forward. How far can you move forward when faced with a wall, without reverse you will sit at the wall, not possessing any movement, in a neutral state. No movement, regardless of direction, in your mind, is like sitting at a wall, never to possess the knowledge of what is either beyond or behind, the reward of movement.

Do we not desire rewards, if not from others, from ourselves? The only reward in running into an obstacle is moving around it, in any direction. There is no reward in running forward at the wall, until you have exhausted your life, for that seems a waste and running out of gas while sitting in neutral is foolish, a waste of precious time and energy.

**3/16/92**

Contrary to running away from these problems, I am venturing in the direction I think necessary to begin the change. If I am the only one to change I will be happier for my lack of participation in what I deem to be, un-natural, non- productive and potentially lethal for all. To be a part of these events, in any way, leaves my conscience filled with anxiety. When death taps upon my door, these are not the actions I wish to justify.

**3/23/92 Found an interesting bit of lost memory. Dateless flashback.**

I don' know what day it is

Today I go in for surgery and I'm just a little scarred actually. I should come out of it fine. Anyway, major changes in my life have again occurred, I can't fucking believe it. I got into a car accident and did a phenomenal job of fucking my face and neck up. I broke bones all over, did nasty damage to my jaw and broke my nose off that seems the extent though.

Before I could finish anymore I was called to surgery and now its 11pm and surgery is over. I know have a few weeks to recover from this.

**3/23/92**

After reading that I remembered clearly the path to the operating room, through the outdoor tunnels of Northwestern, and asking my surgeon in complete terror what he anticipated doing. He explained that he would have several teams of doctors working at once, that would attempt to restructure me and that I should not worry, everything would be connected to something. I relaxed into a dreamy state and remember parts of surgery and recovery emphatically, detail by detail.

**Flashback 12/15/82**

Today I feel rather good. Life is continuing, I think? For this diary I'll write in shorthand. Everything is healing in my body. In two weeks I'll be back on the road, the same old Eliot? I wonder if my life is supposed to be dramatically altered. It seems like a lot of people....

**Flashback 12/15/82**

Life is going, just a little bizarre. My journals almost came to end as did my body and mind. On 11/23, I hit a truck, had cars fall on me, smashed my entire face, went to Highland Park hospital and ended up in the spinal unit at Northwestern. For the next days; my head was screwed into a bed, my ears, eyes, mouth and nose bled. My bed rotated 24 hours a day, my eyes were covered, my body was tied, and I had no pain killers and hallucinated a lot.

Day after day I felt as if I were dead, a feeling only understood by a lucky few, As consciousness returned I regained a sense of balance, I realized exactly what shape I reshaped myself into. As I recovered, out of the spinal unit, I started to have memories of the accident, of the spinal unit and of my hallucinations. Then there was surgery and I again was out of the earth for a few days. After an eternity of recovery in the hospital, I was released, looking as grotesque as the elephant man. Now I'm trying to figure everything out that happened since the accident. I guess in some ways this is going to alter my normal perceptions and patterns of thought. In a week my head wires are to come out and the following week my mouth gets unwired and I'm almost back to Eliot?

My family has been so great and my friends equal in their weight all made a speedy recovery possible. In different ways, each person seems fucked up, altered, in their own way. My family now realizes that death is an instant reality. My friends instantly discovered what friendships need be made of. I realize how important it is to express your love and more important conquer your hate. How I wished I could see my enemies again when death seemed to manipulate life. In some respects all who I love and who love me seemed to extend a feeling of love so great that it made each day worth suffering through with a great intrinsic feeling.

I have to deal with the consistency of the accident, the 24 hour repetition of good old hospital stories. In so many respects I'm scared shitless and must stop being so severe on my "sanity" or "insanity." My own self is the only thing that can break, and I can't break now when I'm already so broken. Maybe at a later date I'll say "Fuck Am I Happy To Be Alive; I Love You World!" Not worrying that I am cracking. All I know is there is definitely something.

**Flashback 2/8/83**

I've been avoiding you quite some time and it’s about time I begin sharing my dirty laundry with you again. I've been not constructive since my accident and have not been myself. So much has changed; I've now got a sickening arrogance about me that must end. I feel as if life can deal me no more cruel blows and that I can expect things to just befall me. I've got to get on the road again. Each day must be productive in some way, any way which will give me some inner satisfaction. I've got to stop blowing things off and get a list of things done with no exception. I must put my life together again and not let nepotism obstruct the constructive path of my life. I've come to realize that every thought is mine and in some way must be expressed. I've got to stop kidding myself and get on the ball. I guess in a way being off the ball has helped me to recover without having to worry about too much, but I'm done recovering and whether I like it or not, worries are creeping back into my life. My biggest is if I'll ever get a chance to be something or if I'll die before I achieve anything. I'm 19 and have done so much, I wonder if I'll ever see achievement. Since my life almost ended I've had so many weird thoughts about G-d's and super natural shit. It scares me that I don't have a G-d I blindly submit to. Maybe I should pray; in case I have to for my basic survival. Who knows what to think? I'm so damn lucky to be alive, here. I beat all the odds again.

I've got to quit smoking so much pot, for the last two months I've been so stoned, but yet it makes the pressure in my head so much less and seems to be more "sane" than the narcotics provided. I at least can function on pot, on narcotics I am constantly freaking and itching. Should I get it out of my life or how does one adjust to being stoned all the time? Therapy has been going exceedingly well and my love for Dr. Angres is increasing with each session, no pressure to conform. It's going to be a tragedy when he finally says good-bye. I am kind of worried that I won't find someone as great as him. I'm beginning to betray all the lies I've become entangled in and it feels like I'm being set free. You get so wrapped in lies that you find yourself feeling like the fly in the spider’s web. No escape except eventual death within the web entangling you. Admitting my faults, probably the hardest thing I've ever done and I still hold back from committing myself to total responsibility and blame. I've got to accept I'm not as perfect as I'd like to think I am and start to reconstruct where my faults have taken over. I find myself hiding from me whenever I touch upon something I've lied about. How can I face myself when it is not how I feel about myself because lies have blocked me from the truth to how I feel? Then I am faced with growing up and I'm not sure of what I can do and what I want to do. Inside I twist in turmoil wondering if I'll ever make the dent on the world like I've desired all of my life.

Enough thought for the night, later.

**Flashback 2/20/83**

In some ways, I can see your point of view. Hey, I'm O.K. I find being fine to be a statement of mind. Are you fine or just repeating the same old line? Life, in a realistic way ought not to be fine, in a superficial world it may. Like I claimed, I can see where your heading; just another schmuck with the ripped out of the womb story. In a more direct view; some Doctor did just rip you out, tell me the last time you were just thrown around like that. Truthfully, I can't recall the last time everything was bliss like the womb and I am not one from going from great to worse experiences. Don't listen to those who tell you any macho bullshit about living life. You begin living the minute you suffocate for the first breathe of life. You are asked a lot from that minute on. Your mind clicks on, what's going on? Do you believe you had any form of thought before, well forget that, as nobody can say you think in bliss, nobody can remember bliss. Forget evolution and apes, this is a society and you have just joined. Did you give consent? Of course not, and you may never.

Can you see that confusion is inborn? You have no real grip on your state of mental wellbeing but don't worry, as others will concern themselves with that until you just want to die. You’re faced with a traumatic event, filled with anxiety and you have several limited choices. There is always the option of never taking a second breath, but most of us choose to experience just a while longer. Then, you could always choose just to experience each new sensation and let the world affect you.

Finally, you can learn the ancient method of repression. All of us thrill seekers, who took second and subsequent breathes, know just what is like to hide are most passionate feelings and fears, from that second breath on. Simply try to remember when you feared everything, all that you did drew immediate commotion, you just plain had no control. To be a little easier and to stress the point, what do you do now when you feel out of control?

**3/20/92**

A profound change in attitude is not the truth of what I feel lately, rather a return to my intrinsic nature. Spoke with Dr. Angres who touched on my artistic and philosophical nature, which has become suffocated while I have transformed into a conformist. Located here, within techno-society, I find no room for expression. In vying for acceptance by the norm, I have suppressed my rage at the norm, and have extinguished my passion. For these very thoughts that I write before you, I have always been condemned. Writing became the outlet, yet, the exterior conformity has begun to consume even this time. Thus, the chains binding me to conformity must be broken, freeing my innate spirit, and fulfilling my dreams.

**Flashback 9/15/82**

Dr. A said I have not been writing a diary lately because I no longer feel it is private. Well, I will have to undo H’s undoing, for my passion to write is just too much. Today, just 15 days from my B-Day and 4 from school, has been good. Thought a lot about why I do not do well in school and like Dr. A said, it is because I am rebellious to being forced to learn. How absolutely characteristic of me to despise being told what to do and when to do it. I have to go into school with the attitude that the knowledge is purely for my benefit. I am well assured that I am smart, and have the capabilities of retaining knowledge. School is not the worst thing but it has always had its problems with me, and vice versa. This has to be the time of change or I will feel like a complete dumb-ass. I should take a fairly tough requirement of courses and not take the easy way out. I think sciences will be my strong point.

School is a game. You are stuck playing by "the rules" or you flunk. What a great concept for a master of breaking rules. Teachers are a pain in the ass. I hate being judged by someone I feel totally incapable of any judgment what so ever. Teachers think they are fucking geniuses when half are just fucking assholes. I must do my best at getting them to like me or finding a way to avoid them completely. I find myself studying for them, and taking tests to show my knowledge of their thoughts, on the only subject they know anything about.

It is so amazing to see, that after ten years, I am just as rebellious as I use to be, but in a more "constructive" way. I used to rebel in nutty ways, and to some extent I still do. It is not that I rebel in an outward fashion any longer, I rebel inside. To me the society I live in needs about as much change as does my own personality. Incredible to see how much sickness is in people, not to say I do not have my own, but they don't do jack shit about theirs.

Grace Kelly died today, the princess of Monaco and once great actress, bummer. Liver transplants are done much easier due to medical breakthroughs. Israel attacked Syrian troops. Leaves are falling off trees by the millions here. Facts for the day.

Inside I twist and turn in wretched fear of school.

**Flashback 7/20/84**

As every young boy I grew heedless of my time, experiencing my perceptions and counting life in memories. There seemed no chosen path for me, as my road was paved with obstacles. As a child, so much of my ambition seemed to be in the truth of feeling. I was not handicapped in feeling I seemed to possess an overabundance of feelings. Everything I did produced a heightened emotional state, flooded with innate feelings. My story plot is just an account of my life, as I perceive it now.

To attempt a picture of the person I believe I now am, I must inform you that my stability is in the same state of confusion as when I entered this world. My entry into the world has been lost in my unconscious for years. All I can tell you is what kind of child I heard I was. I was a child with an increased arousal state, my need for stimulation greater than the average child. I was a child gifted with an extra sense of touch and I needed to stick my finger into every jar. I possessed a sweet tooth for excitement. Anything that enticed, puzzled or rattled my brain in any other way than "normal," seemed a challenge worthy of an opponent. Having little distinction between right and wrong, my array of excitement seemed twice as good as now, when I must constantly choose between the two.

By 5, my sisters had been born, and I was now the middle of five children, feelings of abandonment dominated. I craved attention. My desires for attention took me on many of lives avenues. Acts of irresponsibility seemed a better way of getting noticed, than acts of responsibility, which I find dreadfully boring. Furthermore, my way, had that extra arousal needed to pursue me to action. I put my mind on rebelling and succeeded at the necessary actions. My parents needed to deal with the troubles I was involved in. The resulting attention I received, dependent on the magnitude of the problem created, was plentiful and negative. You must bear in mind that I was not an evil child, I just lacked a conscience. No distinction between positive and negative attention. This conscience problem is one of those wars I fight on my own, as usual I sought the experience and not the advice.

Another childhood quality is the rejection of all authority in search of being a self-reliant individual. I wanted not to adapt hearsay as I wanted to relate my own story. All of this may sound like a not so bad philosophy, no distinction between good and bad, no ties to authority, a person needing to see and feel to believe.

The problems this philosophy caused are many, for it seemed like nobody wanted to let me develop on my own. Instead, I saw others as trying to impose on my thoughts, not wanting me to see what they never dared to explore. Everybody seemed to have solutions for the "good" life, yet they seem no less confused than me. Everyone's solution different and none offered guarantees. I could not sort out who to believe, so I abandoned hope in finding the answers to my life in their confused solutions. I guess the story of my life is centered on finding the solution to my confusion, through experiencing the answers. Relying on the five senses inherited me, my solution seems easy. Touch the world in all ways and base your beliefs on your own perceptions.

My journey begins here, with the recollection of my first memories. I can recall when I was six or seven how the world seemed to be treating me unfairly. School was the first infringement on my rights to freedom, as I never could stand being forced to do something. It is not that I lacked in desire for knowledge, I just despised being told how to interpret the "facts" and the way teachers praised the conformist. The "norm" seemed to be those who behaved in the pre-defined ways, that I believe their parents or some figurehead programmed them to believe. Since I paid no heed to figureheads you can understand the conflicts I ran into with the "norm." The "norm" did not want to see me aspire in my own manner, so rules and regulations were imposed, and I retaliated fiercely. My rebellions are never calm, but instead are fueled by the feelings of persecution or persecution itself. I feel the "norm" tries and trample the free spirit, in order to later lift it up and sculpt it as deemed fit by the "norm." My only alternative, they figured, was to accept their hand in relief and they were surprised at the slap I gave. I wanted no help, I knew in all my discomfort I must raise myself or my spirit would not be my own. It was I that was surprised at the fight this would embitter me to, for the "norm" never raises its foot from your back.

Later that day.

My perceptions of the world have taken a slightly negative position. Somehow I must alleviate the hopeless outlook I have for humanity. I must begin to venture new roads and open my eyes to the beauties of man? Where do I begin? How can I revive my own inner spirit so I can see deep within another spirit? How to escape the gloomy experiences I so often encounter in the darkest corners of my dreamy mind? I must regress to where I began to move away from the innate pleasures of my life and uncover how I was tricked into a most fallacious conception of the world. Where did my psychological defense systems crumble and allow me to accept artificial stimulation as my savior.

Early in my past, I choose neither good nor bad as my road, and so, saw both in an unbiased light. Later as my thoughts collected and a conscience was necessary, I reviewed my experiences and shuffled them into a remote pile. Some experiences were inherently good and although others were "bad", they had good qualities. I adopted good values from both the good and bad of the world.

**3/20/92**

A news clip from, The Wall Street Journal, 3/18/92, front page:

Mexico City closed schools, scaled back production at factories and ordered half of all registered cars off the road as the Mexican capital faced its worst pollution crisis ever this week. The measures were taken as the ozone index reached the highest level ever...

Sophia Howard's funeral is today. The rain will bury her and from her will sprout new life, beautiful new life for she was a beautiful woman in this life. Funerals bring life clearly in focus, and do not allow one to forget how delicate life is.

Bringing into this story, scattered fragments of thought from past journals, allows you to see that I have not just decided to pack up bags and escape from society on impulse. Society has made me sick, almost my entire life. Society chokes the individualism out us; damning critical thinking, demanding conformity and submission to a "norm", and regulating and ruling our every action. I need no acceptance any longer from any individual or cult, as I will no longer conform to be accepted. My island retreat is not an escape but a challenge, a challenge to become the person I am intrinsically. To once again find myself in harmony with nature, free of the constraints of techno man and to write poetry, to write soliloquies, to write philosophies, for me and you.

Within the walls of society I find more time and energy wasted trying to keep up an image, than time spent on expressing my own thoughts and feelings. I will not feel comfortable on my death bed knowing this ratio. Already, the only time I feel is alive, is while writing.

**3/21/92**

Writing for me is therapy and I write not only for myself but you. Money, prestige or power do not dictate my words, they are more like free associations. So many ask if my writings are complete, I pray dear reader that you are not waiting for a completion, for it will only be with my own. In reading my thoughts, I beg you not look for anything beyond confusion. I could fill my pages with "facts", characters, chapters, a title, and the likes, yet convention is so boring. No editors can distort this text, so that it is "perfect" for your view, for I am filled with flaws. I know of no moral for the story, morals are for those in need of direction, I am lost.

**3/22/92**

I wish I could take you through some animated characters life, full of plots and sub-plots. In the end you could judge the character and get a sense of right and wrong, a direction to follow. I could take you down the demented corridors of the mind, where fear and pain are primal ignorance, the cry for direction. These hollow passage ways seem to have no boundaries, imagination fills the halls. Each mind filled with the terror of death, clinging frailly to each breath. Knowledge of death is true terror, to one who focuses to closely on his own life. Buried deep within your structured life is the truth, helplessness and lack of control. Shape and mold your life to whatever design and still destiny is out of your hands.

Grasp at your false beliefs for comfort, hold yourself as greater than the whole, and life will be filled in a moment with your impotence. When you experience death in your eyes, silently you will review the events of your life, and you will judge your actions. Hell or heaven will exist in that moment in your mind, and normally you move on. If per chance you survive or perceive that you have survived, a profound respect for all prevails through your every thought, every action. The judgment seems based on your respect to nature, have you abused any creatures without cause or need, in order to profit. Will our consciences tolerate the abuses to the environment, can you deny the guilt associated with the devastating impact. I can no longer just overlook my part and I cannot live in a picturesque setting while the rest of the world suffers. I do not see the collapse of Communism as an opportunity for Democracy to capitalize on. I foresee it as an indicator of our own pre-historic economic system's demise. For Democracy to prevail you would have to ruin the natural resources of the Soviet Union, rape and pillage the land, and I do not believe there are many resources of value left. Now the mass suffers, there are too many people and not enough resources. There are of course an abundance of weapons and I hear there are already bitter fights over who should possess them and who can buy them.

Funny are the concerns of humanity when faced with catastrophe, weapons over food? For the benefit of the whole are these actions justified? For so long, like sheep, we have been led to believe that these are the institutions we need to exist. I do not see need, I see greed, with no heed to the deeds. If the future of humanity rests on conquering our greed, the children must seize back the planet. Adults do not seem capable of relinquishing tendencies which are passed from generation to generation, and may be killing us.

Children, you must again, like the 1960's, begin to question the power structures of the day. You must no longer sit idly by while your very future is endangered, you must begin to prepare for the survival of planet. Rise again, in protest, to that which you know is inherently wrong. No longer allow your conscience to be seduced by acceptance and approval. No longer fear the remedies society instituted for incorrigibles as there are many legitimate reasons to be incorrigible. Fear your last breath more than change, and change will come easy.

**3/23/92**

Free your brain of the weight of such atrocities to nature, in the name of technology and industrialism. We can no longer hide from our consciences the damage. In every country that capitalism has entrenched, the country is stripped of its natural resources and profits momentarily, only to come to poverty in the end. The idea of unlimited resources and unlimited "needs" has driven us to battle the entire ecosystem. Here and now exists the danger of our greed. Our selfish ways exposed and all children of nature in danger. Shall we cling desperately to the ideologies of the past, denying the existence of our waste by products, and suffocate all in our shit. My conscience is afraid of the overwhelming guilt associated with mass genocide of all, my last breath filled with the horror of choking on our waste by-products. I would rather resign and make a simple statement, humanity has gone mad.

If humanity comes to realize the fatality of its current direction, the question of time comes to play. Assume that it is delegated that our world's resources, precious to life, are in serious jeopardy. I know today that this seems absurd, with resources unlimited, but journey into imagination? So critical are the damages that actions similar to Mexico City the other day become instituted worldwide. Can you drop your consumption down to the basics? Can you forgo that which you think you need to survive?

Tonight a funny story. I go to dinner and upon departing the restaurant walk in front of a long line of people waiting for their cars. Thinking the folks in front of me already presented their tickets and were just awaiting their cars. So I apologize and begin to walk back when someone exclaims, "Do you have a problem?" I responded, "yes indeed, I have many problems, are you interested?" He responds, "yeah." I said, "first we can start with pollution and the nature of "civilized man," do you understand?" Offended he claimed, "well we've been waiting over 20 minutes to get our cars!" I turned to N and began explaining the rudeness of my fellow man and the preceding conversation. She laughed and thought him also to be rude, and we resumed our places in line and were continuing on the subject of why in fact people in techno society are so rude. Now the gentleman could have stood well impressed with his lady friends that he would be receiving his car far in advance of me and rightfully so. I was content with the situation, but this 40 year old, techno man conformist, reject of the 60's movement, complete with pony tail and yuppie ideals, and was not. So not being aware that the remaining conversation of ours was not focused on him, which of course, he was fixated upon and he interjected, "what is your problem?" He then began to resort to more primitive gestures and flexed his muscles and moved back to where we were in line, and again demanded an answer to his question. I guess my primitive response of flight or fight took control, and I gave him the look of one with a fragile and delicate face that stated that I would eat his eyeballs as desert to a fabulous dinner at Il Fornio, if this proceeded in a physical fashion. Calmly, I once again re-assured him, that I indeed had many mental problems without any answers, but that I was actively in therapy trying to accept them. I then turned to N and said, "this must be another instance where techno man has completely lost his sanity, can you imagine him becoming so fixated on our conversation that he would come over here?" Again he came insistent on pursuing my problem, the whole while not caring. I responded that if he could hear so clearly our conversation, which pertained not to him, that he must be very bored with his own company and that if perchance he was not so focused on me, he would find time to get a life.

His car pulled forward and not noticing the ladies doors, he angrily walked to his car. I was absolutely confounded, and confirmed in belief that techno "civilized" man may soon implode from the mounting pressures. The increasing number of people afflicted with anger and resentment at the world, and other man, is becoming severe, not only are the numbers increasing but the nature of the crimes are intensified. Why has the constitutional "right to bear arms" transformed into insanity? Even the caliber of weapons has become viscous, possessed even by the children. Truly, I am no longer fearful of "red-coats" carrying muskets, which never were that accurate and almost always made you think twice before killing in fear of killing yourself. I am afraid of semi-automatic weapons that spray hundreds of bullets and heavy gauge shot gun blasts that kill so many, in neighborhoods I pass daily. More afraid am I, of bombs and weapons deployed by militaries, which kill anywhere from 1 to billions of people in moments. Technically, it would be absurd for me to possess a musket in the event that foreigners come to take the land that we rightfully stole from the Indians, as protected in the constitution. I would much rather possess a nuclear weapon that I could launch in defense?

**3/26/92**

A study on AIDS in the USA shows now that there is one new case every 13 minutes, or more simply, 40430 cases per year.

**3/30/92**

When the children ask why we have neglected their futures, and we can only explain in terms of hating one another, how should they react? Should they just neglect their futures in order to be servants of our "systems?" Shall they continue to follow our footsteps, until together they knock on heaven’s door? If they reject and rebel how should we adults act? Will we suppress their cries with guns? Shall we confine them to prisons, ghettos, and camps? If they rise in unity, shall we slaughter them in unity to defend our ways? We can always create laws that make their actions illegal or we could pull a Kent.

Having mastered rebellion, I can sense the rising. Children by the millions worldwide are concerned at the damage of the past. Events are unfolding at such rapid pace that it is staggering that any mind can sort them out. Hosts of information bombarding our consciences are awaking the world to the horrors. Tune in to disasters twenty-four hours a day on CNN, or thirty other channels. Ignore not the suffering you see, you consume it at every meal. We become numb to the very sufferings of our fellow man. Homosexuality is considered offensive, when at dinner you watch "adult civilized" men killing each other by the thousands and you weep not one tear? I am so confused???

I watch world disasters caused by mother nature or man, and I cannot sleep, I become possessed, I scream my horrors here and now. I do not lay awake at night worrying about my actions but yours? Death to me is comfortable at any moment, for my actions I am proud, all of them. I cannot predict my last breath, every action is thus from my heart. I have been claiming my spirit back with every passing word and my conscience will again be free of the horror of my own silence.

No more facades to entertain you with, my strings are going to be severed. Shame and hurt are all the feelings I have when accounting for my ties to "civilization." Attack all I say today, tomorrow your children's faces will make you pay. Frightened by your own participation? I ask your excuse to continue the abuses. Focus upon your part, your compliance and conformity, hide not you wretched creatures in your justifications, you are guilty, and you will account when death taps on you. Dying at your own hands, was Jim Jones nuts or advanced? Guyana was a nice portrait of our current plight, just substitute Kool-Aid with pollution. And like sheep will we follow our "leaders" to our deaths, and you do not think your part will be excused as we carry our children with us. Hide not in the horrors of cinema, open your eyes to reality and you scream and turn in horror. Cover your eyes, you cannot hide. Do you start to hear the children's cries?

When the children awaken to their situation and rise, together as one, and they no longer yield to their parents bigotry, prejudices, and hate for others, who will they find standing in their way? Will their enemy be their very parents? When they no longer listen or attend your institutions, how will you survive, who will fill their position? Will you force them to submission and slavery to that which is destroying their futures? Will you watch as they starve from your abuses?

Possibly the solution for the children to rebel without having to kill their parents would be simply to quit following in their parents footsteps for one or two generations. Just simply not obey the rules, regulations, or laws, and, no longer participate in establishment. No more attendance and time devoted to religion, politics, and school, blatantly disregarding authority. In time, a new and more sophisticated man may emerge, if the lessons of the past are learned from.

Slowly the systems will crumble, factories will close, as old is replaced with new. The children control our destiny and all they have to do is reject our current beliefs. This offers my mind far greater comfort than fearing that the only other way to save themselves being killing their parents if they tried to stop the revolution. I feel invigorated at this revelation, a weight from true terror lifted. In the event that we do not try and kill them for not accepting what we dictate to them. In such an event, I still recommend that if we cannot change our ways and become violent to suppress the revolution, against our own children, that it will be necessary for them to arm themselves against us. Who is the us? We are everyone that can be held accountable for these crimes, directly or indirectly.

**4/6/92**

Who is the criminal of society? Who began all the ordering of the world? The insecure and primitive male ego is the culprit behind society. In order to gain security, the male ego imposed the thought of the day on every single weaker creature. The animal kingdom was the first slave to man's ego, and then came women, then weaker man, and finally children. The thoughts you currently think are forced upon you from birth, and are all the result of male dominated societies. Throughout mankind (for humanity is still a misnomer), the mind control has either come through force and violence, male traits, or by molesting vulnerable children's minds. Thus, all that you believe in is the result of intimidation by men. The reason you cannot break free of the control, is that the male insecure ego has protected the control with all sorts of weapons. Take for example the "civilized" weapon, the bomb. How many women or animals were involved in its creation? Bombs all built in the phallic shape of the penis, complete with burning base and exploding head. If women had developed them, do you think they might have been shaped like a breast with squirting plutonium tips? If animals had developed them they would have tried killing us with them for our crimes against nature. Animals are only given instinctual weapons which are used to gather food or protect from being food, excess violence and the unnecessary destruction of life seems only a trait of "civilized" man.

Misconstrue not that the problem is your own, for that will drive you "crazy." All the definitions that you feel insecure about and are trying to hide behind are defined by man. Religions are male creations, how much of the old, new, or any testament was created by woman or children? Political systems have been dominated by men, women unable to participate until lately, and children still are banned. Laws have been predominately established and enforced by men. Business has been a male dominated establishment, with women and children used as slaves. Educational establishments are simply processing centers for male beliefs on children, as well as keeping children out of the job market.

**4/9/92**

After twenty years of knowing Dr. A and twenty years of writing, I have never shared with you my sessions or their content. I feel that now I must not only share them, I must share them openly. Our last conversation began with an insurance form my carrier requested, that required him to classify my "disorders." He explained that the form made him very uncomfortable and he did not want to have to classify me. He asked me how I felt and I explained that he could basically classify me as anything he wanted and I gave him several psychological terms to choose from; neurotic, psychotic, paranoid and atypical. At first he thought that I was kidding and I explained that I did not personally care what he wrote or what people might think of me. I told him he could instead submit some of my writings and ask the insurance carrier what they thought and if they thought I needed help. I told him that my writings would certainly contain enough controversial material so that they could judge it until judgment day. I further explained that more than enough people have labeled my thoughts throughout my life, always ending up telling me that I am "crazy."

He still did not feel comfortable with the form, and I told him that if it were uncomfortable for him, he did not have to submit it because he was my friend. I said that if he would not feel good not to submit it and I would pay for therapy without it. He then asked if my father had called him while I was in Florida for a problem between the two us. Dr. A is originally and still is my father’s therapist. I told him that there were no episodes that I felt I could justify the call. He asked why my father had not returned his return call, and I explained I did know.

He then asked about my sister Lisa's fiancé, Jeff, and I explained that I found him friendly and open. He asked if he was acceptable to the family. I explained that my family is very critical of outsiders because we demand openness when so many are closed. Since my family has had therapy surrounding it for the last 30 years (my mother started at 21), we are incredibly expressive in our feelings, and we feel that everyone must be this way, because we think it is wonderful, and this can drive you crazy.

I was happy that my sister had picked someone based on true characteristics versus a man in a facade. It made right a poem I wrote her when she was experiencing a heavy crisis in her life, where she was very confused over men. Overnight she blossomed into a naturally beautiful girl, as with all my sisters, and she began to lose focus of herself. High school was plagued with her transformation to a selfish stage where she focused on surface appearance and she kept finding herself with shallow relationships. Prior to this phase she was bright and intellectual. Very intellectual, in fact one of the few people as creative and independent as myself, full of true passion, and in this self-centered phase she disappeared. I wrote to her at this point:

POEM

The flower just grows and dies,

The petals beauty, just a lie.

A trap is set and ready to snare,

For all who see beauty surface deep.

The nectar so sweet yet its deception clear,

It sticks to the fool's which beauty has reaped.

In essence explaining that the surface of a person perhaps represents a mere 5% or so of the person, and to base love on 5% gets you 5% loved.

**4/13/92**

And to further on this subject, a more recent poem on this topic.

POEM

**OUR CHILDREN'S FATE**

PART I

Petty are the thoughts of mankind in the face of death.

Weary world, wipe your eyes, and see the grander and greater sky.

Center not upon yourself, you are but an integral part,

Entropy your continuous friend in heart.

Answers will never come.

We go through life on instinct,

In your end you will be known for yours alone.

Accept that you are not the whole,

For that is the fool who has no soul.

Love all equally!

There is no greater or grander thing.

To place yourself on a pedestal so high,

Is to miss the beauty of the skies,

And set yourself apart, all, all, alone, in the dark.

Blind?

Afraid?

Above the rest?

Cry not that you missed the best.

Destiny is in your control,

Your every action a reflection of your final soul.

Selflessness the goal, of a truly loving soul.

It seems to me we only see,

But for a brief bit of our eternity,

The greater and the grander things,

Which with it this strange life does bring.

For past, present, and future are of no concern,

For as a part, you see no start,

And would be fool hearted to linger on the end.

Before your birth, in this blind state,

Where did you abate?

When you die, where will you next rise?

I ask these questions in disguise,

To not arose fear within your eyes,

But instead to fill your head with the magnanimity of your part.

The glories of life surround you for a second,

Or for eternity?

How far backward or forward can you see,

Fixated on this brief moment in your history?

In one swift breathe your life will expire.

Will one more be your desire?

Or are you content with your lives fire,

Knowing you will forever go higher?

Not frightened of what lies ahead,

Anticipating the wonders of what's now living,

And will soon be considered dead.

For you will always be a part,

Of this G-d's greatest piece of art,

No matter what kind of heart.

But will your soul be filled with the joys,

Of the greater and the grander things,

With which it this strange life does bring?

In orbit all around,

Life's greatest pleasures abound,

Wake to see the morning light,

In a truly selfless plight.

PART II

Weary world, open your eyes,

And see the changes necessary for life to continue.

Children rise!

Rebellion and revolution must save the skies,

Our self-indulgences are killing us so,

In the race to be civilized,

Mankind has lost its chivalry.

Blinded in fright, greed and insecurity,

He no longer can see salvation's light.

If the children do not raise up the fight,

Evil thoughts and actions will soon look right.

Taught from birth to accept the "normal" state,

And raise not objection,

The child grows in complete deception.

Poor mother earth, must surely be in hell,

To deliver from her womb man,

The destructive force that delves to kill her next born.

To see all her children divided against one another,

Killing and beating her lovin' creatures.

No respect for her wombly nurture,

No life may have a future!

In our deceptive state, man has taken giant gaits,

To bring her to her knees,

To prove her wrong and himself right.

When she is beaten so goes our fate.

Time has played against her,

I doubt if she will again be able to nurture.

Maybe, it is time to nurture her,

From sea to shining sea.

And rebuild her womb,

The atmospheric and environmental sea.

With no time in the looking glass,

The abuses must change fast.

Solutions are easy.

Change seems impossible.

With the answers clear,

What can mankind truly fear;

Possibly the loss of his wars, creed, and greed,

Which are all sick and wrong claims of his victory.

For these his most prized possessions,

Seem more the devils obsessions.

And children behold these problems of old,

To forget the problems only makes them grow.

It will be on your youthful heads to make a stance,

For yours and all creatures future chance.

From this gross scene of our ancestors past,

You are responsible to bring it back to beauty at last!

Do not bow in despair,

All is not yet lost,

Conquer these fears,

Or you will pay the cost!

We further talked of my desire to de civilize and get back to nature. He asked if I were going due to recent set-backs and the lack of reward for hard work. I explained that it is not because I am running away from these things and instead these things have helped pave my vision. Certainly the setbacks have been major, and maybe for your sake I should fill you in on the death of the black sheep but then I must relate the rest of free association. Another misnomer in life, (as funny as life insurance, or should it be death insurance?) is how can free be associated with the process when the bills are so large? Just average it out at 20 years of therapy twice a week at $80 a session ($166,400) and two and a half years at Grove school ($70,000). Hell of a price to pay for free association, but worth every penny.

Now on to the twisted and sick story of the death of the black sheep. Such personal stories are so hard to expose. When I was a child, as you are familiar with the stories, I demanded constant attention from my parents and in my home I became the easy scapegoat for all problems. If something were wrong, I was blamed, most of the time at that point it was true. If somebody did something wrong it was easy to diffuse the situation by attacking me for I would become extremely defensive and reactive, and create a larger situation to be dealt with than their own. Whenever excess steam had to be blown, a reason could be found to release the steam on me. Wonder why I used to have some paranoid thoughts.

Well when I went to Grove I thought I had overcome this type of problem. I learned things like when my family aroused these feelings I had two choices, to walk away or attack with open arms and kisses. Not that I did not falter many times because of their intense knowledge of my vulnerabilities and lash out in anger. Yet it was in these instances I would call Dr. A and scream my anger and pain. With each angry scene I learned compassion for I always had to not only come to understand my own point of view, but the others involved. Slowly these scenes disappeared from my life and I was out having a ball. High school was a joke and I had a tight circle of friends, and H my main girlfriend from 12-21. Rarely did I attend classes, I just began doing the readings independently, and blowing off school. When I would blow off school, my friends would blow it off and we would go explore the world, unafraid. Unafraid for if we ever needed an excuse or alibi my mother was handy, she never restricted us. My friend, J and I, actually had prefabricated and manufactured excuses with our parents manufactured signatures. J missed more school for the orthodontist than any kid that never had braces. I graduated high school with decent grades, and no emotional outbursts.

**4/11/92**

Europe in the summer, 16 countries, then off to college in Lawrence, Kansas. Kansas was miserable after a trip to Europe and so after a year I knew why Dorothy had packed it up, and did likewise. Back home and off to school at The University of Illinois. Good grades for the first semester and then the accident. After surgeries and recovery and a trip to Florida and St. Thomas, I finished my remaining finals. Since graduating high school I wanted to go to the University of Wisconsin, Madtown, and so I did. My head was still spinning a bit from the wreck, yet I began focusing on my vision, at the time I dreamed of a school for children that don't fit in the "norm." In the midst of the largest continuous party on the planet earth, I began to find direction.

School did not seem enough, so I began selling some insurance to help pay for my party. Everything seemed to be going to well for my life. I had a bunch of friends, school was a blast and I began the business which I now find so constraining on my purpose. By the time graduation was rolling around I had five college friends working with me, I had employed twelve, and I was ready to move on to graduate school. There was one significant problem though, it had to be somewhere else, the Midwest’s' grueling cold was killing me.

Since the accident I have not breathed as well. Smashing my sinuses and all left me with about 80% less air to my head. The headache is not like anything you have encountered, it never really goes away. I have termed it a nuclear headache. After recovery I was prescribed hosts of narcotics to try and alleviate the pain, and slowly I was becoming an addict. A few months of narcotics in the morning, noon and night, can completely remove one from this world, even codeine. When I awake to see the morning light there is a large, throbbing, aching and painful feeling in my head. My morning yawn hurts worse and everything creaks and cracks. In order to get out of bed with a head that feels like a brick is difficult, add a little cold with congestion and you have a ton of bricks. Good morning.

After a few months of being a junkie, I smoked a joint, and I will share with you here the wonderful sensation I have felt every day since. The pain did not disappear instead it became a classical piece of music in the background of my mind. I could focus, and the pain surrounding under my eyes and all around no longer interfered with my ability to think. It was becoming very difficult to go to college and study, let alone stay awake at all on narcotics, I mean you even when you are awake you are in a constant dream on opium, the pain is completely gone but so are you. In this catatonic state you become itchy, irritable and depressed, you cannot focus on anything. If I get a severe head cold I prefer this state of pain elimination and still get it on request.

I do not live with a severe head cold I do though live with pain. Marijuana does not kill the pain, it just gets me better in tune with it, and thus once I get in the rhythm I can go about my day. The only problem I have ever had with smoking is society’s reaction to it, as if taking the narcotics is better because it is not illegal. I have never hidden that I smoke because in my mind, my G-d planted it for me. Without marijuana, I would have never gotten out of bed, never read (extreme headaches are more common when reading or typing on this computer screen and you should try either on extended narcotics), graduated college (B.S. Psychology), been able to type these words, and never enjoyed the mornings. Like I said, marijuana does not kill the pain, yet it allows me to be awake and alive, appreciating the beauty of the day. You condemn me for this and I do not care any longer and never will again. Many years ago I decided that despite all the pressure from the outside world, I would not sacrifice my world.

I have liked drugs throughout my life and I never really thought it was anybody else's concern. I was never an addict prior to my accident to anything, I partied occasionally. After my accident I made what to me is a very wise choice of what drug to become addicted to, I still only party with the rest. I have always had a hard time with how society can pick and choose the choice of acceptable drug for people. Most drugs of choice are natural, and have been around and being used for centuries before the children we sentence today as criminals. B.C. and A.C. both were filled with nature's drugs and were used by man. Every religious ceremony in most cults is still filled with what we have come to call cheer, is alcohol any better than opium etc.

Humanity has a predisposition to getting fucked up, I am not feeling guilty. No one will ever control me through the drugs I choose, calling it any more "right or wrong" than their own. The 60's revolution was suppressed by the government’s ability to make criminals out of their children. As far as casualties while intoxicated, I have caused none, but name a war in which drugs (alcohol included), were not involved; from the leader to the soldier. When man becomes intoxicated he has a habit of becoming belligerent, and in his disoriented world tries imposing his disorder on others. It is as if the drugs are acting to make him violent. No, the drugs are simply allowing one to express uninhibited. The more inhibited and confused you are, the greater the dependency on drugs to remove you from inhibitions. Trust me, I never once took a drug to remove my inhibitions and act freely.

Note: I turned on my computer and threw my pillow on the couch, the pillow hit the computer and hit in at the C:> prompt a question mark?' I wondered if it had just typed in the best book. I hit return and the computer informed me that the world had more than questions, it said bad command or file name, and possibly it had nothing more to say? No, I am probably crazy.

Drugs were simply another form of escape from the confinement of society, a temporary relief. The more emphasis society places on the "drug problem," the more society creates a dark and forbidden drug subculture. You would think that society would have learned from prohibition that removing the drug of choice will lead to a revolt from the people. They will risk being labeled criminal in order to get a fix, laws are of no concern. Since society grandfathered alcohol, since they could not suppress the revolt, the alcohol problem disappeared and you are left with a handful of addicts. The average person does not live with a bottle every day, all day, most of us drink moderately. Villains like Al Capone, are now legitimate business men, peddling the same drug we once killed them for selling.

Why had American society tried and removed something that seemed almost a part of the living condition, because it was unproductive to the system instituted. If the people were drinking too much, they were not working as productively for the "perfect" system. To keep the people doing the "right" thing for their lives, we instituted the famous system of rewards and punishments, for acceptable behavior. The flaw with removing alcohol from the social scene came in that the entire population became "wrong," and the system could not punish them all, or productivity would decline to nil, except behind bars. So, the system changed the rules.

Until the 60's revolution there did not seem to be a "problem" and the roaring twenty's continued to roar. When the children revolted on the "system," and would no longer participate in the "system," the "system" revolted back in classical style. If the children would not blindly submit to fighting in Vietnam and withdrew from the "system," the "system" would punish them. Yet, when the system is asking children to blindly submit to death in battle for no good reason, how do you control them, and make them submit. One way was to make inaction to the "system," a crime, make draft dodging illegal. Another way, take away their drugs and make them criminal and kill the rebellion. Too much LSD and the likes lead to kids skipping school, skipping work and taking "long strange trips." The beginnings of anarchy, kids were beginning to set up alternate "systems" such as communes, and society could not stand to lose the next generation of workers for the "system."

Yet all these methods were failing as they did only 70 years earlier and the "system" adjusted for there was no way to suppress the revolution, other than making all the children criminals, and Vietnam ended. With the end of Vietnam did not come the end of drug control, the "system" was afraid that if the children choose an altered state they would not conform to the "system" as well. Again we find that everyone is now a "criminal," or a closet user, or a "preacher" a.k.a. arch angel of the "perfect" system, running about condemning anyone who does not conform, or an enforcer of the "systems" "rights and wrongs." Well after thirty years of trying to control the "problem," the system has again failed and now may be faced with the obvious, change. Beware, change often means revolution, and that will mean that most of what we have come to believe is "right and wrong" will undergo radical reform. Hide not for it is rapidly approaching you, if you cannot see it coming, look about at the faltering "systems." If you are in denial, you will look about for scapegoats to blame for the "problems," in your "perfect world." Scapegoats bring us full circle back to the point, if any, regarding scapegoats.

Graduation was filled with applause by the "system," my behavior had been successfully modified, and this was beyond the expectations of most people who knew me as a child. My parents were proud, my siblings were proud, society was proud, Dr. A was impressed, and I had adapted just fine, although I found it left me with no free time, my favorite time. What exactly is owned time? I was gaining tons of love and support in my family as well, something that like all children I desperately yearned for, my father, sister and I working in one business, my brother and I working in another business. Started my own business and paid my own education, not bad achievements for a "juvenile delinquent," "drug addict," and just plain crazy boy.

My doctor, after the accident, tried several times throughout college to repair the damage. He then told me he could continue to perform surgeries to make it 75% worse than normal or I could pack up my bags and move somewhere where the weather would not compound the problem. Home would have been out of the question, as I do better on my own, and thus I picked California. Everything seemed to be going so well, business was going well, my friends and I, lived and worked together in a very cooperative setting. A letter to my sister might help give you a clearer picture of how things had progressed.

**PAM - HERE'S MY PAT ON MY BACK**

**PAT #1:**

COLLEGE STUDENTS UNITE TO SELL INSURANCE IN 1984. MADISON WISCONSIN ROCKS AND ROLLS AFTER EACH SALE.

**PAT #2:**

GROUP OF STUDENTS DECIDE THAT THE TIME FOR CALIFORNIA DREAMIN' IS NOW. PACK UP BELONGINGS AND BEGIN CROSS COUNTRY EXPLORATION IN SEARCH OF GOLD. AFTER MANY ENCOUNTERS WITH INDIANS AND THE LIKES, SET CAMP IRVINE CALIFORNIA. 11/86, S.B.L.S.W. BECOMES INCORPORATED IN THE SUNSHINE STATE OF CALIFORNIA. A NEW ERA DAWNS.

**PAT #3:**

VIRTUALLY EXHAUSTED, GROUP SETTLES ON 10 CLOVER, AND BEGINS 24HR NON-STOP WORK IN SEARCH OF THE PERFECT ARBITRAGE. FOR FORTY DAYS AND FORTY NIGHTS THIS YOUNG CLAN FROZE IN THEIR GARAGE, AIDED BY ONLY ONE VERY SMALL SPACE HEATER, IN SEARCH OF THE ANNUAL LOAN INTEREST PAYOFF. IT WAS NOT UNTIL MID NOVEMBER 1986, AFTER SEVERAL THOUSAND 3AM CALLS TO FLORIDA, DID THEY HAPPEN TO STUMBLE ACROSS AN IDEA THAT WORKED. WITHIN SEVERAL HOURS OF THE DISCOVERY, THEY WOULD DESIGN WITH BASIC COMPUTER GRAPHICS ON A LEADING EDGE MODEL D COMPUTER, THE FIRST PRESENTABLE ARBITRAGE AS WE NOW KNOW IT WAS BORN. THIS PROPOSAL WOULD LATER BECOME FRAMED AND TITLED "SI'S DREAM." RM of M COACH, WOULD SOON BECOME THE FIRST ARBITRAGE PROSPECT. THIS TECHNIQUE OF ANNUAL INTEREST PAYMENTS, SOLVED MAJOR BANKING PROBLEM OF EVER GREENING LOANS & PUTS A STOP TO US BEING LAUGHED OUT EVERY MAJOR U.S. BANKING INSTITUTION EACH AND EVERY DAY. BUT PROBLEMS ARE LOOMING IN THE BACKGROUND. HARRIS BANK HAS UNEXPECTEDLY DRIED UP FUNDING FOR THE ARBITRAGE. SI GOES DOWN FOR THE QUAD BYPASS. YET, IT IS WHEN THINGS SEEM THEIR WORST THAT THIS GROUP WILL NOT QUIT.

**PAT #4:**

S.B.L.S.W. INTRODUCES Gary N WHO LIKES TO PLAY SHELL GAMES. NICKNAMES ELIOT AND JOEY, FLIM AND FLAM. G LIKES TO SMOKE POT, HAS A HIGH NET WORTH AND WANTS TO PLAY ARBITRAGE. ONLY PROBLEM, NO BANK OR INSURANCE COMPANY. S.B.L.S.W. THEN INTRODUCES FIRST INTERSTATE BANK INTO THE PICTURE AND ADDED A LITTLE INTEGRATED RESOURCES TO THE BREW AND STIRS. IT WORKS OUT THAT 1ST INTERSTATE AND INTEGRATED ARE ALREADY IN BED AND THIS GREASES THE DEAL ALONG. GN’S NET WORTH QUALIFIES FOR THE ED McINTERSTATE TEAM OF PRIVATE BANKERS. McE WHO SEES HIS GOOSE WITH THE GOLDEN EGG IN GN’S ACCOUNTS AND GOES FOR ARBITRAGE WITH A CLIENT GUARANTY AND EXCESSIVELY HIGH INTEREST RATES.

**PAT #5:**

GN’S ATTORNEY, MB, AND A HANDFUL OF CALIFORNIA'S FRUITS, FLAKES AND NUTS, GO DOWN IN HISTORY AS THE FIRST ARBITRAGE CLIENTS OF THE NEW DEAL, NO PERSONAL GUARANTEED BY FATHER. FINANCING FOR CALIFORNIA CLIENTS ONLY, BUT OTHER BANKS SOON FOLLOW NATIONWIDE AND AT BETTER RATES AS MY DAD RECOVERED AND BEGAN NEGOTIATING AGAIN. SLY IS ALMOST WHOLE AGAIN AND SEEING THAT HIS KIDS NEED SOME HELP IN NEGOTIATING, HE LEVERAGES HIMSELF BACK INTO ACTION. THINGS BEGIN TO AGAIN TAKE SHAPE.

**PAT #6:**

S.B.L.S.W. THROUGH J ENGINEERING, WHO IS ALMOST ALWAYS BUYING TOMORROW, CROSSES PATHS WITH THE NOW INFAMOUS JEC JR., LIFE INSURANCE SPECIALIST WITH THE NATIONAL BROKERAGE HOUSE OF F HALL. JEC AND BERNSTEIN BECOME DYNAMIC DUO AND IN WEEKS HAVE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA BUZZING WITH THE TERM "ARBITRAGE LIFE." WITH A FEW LETTERS ON HALL STATIONARY, A FEW HALL CONTACTS, THE DUO MEETS BS OF MANUFACTURERS HANOVER, AND PAVE THE WAY TO THE STREETS OF NEW YORK. MANNY HANNY BECOMES LEAD BANK, AT VERY FAVORABLE RATES AND PLAYS BALL. MORE INSURANCE CARRIERS FOLLOW.

**PAT 7:**

DYNAMIC DUO BUILDS AWESOME CLIENT REFERRAL LIST TO IMPRESS THE BEST OF THEM. WITHIN MOMENTS THEY ARE REELING IN MAJOR ACCOUNTS; DAVIS (11TH WEALTHIEST IN U.S.A.,) I COMPANY (DB OWNER, 14TH WEALTHIEST IN U.S.A.), AND FROM THEIR CAN YOU GET BETTER CLIENTS?

**PAT #8:**

WHILE OUR RATINGS SOAR, S.B.L.S.W. SETS IT SIGHTS ON THE TOP OF THE GOLD. SOMEWHERE OFF THE COASTAL WATERS OF BEAUTIFUL CALIFORNIA, THEY KNOW LAYS THE BIG FISH. STILL STRUGGLING TO SURVIVE LIKE YOUNG TADPOLES, WE LEARN TO SWIM WITH THE SHARKS, WITHOUT BEING EATEN ALIVE, AND TAKE ALL WE CAN GET. DAY AND NIGHT WE WORK TOGETHER AS AN INDEPENDENT AND SELF SUSTAINING UNIT, IT IS A CRUCIAL STAGE OF DEVELOPMENT WITH FUNDS LOW AND DEBTS HIGH. IT IS IN THIS CRUCIAL STAGE THAT WE FINANCE OVER $100 MILLION OF INSURANCE WITH A WHOPPING $35 MILLION OF PREMIUM, NOT BAD FOR YOUNG TADPOLES.

**PAT #9:**

IT WAS NOT UNTIL RECENTLY THAT SI TOOK THESE YOUNGSTERS ON THE BEGINNING OF THEIR FIRST QUANTUM LEAP OUT OF THE MURKY WATERS & LANDED US ON E. BIRCH ST., BREA CALIFORNIA. HOME OF THE NOW INFAMOUS K-R. IT WAS HERE THAT WE DISCOVERED OUR "POT OF GOLD" A.K.A. "BIG FISH. HERE WE LEARNED THAT WE COULD SELL $100 MILLION OF FACE FOR $35 MILLION OF PREMIUM, IN ONE CASE, ON TEN FISH. WHAT A CONCEPT, 3 YEARS OF WORK CONDENSED INTO A DAY, IF THE CONCEPT CONTINUES, WILL CHANGE OUR NAME TO S.B.L. INTERNATIONAL UNLIMITED.

**PAT #10:**

SOFTWARE TO HOUSE THE MASSES OF INFORMATION ON THE MASSES OF NEW ARBITRAGE CLIENTS WAS DESIGNED AFTER SEVERAL THOUSAND HOURS OF NON-STOP WORK, DAY AND NIGHT, OUT OF THE S.B.L. GARAGE. GARAGE THEN BECOMES IMMORTALIZED AS IRVINE CITY COUNCIL VOTES TO KEEP IT PRESERVED AS A HISTORICAL ARTIFACT TO THE DEMOCRACY IT PRAYS TO.

**PAT #11:**

WITH TADPOLES NOW EVOLVED, WE LEAP INTO THE FUTURE. S.B.L.S.W SEES STRONG 1ST QUARTER 1990 AS WE FINANCE K-R. THIS WILL PUT S.B.L.S.W. AHEAD OF ALL ARBITRAGEURS AND NEAREST COMPETITOR (SMALDONE) BY 30-40 MILLION IN THE FIRST WEEKS OF THE NEW YEAR. S.B.L.S.W WILL MAKE THE $100 MILLION DOLLAR DEAL A ROUTINE EVENT. ALL BERNSTEIN'S AND DS WILL BECOME BOTH INDEPENDENTLY AND EXCESSIVELY WEALTHY. EARL AND SLY HAVE MAJOR LIFESTYLE CHANGE BECOMING HEALTH NUTS, MOVE TO SUNNY CALIFORNIA AND RETIRE HEALTHY, HAPPY AND RICH. DAD BEGINS TO SHOOT CONSISTENTLY UNDER 90. FLIM OPENS SCHOOL FOR DELINQUENTS AND OTHER ASSORTED MISFITS AND BECOMES FIRST PATIENT. P & S HAVE TWINS. L BECOMES STOCK BROKER AND MARRIES JF, MAKES MORE MONEY THAN JF. JB BECOMES A LEADING SALESWOMAN FOR S.B.L. AND SOON VIES FOR PS JOB. T SELLS MORE ARBITRAGE THAN NO-LOAD. J BECOMES A TEACHER IN FINANCE. DK'S CONTRACT EXPIRES. BF MARRIES MR AND NAMES FIRSTBORN LARRY, SHELLIOT HAS BABIES + 80 DELINQUENTS. DK RETIRES, G-D BLESS HIM. ELIOT GETS MODERN GROUP SOFTWARE. BERNSTEIN'S DO L.B.O ON AETNA. FAMILY UNITES TO MAKE ONE COMPANY UNDER G-D, INDIVISIBLE, WITH LIBERTY AND JUSTICE FOR ALL.

**PAT #12:**

THIS PATS FOR YOU. FOR ALL YOU WHO HAVE HELPED MAKE THESE GREAT INSURANCE MOMENTS A REALITY. AS A TEAM WE REALLY CAN MOVE MOUNTAINS, AND NONE OF THESE EVENTS WOULD HAVE BEEN POSSIBLE IF IT WERE NOT FOR ALL OF YOU.

P ~ not bad for a bunch of "drug addicts, eh?"

So you have got an idea of the positive energy flowing between me and my universe, the positive momentum capable of doing the extraordinary? I was married and happy, ready to begin the next chapter of my success, when suddenly everything changed. Almost overnight did this world I had worked so hard to build, collapse. And with no further ado, I will plunge you directly into the midst of it.

**4/14/92**

The new national anthem:

O'beautiful for polluted skies, For

continue later

Date Missing

I cannot believe that long and painful saga is finally over. It felt so good to reel through those pains and see how things actually turned out. I will explain how things that went around came around, but again I would be jumping way ahead, and throwing you poor reader all over the place on these strange and historical adventures. I would get all wrapped in another tangent so many thoughts have plagued my mind, while I have been inputting the past.

I am going to Saint Barthélemy on May 14th to get in some practice at Island life, I will bring my fishing pools and my notebook computer, and I should find myself. Thanks Dad and JF, for this notebook computer, which brings us to the next thought.

How to publish my thoughts when I decide to make public so many of my personal life struggles personal and let truth out despite consequences, despite naming the names we would all like to hide from but truth must be written. I have decided the price you will pay as a reader, and the price to participate. These and the following thoughts will cost you a penny times the rate of inflation since the inception of the famous quote "a penny for your thoughts," for me the writer, at today's rate. Another penny of equal value will be required with your own thought on this, or any thought you might have, on any subject. Each of your thoughts will cost and additional penny. These amounts, exclusive of my writers fee, shall be made payable to the Institute of Critical thought. They will provide the funds for me to build a data bank of raw, uncensored, human thoughts, categorized as best as humanly possible. I would love your thoughts on how to best compile the data, or maybe we should just enter it as it comes, and sort it later. These thoughts are not to be accompanied by your; name, race, geology, age, or any other factor separating people. Thus there can be no bias. Express anything you feel, any or every emotion, no one here on my Island will ever be able to judge you.

The Institute of Critical Thought can be accessed by all via modem and it can be accessed whenever needed. As a united thought bank, we can place all of our problems worldwide into it, and get answers all creed and kinds of people, not limiting our thoughts. For example as we begin to fear ozone holes, we might input the problem and receive thoughts back from all, as you know, variety is the spice of life. And no thought is greater than another. We are all lost and confused on this great spinning space rock, I have listened to all those who claim to have the answers, only theories do they preach. The Thought Institute is not looking for answers, it is only for theory. There is no right or wrong answer, there are no defined questions. No boundaries exist within the Thought Institute, no rules or regulations must guide your thoughts, and you will remain completely anonymous. Commit before you read further to at least one thought, do not let money concern you. I will put in today's rate in U.S. currency but I will accept any denomination or currency in exchange. If you cannot afford to send anything with your thought, send the thought anyway, the Institute will cover the cost, not wanting to miss a thought for any reason.

I will continue publishing my thoughts, if these amount to anything, for life. I will be the sacrificial lamb of the Institute, the only thoughts with a name. My thoughts are for your conveyance, to judge and dissect, or just listen to, and feel safety that your thoughts will not be subject to the cruel and stagnating process of criticism.

One hour and eight minutes to my next infamous story, the twisted and perverse encounter with the IRS. Well, at 28 I count most disasters of people over 50; death, divorce and taxes. I do not jest when I say that when death warms me over, I will have lived a thousand years of history. I will venture forward without regret or despair. I have denied myself nothing in this lifetime, I have tasted all the fruits of creation and I will return again to these very fruits, I will arise again as knew organic material, as I have been doing for ages. Within the chronicles of this lifetime are such strange and bizarre stories, I wonder if it has always been this fascinating and confusing. Well, I guess the time has come for this strange encounter to unfold.

Unfolding before my eyes and yours is this very small an intricate analysis of my financial history in the business world. How I got into the business world is beyond my explanation, I was swept in and like a tornado my whole existence became consumed within. I was reviewing my final college records with DW (revised finally to remove the Hebrew Studies class, another complete and separate story) and we counted the number of business classes I had taken, three. Here I am 9 years later, President of a 9 year old company, doing; accounting, computer programming, marketing, product design, management, payroll, stock filings, corporate minutes, sales and being audited, a good start for someone with an advanced business degree but for a Psychology major?

My dream is to help children, not make money, and thus my business career has helped a lot of kids in need, and made me very little money and a mountain of debt, not yet including the total of the audit, with accounting fee's. Are you finally starting to understand why I need to remove myself from this environment, beyond my distastes of manunkind? The amount of time and energy necessary to run the insurance business has always been an early beginning for a school for free thinking children. S.B. Lexington Insurance Agency, Inc., Southwest, has been one very beneficial institution for society, I am now about to pay the tax bill, as well as, the millions of other bills I am bound to. Then it is good-bye to the insurance end of business, on to writing as a business and helping children as the end result.

In order to help children who are "lost and confused" by definition, there are many valuable lessons I will carry from the way this company was run. Every single person who has worked within this institution, at first was an underdog for whatever the reason, or a rebel, and each found a place to develop their own skills. Since none of the charter members; JF, BF, PM and myself, had any degrees in business, we did it all off the cuff. Packing up two U ‘Hauls and attaching them to the two cars we had, we pioneered our way across the United States. We had a $30,000 line of credit at the bank and I had about $15,000 of savings. I had chosen Irvine California a few weeks earlier, by folding the map between San Diego and Los Angeles. I flew out for a week with my parents and Lisa, and picked 10 Clover. From the day I arrived in California, I have worked harder than most people do in their entire lifetimes.

We had no clients or friends in California. We all lived together and worked together, day and night, struggling to break even. The first year we spent all our money getting the business established, and designing the Arbitrage program. It was all expenses, as we had to begin cold calling for clients, in uncharted territories. Everyone helped endlessly, as we knew that the business was the essence to our survival. There were no defined role, it was help out in whatever capacity, and much of our time was spent plugging up holes in the boat. When we were sinking, my father usually threw us a tow rope and helped us out, I owe him debt higher than high.

By the beginning of the third year, amazing success was rolling in. We finally made a profit, paid off a lot of debt, and thought we were unstoppable. We had successfully marketed and sold the two of the wealthiest individuals in the State of California; The Irvine Company owned by Donald L. Bren, and, The Marvin Davis Companies. Having the 11th and 14th wealthiest men in the country as our clients was not too bad for a bunch of hard working misfits. I do not think I was cognizant to the jealousies this was causing amongst my siblings, I was too busy working. Yet my successes were everywhere. I am the leading sales agent of the Arbitrage, I was the leading producer for my brother in No-Load, I was the number one rookie agent at F U, and my clients were all millionaires or billionaires. We were selling insurance night and day, the office truly never slept. I found what I thought to be the love of my life and married her. All was going to well, the underdogs were all proud of their achievements.

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Why JeanG is in misery, is a long, sad, and painful childhood. In my family we are very sympathetic to this disorder, as you are already familiar with my parents’ childhoods. I have witnessed the long and painful journey my parents have battled to make change in their bloodlines. My parents have helped out every single kid that has walked through our doors, are home has always been a communal place for those who have disturbed pasts. My parents should have been analysts, they love to encourage people to take control of their own lives and they are monumental examples. This brings to mind a poem I wrote to SY when she was struggling with her unresolved childhood conflicts, which was written with the knowledge I have extracted from my parents situation. It is not particular to SY, it is for any person who has come from a home in which love had conditions, and if you deny yours did, think again. Don't give me your perfect parent bit, no parents are perfect, as no children are, this is an imperfect world.

POEM

**THE EVIL BOND**

From the womb the cord is cut;

Yet the bond may not be severed enough

And the child may enter a world but,

The world may be cold and very very rough.

Learning and modeling what’s in the home,

Difficult for the child to become its own.

The child so innocent, helpless and free,

Entering a world which may be full of strife.

The only world the child may ever see,

The child may emulate and pattern the past for life.

Close your eyes not to these suffering children,

For they have few tools to change the world their in.

Out of the warm nurturing sea

Into a violent and disturbing dream,

Of generations past and hidden within the scenes;

No normalcy can the child grip onto or lean.

Accepting what is, as the only way,

Few children can ever break or sway.

Tis' evil working its way each day,

Which causes the child to harden in heart.

Arteriosclerosis as the minds veins decay,

Can the child break the bond which tears it apart?

So difficult the task for a child to undertake,

To free itself from years of past mistakes.

From birth the child taught to accept fate,

Knowing not what is right or wrong,

Learning from parents whose fate already sealed in slate.

The battle to change normally a sad sad song.

Expect no metamorphosis the struggle intense,

The child must use logic and common sense.

In a war against a bloodline of anger and irrationality,

The child's mind empty, like a blank book,

Yet etched in the pages before birth a horripilating history.

If the child is to overcome it must take a long long painful look,

To traverse against the tide a struggle indeed, you see,

So many drown from the battering,

So many more give in and flow out to the past sea.

The parents trained to kill any objections,

Too hard to see the errors of the past they have accepted.

Like looking at Medusa to see their reflection;

Their hearts would turn to stone from being decepted.

Already too late for them to renew the fight,

The parents turn on the child with all of their might.

The bile of the past coming disguised in love and care,

The child accepting these as the basic needs:

For one does not want to be left alone in a world of fear,

Knowing the basics will be withheld if the child does not heed those who lead.

To stand up and fight for what one believes right,

Takes courage and the want to never lose sight.

What sights are these that can drive one insane

If they are not repressed within the brain?

That guilt the child to accept the blame

And revolt on the fact that it is a historical game.

To question the past and the parents one needs

Can open one’s eyes to the culprit indeed.

Can a child truly damn his parents for the evil chain,

Or have pity and compassion as they are only a link?

Mortal people who could not withstand, so succumbed in pain,

From fear and desperation they did sink.

The child must remove them from the pedestal so high,

And see them naked, like you and I.

Each day the child retreats to an inner shell,

Harder and harder the struggle for reality becomes.

The greater the chance for a life in a living hell,

Another link to the past, the child may succumb.

Oh pity the poor babe that cannot overcome,

For it is the final setting of the innate sun.

Once the past is ingrained and the driving force,

The child loses freedom to blind faith.

The path now clear cut, a most ignorant course.

Like a horse controlled by the reins, I rest my case.

Beware, beware children DO NOT CLOSE YOUR EYES FOR A SECOND

For once blind the problems cannot be reckoned.

So how does one change the bloodline gone insane

Without condemning the parents to the executioners block?

The answer is simple; love, care, compassion and an understanding of the game.

Blame only causes guilt which tightens the lock.

To you dear children who yearn to stem the evil tide,

Don't give up or in - DO NOT RUN AND HIDE.

Instead stand on your toes and fight till the end,

The dragons of past raising their fiery heads again and again,

As you try and break the wicked and evil trends.

The fire will get hotter and burn your soul thin

As the past generations attempt to win,

By guilting the child to accept the sin.

After inserting the poem I contemplated in my dreams if the next logical step would be to better acquaint you with my mom's story. It was written to Shellie, in an attempt to deflect her from focusing so deeply on her own situation, I offered her my mother’s story instead. I thought it might help give her the strength necessary to overcome the past that haunted her.

I hope you bear with these next thoughts that have tangented far from the analysis session we are in. After my mother’s story, will come the SY story, and other than the necessary tangents, we will come full circle back to JeanG, on to the finale of the death of the black sheep and then back to the therapy session, that seems way beyond the normal 50 minutes. And on to more thoughts.

**THE STRUGGLE TO BE FREE OF THE FAMILY TREE**

And now I will give you a break from your past, I will give you an example using a more painful scene I have borne witness to, my family tree. Maybe then you will see why I am the way I am regarding our current situation. The point, unconditional love is best and obtainable.

A simple but true story, that evidences within a bloodline, how degenerative psychological problems are passed generation to generation. A horror story that encompasses the sickest of crimes, crimes to helpless infants, which enshroud their lives in a miserable mirage of pain, pain metastasized from generations past and yet lying malignant within the scenes. As the innocent infant victim grows, you will see a metamorphosis to the next generation of victimizer.

In direct contrast to this story, that will evolve the greatest of your compassion to bear, another story will unfold, within the same bloodline. This story will emphasize the ability of a child to break the chain, the historical pattern of abuse; and alter the course of one's destiny, of the destiny of future generations. A rebel for sanity in a world covered deep in years of insanity. This story will need no compassion on your part, instead it will fill your heart with joy, as you witness true pain exposed at the nerve. A free spirit will rise and the price will be heavy. Grant no sympathy to the rebel's struggle and pain or you may find yourself in the darkest corners of your mind, confused and afraid, that within, your own spirit lies dormant.

There is a mother who had two daughters, LN and SB. F has never been quite right, as she feels horrible guilt for the death of her parents. F married out of faith and both family's hated one another, the only child of thirteen to marry out faith, her parents condemned her. It is sad to note that such things as religious convictions, silly fables, can have a shearing effect upon the natural bond between blood relations. And thus the hate began from the painful emotions of rejection by one's own parents.

Soon after her marriage, F's parents died, and she felt it her fault. She cannot see, that no human being may be responsible for another's outcome, we choose our own destiny. Her life is constant denial of her pain, yet it showed to me in my earliest memories of her. Always alone and un-loved, she is a pillar somberness, no feelings does she evoke. Her aura, dead and cold.

With this tremendous unresolved guilt, living in pain and denial, F attempted to bring children up in the world, her own self-worth and self-esteem shattered, she would thus pass these traits on. Her husband, EZ, who I am named after, was a marvelous man, a good father, as the story goes. When the children were born they were not accepted in either family, since they were conceived in "sin". F was never happy, always negative, nothing was good enough, no one was good enough, and she lived in a world of misery. EZ was not of strong enough character to stand up to his wife and he became a part of the abuse. EZ, probably being a good man, remained married to misery, and died very young, not reaching out for the oxygen to save his life.

F was out of control, mentally disturbed from her unresolved childhood conflicts which controlled her behavior, which she allowed to rule her. Of course, we could go backwards and evaluate why F is this way, and find a very disturbed childhood I am sure, but, instead we will go forward to show how the bloodline of guilt and unhappiness is passed from generation to generation. Never can the blame lie on the innocent child, only on the child that as an adult consciously chooses to continue the abuse, to not fight to change the degenerative pattern, but instead passes the pain on to the next generation. It is easy to understand how under the maternal power of the parents children succumb to distorted views. So many parents wanting their children to be extensions of them, as if the child acts and behaves as they believe, it will confirm their good parenting. If the child acts out of their norm it is molested with a barrage of criticism, psychological abuse and/or physical abuse. If you cannot blame the child, how is it we blame the adult? I have often been criticized for my radical view that violent and abusive adults, even those convicted of horrible crimes, are those that society should be most compassionate with, versus our current method of severely punishing them. Take into account that these adults, as helpless infants, were subjected to cruel and heinous crimes beyond what the average innocent person can comprehend, either psychologically, sexually or physically. Condemn to prisons and institutions the infants, and not the adults when you make your judgments, and you will feel guilty of crimes beyond that of the person you condemn. Why are these people who have experienced pain beyond our comprehension, subjected to more by the entire society? The hate and hurt are even furthered for the condemned and they are still simply innocent victims. Would it not be better to remove them from any harm they might encounter in society or harm they might cause society, and treat them with the utmost of care and love, and try to help relieve their sufferings, and if not, just relieve further suffering. Then you will come to understand the problems and horrors they have been subjected to, you might learn to prevent the problems in future offspring and people with similar problems, you might ease their pain, no matter, your soul will be elevated and your compassion will show. If you choose to punish and condemn, you will only compound further hate from the condemned, their children will be subjected to greater hate, the problem will be greater for the offspring, you will have learned nothing in relation to the problem, your soul will sink to the level of an abuser, and you will show that you have no compassion.

F was never in control of her actions, she was only passing bad blood, full of anger and guilt. She used guilt to manipulate her children, made them feel worthless, hit them in rage instead of controlled spanking or the like, she criticized all they did, constantly demanding perfection, and, when they failed as children most often do when expected to be adults, she would beat them mentally and physically. F constantly bitched, whined and complained that the world was constant misery.

Living in her own inner misery, her daughters were subjected to this kind of world. If LN and SB found happiness, F found a way to make it miserable. F wanted miserable children, how could her children be happy when she was in misery, misery wants company, what better objects than helpless and defenseless children to use. F would bombard them with insults, call them ungrateful bitches etc. F constantly blamed her own miserable existence on her children. When EZ died, she blamed them for causing the misery which killed him, like her parents before her.

As a ritual F would have SB drive her to EZ's burial ground, and would make her sit silently while she had elaborate conversations with the dead, the whole while emphasizing that if SB had not been born, he would not lie safely out of her reach.

Some guilt and you thought yours was bad. F would make them feel her pain and suffering was somehow caused by them, they felt they were not good enough to make her feel good. They could never please their mother and thus you can see how negative self-worth and self-esteem are passed down. They would forever feel they killed their father, the horror. I have often viewed these types of actions between parents and children as inherently evil or the product of weak souls who have submitted to the influence of others, who now claim no responsibility for their actions. F used all kinds of psychotic methods to guilt and manipulate her children's minds. She used her love against them, she threatened the withdrawal. She would vacillate between love and hate. I have often wondered if these actions are the crimes of crime.

My mother entered therapy at 21. The loss of her father was overwhelming, her mother was overwhelming, and she felt her life coming apart at the seams. In pain she sought therapy, and this is where the second part of this story will begin, the part about change.

LN, on the other hand, never sought any form of help or relief other than the bottle, and instead choose a life of denial, guilt, pain and suffering; carrying on the chain of misery in her family, passing it down in blood.

SB did not know what was causing her so much pain and suffering, in complete denial of any imperfection in her upbringing, Shirley felt lost and confused. Her mother in her mind, like most children, glorified. When my mother's father died F moved in with my parents. Since the day of EZ's funeral my grandmother became familiar with the bottle and has been drunk and in a stupor since. For the next two years she sat in a semi-catatonic state, speaking to herself mostly and to other's abusively. At the time, my brother was born and my sister was on the way. I am of the opinion that within this time frame my grandmother may have had a devastating impact on the minds of my elder siblings, or at that this early stage of therapy, my mother was not prepared to defend her children from the beast that ravaged her own mind.

SB did not know what caused her pain and suffering, yet choosing not to ignore it and live a living hell, she began the Sherlockian process of uncovering her pain. Searching through ones past, removing the layers which cover our inner most repressed experiences of pain, is truly one the most painful and difficult processes. Most minds go throughout life never re-surfacing these memories, choosing instead, to forget, or deny their existence, utilizing so much of the brains limited energy to hide from these pains. Hiding from the source of one’s pain allows no room for analysis of what causes the pain, a life of denial begins. Slowly the brains energy becomes completely consumed in the process of denial, growth stagnates, and a psychotic senility begins. The mind disassociated with reality and in pain, more helpless than an infant mind.

The intensity of the pain in her fragile and hurt state was unbearable and she was having a nervous breakdown. Upon entering analysis her therapist confronted her with the fact that her mother was insane and that in order for her to have any chance mentally of recovering she would have to completely cut off the relationship. Her father's death still fresh, she was now being asked to kill her mother off mentally. Shocked and afraid by this advice, she elevated her mother to deny the reality, and yet continued counseling. Initially, one enters therapy feeling that whatever the problem(s) may be, they either are a result one’s self or the result of everyone else. The pain we hide from normally is projected in a complex maze of facades at this point, and thus we are confused as to the exact nature of the source.

Technically a good name for the process of denying the source of pain would be self-lies. Like all lies, the more they are used the greater the web which enshrouds your mind from the truth becomes. The mind justifies these lies in attempting to hide from the pain, yet as with most lies, the longer they are continued, the harder it becomes to remember the truth. In essence the mind begins to accept the lies as truth to protect itself from pain, yet retains the pain in the unconscious mind. For example, building a defense of one's parents actions, idolizing them, denying the pain they may be causing you, is in order to avoid confronting the feelings which cause you guilt and thus result in fear of abandonment or fear of the withdrawal of your primary love. Lying within the unconscious like a cancer, these repressed events silently devour life's mental energy. Yet cancer of the mind takes years to be detected and by the time it is discovered it is often too late to fix, as the end of this story illustrates.

Therapy has to be the single greatest tool my mother and father used to work out past problems which were affecting them. Therapy offering the emotional outlet one normally turns to parents, friends or cults for. Yet parents, friends and cults are full of opinionated advice which can be laced with malice or may in fact be bad advice. At times the advice becomes tainted with guilt, the intent to gain thought control. If one does not heed the advice of parents, friends, or cults, they become angry. And in an attempt to persuade you to their belief they employ tactics such as guilt, which often leave long lasting scars.

In therapy SB began to explain to her therapist what she thought was causing her so much mental grief, yet it was laced with years of self-deception and denial. Love is often a key element of guilt. When love is used as a tool to persuade or manipulate one to accept beliefs, the pain and agony that result are the driving forces of submission. For example, when one does not obey the will of parents, parents may often threaten the withdrawal, or truly withdraw their love from their children. Love is the main emotional element of the human condition, one which affects our every behavior. When love is unconditional it may be the greatest single feeling a human being may ever have. When love has conditions it is a tragedy for the spirit, the spirit becomes plagued with; guilt, self-doubt, self-worthlessness, hopelessness, hate, anger, fear, and an inability to act freely. Neuroses and/or psychosis are the results from the tribunals of love. Since children are afraid of losing this primary love when it is used against them by their parents, they normally obey their parents will. The child becomes conditioned to respond to the withdrawal of love with submissive responses, they begin the process of denial and repression and accept the abuse as a normal part of life and love. When the child feels guilty it has acted out of accord with the parents will, it becomes afraid of being abandoned or un-loved.

The actions of children are normally attempts of winning approval from their parents. When the child is criticized condemned, or abandoned for its actions without reason or rhythm, and then threatened with love, the child hates, both hate for one's self and hate of the parents. The hate for the parents causes guilt, causing the child to hate itself more. The child begins to build an elaborate defense system to justify the parents’ actions, and thus protect itself from the threat of withdrawal of love, to protect itself from the guilt of hating ones parents. Love begins to have conditions, and the child feels that it cannot be loved unless it acts in accordance with these conditions, despite the fact that the conditions are not consistent and have no logical foundation.

What are these conditions? They are normally either undefined or highly defined. Start with unconditional love, love that has no conditions. Under this assumption, a child can do, think, or say anything to ones parents, knowing that the worse response is disapproval. Not fearing the threat of withdrawal of love or abandonment, these children are not limited in their actions by tremendous guilt. Conditional love arises when the parents begin to use their love to gain submissive responses from their children, when they desire their children to think and act like themselves. The child is expected to act in accordance with rules and regulations, when it does not, a bombardment of criticisms follow or physical abuse. The parents cannot understand the child's ability to be a child and not act in accordance with adult fashion, thus they deploy methods of punishment. Punishment and discipline are attempts to condition children versus logic and rationale. Since there is often no logic or rationale in the parent's behavior, it would be impossible to deploy it to convince the child. This is where the trait to misinterpret reality begins. The child must accept the conditions placed on them or continue to receive punishment and discipline. A life of guilt or a life of denial begins.

Punishment is designed to destroy the free will and make for conformity to rules and beliefs. When the child acts out of accordance and it's free will is challenged, the child may respond in two ways, rebellion and defiance or submission and conformity. Rebellion and defiance normally leads to greater punishment. Submission and conformity are repressed rebellion and the child simply internalizes versus expresses his pain. If the child's free will is destroyed in these moments by the guilt inflicted, the child begins the process of a life of conformity.

These pains are part of the hurting caused by loved ones, which provoke feelings of hate towards those we love, which cause feelings of guilt. Often the guilt leads to repressing the hate, anger, and pain caused by those we love and instead turning these feelings inward and on one’s self. Often the pain one feels from loved ones is very real, the question is if the pain was relieved or repressed. It is difficult to relieve the pain for one must look at the actions of the controlling force with logic and rationale, not conform, and face even further punishment, discipline and rejection. Far easier is it to repress, forget, and justify the illogical and irrational behavior employed by those we love, and once again be loved and accepted.

What are the pains I refer to? Pain resulting from having a disturbed childhood, the pain of remembering how you were made to feel worthless, helpless, un-loved, victimized and miserable. How you tried to please your parents and could not, how love became a lie and the world of anger, hurt and pain overwhelmed you. How you cried out in misery, how you hated, the guilt that overwhelmed you for causing them pain. The methods of discipline enforced, withholding of parental love, your single greatest fear, used as a threat and from that the fear of abandonment you suffer horrible pains and anger.

The mind is like any other part of the body, compare it to a bone for example. Assume you break your leg. You can go to a Dr. and fix the break or leave it alone and let it heal itself. The first option would seem the best option, for the break is fresh and can be set to heal straight, causing no further problems. The second option also allows one to walk again but with a limp, the bone will not normally set straight, take longer to heal, and cause imbalance in one’s stance. If after years of walking with a limp, you decide to fix the problem, you must go back to the original break, break the bone again, releasing pain equal to the original trauma, and reset the bone properly. Of course you could take the easy way out and buy shoes with angled heals. Yet, if the bone is reset and re-healed one walks straight again, without angled heals. The point of angled heals being that there are many quick fix approaches that will offset the problem but truly never fix it at the source. Most minds accept quick fix approaches and thus most minds leave this world with a broken mind. Yet an autopsy cannot reveal the damage of the mind, since it disappears with you, leaving no physical evidence, the evidence of broken minds however normally showing years later in their offspring.

SB’s pain then may be attributable to years of repressed pain left unfixed, which damages each generation that allows the limp to go unfixed. The only way to heal mental pain at its source is to traverse to point of fracture, re-break and reset the wound, experiencing the original pain once again, the pain you have been trying to find heels to match, and that has caused your mental limp. In journeying towards the wounds, one must remove the years of lies and denial and attempt to see clearly the traumatic experience at point of fracture. Once the point of fracture has been discovered, the processes of re-breaking and resetting the injury begins, healing the eventual reward, making the point of fracture stronger than before.

For over twenty years SB has worked with therapists in tracing her pain, in altering the course for her children. Over that time I watched her struggle with the most painful memories of her past, trying to undo the damage still affecting and controlling certain of her behaviors. Her main goal was to change the evil tide for not only herself but for her children, to allow them to grow free of the emotional torment of her childhood, and live happier lives.

SB married SB and true love stirred. Both determined to pave a world for their children in which love would be forever unconditional. Love would never be withdrawn or used to gain control, guilt and manipulation of their children's minds unacceptable, logic and understanding used to persuade. Both had lived pasts in which love could be used or manipulated against them, my father’s mother disowning him in jealousy and anger, my mother's mother waiting to create misery in my mom's life at every turn. Both turned their cheeks in pain and agony, love lying at the roots, they would make it different, they would not submit. The more they turned the greater the force and thought control methods became from their parents. Both turned to each other and prayed.

They reproduced and promised to break the chain for my siblings and myself. Five children, no idea of how to bring them up properly, they knew no proper role models. Turning to their parents for advice would be detrimental, for example, I do not recall ever sleeping at any of my grand-parents homes. We children seemed almost veiled from any harm that could come from our parent’s pasts. And believe me it is not easy for my parents, they constantly worry if their methods were right or wrong, have they done the right thing for their children, I guess the children will tell. All I know is that I value more than life the love I have received from them. I know that will be passed down, unconditionally.

So how did they go about changing their own destinies, defying the bloodline, rebelling against the ways of the past? The first step I believe was to minimize contact with those causing the pain. Can you imagine the pain one must feel in disconnecting one's parents, which is greater, the pain of enduring their abuse or the pain of turning one's cheek? In the beginning both my grandmothers interfered in my parent’s relationship causing great strain on the marital bond. F constantly criticizing my father, making my mother feel horrible pain, as F tried to find ways to attract misery from happy company. My father's mother the same, always criticizing and guilting my father. My father and his mother cut ties completely for 11 years, we visited her on her death bed, but I am jumping ahead, this truly belongs at the end, somewhere deep in the moral of this story. My parents turned only to themselves for raising their children and they questioned their methods in therapy only.

By no means is this road the normal course, and by no means are we the normal family. In fact we are quite bizarre in relation to the norm. Can you imagine being raised with the primary goal being unconditional love and the rest treated on a day to day basis? As children, my siblings and I were allowed to be children, and we abused the privileges. Nothing we could do was not forgotten and replaced with love. We were never expected to act like adults, accept on holidays and the likes, and we failed miserably in comparison to well-disciplined children. Discipline, and trust me I am the one sibling who required the most, was administered in love only, only to try and protect us from harming ourselves. I cannot remember the use of guilt to persuade me to change, instead I was forced to try and understand myself. When my parents and I could not see eye to eye anymore, I was not turned on by them, guilt was not levied, and love was not withdrawn. I was not abandoned and heaven may exist here on earth. Foolish reader, do not think that I did not test unconditional love. Most parents would have turned on the likes of me in frustration, they would have given up, and this is another complete and separate story though. I might add that because of the unconditional love and support provided the likes of me, I was able to turn a corner on life, gain control of my own destiny and survive that type of life which leads to prison or death. My parents did not try to force me to think their way, they allowed me to journey my own life, they sent me to therapy, and they allowed all their children the privilege. Some accepted and some did not. Again, I find myself writing towards conclusions, getting way ahead of the intended story line.

We were brought up with complete openness, free to think independently, allowed to express our every feeling. You want to know about a complete break from the norm? Were you allowed to say anything to your parents? The communication was incredible, still is, and has far reaching impact on our communication with others. Others cannot always understand the way in which we so honestly and openly express ourselves in all ways. We are not afraid of being turned on for speaking our minds or for our actions or inaction's, maybe in public we should be more aware that all people cannot relate to such openness, as if it is somehow reflecting on things sealed so tightly from them. They have maybe never experienced unconditional love, and thus do not believe it exists or can exist in their own lives. They fear reaching for the tools to help themselves in fear of pain, they submit to accepting that unconditional love does not exist. They use love and guilt against their children as they know no better, they do not want to pay the price for change. Weak spirits do exist. One of these weak spirits could actually be one of your parents. No I am sure you have perfect parents.

As children we were not expected to be perfect and therefore my family is filled with imperfection and we do not deny its existence, except those seeking perfection currently. We were allowed to openly criticize our upbringing and our parents, they did not hate us, as they listened and tried to understand. They worked through problems openly and honestly within their family, we hid nothing, they looked to see if criticism was due or attributable to them, and they worked on change, we did not try to hide, no fronts, no facades. When problems arose, an everyday occurrence, we challenged them and confronted our feelings, we were not forced to repress our feelings, "or else". Parents who accept that they are not perfect are great, they allow their children to see that they are not perfect beings, and that change is possible. No guilt that you are not perfect but acceptance and love of your imperfection, loving you unconditionally with your flaws. As I said before, heaven may be here on earth.

These changes in philosophy come at a price. The more my parents changed their course, the more they were criticized by those who "loved" them, when of course it was convenient or served a purpose. The more criticism they received, the more they turned to and on each other only, having faith in each other, best friends, alone pretty much on their journey. Doing what they thought best, not being influenced and controlled or manipulated by others "loving" advice. And it was easy to criticize our family because we are honest and open to all about our imperfections, we were not afraid to be seen naked in mind and feeling. We did not try to hide our problems, they were center court, and as such, others could openly see our struggles. Others often used this against us when trying to justify their perfect existences, as compared to our own imperfect existence. I cannot believe how many times in my life people justified their own crazy behavior by saying, "I am right, you are wrong because you go to a shrink and therefore are crazy." Even though I may be crazy it has never justified their actions. Reminds me of Don Quixote, everyone calling him crazy and yet their actions being far crazier and full of malice and bad intent.

A family of crazies, far more fun and loving than the norm, very protective, very possessive of each other, still is and always will be. Outsiders have a very hard time adjusting to the intense level of communication of pure emotion as it is so opposite of what most children have in the home. Children that speak openly and honestly for the most part about all of their problems, who were not afraid of parental reprisal, are quite unique. You could imagine that in other families we were never understood, they were actually offended by our openness, like children who speak their minds to their parents are unheard of. When we talked to them, like we talked in our family, they were stunned. When they found out we saw shrinks they were both horrified and relieved.

Imagine being a child from a family in which communication levels were shallow, feelings were taught to be repressed inside (for example, crying being taught as something unbecoming and thus learning to withhold your tears), where love was used against you and withheld, and then being tossed into our family for a few years. Other kids found instant happiness in our home, they could be kids, they could express themselves and they found people who generally cared. Of course as an outsider there were those who loved you and those who hated you. A problem I always found with my friends was that they would become extremely close to my parents, cause their parents to bombard my parents with criticism, causing our friendship to be affected. The other parents felt like why is my kid always at their house and why do they come back so happy and when these children would try to relate the craziness of my family to their normal parents, the "perfect parents" freaked. Not that their families are not filled with the same craziness for the most part, they are just unaware, in denial, to busy keeping up with the Jones', keeping up that "perfect" facade. My parents imperfections and their ability to realize them, has always made me feel they are almost perfect. I think a more personal example might help understand what kind of parents they were, even though it is not part of the current ebb.

I was an incorrigible kid, rebellion was the first word I learned, and I have grown to master the term. When I was about 8 I began to rebel against the norm, I instead believed that I could learn everything on my own. No one would be able to ever tell me what was right or wrong, good or bad, up or down. Obviously, other than parents, school and religion were the two greatest preachers, and I rebelled against the thought and force control aspects of all. Parents are included, I did not listen to a thing they said, I had to learn on my own, I did not want to be protected and sheltered. As a kid I did not have society in the palm of my hand, more often I had societies hand on my ass.

Laugh you might, I truly paid a price in the school of hard knocks, my life was in utter ruins and the world was saying we told you so's. It is in these most painful moments of life, other than getting some therapy, when the world seems to have you down, that I would avoid force or thought control completely, I would find the problem on my own, I would solve it on my own. Anyone who tried to help me with opinionated advice immediately came under attack, as I would argue on my beliefs. Once I believe something it is very difficult to argue with me, I have learned it on my own, I have felt it. For example, say the world was crashing in around me, self-confidence reaching a record low, why did I not reach out for religious counseling? I felt that no one else could tell me to have faith and belief in what I do not know or think for myself.

From this type of upbringing, I can have faith and belief in anything I feel for myself. I cannot be told to feel a certain way without first understanding why. Since I cannot understand how I got here and why I am here to myself, how can you explain it to me? I mean nobody sounded sure their religion was right, and there were too many. How could this be? If we are sure our religious choice is right than we should be able to convince the rest of the world on pure logic, not on cult tactics. And are these thoughts you are preaching to me about existence your own? if not how do I know the guy who told you was right? Personally I have always thought nobody had a better answer than myself, yet I believe in myself, my answer was to pray to my G-d, the G-d of uncertainty and confusion, the only answers I get when trying to solve such endless enigmas. My G-d simply requires me to respect life, all life and enjoy the fact that I am allowed to think, reason and rationalize about the wonder of it all, in this humanely form. My G-d offers no answers to why I am turned on in this form, he did not even inform me that I was going to exist, he did not ask. He will not ask for my approval when he turns me off, again offering no answers, not even a clue. I cannot understand how anyone knows about this G-d when no clues exist and I wish G-d would have just left a note as to why. No parent, teacher or preacher could dissuade me from my beliefs, I argued them all. Teachers and preachers always ended up arguing if I were crazy or not with me, never giving me an understanding of their point of view when their logic failed, my parents did not know what to do.

Therapy at 8, sent away at 13, not a pretty picture. Most parents would have given up or denied the existence of the problems of a rebel. You may think this sending me away was abandonment, I did, but only later did I see it as love. How? Well, I was not going anywhere in the system, I revolted on all advice, parental advice as well. There was no talking to me about subjective issues, unless you wanted to argue the far side, the fact that we know nothing. I argue that there is no right or wrong, good or bad (there is evil however), up or down, and if there are answers I challenge you to prove it. I was beating up teachers and preachers early on as they often attacked free spirits, the rebels, instead of accepting the mental challenge. They argued with sticks and stones, some actually trying to break my bones or wring my neck, of course they could always start a fight by calling me crazy because I see a shrink.

When attacked with insult or injury I have had a very elaborate defense system, attack back ten times harder till the other stops attacking. I am not sure if it is right or wrong, good or bad, or, up or down. I feel they are trying to make me accept what they have accepted as truth, and if I do not accept their truth I am somehow insulting them. They attack, I attack back ten times as hard, and they go away. They always go away calling me crazy, I always feel bad. Maybe I should change strategies, and ignore them when they act this way, but I am caring, and my anger is simply to stop them from trying to hurt me or convert me. When my parents realized that my spirit was my own and that it could not be altered in normal fashion, they choose to teach me to understand it and find myself within it.

When parents abandon children they do not send them away with love and care and to solve the problems that are causing the home problems and get their kid back. Yet that is exactly what my parents did. They basically said I was getting into too much trouble, going in directions that were unsafe, having no fun alone against the world of conformists and was going away to be removed from the family and school setting which was non-productive for me to work my thoughts out. To fix my broken leg. And this is funny to note, that that whole dissertation on broken legs was because I really was sent away with a broken leg, on the airplane my father explained to me the broken bones and mental health bit, it made a lot of sense, I should quote that entire piece. They were correct about all of the above, but it came at a price. To have to send a child you love away and pray that it is for the best and know things normally in your control no longer will be, is living hell. Most parents hide from the problems, they justify sending their children away as better for both, they feel helpless and thus send them away with no hope. My parents sent me to a boarding school with therapy, they still had hope and this was insuring it a bit more.

Socially they did not try to hide the problems, they confronted them openly and honestly, their kid was not perfect, but that would be OK. Accepting that we were not perfect and not condemning us for our flaws, you can create heaven on earth. These were wicked painful times of my life, I did love my family dearly but I would just never think or believe the way they did.

In the two years away I learned to incorporate my rebellion into productive channels that allowed me to integrate into society not prison. I came home and attended public high school and after I graduated went on to graduate college. Just emphasizes what unconditional love can do.

I have a friend, he also was sent away by his parents, but not to work it out, to get rid of him. No counseling was available where he was sent, as his parents felt it would show badly on their images. I mean they were perfect parents it must have been a reject child. He has never resolved these feelings and he now accepts the bad blood as his own. He is now an angry young man, unhappy, he has sold his spirit for parental approval, he will never really feel free again and he will soon go from helpless child victim, to victimizer. My parents offered him therapy many times because of his early suffering, he accepted and his parents rejected, afraid their own mistakes would be revealed, they would not stand flawless in the raw, how human, it is too bad they could not accept this fact. They abandoned their child because they no longer felt they could make change, which is true of them, but they could have allowed their children to. Why would they want to make their children happy, misery loves company?

Misery is precisely what SB’s sister lived with every day, always trying to hide her depression, never coping with the pain, never wanting to face up to the reality of her problems. My mother would constantly try and help, she always offered to pay for her therapy, but LN turned it all around claiming she needed no help, she was "happy". As the years passed "happiness" began to weigh in comparison to her misery. Less and less time and energy remained to fight the misery, the happiness being just a facade, wore thin, slowly you could see her misery consume her very life. Her children lived in her world of misery, like their mother before them and her mother F. LN also constantly bitched, whined and complained. Her attitude was bitter, her children were never good enough, and her husband never good enough and she became victim only to rise as a victimizer.

As her happiness in life became almost extinct, her marriage fell to ruins, her children felt abandoned and unwanted and un-loved, terribly scarred by the divorce. Her husband left with another woman, just reinforcing the belief she laid the pavement to, love lies. Life became incredibly miserable, she denied the pain, she buried herself in the web of self lies, and I feel this is what finally consumed her, coming disguised as cancer.

As time eroded her life energy, the effects on her personality became stark. She began an affair with her best friend’s husband, which I believe lasted till the end. Her childhood guilt of acting like the whore her mother claimed her to be, finally became a self-fulfilling prophecy. Mind cancer works in mysterious ways, the effects as I have said are often discovered too late, the evidence impossible for the person to see for their lives are constant denial, as everything is just "fine."

I watched her struggle through the pain, we had very intimate talks about her real misery, like many, she felt safe revealing her pain to me or I have incredible habit of seeing the pain and confronting it. Many late night hours we sat and she expressed her growing hate for life, for love. Possibly the first time I experienced the pain of seeing one I loved suffer the loss of the belief in real love and the love of life. Two years prior to her death, she could no longer see clearly a reason for life, she had no dreams left, her guilt from her childhood plaguing her every action, controlling her, the cause of her misery.

The loss of belief in faith in love spread to the world, everyone was guilty, no one could be trusted. She began the paranoid process of isolating herself, protecting herself from further pain. No chances left for love to ever conquer, no hope for ever obtaining the magic of this world, no chance to ever see heaven on earth. I felt compassion for LN, as I understood better than she her pain. I tried to lift her beaten spirit whenever we were together, yet she always focused on the negative aspects of her life, as if everything and everyone was victimizing her. Her denial would break at times, she would express her pain and then she would suddenly turn it all off.

As LN neared her death, she cut most ties to those she loved, and left the world with no loved ones at her side. In death, F devoured her mind for the last time. I know not the mechanics of what she did to turn her daughters against one another, all I do know, is that it happened. LN became tremendously bitter, spiteful and hateful at my mother, my father and all their kids. She refused to let us visit her in her death, those who survived her refused to allow us to attend her funeral. I am sure F coordinated the whole psycho-trauma. So recently has this happened that I have yet to determine or analyze my feelings, so I will share with you my raw initial impression of the mechanics that drove people to make such horrible decisions and play such painful games.

My mother had isolated F from her life, it had taken thirty years. At my sister's wedding F created nothing but misery, complaining the entire time. I think she ruined that day by complaining to everyone how badly she was treated in that nobody wanted to pick her up. This of course was not the truth, it just was the not the priority of the day for my family. We asked EN to pick her up, he did, yet she had already to focus her energy on misery and thus she complained. I noticed her alcohol levels had increased to alcoholic proportions, her stupor seemed permanently catatonic. She has seemed catatonic to me for a long time, this though seemed more constant.

After the wedding, my mother was found to have a spot on her lung. No less, she smoked all her life and has a family history full of cancer and you can guess that the immediate prognosis was not good. Did her mother or sister even bother to come and be with her? No they isolated themselves, at a time when unconditional love should have prevailed. They did come once, I heard their attitude was miserable and they left, never to return. I felt it gave my mother more strength not to be surrounded in their misery. She had a family full of love that surrounded her to the point of driving her a bit mad, we are overbearing as family when one of us is down or hospitalized, my father never leaving my mother’s side, her children there on the next flight.

Yet, how could her sister and mother not come, put everything else on hold, let bygones be bygones and give just love and strength? My mother went for lung surgery and they were not around, they did not even call. My mom was lucky, as it was tuberculosis and not cancer. F was becoming increasingly bitter towards the end of her mental end. She played her children and grandchildren against one another, blaming everyone for her misery. In the end she was alone in her miserable world, hardly leaving to get the morning sun, the night air. It must be horrible when life has very little meaning left, when one no longer loves and admires the beauty of it all. This is the point where I believe mental energy is so strained, the mind succumbs to pain. No longer can one hide, the past pain re-surfacing as they begin to question and fear their end. Questioning their lives, having no answers, not understanding why their lives are like they are, feeling cheated of life's pleasures, will their unhappiness end with this existence or carry on in the next.

The actions and in actions of their past haunting them, the mind begins an intricate scheme to avoid dealing with the self lies that re-surface, it often in fact goes crazy. Their facade slowly crumbles, misery shines through, it is as if they have run out of energy to keep running in denial. Reality catches up, and the mind is overwhelmed with guilt at the damage they have done, anger at the damage done to them. Anger which has been brewing for years explodes, the mind is overwhelmed, and it slips greater and greater into denial. A wall of paranoia develops against everyone, as they let no one in to their private hell. They are bitter, envious and hate all those who are happy.

The only company they can tolerate is miserable company, always there to lend a hand and pull you down when you’re miserable. There to suck you into their misery after listening to yours. Their advice tainted black, often saying "see I told you so." They offer you help at a price, you must sell yourself to their ways, if you do not they turn on you in anger. They threaten the withdrawal of their love or friendship. They tell you how to behave and then if you do not heed, they make you feel more miserable than when you came to them. Do not tell them of happy events or times, do not even bother approaching them in this condition, somehow they turn it all around, get you upset, hurt your feelings or break your heart, normally sucking out your happiness. The only chance of affection from them is by selling out your life and beliefs to their beliefs and surrendering your free spirit to a miserable one, and ultimately forgoing happiness.

LN had sold out to her mother and therefore turned on her own sister, her best friend of 40 years. Because my mother chose to live a happy life, they could not accept her in their miserable world, as she could not accept them in her world of happiness. My grandmother used ultimate tactics at this point to try and create misery in my mom's life and she used my aunt as a pawn. I view this as the result of having a miserable childhood, but one cannot use that excuse forever, at some point one must claim responsibility for one’s own destiny. Once choosing not to change the course of misery, one then becomes another link in a chain of misery. Yet, just because they have sold out their lives and this is sad, and you feel compassion for their pitiful souls, know that their actions are often evil, they have no other purpose than to cause pain and suffering.

It is best that miserable people are avoided completely, once one has sold out to misery it is near impossible to recover happiness. Like vampires they exist as parasites sucking out life's happiness, killing their hosts. Be wary of their opinions and advice it is designed to cause pain. Premeditated thoughts and actions, premeditated in misery, acted out in misery, disguised as love and care. Because they believe the world is full of pain and suffering, they often feel no remorse and see no wrong in their actions. Your pain of no concern, they often justify it as "best for you". They play on your weaknesses and vulnerabilities, often attacking when your spirit is weakest. Now maybe you understand why my grandmother and aunt did not visit my mother.

Just a few months after my mom's bout with T.B., my aunt was found to have cancer. Instead of challenging the disease, it seemed to me she choose to succumb, nothing to live for but misery here, so rapidly did the cancer devour her. In her final months she was bitter to the end. Her miserable existence here on the earth would come to the foreground and she would now attempt to damage and guilt those she loved. She cut off my entire family from her entire family, using her children now in the same twisted and demented ways that twisted and tormented her. This is why I often say to avoid these folks, especially when their misery has peaked. Of course my grandmother was at her prime, keeping the news from my mother, isolating her from the fact that her sister had cancer. I believe my brother heard from a friend of his in Chicago the news. When my mother heard, she tried to be at her sister’s side but her sister would not see her. My aunt's hate for my mother’s happiness and her unhappiness came in her final words to my mom. She told her she no longer wished to see her or her family, like it was us who ruined her life. Denial at the peak, the victim a victimizer, pain and suffering unbearable, the deathbed often becomes the place of most misery. This is where they guilt those they love, using their death to try and ruin their lives. They often even blame their children in subtle ways, I mean they have been using guilt against them so long, and here is the grand finale.

As they have used love to abuse, they use their deaths to abuse you, to guilt you. My advice, stay away from their beds or if in fact your love draws you near, wear ear plugs. Horrible are the cries of these miserable souls as they pass on to the next phase, I have compassion. To a degree I often feel relief, as if, what's gone around has finally come around. Silently though, I sigh a breath of relief, they can cause no more damage, except to those few miserable souls who listened and will be affected for life, who may affect their children.

I grow tired of writing the horror aspects of this story, I have in fact promised a happy ending. F is crazy, LN is dead, and from what? From lifetimes of denial that provide very little substance for one to carry on. Victimized from childhood, victimizing their children, the chain goes on filled with anger, hate, denial, guilt and misery.

There is happiness here, almost in the background a beautiful story has also been playing. SB and SB are finding tremendous happiness in their lives. They are fighters, survivors, and as such will probably live long lives. They have many things to fill their lives with happiness, not that they don't feel some misery, but certainly their lives are blessed with a greater abundance of happiness and love. Grandchildren, a grandchild due today in fact, a new house, new health, good children and a truly loving relationship, on my last trip out to visit they had just attended a weekend of camp.

Well, my parents have a new grandchild today, MS, welcome to this crazy place MS.

You think this happy ending is easy and it instead is the hardest road I have witnessed people ever hoe. My parents have struggled and their problems over the years have taken tremendous strength to overcome. It is easy to walk the road of denial always hiding from reality, yet the easy way out seems to have such a miserable ending. Facing every crisis in the family, offering love and care unconditionally, in the face of great pains, we children have been taught to say anything on our minds, no matter how painful or crazy and then forgive and forget, to always come back together when one is down. We have all been down before.

My family infra-structure is so intense. I know not how to explain it better than by some illustrated bits of history. There is such a diverse blend of examples at my disposal, where to start. Bear with me, I am still trying to sort out most of this in my own mind, I have no answers, confusion may be the only end. My first memories of my family start when I was 4-5 years old. It seemed as every day we had an event to celebrate, there was a high degree of action constantly stirring in our home, with something erupting with one kid or another, one parent or both, or everyone at once. Never do I recall the house in a state of peace and quiet, as it was more like constant helter-skelter. Love and stuff always existed in the background but in the fore ground were some spectacular displays of other emotions. There were major arguments, always leading to someone's point of view getting murdered by all, sometimes a division, sometimes a free for all. And along with arguing came fighting, our house did not lack in verbal abuse, the children often got a bit physical. Our parents never got physical other than for slight discipline, I got it the most, and I do not recall it being too bad. But the mental abuse you had to take as a child from your siblings was intense in our family as they were allowed to call you names and you they, and we knew every word in book. Because most of us kids went to therapy, we were psychologically tuned, nobody was afraid to point out any mental disturbances you were having that day. As a matter of fact, mental balance was a constant theme of my family's daily talks and we dissected not only our inner problems in therapy, but everyone's. A Freudian family, sounds like a horror film. Nobody who hung out at our home could keep a mental facade for long, we confront everything and everyone. We are not afraid to speak our minds, and we certainly do not hide our inner feelings towards anyone, good or bad, right or wrong, up or down. Of course, this is the way it used to be, again I am getting ahead of myself, and these are my early memories, which I do not want to confuse with my present observations.

Family dinners are what I remember most clearly, everyone gathered, it did not matter where and the day was recalled by seven different narrations. When narrative patterns differed between two members, meaning they did not see a day's event in the same light, passions raged. The more that viewed the event in different lights, the greater the passions raged. So many times we entertained entire dining halls with our follies and arguments, over subjects normally taboo to most families. Everyone was allowed to speak their minds, vent their angers, expression always being emphasized. On the drive home since we normally had to pile on each other, we made up or slept and drooled on one another, the night normally erasing the rage, every so often they lasted a bit longer.

No matter how angry people were at each other in my family, my father was always in the middle trying to mediate and create peace. This really was a daily role of his, everyone stressing on my mom for her time and attention. My mom was a great listener. Between the two of them a peaceful solution was always figured out. Making up therefore was a daily routine as well in our family.

My parents were never apart. I mean they did nothing without each other. They had friends but they were best friends, everyone else was company. All kids usually accompanied them, each bringing a friend or two. Their friendship, like their love, had no conditions, it still does not. When they were apart, they were so lonely. Now I do not want to paint to rosy a picture, they had their fights and arguments. Some issue would cause a difference of opinion backed with emotion and stacks blew. My dad would scream, holler and raise his voice and my mother would scream back, cry and withdraw. He would pack, or she would lock all the bedroom doors and tell him to leave, crying her eyes out. The kids took to a room and tried not to get caught in the crossfire, to say anything at these times took courage. My dad would break the door, or more often my mom would open it, or my dad would come home after a drive around the block, and somehow they always came together with open arms and overcame the pain. I always remember open arms when I think of my parents. They would either talk it out or love it out, either way the kids were out.

My parents constantly had kids at their feet, morning, noon and night. I loved bad weather days when I was young. I mean really terrible weather days when we were forced to be together, no matter the tensions. These days had an inner space all to themselves, first a giant breakfast, then cleaning, then lunch, then games or TV in my parents room, then dinner (4-6 hours), then movies, where we would all fall asleep, sometimes we woke up in our rooms and other times we woke up with a foot in the face. I always remember the closeness we shared, the intimate times of love and hate, the joys, the pains.

We all leaned on one another in hard times and there was always someone to listen as a friend. And was this closeness and dependency on family a normal function of family, no it was an aberration due to independence. Normal family folks could not relate, we were taught that children must be afraid of the mental damages that parents could create on their children. To me this meant that my parents qualified as parents and were thus a possible danger to be avoided. Therefore I did not listen to any of their advice or opinions, and I applied this to every other adult authority figure I have ever encountered

Currently I am bearing witness to the struggle one suffers in selling their soul to another. I am going through a divorce, the most painful statement of love I have ever felt, I did not believe it exists. Being a rebel, I thought I had married a rebel. I wanted to marry a girl who was not dependent on others or her parents. My wife has very little family and has been forced to be independent because of her lack of a secure home. There seems to be a major difference between those who seek independence and those who it is forced upon. I see now that wounds to the heart can have major impact on the ways one visualizes the world. I see the effect the hidden pain has on the entire spirit of the individual. Their pains of the past directing their behavior unconsciously and often it appears to me that the individual is totally unaware and can even act without consciousness or conscience.

How strange it seems to me that people can be so wrapped up in themselves that they cannot look beyond at the greater things in life. I wonder at their simplicity, I feel sorry for the wonders they miss in comprehending totality. Understanding your order amongst everything is the beauty of life, knowing your limited existence, making every act count as if it were your last. Mindlessly reacting to your environment, you live in a state of mental chaos. The world again becomes centered on your actions, too much self-importance. These selfish people then desire to control and manipulate their environment to cater to themselves. Concerned only about their world, they care not the effect or pain they cause to others.

Once self-centered completely, they live within their own worlds. I have often paralleled this lonely world to Disneyland, a fantasy land within the scopes of reality. Distorting reality, hiding from reality they begin the process of denial and self lies. They desire others to enter their fantasy, to support their beliefs. If in fact you accept their nonsense because you to are afraid of reality and the pain it may cause and desire conformity instead, soon you to will be living in their miserable beliefs and creating a living hell.

This is not the end mom just a very long beginning and I will send you more as it comes.

Love,

Eliot

**Journal entry 5.1.92 to MISSING DATE TIME and still going.**

**MISSING DATE TIME**

Letter to KLSX in response to Rodney King Dated 5/2/92 at 1:38am follows. A funny note on the way to the Forum first. KLSX would not take my phone call at the end of four hours of call in, so I asked if they take fax, my voice to the world. So wonderful that this Thought Institute can finally exist it feels better than kinky sex. Don't worry, I have decided that I will expose all about myself, uncensored and raw, to the Thought Institute. It is these voices in my head that I must respond to since dying in the car accident, as this is part of a completely new and exotic therapy session that you may not yet understand. Dr. A assured me that it was normal and that I would understand when I read about the last days of Socrates. I have sitting next to me the book by Plato. Anyway, I have been trying to get this fax message through since the end of the show last night, but I cannot reach KLSX on any of four (including fax line) of the phones currently ringing to them. It is driving me crazy all this ringing, and no response from a "news media." It is not that I am asking that much.

I cannot believe my ears as I was just mentioned on KLSX, as the guy who could not understand that the fax machine was broken due to an overloaded circuit. Please send me a copy of my first media transcript. I just dealt with Bob the phone guy, not his real name as he told me (hello "what a long strange trip," and I can't begin to tell you what I really mean) at KLSX, and he said, "they are working on the problem, they are just the weekend guys. I can totally relate, so I asked who these business guys were, and he said they were in Jersey, G Media Inc. (know that is a total joke, greater media without a fax.) We will leave this to the other guys, on Monday (as the cover states the following material is urgent and demands immediate attention, whether as to you voicing my message, and KLSX becoming instrumental in the inception of The Institute For Critical Thought, as the birthing place of this most instrumental tool for our futures.)

Just mentioned again as the guy trying to fax. This is live airtime, I am so thrilled even though it is not the thoughts I want expressed on the air, and we are in the midst of a city under seize.

Just mentioned as the crazy fax guy with a "classic" message, for the "classic" station. I could have expressed all these thoughts in just a few brief moments, yesterday at the four hour call in. I was too busy writing my "thoughts" in this journal to help save humanity, and when I called and the woman told me that I missed the show by seconds I began this long 09/28/12 05:55 AM process to get this message through. The process has taken me continuously through the night. I feel like faxing a copy to the Los Angeles Times, good idea.

I can' get through to them either because the Circuits are down in their area according to the operator. Just received the fax for the Los Angeles Times, I guess it they might the birthing place of the institute if I can get through to the President, a Mr. DL and or chief editor, SC III.

We will fax the L.A. Times and go to sleep hopefully. Please let me sleep Los Angeles, I have been up days on end figuring our current situation. I have basically been awake since this newest of problems, the LA riots, and writing and documenting to my journals endlessly. Talk about starting to feel a little crazy. Los Angeles, please forgive my lunacy in consideration.

Good night and may you awake with the formation of a new institute for Peoplekind.

To all people of the earth,

Attention citizens of the earth, we are undergoing a revolution! If it is violent or peaceful will be up to us. The globe is undergoing another revolution. From the Agricultural Revolution came forth mass change across the planet, to the Industrial Revolution that has captivated the entire globe, polluting us all to death. Into the Global Age of Global civilization we go with the war for our planet to either consume us or end and moving to a united Peoplekind or a blood bath.

From primitive and separate cults we all arose, as our ancestors’ beliefs were dictated by the ruling power of that time and space. These ruling powers came into existence founded on assumptions and theories of an extremely confusing place. All these thoughts were instituted in desperation, fear, and, confusion. Confusion at our total ignorance of this chaotic state we abate in. All institutions and cults seem only attempts at ordering chaos, to provide comfort from ignorance, with so called "facts."

The continuous change in our theories, throughout time, is proof that we are never sure. If mankind had always been correct in its theories we would still be feeding people to the lions (I am not so sure we will not begin after Robert Alden Harris), we would still be praying to stone G-d's that threw lightning bolts at us, the earth would be flat, etc. Throughout these changes in beliefs, people have continuously died for this or that cause, since mankind began, only for a change to alter the belief, and yet all the blood still shed. Most of these changes have been violent and oppressive to this or that group. If the revolution is successful, the new group dominates and oppresses. As long as we view ourselves as separate based on things like creed, color, religious ideals (theories), political ideals (theories), socio-economic status, age, and sex, we will find oppression.

Changes are occurring so fast that you cannot comprehend them. Russia has learned that economies built on bombs and unlimited resources, end up with "valuable" things like useless nuclear bombs, a nuclear disaster and poverty. The USA is close behind with 17 trillion dollars of debt and a land that was once beautiful is left robbed and reaped of its natural resources, and replaced with things like nuclear hazards, rampant enviro destruction throughout the nations populated and rural cities.

With the end of the Cold War, the most profitable war; will the U.S.A. sink into the same depression that World War II brought us out of, and the Cold War kept us out of?

Will we go looking for World War, or police actions such as Iraq to keep us from the mounting Depression? Iraq was not a war, for I bet you cannot name one famous battle that the hundreds of thousands of dead Iraqi's fought at. The Iraq war really just a sale of old war weapons, weapons that were rapidly being executed off the budget with the shutting down of military spending and bases. The US and ally nations put on a great auction of their weapons inventories, while the rest of the world sat ideally by. Why if the Patriot missile system was so effective, did one lousy scud missile hit the U.S. Marine base, killing 28 more children? This great system supposed to fend off hundreds of missiles, from something like the great Iraqi offensive, at the Battle of the Sand Dune, performed horribly? One missile, coming directly at the entire system, it could not stop. I would not buy one for my life. More probably we were launching the scud from the U.S. Marine base, having CNN tune in, when things got muddled and it blew up in those poor children's faces. How about the "Stealth" bombers? Why did we need Stealth capabilities when the first strike with conventional fighter planes, I believe took out all of Iraq's radar systems in the opening moments of the war? So the people on the ground could not see them? What about the smart bombs that were stupid and killed so many innocent people? Finally, on this joke, I heard it rumored that Saddam had amassed the third largest army in the world when we invaded, where were they?

Only a short while ago Iraq went through the bloodiest battle on the planet, so many soldiers dead on both sides. They gave up, as children probably could not be reproduced that fast. When I tuned into CNN, I saw mainly starving children surrendering. Why did Saddam move so many warplanes to his enemy nation, if he was a warrior? Oh yeah, if we were so adamant about the Kuwaiti's cause, why did we allow so much time to elapse before we took action? Possibly, we told Saddam to fund his ten year battle against Iran, (that the good old nice guy U.S.A. put him power to fight and then subsequently sold arms to both sides?), by raping Kuwait who had stayed neutral and was rightfully Iraq's before those Britt’s sliced and segregated the Middle East. When Saddam was all through raping the profits of Kuwait, and we were through with our arm's sales show, by way of CNN to the world, we called it quits.

In the end, Kuwait raped and ruined. War was good for the U.S.A., helping contracting firms to rebuild Kuwait, for the dying oil firms in Texas who got to put out a few flames and sell some equipment, and the gas mask industry. Still, Saddam sits at his pool sipping Piña Colada's with all Kuwait's wealth and the dead children and innocents piled around. I am proud to be an American? I am ashamed at the lack of protest from the rest of the world. Is this not how the Third Reich started, of course they too had "good" intent? Why if the U.S.A. is so concerned about human life, did we not try to stop the Russians who killed millions under the Communist Regime, or protect the students and people in China after Tieneman Square, or Idi Amin Dada, or Fidel Castro, etc.? The Iraq war was the greatest incidence of cinematic propaganda manipulation by the government I have ever seen and the greatest sale and con of the people and trust me, this comes from a great salesman, having sold Marvin Davis and the Irvine Company in California when I was 25, as the people of the U.S.A. and the free world bought this cinemapropaganda and made it reality.

Yet unless we police the world, the war industry will die, and that is a sick and wrong theory! Yet, if you are looking for a war, I have one, the environment. A battle I would rather die for than any cause we have killed each other for since "mankind." We are killing the creatures of this earth with our wastes, at these astonishing rates of consumption for an already over populated world. We must battle to save the earth.

All inhabitants, people united, worldwide, as caretaker of mother earth. What a war! For the first battle, we can "kill two birds with one stone," we can use the end of the war industry to begin the war to save the environment. For example, Russia, take those nuclear bombs that you are about to bury in our precious earth with our valuable resources like our water table, like you did at Chernobyl that sprayed the atmosphere with nuke shit, and hit the water tables at 8 feet and instead rocket the nuclear wastes and toxic wastes now running through our children and all the creatures, through a new company, Rock-It Space Garbage. Send it out to space in your nuclear bombs and orbit the shit around the planet Uranus. I knew the name Uranus had a reason, to flush the shit far away from the children. Let the toxic shit orbit harmlessly in orbit for the next thousands of years while it cools down and loses the radioactivity. You probably could sell some payloads to Switzerland, (the most nuclear dependent nation, currently burying their waste in granite beds under the country, seems smart?), and take the lead in the fight to clean up the world. I do not know if it will be a profitable fight, but you will have tremendous moral achievement.

JIM HAGEWOOD - MANAGER L.A. CHAPTER RED CROSS

Dear Mr. Hagewood,

I know the following fax is a bit deep for Saturday reading, but please think it through. I believe the Institute For Critical Thought can work hand in hand with the Cross at all emergencies. Establish a simple booth to hand out paper and pens to write unbiased and unedited thoughts and to gather the thoughts of all that are in the zone, from these united voices may come the thoughts that offer the critical solutions necessary to solve the crisis.

For a humorous example; input into the Institute For Critical Thought the problem of the decade, the ozone hole. A child writes in the answer, "why don't we spray paint the hole closed." The next thing, we are spraying the ozone with crazy glue? I would like to get a booth in the heart of the mess, an alternate form of pre-occupation for these folks. My company will donate all the necessary supplies and any profit to the Institute will go to help all those in need, all of us actually, via the Cross. Please call for any questions.

Warm personal regards and world peace,

Eliot I. Bernstein

Person

**September 28, 2012**

**Thought #1 from subscriber #2**

"I am a warrior, I am invincible."

"I want my family back as one."

end.

**Thought #2 from subscriber #2**

"THE SON"

"Ah son, do you know, do you know

Where you come from?

From a lake with white

And hungry gulls.

Next to the water of winter

She and I raised

A red bonfire.

Wearing out our lips

From kissing each other's souls,

Casting all into the fire,

Burning our lives.

That's how you came into the world.

But she, to see me

And to see you, one day

Crossed the seas

And I, to clasp

Her tiny waist

Walked all the earth,

With wars and mountains,

With sands and thorns.

That's how you came into the world.

You come from so many places,

From the Water and the earth,

From the fire and the snow,

From so far away you journey

Toward the two of us,

From the terrible love

That has enchained us,

That we want to know

What you're like, what you say to us,

Because you know more

About the world we gave you.

Like a great storm

We shook

The tree of life

Down to the hiddenmost

Fibers of the roots

And you appear now

Singing in the foliage,

In the highest branch

That with you we reach."

By Pablo Neruda

**Thought #1 from subscriber #1**

The Printing Press should be called “THE PENNY TIMES"

AS IN THE ADAGE “A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS”



**Flashback September 19, 1990**

Dear Mom,

Another letter. Again to tell you how much I love and appreciate both you and dad. I have recently undergone major upheaval in my life, as you know and I am thankful for your kindness, care, support and love. These have meant so much to my emotional condition in such trying times and circumstances. Mom, your heart attack did not even dent your heart. I guess physical damage cannot destroy the emotional beauty of the heart.

I know the current conflicts in my life are a bit too strenuous on you now, they are hard on me and I haven't had my angioplasty or bypass yet. Knock on wood. I still feel all of your love and support, as strong as ever. I know you are concerned for my welfare and I love you for that, but do not worry I am very strong and will deal with it in my own time, my own way. In the end, I will rise above all of this noise and gain tons of knowledge and experience; I will take my lumps and learn. I will not fall down and become an invalid forever, I will again walk proud.

No matter the attacks on me, no one can ever take from me my pride in my abilities or achievements. I am so glad I am at a point in my life, thanks a lot to you and dad, that I can still maintain confidence in myself. I am sure you know it is something that lacked and that I had to work very hard to obtain, I will never let it go. Recently my confidence has been tested by so many different events, it will only grow stronger. So relax, your job is done.

You have given me all the right tools to be able to stand on my own and build back up. I am so thankful. You have not doubted me and treated me as anything other than a great mother. You have in fact supported me. I am just a unique person and especially in regards to my interactions with others and the universe. It must be in the name.

Mom, I want you to recover without the worry that all of this nonsense will shatter my life and I will fall apart and become a junkie or anything so easy. I have not completely lost it, I have just been temporarily been knocked off course due to the sensitivity I have inherited. I wonder from where. The sensitivity you have passed to me is a blessing and even if it does cause me to feel the pain of others it enables me to be compassionate in the end. I know I act out when people hit my sensitivity buttons, I hurt. I am working out how to handle this better and how not to let others make me react in hurt. I am close. It will make me a better person in the long run, I will not let anyone interfere again, or make me feel bad about myself. I thank you for the tools which will allow me to work this out, and paying the enormous therapy bill. But I am young and would rather overcome this now, and move on.

There is not to much more for you to fret over once I conquer this. My life has been constantly improving as I age, until recently things were going toooo good. Now I will really kick some ass, if you know what I mean. With these kinds of situations out of my life forever, I will be able to reach my goals. I know they are within my grasp and I have not lost sight of them in any of these mess's. My will is still there and I know the way, I will get back on the road. Minor setback. Very heavy, very hard, very emotional and very Eliot.

And I often look at the whole picture of my life and I see these four, very gentle, very loving, very caring hands behind me. I thank the stars. The angry moments of the past covered in love and appreciation, specks of dust on the picture. I have always had a problem with respect, as I think it must be earned. You and dad have earned mine forever. That still does not entitle you to always be right.

I am not ashamed at anything I have done recently. I have acted only in love, care and compassion with people. My reactions to others not so nice actions have been poor but will forever change. What they do about their not so nice actions is their business, their consciences must cope. I must just continue on. I do have enough headaches of my own.

For whatever it is worth, I am proud to be Eliot. I am also proud of all that has been passed down to me.

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I am exhausted as you can read and I am about to sleep for the first time in over 48 hours, if the damn voices would stop possessing me to go forward. We have already laid the groundwork for the Institute. I have an experienced staff available, and I seem to be assessable 24 hours a day via all kinds of techno-communication devices. I am too tired to go on anymore for this burst of energy, so, shut-up voices or you will have no one to talk to when I evaporate. This project is hampering my ability to input my old journal entries. I have so many projects and concerns to attend to. When I die I wonder how many things will have been left incomplete. I can rest assured that The Thought Institute will not die, as I will give this project my life. When I am dead, feel free to continue using this journal to express thoughts.

Goodnight, and may as many happy birds be singing to you.

Imagine a collection of the thoughts of the day, packaged in a few CD's. If the world blew up and we all died, the thoughts of our kind would carry on, in a small package. Jim and I were contemplating how to preserve these records forever, but with the realization that we are and expanding and contracting universe, it seems impossible. If all the matter in the universe will contract and be smaller than this . how do you escape? Well this will be something for future generations to contemplate.

The Thought Institute will revolutionize the way in which the world communicates. Since the Institute will be non-profit, there will be no gain in entering your thoughts, you will pay to enter them and it will be your selfless contribution to society. I have been asked again and again what the purpose is, and why Peoplekind needs this type of outlet, when everyone can just write a book, if they want to express themselves.

Only writers can publish today, and the works published have often been modified and edited by others to conform to grammatical rules and regulations, political rules and regulations, religious rules and regulations, economic rules and regulations, and finally the publishers will.

Because we are all not writers, yet we all have thoughts, we are missing the thoughts of the whole, and only being exposed to the thoughts of writers. Throughout history there has been no place for people to record their thoughts, without having to undergo the long tedious process of getting it to print. This obstacle thus has caused Peoplekind to miss these unrecorded thoughts, trillions of which were probably quite brilliant. For example, we all have thoughts regarding our current plight, the state of affairs, and yet we only hear mainly writers’ thoughts and the thoughts of those in "power."

Thoughts have long been controlled by the ruling powers. In Russia, for the last 50 years, it certainly was difficult for the people to express their thoughts. Often it is difficult to express thoughts when you may be killed for their content, which has a very stifling effect on free thought. Mankind, throughout history, has constantly tried to repress the thoughts of controversial or rebellious individuals, often the very thoughts which later end up revolutionizing the world. Yet, how many of us are willing to risk our lives for our thoughts? History is plagued with killings over a simple difference of opinion.

How many thoughts run through your mind that you are afraid to speak out because of repercussions or the feeling that your thoughts are strange and perverse and would not be understood by others? We are taught from birth how and what to think, and often our inner most thoughts are forced into the unconscious. Parents, teachers and preachers, all working on your thoughts, shaping and manipulating them to conform to the thought of the day, not your own thoughts. If you think for yourself, you encounter tremendous pressure and opposition from others, even death, as if your unique thoughts are a threat to the established system. Thus you are punished for thinking contrary to establishment, as if new thoughts or ideas are wrong.

Everyone in your surroundings constantly telling you what is right and wrong, what you must and must not think in order to gain acceptance within the society that controls you. How can an individual think for one’s self then, very privately? This is part of why the Thought Institute is open to all thoughts, of all people, with no particular definition of right and wrong, good or bad, up or down, significance, or any other label. You will not be called crazy, and ignored. You will not be persecuted, for you will only be a number, within our journal. All subjects are open, any form of expression is allowed, and there will be no judge, jury, executor or editor.

I am the sacrificial lamb of this journal, the only person that can be called crazy, perverse, sick and wrong. I am not afraid of you mankind, you can laugh and ridicule me all day long for my thoughts. I am just a person trying my best to enjoy the grandeur of creation, within your plastic world. I am not afraid of you killing me, I will walk into the valley of death selfless, I am happy that I will continue in the food chain and bring forth new life and new thoughts. I do not forget where I come from, I am thankful to all the creatures that I feed on and I never neglect them for I cannot live without them. I do all I can to protect them. Not many species in the chain, kill without the desire for food, man is one. No other species in the chain of life kills within their species over beliefs!

Those species that do kill without purpose, just to kill, are considered primitive. Those species that kill over beliefs are called sick and wrong. Mankind is currently acting very sick and self-destructive and the evidence is piling up at astonishing rates. Peoplekind will solve most of our problems in this disease. Once people begin to treat all the creatures of nature with love and respect, not classifying them in hierarchy, the earth and its creatures may again live harmoniously.

We are all afraid to speak our minds for fear of being classified as something else. Man does not want to be unique, so he forces all to comply with his thoughts, and his ego then rests assured that he has created order. If you do not comply you are classified and often subject to all kinds of sick and wrong treatments and tortures. I am not afraid, as I will speak my mind here without concern for your judgments of me.

When you hit a car carrier head on and have every bone in your face shattered, your body and mind subjected to death for days on end, very little can frighten you. The worst thing you can do is kill me for my thoughts and actions. I hope you eat me and enjoy me if you kill me, or else it will be just another wasted life attributable to mankind.

Try this for example. I dated HP for almost ten years, from 10 to 20, pretty exclusively. When I was about fifteen, I was reading a "dirty" book when I read this article that forever changed my sex life. The article said that woman do not come as often as men, that they rarely, if ever came. I was shocked. Up to that point I was a stud, I thought myself a great lover, and little did I know that I was just a fucker. The article, written by a woman, stated that after a man and woman made love for the first time, the amount of foreplay drastically decreased, and that after marriage their often was another reduction in sex between lovers, after the honeymoon resides.

She had a point. Prior to intercourse with HP, we had spent many hours in intimate and passionate foreplay, driving me into a crazy frenzy. After intercourse we primarily made love for 10-20 minutes. I mean if I just relax, 70 strokes, in any form do me fine. We would then kiss and cuddle and I would pass out instantly after, the job in my mind complete. We never stopped short of me orgasming, I did not even consider her feelings, and she always said I was a great lover and that she was satisfied.

Well my ego was shattered, my heart was hurt, this was the girl I loved and cared about. I did not want to believe that she was lying to me to comfort me, and not insult my maleness. So I experimented. The next time we made love, I followed the article to a tee, and there was no foreplay and I orgasmed at 35 strokes. I then asked her if she had orgasmed and she said "yes, it was wonderful" and I went nuts. I called her a liar, my trust was shattered with the girl I trusted everything with, and I broke up and went home, like a wounded and dying animal. The pain of this poor performance reality felt equal to the pain of my accident, my ego shattered. I went to Dr. A and told him I hated her and she was a liar.

Dr. A laughed, and my ego sunk further to the floor. I asked what was funny, and he said I was uneducated in lovemaking and thus how could have I known. He said that HP too was uneducated and thus neither was really in the wrong. Well when someone tells you that you are uneducated in sex, and you are entering your manhood, you are angry. I wanted to kill him, there and then, and I began a rapid justification as to why I was right and it was HP's fault. I denied my inadequacies left and right. He then asked me if I were so smart, why I was reading "dirty" books. I think I replied at the time, that it was "cool." He then asked me the ideas and fantasies it aroused. I denied that I really was masturbating to the wild and perverse things I had read and seen.

He asked me if I had ever read the Kama Sutra or any pillow books. I had never even heard of them. He told me if I wanted to learn sex, to try these books as well. I left feeling totally damaged, I never wanted to see him again, and went to the library were he told me I could find these books. They sounded like real porno books being in the library, and I could not imagine making love to a manual.

I was shocked when I began opening the pages. Most were water paintings with all sorts of different people engaged in all sorts of acts, I had never dreamed of. The cartoon images had the bizarrest physiques, but the actions were intense. This was not like any porno I had ever seen or read. The paintings were filled with beautiful flowers, and were set in beautiful settings, some outdoors, and some indoors. Everybody seemed serene and content, nothing seemed dirty or perverse to them. There were orgies, and some of the orgies, had people assembled together, in animal shapes. Nobody seemed ashamed or concerned that they were perverts or sick, it must have been the beliefs of the time. I mean if you were to tell anybody that you had sex in these ways, you would be considered bizarre today.

But I was amazed and excited, it filled my head with fantasies beyond anything I ever dreamed, I masturbated more. My mind was still bruised but I had to tell HP. I went to see her, and brought the books. She was just as intrigued and excited as me, we began to read the books, and our hormones surged. Before we began intercourse though, we spent hours in new and exciting ways of foreplay. We began to try all the new exotic methods outlined. You would have a great laugh, as we did, trying to get into some of these positions. I still believe that it is impossible to do some of them. Imagine trying to get into positions like "jumping monkey facing a tree."

Yet, our laughter and efforts were stirring tremendous love. We were beginning to establish a trust that allowed us to do anything together. The more we laughed and played, the more passionate she became. I never, other than prior to first intercourse, remember the passion that one can feel if the highest honor in life is delayed and teased. At the same time, HP was beginning to just get aroused, normally I had already come long before, but know I was driven to fulfill her passions. Our fantasies and games exploded in her first, with major body ripping orgasms the first that she ever had. I knew why everyone looked so serene in the paintings.

This was the greatest joy in life, to be able to be loved and love back sexually equal, with complete trust. Everything we did suddenly became better, because of love, sex included. Our stagnated and old theories of sex coming from this frugal and perfect society disappeared. We no longer had sex without ultimate communication, no thought was too perverse. I told her the things I had been fantasizing for years, and she told me hers. We never criticized or condemned each other for our thoughts and in fact we did every single one of them. We were children, I have never grown up, nor do I want to. Since HP, I have had this type of relationship with every girl I have dated.

I believe I have done every single thing a person can in the world of sex & love, I have lived every fantasy I have ever had, and I have lived every fantasy my girlfriends have ever had. If I had homosexual thoughts when I was a child, my girlfriends satisfied my fantasy by acting male. I have acted female for all of them at times, as many of them have lived that fantasy out with me. I have therefore never needed to actually be gay. I guess when I was a child, if I had been condemned for these fantasies by any of the girls, or had to repress these thoughts because of preachers and parents, I would have always lived in fear of them. I may have even acted them out in the closet or out. I do though act them out with my girlfriends and build even greater levels of trust and love. I have never hurt these girls and they have never hurt me in our sex life. For the most part HP and I separated because of change in geography. When I went to college, HP and I slowly separated and it was painful, part of the pain that led to my accident.

Our parents were both pressuring us to separate, we were deeply in love, yet they thought it best that we try other people. We really had no need, we had each other and that provided enough variety. We tried to work it out in college, at different schools, but we were influenced away. Being separate almost killed me, so I went away, forever. I took from HP tons of love, I hope she took as much from me.

HP’s parents did not like me, they knew that I undermined everything they wanted their daughter to believe and I instead let her do as she pleased. They put extreme pressures on her to make her feel unworthy and insecure about our love. At first she rebelled like hell, then, as I said before, the influence of our parents often has a devastating and lifelong effect on our actions.

This has happened in many of my relationships, my marriage ended because of the tremendous pressure SY's mother placed on her in a most trying and painful time. From the moment SY's mother entered our lives our relationship disappeared as she tried to build the one that never was with her mother.

Normally, I did not intervene with parents of my girlfriends, when they did not like me I just ignored them. I was not in love with their daughter because I needed a family, as I already had a large enough one. When they challenged me or criticized me they got it right back.

People have always called me crazy, as it is a cheap way of attacking intellectual ideas which challenge their own. As you are reading, I am certain that word has occurred to you and knowing of my 20 years in therapy, certainly would lend credence to that view. I do not mind being crazy, I have learned to love it. The term crazy is used so liberally in our times, it is more often a demeaning insult designed to bruise your self-esteem. How many times have you spoken a thought, to hear people say, "what? are you crazy?" This question raises questions, since we are never sure of our sanity, and what today is normal, tomorrow seems crazy.

When children speak, and are called crazy, their self-confidence is lowered, and they begin to repress their innate thoughts. Whenever ones thoughts stray from the "norm," crazy is applied in response. For many years I have contemplated that normal, seems to be all those that accept the current and ruling beliefs of their times. Each generation of man thinking that the beliefs he was born into were the "norm." I am unsure what is normal, I must have lost my book at birth, and I always ask people if I can have a copy of the book G-d gave them with all the rules. My G-d gave me no rules other than to respect all life, all creation, my G-d did not demand that I think like everyone else of my times and only my society demands this.

Most societies have begun in violent revolution, for example, the USA, where all of us proud Americans whose ancestors committed genocide to the Indians, to institute our beliefs, claim that we are a just and civilized nation? We now hold trials to prosecute right and wrong behavior.

**Subscriber #3 Thought #1**

"'People with great minds talk about ideas.'"

"'People with average minds talk about events.'"

"'People with small minds talk about other people.'"

So go ahead, prosecute me for my thoughts and actions, judge me, call me crazy, put me away, or kill me. I actually enjoy the abuse, it makes me stronger. There is little left you can do to me to try and institute changing my behavior, most methods have already been deployed and I have not succumbed, faked it for a while, but I am through.

Side thought; S.B.L. Southwest had great purpose in my life. The company was not really formed for me to become rich. I was on my way to Graduate school when I came to California. I also had started a little business in college, giving kids who normally were considered underdogs a job helping me sell insurance.

**Subscriber #4, Thought #1**

I don't know?!

**Sep-12**

I never imagined that my business would end up occupying all of my time. I never dreamed of the stresses associated with a business, I only took two business courses in school. Yet we succeeded as you've read. When we were beginning to excel, the jealousies arose and the death of the black sheep began. Everything fell apart, everybody abandoned ship but JF.

I now know why, I know that this was a trial in my life, preparing me for my future tasks, although business was never to be the main focal point. So many lessons have been learned in coming to have compassion for those in misery, yet I will never again let myself be down trodden by the nature of those unhappy with their creation. I have learned to be compassionate, and walk away unharmed.

I have always been compassionate, I just am too sensitive at times and I never conceived of sibling rivalry and the likes. I never thought that I was doing any of this for personal gain, always charitable concern. My school for delinquents being my end dream, which will occupy my future life. That is what the $2.62 for the writer will help build and fund.

The business I have operated is rapidly being converted to the Institute. In a flash everything has transformed, I have mobilized my troops, and we are ready to meet the challenges. I am excited at the new challenges I will face, my mind has been so pre-occupied. I have slept 14 hours in the last 6 days, I feel charged at the moment. Having plunged to the lows you have seen, I have risen up again, possessed by the voices in my head.

I am finally feeling free, the cost of my freedom hidden in these very pages, yet I am not through, I am driven to expose my most painful form of hurt that impassioned me to my own inner prison from the fear of rejection. Unafraid now of your rejection, I will reveal here the conquering of my fear, you will witness the metamorphosis from an angry young man to a compassionate person.

In hell I reeled in pain, how those I loved could turn on me, how could they transform me to a monster, when I am in fact gentle with all creatures. A blitz on Eliot began, the momentum gathered tremendous force, shattering every facet of my life. My brothers attack was brilliant, he knew my weakness' better than most, I had considered him my best friend. His life was going through strife as I mentioned, and so he scapegoated his brother. Can you understand that it seemed so natural to him that this was the role I had played in my family's web in my childhood?

Wherever and whenever something went wrong in my household, "Eliot" was the first word spoken. I could be blamed for almost anything, and if I were not at fault, I normally had to accept the responsibility, or argue in defense of my innocence. By the time my parents had completely interrogated me, they were often too tired to move on and just figured I was lying, the guilty party remained anonymous.

Whenever somebody needed to blow steam or their life was miserable, I was the release valve it blew through. In order to release their feelings, they began an argument with me, and proceeded to "wind me up." I would get hurt or personally attacked for being "crazy." This attack always provoked me to outrage and my following actions were raw and passionate cries of pain. I would flip a table, or fight, or just throw a shit fit (another million stories,) and the other person would point out that I obviously was "crazy." I am not sure exactly what satisfaction was gained but I am sure it hurt me. Talk about shattered confidence, you get sent away at thirteen and have your entire species call you crazy, every single day of your life. Yet my confidence has gained strength in its weakness.

When Ted needed a scapegoat, and had lied to his mother, he needed to diffuse the pressure on him, and picked the "natural" person. These character traits had been extinguished in my life when I was sent away. Sure, everybody calls me crazy, but since I have been on my own, nobody had scapegoated me and instead used me as a source of strength and energy. I had many friends, in all circles, and I have always been a friend to all.

My siblings, who hardly know me, have engraved me to the past in which they knew me. I always complain to them that they know a different Eliot than the rest of the world, that the Eliot they knew is dead. Wrong, I was just lying dormant. Once Ted scapegoated me, I reacted in typical fashion, and he manipulated the situation from there, he thought, yet only in his currently twisted and sick mind. In a moment the rest of my siblings who needed some release joined in, all expressing "concern."

My life was on trial, everybody was involved except me. When everyone thought I was this raving addict in my family, and they attacked everything I had accomplished, I simply fell apart. I lost my wife, I lost my business, and I lost friends like Brian, Joel, Cherri, Jesse and Jeannine. I became seriously depressed and began to question my existence. I overdosed on therapy, attempting to understand all the assaults.

My parents did not so easily accept what their other children were professing about my life, they did not condone me. Obviously at first they were concerned, international drug smuggling is a pretty heavy accusation, but one very difficult to believe about me. In time the culprit was revealed, the games exposed, but I was left devastated.

In this weakened state, the momentum furthered into my personal life. Shellie, who relied on me for my continuous strength, could not withstand the weight of my tears and at the same moment, her mother applied pressure. Her mother at first ushered in with "love and concern" for me, and proceeded to criticize me to Shellie for my weakness. Loretta is similar to my grandmother, a world of misery desiring company. And here I shall insert the most painful and horrible death of my love.

I have had several long term loves, but I fell for Shellie for her strength and independence. When we met, she had been supporting herself, alone, with no family help. We had a lot in common, we were both so susceptible to pain from our pasts and we desperately desired to be loved. We both understood the pains of rejection, as she had been completely abandoned by her father and mother. She had been abused and abandoned and she longed for love in a surreal sense. I gave it to her.

Best friends would be hard to describe the intensity of the relationship, as it was passionate on every level. I met Shellie to hire her and I fell in love with her prior to meeting her, on the phone. I had been going out with Carla, and the relationship was winding down. When I would call Shellie we would talk for hours on end about our feelings.

When I left meeting her for the first time, I told Joey I would marry her. She was hired and her job became becoming my twin. We did everything together, unrestrained and free. Business began to pour in and we were all over L.A. and Orange County, entertaining friends and clients at the finest establishments. We engaged overnight it seemed, as the words flowed freely. Little did we know our problems were about to begin. The tragic tale leads to an understanding and compassion for all. Thank you Shellie.

**5/13/92**

**Subscriber #5 Thought #1**

I feel sorry, happy, so very sad -

what ozone. Or is it beyond the

black hole. Which goes to eternity?

or Extasy. Only the unborn know.

**5/13/92**

**Subscriber #6 Thought #1**

I am feeling anger, Love, today.

I feel we deserve all happiness

(me, myself and I.)

I would like to live my life

as I see most happy and comfortable.

**Subscriber #7 Thought #1**

**March 9, 1992**

I believe that one of the greatest methods of communication is through poetry and creative writing. While "Free-Thinking" is a terrific theory, it is often difficult to express because of society's rules of order and rules of conformity or etiquette.

Adhering to what is considered the norm as a result of what I call "falsified expectation", being the intense pressure from the stages of development to be accepted of parents, religion, school etc. makes it difficult to always fit into or feel at ease on acting upon beliefs. Erik Erickson, asserts stemming from the more Holistic approach to growing stages, suggests that a series of childhood psychosocial crises must be resolved in order to become integrated persons. A falsified expectation as opposed to a realistic, most natural and basic form of holistic resolution, creates a mental tug of war, and hence results in shame, guilt and stress. Maybe I just need a vacation, a very long, uninhabited one at that.

Nevertheless, relationships among people often seem to be destined by a pre-arranged, skewed, or again "falsified expectation" of what is considered to be traditional and proper. I say, "bullshit". This is the cause to maintain a diverse segregated community and world which promotes prejudice and war.

Let me quote an excerpt of a recently written poem titled,

**"Turn it on, Turn it off"**

"Why must I become submerged in an ideology of power and control. Work oneself to the bone without cause, regardless of self-worth. Lost in a world of things to come, no war, unconditioned love and behavior modified by no concern of tomorrow. As if prediction or self-projection has an ability to ward off fear and the fear of solitude with that shameless enough to satisfy the soul.

Obsessed so great with a next generation that ours becomes saturated into one of the past, unsure of just where our generation is now and how did it go wrong. Just leaving it all behind, I can't think of a better place to be. Turn it on, Turn it off. I can't think of a better place to turn, than to you.

Pulled out of nowhere to peddle, out into the streets, alone, caught in a cross-fire of social acceptance, that of government regimes and games in which self-assurance and appearance play the most vital role. Stuck in the middle of this playwright act called "success" and a burning desire to leave it all behind. I just leave it all behind. I can't think of a better place to be, Turn it on, Turn it off. I can't think of a better place to turn than to you.

Back from Saint Barthélemy and wish I could be there until death. So peaceful and slow and technology is at a minimum. My body, mind and soul, were in constant harmony with environment. The cemetery was the most beautiful and had a lasting image, filled with exquisite flowers daily, like someone remembered.

In my solitude I had so much time to think, so many thoughts I have again confused myself. Persistent in the back of mind were the realities of civilization, although out of sight, they weighed heavier on my conscience.

The Institute for Critical Thought over shadowed all thoughts and dominated my dreams. I find that I have again submersed myself into the unknown. Where shall I revive the senses necessary to fulfill this task, which seems beyond my power scope? I have absolutely no concept of the skills necessary to be a writer, publisher, founder of an Institute, and again I find myself purging forward. Direction seems external, as if I am only following the beat of a drummer. I am not afraid of the forces that possess me to undertake this task. Fears of failure do not blind me and I would never be here in this position if I feared your criticism.

How do I get the world involved in something as trivial as a Journal of our thoughts? How do I explain that the trivial thoughts of our past, present and future members of society, are what drive the changes which shape our outcomes. We are born into an environment, pre-shaped by factors completely out of control, other than the ones created for us, by ourselves. I have mentioned too many times that these controlling forces that shape our minds are indeed the results of male domination over every single weaker kind.

The desires to control and own everything, have led these institutions, blinded in ego, to jeopardize their own existence, at the hands of the most powerful factor, a woman, Mother Nature.

From the Los Angeles Times, May 26, 1992, from the section entitled, A Day in the Life of Mother Earth, A SPECIAL EARTH SUMMIT ISSUE OF WORLD REPORT.

"World leaders will gather for a global environmental summit in Rio de Janeiro on June 3. If it's a typical day...

* 250,000 people will be added to the world's population
* Up to 140 species of living creatures will be doomed to extinction
* Nearly 140,000 new cars, trucks and buses will join 500 million already on the road
* Forest covering an area more than one-third the size of Los Angeles will be destroyed
* More than 12,000 barrels of crude oil will be spilled into the world's oceans.

Mother Earth has amazing recuperative powers but scientists fear the load may now be too much..."

A story comes back to mind, although not complete, it certainly emphasizes the beginning.

**Flashback 1985**

**THE REINCARNATION OF PEOPLEKIND**

***Part I - THE END OF MANKIND***

"The earth seems such a distant thought and I can remember fragments of its past. Traversing space there seems so much, to think we were once confined to a single planet, no wonder it became so congested. It is no wonder earth had become so polluted, to think mankind had almost killed the only life source and it could have become a very lonely universe.

My mother warned us of the doom the earth was facing and she protected us in the most elaborate ways. Head covers were a must. She would say, 'the sun will rot your brain.' Each morning she would make us sit in the clean air room for an hour and take our oxygen pills, it was such a high. She claimed that the masks were some kind of government joke, they did nothing. She blamed it all on the government exclaiming, 'they knew all along, they inundated with us television, so much fucking propaganda. We never knew that a hole in the ozone could spread so fast, even as we went to hell they told us it was getting better.' She heeded us to leave the planet, to forge new frontiers.

She had become almost insane before her death, as she would scream to us 'leave before the cancer consumes you, space is the only place for the human race.' My mother’s death left only us children, we were so young, but nobody seemed to live past the 30's much anymore, even if you stayed indoors the radiation seemed to get you.

My brother and I were sent to work at a waste management plant. Waste management had become the world’s only chance at salvation. We rocketed about 10,000 tons a day into orbit around the planet Uranus, it now had ten rings. Waste management had become one of the biggest industries worldwide. It was a life threatening race to save the earth, and I would have to say the single greatest motivating factor in the reincarnation of man.

We had become a civilization gone mad, like our brains had suffocated us. Violence and greed had blurred our sight, and the by-products were the smoke and grime that now engulfed us, the race to restore nature was against centuries of abuse, and it seemed there was no time. How could it go un-noticed for so long, had mankind not seen how close to the edge they were getting to become the first species to extinct all species.

It was at the plant I first became familiar with rockets, my first job was stuffing them with waste. The most primitive rockets were actually old bombs. Nuclear bombs, what a concept. It seems that as the hole increased in size, the

radiation began to fry the brain, countries went insane, the violence an extension of our helplessness. Rations of food and water became smaller and smaller. Nothing seemed to grow, as so many animals and plants became extinct. In the beginning of the end, the dead piled up fast, cancer was epidemic, only the young survived.

Bombs fell next in our frustration and only compounded the problem, nobody won. How satirical, salvation through destruction and yet despite this glaring oxymoron the entire race claimed to be civilized. Civilized in mass destruction and waste we were. Where had the mind closed to the realities of reason, why had the mind gone mad? Possibly the inception of logical thoughts on limited brain capacity overloaded reason and caused this anger and hatred towards one another to breed. Who knew what or who was right or wrong? Politics were dictated more often through power and control than equality, unification, and logic. The latter would come from fear of the present condition, no future. No G-ds that were summoned appeared and not for lack of calling, it seemed as if mankind were challenged by the devil himself.

Either mankind came together as one to salvage the earth or their prejudices against one another would destroy them all. I assume to avoid the overwhelming guilt associated with voiding the universe of life, explains what had driven mankind to suicide. So the bombs showered the earth with evil.

How could they have split life's most basic and universal element and not anticipated hell? Each single atomic split causes billions of equally evil splits, every division moving the race further from survival and allowing evil to spread. Fission had no good by-products, it was the culmination of historical energy through destruction, and how did they not see that the energy needed for life came through fusing. So obvious when the energy for their own lives started with fusion and ended without it. Adolph Hitler was the protagonist of these nuclear bombs and for decades after, man cultivated and placed them as their highest priority.

In the early 2000's the world had attempted world unification due to the realization that the environment had almost crumbled, that life was supported by limited resources which were being destroyed faster than they could rebuild. The separate nations came together in fear and desperation to assess the whole damage created by each. When the totals came back the mess was overwhelming. The ozone layer was pocketed with holes and the sun was slowly radiating life to death. The separate parts working against one another culminated in this most desperate tragedy worldwide. Mankind had nowhere else to turn, no one else to blame, and for an instant they came together to try and stem the destruction that prevailed.

The co-operation ended quickly, stone throwing began, as politicians worldwide blamed each other. A struggle to horde the earth's limited resources began and the race progressed backwards. Mankind became the most primitive and destructive force ever on the planet. Monetary systems collapsed back to trade through intimidation and strength. The more violent energy that was expended, the further mankind moved from salvation.

You can see the predicament? Desperation consumed rational thinking, panic overtook logic; in a blind struggle with an unseen enemy, everything is an enemy, even one's own kind. The propaganda of the time was centered on maintaining control, no truth, a bombardment of statistics favoring life versus the reality of death.

The masses accepted the propaganda, the blind leading the blind, helter-skelter the end result. Concerned, yet without change, nobody could part with their 'own,' like stubborn children, selfish and violent, material possessions leading their funeral procession.

The earth began to buckle from heat, surface temperatures averaging 130 degrees. The increases in temperature had a ravenous effect, devouring the ingredients for life. All vegetation had to be protected from the deadly rays which once fostered life. The clouds remained constant, thick and black, radiating back the heat from the earth. The more the ice melted in the early years from polar caps, the thicker the skies became, the dustier the earth became. The heat set all molecules in a frenzied dance, as the molecules of the brain heated mankind was truly losing its mind.

Life needed a miracle to survive, as it did to begin. I would have to say that the first miracle, other than fusion, was the demise of archaic political motive. Mankind had relied first on a religious savior, then on a political savior, in an attempt to put order to existence. Once the religious savior failed to appear, the politicians appeared. Religion divided the most primitive groups and divided them by hierarchy, normally the group with the most primitive strength ruled. This division causes a separation of the whole, a severe loss of the power of the people as the whole placed in the hands of a few, usually that with the most brawn and not brain. The questions most fought over having no answers, and yet the masses demanded to know of their existence, so desperately did they yearn for the answers that they seemed to believe anything shoveled down their throats. I have heard that statues of stone were the first answers, and the people prayed to them. Mankind quickly moved away from visual aids, as the stones did not provide adequate answers, and the civilization collapsed.

The division of man is what caused this blind race to destruction, selfishness and greed flourished, the byproduct, a race without purpose, one in which the individual forgot about the whole. No other species had ever forgotten that continuation of the whole was the key to survival. Mankind came close to outgrowing life's resources. Poison of mother earth's nurturing milk, in her veins pouring toxic wastes, her breathe congested with soot, skinned alive to be marred with the roads of industrialization, had they not correlated their existence's with her very own.

Visual aids faded and imagination became the key to salvation. Unseen G-ds replaced the stones and seemed to be of much harder substance to break. The mind as protector of the G-d saviors offered unlimited hope, yet imagination with no action is fantasy. Fantasies about the salvation of the earth and life are wonderful, but with no action or logic, the fantasies become nightmares. The energy wasted on fantasies cost the planet and people dearly, since a nightmare was really the reality. The religious leaders and politicians who had propelled these greed filled fantasies were the first on the executioners block when the masses awoke to their nightmare. The blind, the selfish, the abusive, they were next.

Had the leaders of the people been motivated with good intent their end would not have been secured. Yet the intent was malicious and selfish, therefore their fates were sealed. How had evil come to rule the kind, how did evil prevail over good? Those who saw their fate coming were powerless to fight, as they were the passive, the kind and the caring. Evil fights with destructive powers whereas good seeks to avoid the fight with logic and intelligence. Good would rather succumb to evil than to fight and therefore become evil. It is the wise and good man that sees that two wrongs cannot make right. Most evil in our past seemed to stem from uncertainty and the ignorant notion that security from uncertainty comes from the number of believers, the power one can secure. It seems that the ignorant and meek find comfort in crowd appeal and are willing to do anything, including but not limited to murder to have their way. In an attempt to prove ones beliefs, crowd appeal has a most devastating and trampling effect, as it dampens the human spirit and then allows comfort only in acceptance of the belief. The harder the spirit resists the more force that is eventually applied. Free spirit became a rare species, as fear grew, ignorance and evil reined.

The future of the earth and all life rested on free spirit, the ability to analyze everything for one’s self and make decisions based on logic instead of succumbing to the ignorant crowds appeal. Faith is the devils friend, logic is G-d. Blindly accepting another's beliefs in an attempt to relieve the pain and suffering of uncertainty only causes uncertainty and fear to prevail. When one is uncertain why he acts, his actions have a destructive force, he allows ignorance to guide him. Depending on the beliefs of the crowd he accepts to comfort him, a man will act as told not as he feels. When true feelings are suppressed, a man will do anything to hide from the true feelings which rein within his mind.

In the early years of the re-incarnation of mankind, a great struggle began to revive the mind from all that had attempted to rule free spirit. A rebirth of free spirit. As the ignorant mass began to realize their destiny, death from inaction, action became a must. The sun's rays had a devastating effect, as they shed light like never before on mankind, a light now both deadly and beautiful. Those whose spirits had been sold for too long, died most rapidly. They seemed to gain comfort in their death for they seemed to know that they would no longer be responsible for their inaction's. This reminds me of a painting in which the ignorant masses gather under the devastating ray's, in an effort to prove their faith, millions already dead beside them. Generation after generation of ignorance now dying from their ignorance, as their eyes blinded. It had taken them so long to accept the roundness of their planet, and it was too long to accept the damage of their inaction.

The child who conforms in infancy for acceptance now ready to accept anything shoved down their throats without question or resistance. How easily religion and politics gained control over so many. Religion and politics use the same fundamentals of control, crowd acceptance and submission of one's self to create a most blinding faith, both preying on the young and innocent free spirit. Accept our ways or you will not be accepted by our G-ds, our societies. You will be blasphemed for independence and rejection of our beliefs, fight us not because we are older and wiser, accept our ways or we trample upon you in great numbers. If you resist you are questioning our ways, if you accept you will help prove our faith. How did such ignorance pass for so long unquestioned, had mankind truly lost its own mind? As adults never seemed to survive the cancer much past thirty, they had secured their own demise. The children were left with the lessons of the past to begin rebuilding and expanding.

The sale of the free will, acceptance of ignorance is what allowed the brain to fry. The errors of mankind’s ways are what began the destruction of the ozone layer, what began the end or the beginning. The ignorant masses unable to accept the errors of their ways were killing not only their children but the children of all kinds, the overwhelming guilt causing them to charge to their deaths as if in battle wishing to die versus accepting their nasty fate. To prove their ways they often sat beneath the rays in an attempt to accept their own beliefs that no harm would come, or G-d would save their poor soul, the price for their ignorance their death. Those most ingrained in ignorance dying first. Better to die than to accept the errors of the past and present. Can one be expected to survive the guilt of generations and survive?

The survivors were the rebels like my mother. She stood her ground and accepted the errors of her faith and ways, she warned us continually to question authority and fight it with logic, to not blindly accept the bloodline, to make change where change was due. She often told us that only the children of the world could make the necessary change to save the planet if it were not already too late. That the death of all around us must force us to rethink our ways or all bloodlines would become extinct in ignorance. She told us to question all the ways of mankind for ourselves and take the good with the bad, not accept the bad as good or the good as bad. When we asked her opinion, she would not answer, she claimed her opinion was no longer really her own, that she had sacrificed it long ago.

Repeatedly she would denounce the ways of the past, she would torment in grief and guilt at her own blind acceptance. She was so young and yet it appeared to already be too late. How? Does the initial sale of free will forever lose the ability to regain it? So many fell dead around us that it was plain to see that even the perfect children would run to the sun in an attempt to prove the faith and ways of their parents, they fought hard not to be thrown into an imperfect world and keep maligned order. Helpless in a world that has no order, no right or wrong, only ones self to rely on is very hard but blind faith leads to a life of denial and uselessness.

Denial is the key to ignorance. Deny that you have flaw and imperfection and point out the flaws of others. Constantly criticize and judge the actions of others in order to minimize your own critique of you. Create law and order out of chaos and confusion, the ultimate denial.

A free thinking, free spirit could make no friends in such an oppressive environment. I believe it was Einstein who said, "'Great spirits have always encountered violent opposition from mediocre minds.'" Such violent opposition stems from denial of the truth and the means to repress it. The free spirit wants only to be; a condemned spirit desires acceptance. Yet the two cannot exist in harmony for one wants to be accepted and one chooses not to accept. The free spirit emphasizing to all to be themselves and to do what is in their heart and soul. When the ignorant meets the free spirit, the ignorant chooses to act like the free spirit and not himself. The free spirit rejects acceptance and the ignorant becomes angry at one with no direction to follow, and begins trying to impose order on the spirit.

The ignorance's anger stems from the denial built up to defend that which he knows is wrong. Does the abused child turn on the parents or defend the parents? Does the child choose to minimize the actions which cause so much pain and suffering in their souls? It may in fact be the path of least resistance and yet it is then certain that the free will has been sacrificed. The free spirit hides no pain or suffering and attempts to change that which he feels is wrong. When a free spirit encounters another selling their soul, he may reach out in compassion, knowing how hard it is to break free of the chains. Often for a time the suffering soul may make a stand, as he attempts to free himself of the wrongs committed in the name of this or that. At this point, those who desire to dampen the spirit rise up their dragon like heads from the past and try at all costs to kill the free spirit. The attackers of the free spirit use their love and care to again trample the spirit. The struggling child may often turn against the free spirit in an attempt to regain parental love.

The battle against the free spirit cannot win if the spirit is truly free. The attacks on the free spirit are an attempt to prove the ways of the free spirit wrong, and therefore prove those attacking right. The struggling spirit then turns to crowd appeal, if more people agree that it is the free spirit that is wrong, than I must be right. The free spirit knows that there is no logic in this assumption, for even if being a free spirit is wrong, it does not make sacrificing ones heart and soul right.

The battle must be determined by the self. The free spirit will not allow ignorance to prevail, as the battle turns all against him. The free spirit says you cannot deny the errors of your ways, you cannot deny that you are being manipulated and threatened with love and care. Often the struggler will abandon the search for his innate spirit, turn on the free spirit, and run blindly for the love and care being offered by those attempting to dampen the spirit. Forever on they must then live with no free spirit, they must accept or be abandoned. “The Horror, the Horror, the Horror.”

The free spirit accepts the attacks on spirit, not forced to sell the soul no matter how many attack, no matter the methods or the force. This spirit can only be dampened by self-created error, not provoked attacks. The free spirit is ready to admit the errors of his ways, although not willing to change them if they logically have validity. For example, it was accepted at the time, so different than today that one must obey and respect authority and make no waves. In an environment that exists on conformity, it is a miracle that the free spirit of mankind once again ruled and it is however no surprise considering the circumstances facing the race. Death from ignorance could not completely prevail, as ignorance died, the ignorant became dependent on the free spirited children for salvation. The children denied acceptance and forced those who wished to survive to accept their own spirits as their savior.

Those who had sold their souls died out, having extincted themselves. The children buried them with compassion and love. Darkness began to lift, the children of the world forced to look at themselves for their own salvation. With this came many rapid changes. The elder free spirits that had survived where compelling the children to re-think the ways of mankind and analyze where the problems had come from.

Once the problems where identified, the solutions could follow, the end could make way for the beginning, the lessons of the past making way for a future without these same problems. New problems certain yet attacked with free spirit and not a spirit in denial and controlled. The path for a re-birth being cleared, no G-ds or politicians, free spirit would forever rule."

***PART II - PROBLEMS AND MORE PROBLEMS***

My great grandfather's writing left me with a chilled feeling culminating in my mind. A hundred and fifty years later I could still feel the innate desire to have a conception of existence, would I sacrifice my own spirit to be accepted? I do not know what that would feel like, as no one has ever tried to convince me of anything other than the logic of their belief. Faith in fables never being taught. Would I want a specified G-d in my life? How does one believe in what one does not know himself? I guess if you start the child young enough in any belief but his own you can force the thought process to accept even stones. My father is calling on me now I must go.

The problem of the day, centered on the theory that as a star eventually dies, their planets spiral off into space. Could we the human race allows this to happen? Could the planet Earth our true homeland be allowed to disappear? Some felt that it was natural, entropy, predictable chaos and should not be interfered with. Others felt that the planet must be saved in order to define our existence. Throughout the galaxies all people’s thoughts were transmitted to the central computer, to analyze and compile a solution. If a solution could be procured by mankind, it was recognized that all thought needed to be considered. My father and I worked all day composing our thoughts, together working out what we each thought to be the proper course and our solutions. How could we allow Earth to spiral off as another piece of space dust? and what about all the valuable knowledge to be gained by further analyzing the beginnings of our kind. My father’s opinions always seem to act as a catalyst to my own, as he purports arguments of the old school and provokes me to counter with arguments of the new.

I had never been to earth and I knew the solution to the problem could be reached in time. The idea being studied was the replacement of the sun with a new star of similar physical characteristics and dimensions. The problem would be transporting through the space time continuum. Could the stars be mapped and simultaneously replaced? What would be the effect on both systems, on the whole? And could the transfer save the earth indeed. We had saved the planet from so many near disasters I had faith in mankind.

My problems seem much greater though. I cannot seem to figure out who I am and what my purpose in the grander scheme of things is. How much of what I think is right or wrong? Am I not also guessing at the mechanics? How much is genetics effecting me, has history influenced my ideas? Has my mind been truly independent and can it ever be? Do I only believe my own thoughts? Of course not, I analyze all history and events and yet make my own opinions of the events. But am I right? I am only right for myself and I will never have acceptance and approval of others, as they seem to only approve of myself if it looks like their own. Today I went to Shell 4 on the outer ring of Utinus where such wonders come from its radiation. The gases when broken down for oxygen produce a wonderful reaction on the chemicals of the mind. Brain functioning almost completely ceases, a most wonderful state of existence follows, a feeling of complete acceptance in the universe envelopes, an acceptance of being part of the whole, forever. Understanding the changes one has taken in form since the beginning and the changes in form one will most definitely undertake in the future. Yet helpless to really know the past or future, only in this short span of being able to guess and ponder. How wonderful the human condition seems when seen in this state, an understanding of the relationship between you and the whole.

In the magnitude of the whole you are a necessary part and have been playing a role since the beginning and will play one at the end. Billions of changes your atomic structure will undergo as you transform to and fro. Always remaining a part of organic matter, and thus carrying on the living condition. Understanding the whole leads to a greater understanding of the component parts, even one’s self. This bonding and building of the atomic particles became the key for survival. I know not of the "archaic political" systems my great grandfather spoke of. What I do know is that fusion was and still remains the only way we have survived in the human condition. Of course space-time travel would not have been possible this far from Earth without learning to fuse, how could have we survived not being able to build the essentials for life. How could water have been replaced when lacking the ability to decompose matter with hydrogen and oxygen in it and then reform that into water? Fusion's beauty can be seen when any two atoms or molecules join together in a symbiotic manner and produce beautiful new combinations of matter.

Man and woman are a wondrous example to cite the beauty of fusion. Two together making a bond, new energy is created in the form of a child. From single elements, they now undergo the transformations necessary to create a new element fusing together. Each individual sacrificing part for the new whole and from this fusion all life is born.

Organic reproduction the ultimate fusion, the only combination mankind still cannot replicate, there must be something other than logic behind reproduction, improbable that we ever will figure out the miracle. The time and energy once dedicated by mankind to this question, a complete waste of time, no concrete answer was ever proved, and so much blood was spilled in the theories. Mankind's desire to answer the impossible, led to the greatest hoaxes.

end of story.

That story was written four years ago, I now know where the idea for a Thought Journal really began. Funny how years later the fiction is finally becoming reality. From thoughts, this has been inspired, "crazy" you may call them.

Very little time to write today and I've yet to input the handwritten Shellie letters. So many businesses to run, so much old stuff to deal with from the great depression of my life, and the new, beckoning me to my calling. My life is again going at the pace that suits me best, constant. Sleep seems trivial, the energy picking up steam instead of faltering in periods of dismal abyss. Met with the director of UCI's radio station on the Thought Journal and after they played a Grateful Dead tune to the Institute. The director mentioned calling on the creative writing heads at the University and making it part of courses. Ideas are beginning to flow. PB at GTE Spacenet is checking out getting a 1-900-THOUGHT line, a concept readied by my very own father. The Thought Institute charging service time for accessing the memory banks and downloading information, or inputting ideas via fax or modem, a business, he is such the monopoly man.

I was a bit hesitant about using the 900 concept, as I have viewed its uses for gimmicky phone traps for children and adults. My father pointed out, that although the Institute is non-profit it must sustain the expenses necessary to operate. "The electricity bill has to be paid no matter the Island you settle on," he said.

I've forgotten to take the necessary steps to secure gigabytes of memory on laser disks, approaching the manufacturers on a charitable giving perhaps, to get the name of their corporation on the data bank of unedited human thoughts that may reshape humankind. Now I must approach the best in the business at the top.

OK. I'll begin the end of the death of the black sheep.

Date not available.

Dearest, Dearest SY,

This letter is intended to be my deepest apology for erratic and nasty behavior. Since this whole thing began I have been analyzing what has transpired, and it all is reading to me like I have had a lack of compassion. there is no excuse or justification for my behavior. Therefore, your decision about coming back to this relationship will be understood either way.

Reflecting back I see that I put myself into this position because I was not listening. I put my needs before yours and now my heart is sore. I mean after your surgery, how could I be so insensitive to your feelings, how could I come down on you so hard.

Like I said there is no excuse, I am sorry. You were not feeling well and were frightened about having children etc. and I minimized the whole scene. I guess if I would have lent my ears, you'd still be here. Even on Saturday when I thought you were attacking, my compassion should have rung through. I should have called AD and DD and canceled. Where did my brains go, my love and care? So many times when I've needed you there, you have been there from beginning to end for me. You are the compassionate one, and I am not. I have been trying to make excuses; too much pressure, feeling everyone is turning on me, business etc. I find myself guilty of being an asshole. There is no justification for lack of compassion. And so I do not blame you if you had to go.

My actions have been guided by a gross attack of guilt. I was not contemplating killing myself because of your actions, but my own. I have not been able to leave you alone because I am overwhelmed with shame. The more you ran, the guiltier I became, the more I acted insane. I am very concerned that I have forever screwed things up. If that is so know you are not to blame for one second. I have been trying to rationalize how and why I forgot, but I cannot, I can only hope you accept my sincerest apologies. I Love You so much, and I know I am wrong and yet I wish so much you would not be gone. As I tried to reach out, I guess I pushed you further, for you wanted nothing to do with me. I was the source of your pain, so you wanted to be away. Again with lack of compassion, I could not understand your pain over mine. I may be deaf, dumb, stupid and blind. I am very afraid that you were so stressed out and might do yourself damage, I tried every conceivable way to make you stay. I know that if you come home, I will never again not listen to your heart, instead of claiming that you are attacking me. I should already know that because you have never done so to me. You say that I twisted this and I did, it is the hardest thing to accept that I am at fault. Don't try to explain your anger at me and blame yourself, it's plain to see, it is all me. So last night when I sat on the ledge of the hotel, I knew if I fell it would be hell. And when I called and said your beat, I meant my defeat, for I decided there would be no gain except to make you feel more pain. Not very compassionate. And I have buried myself beyond low and that is how this story will go.

I want to write, I have to sleep.

Have I been fatally affected in my naive and romantic beliefs of love? Since the divorce, I am more null and void of the fantasy. I hardly see the beauty, I understand the struggles. I fear love. I do not even fear death. How do I ever regain that childish and romantic view of Love? do I really want to?

Looking back over the relationships I have had over the last 16 years, I see that I had tremendous amounts of love from each girl. I also encountered equal heartache with each.

**Subscriber #8 Thought #1**

We need to encourage our children to think, not just make them, there is a difference.

I have slowly begun the process of regaining my intrinsic nature and I feel internal strength and happiness. I know my conscience and those voices within, are telling me that they could never have suffered the weight of the crimes currently being committed against mother nature, our children and all members of life.

Slowly, I have begun to refute the very things everyone once thought I had sold out to. So much opposition has already begun, from all those who have sold out, who cling frailly to their sick psycho systems. I have so much more I want to say, my eyes are closing though. Hopefully I can pick up and write tomorrow.

**Subscriber #9 Thought #1**

The buyer asked, "Do you have good neighbors?"

The seller asked in reply, "Did you have good neighbors from where you're moving?"

The buyer replied, "yes."

The seller said, "Then you'll have good neighbors here."

**Subscriber #9 Thought #2**

"To each their own" the old lady said as she kissed her cow.

Free thought - From The Reggae Sunsplash

Increase the Peace!

Where did the revolution go in America? Where have the hippies retired? They have gone to sleep, seduced and drugged into submission and acceptance. Sold out to capitalism I guess. When Vietnam ended, did the cause for peace, love and world unity die with it?

I smell hate in the air, not unity. I see the growing economic disaster, here in the United States, causing a separation of the melting pot. Bigotry and scapegoating are high. The Japanese being blamed for U.S. economic problems, so the Japanese American takes a beating within this country. Anger and hatred flare, am I supposed to jump on the band wagon and hate kids I grew up with?

I wonder why with global communication, global friendship did not evolve. Global hate has only cost a waste of lives, time, and resources. In any case, after the long and tedious Shellie story and the close of the therapy session, this journal can evolve to its purpose, forward progression. A forward progression to finding solutions to the problems currently facing this planet and her children, having given thought to the course we shall follow. That course begins the end of dwelling on the problems facing us and a move to positive momentum to shape the future for continuing generations, having considered the feelings and thoughts of all who wish to express themselves.

I have oft been confused with a pessimist, by those whose ideologies I question. I have been called two faced, as I live in one world and dream about another. Asked how I could run a business, drive a Volvo, use an air conditioner, refrigeration, drive a car, type on a computer, etc. As if I should give it all up in a moment, and disappear back to nature if I do not like establishment, and survive. I am not afraid of packing it up and going on a venture, I have been on a long one thus far, but I am uneducated in being natural. My chances of survival are limited because I have become out of touch with nature, in learning to act civilized, the same reason mankind will end. Here you might understand why I have been labeled a pessimist, but you must look closer and remember that I advocate an optimistic change, Peoplekind.

For example, I believe that toxic dumping and nuclear waste should not be dumped back into the earth's precious resources, even if those industries must cease to exist. Again remember, that I have an optimistic opinion to go along with the pessimistic, package these wastes and orbit them around Uranus. Another example, I believe that Capitalism has forgotten to take an accounting of mother earth's limited and precious resources, and thus will end all life when one runs dead. I am not saying this will not happen anyway at some point, with or without Capitalism, for one of a trillion or more reasons, if we do not plan well against it, even if we do. I am optimistic in that I believe that a new global economic system will be developed in which the true resources of earth will be valued first and foremost. In addition, it will account for all the inhabitants. I am not a pessimist, as I am a realistic, optimistic and a futurist.

**Subscriber 10 THOUGHT 1**

El - A thought for the institute

It is a fact that all known galaxies are moving away from Earth. This phenomenon referred to as the "Red Shift" (because the galaxies appear redder the farther away they move from Earth), makes me wonder - why are the neighbors retreating. Are they afraid that the galactic form of AIDS (i.e. Pollution) will reach from Earth to their galaxy? Or perhaps they are positioning themselves outside of the blast area. Why are our neighbors retreating?!

**Flashback 8/2/91 12:20am**

So you think me an angry young man. Damn straight, I am angry at the current state of affairs, and the actions which have brought us to the brink of the destruction of all living things. Are you afraid to admit that the human race, in becoming civilized, has almost annihilated the glory of that which surrounds us?

Are you afraid to admit that the children's children will hardly have a chance in this garbage dump we leave them? Do you expect them to survive with barren land, no ozone, no water, no air, nuclear and hazardous waste, no rain forest, acid rain and the likes?

Unless change is dramatic, radical, and now, all will die, choking on years of waste and environmental abuses. And in the end, as life's resources fade away, thus increasing in value, we will fight for them until our deaths and maybe we will drop our bombs on the innocent like we have recently done in Iraq. The abuse must end, no matter the price, no matter what must be sacrificed. Change will not be easy in a world where; moral concerns are secondary to monetary concerns, political motif is for the privileged while the masses are ignored, mankind is divided, G-d's instead of brain's are called on for salvation, the means are justified in spite of the ends, violence is rampant and respect for all life is secondary to anything.

Back to basics. Difficult to imagine life without the so-called man made "necessities." More difficult to imagine, no life. And in our haste to have "necessities" we have sacrificed the true necessities such as; air, water, earth, and ozone, without which it will be hard for our kind to reproduce. Possibly, like the dinosaurs, we have got to big and now must parish. Unlike the dinosaurs, I am afraid we may take all life into extinction. Our children will have the right to hate us, for we knew and yet did nothing to alter the course. Too caught up in our ways and blinded by greed and hate.

And so I speak to the children of the world when I call for change. I yearn to see the children revolt, a revolution in the name of life and love. To continue on in the same fashion as our forefathers is certain death. And how do the children proceed with this revolution, when controlled by adults, who are already set in their ways, believing now that what they do is right and good, in the midst of chaos. How do children ignore those they are supposed to believe in?

**8/6 California 8/7 Chicago**

Who are these people children are supposed to faithfully rely on to interpret the world around them? Parents, teachers and preachers, all children once themselves, all conformed to the thought control of the mass long ago, carbon copies of the past, who have sacrificed their innate beliefs to be accepted and loved. In desperation and confusion each of us enters the world, in search of answers to questions with no definite answers. Afraid of that which we do not know, we yearn to find comfort in the strength of mass belief, afraid to be alone in our thoughts and truly helpless. Sacrificing our innate thoughts to be accepted or labeled "normal", allowing destruction and death in order to benefit one group or another.

In the strength of mass belief, we place ourselves upon a pedestal, above all others, and thereby begin to lack respect of the equality that naturally exists amongst the creatures of this earth, as well as, our own kind. Once this boundary is transcended, an individual can act, regardless of any higher social or moral concern. The mass is controlled by adult authority, the mass has drastically failed. In attempts at controlling and manipulating for selfish ends, the whole has been sacrificed, and may be sacrificed beyond repair.

Society’s problem is that as a group grows in numbers, typically the male egos become inflated and their sense of power grows proportionally. Yet to maintain the ego's growing need for power, the group must seek new members to convert. The simplest way to convert new members is to breed them. Take innocent and helpless minds and subject them to mentally perverse idealism and the end result is a mentally perverse child, and thus a mentally perverse adult, and thus a mentally perverse society. Subject them to what you would like them to believe through schools, churches and the likes, and you have a new convert to the "system".

What are these "systems" and how do systems of thought end up affecting not only our minds but our environment and the fragility of the entire ecological balance. Blinded in proving our faith to these systems, mankind has lost its nurturing instinct. Not nurturing of the young, not nurturing the whole. We forget that humankind is not the only creature here and that we depend on plants and animals as much as they depend on us. In fact, we feed on only organic materials and there seems to be currently only a limited amount, and therefore we are a much closer family than you have separated us to be. Every day you consume living organisms to sustain yourself, and one day you will act as fuel for these very same plants and animals, as you have in the past, and will do in the future. But there is a terrible force jeopardizing the entire chain of life and the link to this fate is manunkind made.

Adult authority must be overthrown! The children must depart from the ways of the past, and in a desperate struggle with time, attempt to correct the errors of countless generations of self-interest. Soon there may be no tomorrow for change, the end will have slowly crept up, no chance for a radical change. I beg you children, to stop listening to the "systems" currently employed; school, religion, parents, law, and politics, they are doomed.

Ignore the problems of the day, absolved in your inner struggle for reality, and you will find you've accomplished nothing. Face the problems today in a realistic way and soon you will find solutions. Applying the solutions will be difficult, as the changes will certainly have to shift the power structures currently in operation.

**11/4/91 1:43 am**

Currently so many problems plaque the human condition, we have detached so far from our instincts. Embedded in the mind from birth are beliefs and ideals which are not our own and were founded in fear. Our ancestors, the earliest of "civilized man" must have been completely baffled by their existence and the ability to contemplate existence. Yet there were no concrete answers, as there still are not, but many attempted to venture a guess on existence. Each of the various tribes around the world must have gathered and in group meetings decided the gospel of the day. The majority ruled, and strength in numbers began. Opposition to the rule was punished and as this is primitive man, you can guess it was most violent punishment. Each group separate and unique but united in beliefs.

As children we are berthed into cults and imprinted with the belief of the day, there was no self-conflict as it was the only belief in the cult. As the child grew it became a part of the norm by adapting to its parents beliefs, to the cult's rules and regulations. If it were believed that lighting was thrown by Zeus and sacrificing children for G-d's was in order with the group belief, all believed faithfully. In numbers, a sense of comfort is achieved, a false comfort that distorts the mind from contemplating the wonders in an independent fashion, with innate thoughts and feelings lost. If all the primitive and isolated cults had been correct and achieved the same answers, all would have probably proceeded in a more civilized fashion.

Problems began as the groups began to migrate and come in contact with one another and the main problem was always caused by the male primate ego. Whose cult was right and whose was wrong, usually became a conflict resolved in strength and intimidation, instead of logic and rationale? The history of mankind is covered in pages of blood, not ink, and all over questions with no real answers. Whole cult’s entire values and beliefs were jeopardized with the introduction of foreign and outside thoughts. Instead of appreciating the beauty of the various philosophies and enjoying the ignorance of all, we cling desperately to our G-d's and systems, arguments between various factions over the creation and existence of man soon turn to anger and hate, which has led to billions of deaths amongst our own kind, and the toll mounts daily. There is no time period ascertainable in mankind that indicates peace among the various cults simultaneously. Still there is no concurrence and so many more groups exist, always trying to convert new members, always claiming the answer to this or that. Thousands of various accounts of the beginning, the end, and all you can do in the interim, are now archived. All are conjecture and fables, products of the human mind, and as such would be harmless thoughts. Yet mankind is afraid to admit its ignorance, as the ego would be destroyed. With superior intellect we are afraid of ignorance, alone here with our thoughts and utterly clue-less, we continually ponder our beginning, our existence and our end. Maddening, the constant ignorance must be, for that is exactly what has happened to mankind.

Are your beliefs your own, or are they the products of others? From birth we are bombarded with thousands of groups trying to win influence over our thoughts, preying on the fears which lie within the subconscious mind. Fears of your fate or where you last or next will abate. Fears about what is right and wrong. In a desperate attempt to subside these fears, the human race has depended upon the imagination and has maintained that; that which offers comfort is truth. Generation after generation these beliefs are passed down blindly, to question them is to question the authority that rules. To question authority and what has been dictated to you is to face punishment. Punishment designed to destroy your free will, your innate desire to think and feel freely. From our earliest moments of life we are bombarded with rules and regulations which if we do not obey like slaves, we are outcast and alienated from the cult. Parents, teachers and preachers, all using guilt to instill the "system" and if one does not heed the beliefs one shall feel a life of shame and aloneness. The power of guilt on the child's mind can make one sacrifice any personal belief in order to be loved and accepted.

This friend, my fellow human being, is what has created societies diversity of cultures and almost all of societies current problems. The problems created in dividing mankind are at the roots of modern man’s problems. For thousands of years our faith has caused us to defend our feeble attempts at justifying existence, and in defending these beliefs we often attack the beliefs of all others. We value these beliefs above the value of another life, sacrificing our respect for life.

I just continue to delay and neglect really beginning the Shellie story. That dear reader is because it is a painful and fresh wound, complicated by abuse.

What unfolded before my eyes in my marriage was truly the most painful and horrible transformation from abused to abuser. I had always known that SY had no real family, that she had never felt unconditional love. In stark contrast, I was a rotten kid and still in adulthood received tremendous love from my parents and maybe our differences were what were so strong between us. SY shared her life's pains with me, and I cared. She spoke of changing the past and I believed that since my mother had done it, anybody could, with just having someone who loved you unconditionally.

I was wrong. I had always heard my mother speak of making change, and I assumed if she could do it, anybody could. I had far underestimated the amount of inner strength of my mother, I never experienced her pains. I witnessed Shellie's pain and found that I was utterly helpless and possibly harmful in my attempts to help.

**Sometime after SY had left.**

**THE EVIL BOND**

From the womb the cord is cut;

Yet the bond may not be severed enough

And the child may enter a world but,

The world may be cold and very very rough.

Learning and modeling what's in the home,

Difficult for the child to become its own.

The child so innocent, helpless and free,

Entering a world which may be full of strife.

The only world the child may ever see,

The child may emulate and pattern the past for life.

Close your eyes not to these suffering children,

For they have few tools to change the world there in.

Out of the warm nurturing sea

Into a violent and disturbing dream,

Of generations past and hidden within the scenes;

No normalcy can the child grip onto or lean.

Excepting what is, as the only way,

Few children can ever break or sway.

Tis' evil working its way each day,

Which causes the child to harden in heart.

Arteriosclerosis as the minds veins decay,

Can the child break the bond which tears it apart?

So difficult the task for a child to undertake,

To free itself from years of past mistakes.

From birth the child taught to accept fate,

Knowing not what is right or wrong,

Learning from parents whose fate already sealed in slate.

The battle to change normally a sad sad song.

Expect no metamorphosis the struggle intense,

The child must use logic and common sense.

In a war against a bloodline of anger and irrationality,

The child's mind empty, like a blank book,

Yet etched in the pages before birth a horripilating history.

If the child is to overcome it must take a long long painful look,

To traverse against the tide a struggle indeed, you see,

So many drown from the battering, so many more give in and flow out to the past sea.

The parents trained to kill any objections,

Too hard to see the errors of the past they have accepted.

Like looking at Medusa to see their reflection;

Their hearts would turn to stone from being decepted.

Already too late for them to renew the fight,

The parents turn on the child with all of their might.

The bile of the past coming disguised in love and care,

The child accepting these as the basic needs:

For one does not want to be left alone in a world of fear,

Knowing the basics will be withheld if the child does not heed those who lead.

To stand up and fight for what one believes right,

Takes courage and the want to never lose sight.

What sights are these that can drive one insane?

If they are not repressed within the brain?

That guilt the child to accept the blame

And revolt on the fact that it is a historical game.

To question the past and the parents one needs

Can open one’s eyes to the culprit indeed.

Can a child truly damn his parents for the evil chain?

Or have pity and compassion as they are only a link?

Mortal people who could not withstand, so succumbed in pain,

From fear and desperation they did sink.

The child must remove them from the pedestal so high,

And see them naked, like you and I.

Each day the child retreats to an inner shell,

Harder and harder the struggle for reality becomes.

The greater the chance for a life in a living hell,

Another link to the past, the child may succumb.

Oh pity the poor babe that cannot overcome,

For it is the final setting of the innate sun.

Once the past is ingrained and the driving force,

The child loses freedom to blind faith.

The path now clear cut, a most ignorant course.

Like a horse controlled by the reins, I rest my case.

Beware! Beware children!

DO NOT CLOSE YOUR EYES FOR A SECOND,

For once blind the problems cannot be reckoned.

So how does one change the bloodline gone insane?

Without condemning the parents to the executioners block?

The answer is simple; love, care, compassion and an understanding of the game.

Blame only causes guilt which tightens the lock.

To you dear children who yearn to stem the evil tide,

Don't give up or in -

DO NOT RUN AND HIDE.

Instead stand on your toes and fight till the end,

The dragons of past raising their fiery heads again and again,

As you try and break the wicked and evil trends.

The fire will get hotter and burn your soul thin

As the past generations attempt to win,

By guilting you to accept the sin.

**Sometime before Shellie and I married.**

Dear SY,

I want to say how much I love you and there is so much to say. I've never been so passionately in love. I love you each moment of each day. When we are apart my mind mends us together.

So overwhelmed with you, that since we became lovers I can't stand to think of us apart. I must have your hand in marriage! The thought of us forever sends shivers of excitement throughout me.

I know you are afraid but I am sure together we can conquer any fear. I believe we care enough about each other, that no matter what the problem is, we will work together to overcome it. This is no simple task we are about to undertake, it will test our love forever. There will be no turning away and running, it will be turning towards each other. I want you to know that there is no issue you cannot confront me with.

I am so psyched for our future. Together our energies can do a tremendous amount of good. We will grow together and build a solid foundation, a foundation we both desire so much. We will build a family and shower it with love, nurture it and gain tremendous happiness.

Again, I just wanted to say,

Love You The Mostest

Eliot

The politics of the day seem archaic, cracking, and weak. Reviewing the list of U.S. presidential candidates leaves me once again voting for myself. Politics have become showbiz, and more emphasis seems placed on the characters’ lives than in soap operas. Smear campaigns to win voters based on the other guys flaws, sounds so childish. I yearn for a new politics, a global and compassionate one, am I just dreaming?

If I were in Russia, on the other hand, I would be awake, change would be brewing. A new driving force in radical change would be upon me, I take note as an American. As archaic hard-liners of Communism step down, a void has opened that can eventually only be filled by the children. Chaos fills the air, as the new disorder tries to find its place. Radical the change must be, for the people have been blinded to think and act within a society that has crumbled. What will happen when America's bubble bursts?

The SY story must now be prefaced by a brief account of events that were unknown to me prior to marriage and divorce, one of those "family secrets" that silently and slowly devour one's strength and will. A single mother who cared more about herself, a father who had abandoned and beaten her, I am sure the world was already a miserable place for SY. Then one day in a hotel room, LY shared SY with a friend, I do not believe the world was ever the same for SY again.

Many times I had sensed a fear in SY, a fear of any man, distrust. Repeatedly I questioned if she had ever been raped, she always adamantly denied the accusation. I began to believe that it was incest when I found that her father had run a whore service in San Francisco. Yet her anger and despair seemed more centered around her mother, and I believed this anger somehow due to simple abandonment. Never would I have imagined that her very mother had involved her in a sexual exploit with a man she was trying to win favor from.

From the first time I met her mother, I disliked her. From nowhere she appeared as we were getting ready to get married, as if she had been SY's mother. Several years prior to me meeting SY, her mother had told her to move in with a boyfriend in L.A. at 17, so that she could travel and lead her own life, without excess baggage. We picked her up from the airport and she began a barrage of personal criticism, at first to SY and then to me. We took her to The Ivy at the Shore restaurant, and she threw a fit because we left my camera in the car with the valet. By the time we sat down she had begun to cast evil and dirty stares at SY. By the time we ordered LY excused herself from the table to go freshen up and take some more Xanax with her drink. Next we get an Ivy postcard that she has left the restaurant via cab and will be catching the next flight back to Boston. What a relief both SY and I sighed, and ate a marvelous dinner.

When we arrived at our home I witnessed an event that is completely foreign and bizarre to me, to this very day. LY standing at the top of the stairs screams at SY to come up. She barricades her in the spare room and begins to smack and beat SY. I detest violence so I opened the door and proceeded to take SY's inebriated and insane mother right to the front door. I explained that my house was a place of peace and love. I asked her to leave and offered her a cab. She grabbed her suitcase and began walking down the street, I sighed another relief. Then suddenly SY was overwhelmed with grief and guilt, caused by the horrible violence in the words, stares and physical abuse cast upon her by this witch. Next we were running down the street asking her to come back.

Late breaking news in this continuing blind journey. I have seriously begun to reclaim my stake, my course paved in confusion and more chaos. Tonight I had a conversation with my father that again confronted those feelings I have tried to hide away in my own interpersonal pain. Not new feelings but old and smoldering ones, ones that make me feel alone and tired.

I have worked in my family business as you are already most familiar with and I need not bore you again with any past success'. Yet I really have no assets and all debts.

The simple and plain reason is because I work in a very nepotistic environment, in which I still feel I am a black sheep. When I first began in business it was a solo effort, in which I would be paid like any other agent my father employed.

As time passed I grew from a solo agent to a full fledge agency. I began not only selling but marketing, underwriting, accounting, and all the responsibilities and bills of an agency. And the volume of business went skyrocketing, yet there never seemed any money left for myself, in fact I found myself having to borrow. In essence the problem is simple, as the business volume grew and the business expenses multiplied, my cut never did. So no matter the volume produced, the expenses seemed proportional.

A decade has passed since I have been working for my father, and I now represent a large portion (75%) of the agency's business. I have also made many key introductions that led to major deals with both major banks and insurance carriers, all working with the lowest overhead possible, out of the garage. What do I have to show for these or any of my business achievements in ten years, criticism from my family?

I explain these factors to my father and he starts calling me paranoid and inaccurate. I explain that all his other children who have been in the business this long seem to be living rather lavishly, and I like a pauper. He denies that any of this is true, and I ask simply to prove me wrong by pointing out the fruits of my effort. To show me the assets that I cannot find, the missing or lost accounts, the house I don't own, the car I don't own, or where I have thrown my money away other than into the expenses of writing business that everyone else seems to be profiting from. My father than gives no replies other than more insults and a new deal.

I explain that the old deal went astray and I got neglected and barraged with expenses. I ask if the new deal will improve my lot. No reply. I tell him working in a nepotistic family environment sucks, and that there seems no winning. I cannot even request to make some money off the business I procure, without having to worry that I am upsetting my father. I cannot compare myself to other employees in the company, or he views it as family jealousy. I cannot assert myself.

I thought moving to California would be far away enough from my family to develop on my own but I did not anticipate the reach. I believed that not moving into Daddy's office and having Daddy hand feed me would be the answer to avoiding the conflicts. Wrong, I got the worst end of the stick. I not only had to work out of my own office in the garage, at the same time that my siblings enjoy marble offices with a full staff.

At twenty eight I am in a business I have no desire for, and have a lot of family grief. This is part of the desire to close down the shop and move on. In essence I have worked this hard to build my family a better life. And of course the part that nobody can take away from me, my achievements on my own. Another lesson.

I am so glad to have released these feelings to my father, yet guilt lies in the background, and a strong feeling of once again being blacksheeped. To tell you the truth I am wondering if the price of being loved and accepted is too high.

LY's first visit to California, left SY feeling tremendous anger and rage, and at the same time it left her feeling helpless. During the rage that passed between them, LY kept SY at bay by constantly threatening to expose the truth of some situation. I pressed SY again and again to come forth with the situation that her mother referred to and she denied there was anything. I deduced from this that SY had been raped by her father and that this was the "secret".

Parents and children do not mix and should not be forced upon one another, after age ten.

In most parent child relationships, when the child is an adult, I see the effect of the infantile bond still having a tremendous impact, I see it in myself. I have claimed over and over again that being sent away was a traumatic and devastating blow to my ego, still affecting me 16 years later. There is however a part that I have neglected, all the good and positive times I had with the friends I made. I was able to grow on my own.

The reason I have felt so afraid of abandonment, the root of most my troubles today, is because it was not normal to be sent away, had it been normal, my life would be more stable and secure and the memories would bear little pain and suffering today. At the same moment that I was enjoying being away, I was torn apart by being sent away, and concerned only with being accepted again.

Grove was the perfect setting for any kid, no parents and teachers that were your companions and friends. No preachers and all the fun activities any child could dream of. You made your own role for your life, as the role you played in your family no longer existed, instead of your parents constantly trying to tell you how to lead your life, in such critical and often damaging ways, you instead made your own course.

More on the death of the blacksheep must be understood before I can continue on the story of SY and me. What is this blacksheep role I often refer to? It is the inability to ever achieve within the family unit. No matter the achievement, it is always stripped away by your family. You are placed in the center of family stress relief, when a scapegoat is needed you are summoned forward, mostly unaware of your fate. The uncertainty of the attacks is due to the fact that you are busy trying to lead your life, unaware of the problems brewing in the rest.

A perfect example plays itself here before my eyes and of course if you asked anybody in my family about this next story, you would here a barrage of denial and projection. The story would turn to an attack on Eliot's psyche, a host of personal criticisms, an explanation of my "past", and the famous "he's paranoid".

The other day when I called my father to ask why I had worked for his company for so long and had made nothing, he began an attack not on the issue but on my accusation. When I asked him to show me the fruits of my efforts, he was not silent as I claimed earlier, although he never pointed the fruit out, he was abusive in his denial to my personality. I was being disrespectful. Then I asked why my sister’s husband had suddenly inherited stock in our family corporation, and I had not. I think I was offended and insulted that having been a major factor in the business, I was neglected. I still have not received a real good answer, so I will share here the response so you can also understand my paranoia. My father claimed that my sister had asked my father to give her husband the stock and he was not even really thinking about it at the time. I am sorry I never asked.

So, I asked. Although I have yet to receive the stock certificates, and never will, I received personal criticism. To tell you the truth, to know that my father made my brother-in-law his partner and not his son, in fact excluding me, killed me.

And my mother and I talked today and she had to inform me that I was killing my father. I had to hear about his poor health and how I have caused it. I am not sure how I did this, as I tried to tell him simply that I again have received the short end of the stick. I guess in expressing yourself in my family of now hidden expression, you cause the death of others. In fact my mom passed the story of how her mother made her go to her father's grave and hear how she killed him, I wonder if I am hearing the same thing prior to burying my father. The question I ponder is who will bury who?

The pain of being blacksheeped leads one to search for outlets, death is often looked at, and drugs are often substituted. I wonder, if drugs and therapy don't alleviate the pain, will death? These are the problems of family for some, and they are so difficult to overcome. With my mom's commentary, I asked what I had done other than ask some pretty simple questions, and received nothing more than personal criticism. She responded with a barrage of personal criticisms, ranging from my paranoia and inability to overcome my past problems, to dating scum bags. I responded that maybe in fact the bloodline of pain has not disappeared but that it has been more focused on one child. I asked her to explain why it was such a sin to ask these questions and that it seemed unfair to answer with insults, I received another barrage of criticisms. So I told her she was no different than her mother who is a scum bag, and that if I had a better role model maybe I would have married different. It was all too unbearable. She hung up, and I felt like jumping off the nearest bridge.

Then I said to myself that these are the problems of trying to break free from the family. I then wondered if I should just go now, it seems that it is my only possible escape other than a bridge. I decided long ago that I did not want to cross that bridge again over these problems. Am I afraid to go? I most certainly am, and yet I am confident in my capabilities on my own. In many respects this thought journal that I try and involve you in, is the beginning step in a journey out.

I am not afraid of failure, as I have only been accused of this within my family. Outside the family I have developed friends that admire and compliment me. Only when I allow my family in do my friends go away.

In talking with Dr. A yesterday, he questioned why I tell everyone openly about all or any of my problems. He suggested that when someone hears the story of Lisa's they will interpret it to mean that it actually happened. An example he gave might clarify, he said that if someone says, "I was beaten as a child but not by my father" the person listening hears, I was beaten by my father.

So do I not write to you about this story because I fear that you may question my morals? I told Dr. A that I really do not care what you think of me, I know who and what I am.

Then a rush of emotion relating to my family came, the part that exposes my anger at my family. I claimed that they are gang bangers that they attack me all at once, and they all chime in. Within my family I have been the black sheep since I was born. All problems were heaped upon me, and anybody looking to diffuse their mess simply wound me up with unfounded attacks. I am very sensitive, and as you already are aware I would go completely nuts. By the time my parents arrived my actions superseded anything that my siblings had done, and by the time my parents were done yelling at me they were exhausted as was I, and my siblings snickered to bed.

When I was sent away, my parents and siblings could not blame me for everything, and the other children's problems suddenly were the focus. Away from home I was not blamed for everything and in fact was complimented by many people. I found that my family only degraded me, and made me feel that I was a failure, no one else.

Does unconditional love have a negative side? This question will be answered more clearly after understanding the death of the black sheet. In the interim I must travel many back roads to discover the pain unconditional love can render. I have kept from you these pains, as I have from myself, because it is very difficult to expose family.

When I was sent away I became my own person, I had no family around to relate to everybody what a bad child I was, and thus everyone knew me based on my merit. When my family meets my friends or introduces me to anyone, the conversation always returns to a discussion of Eliot at 10. Should I blame them for the cruelty of never allowing me out of this role, or, avoid them and come to understand and love them.

The reason that unconditional love is so wonderful when you’re a child is that it seems better than being beaten or abused.

Then on Monday I am informed that my sister has screwed me in business. Instead of funding business my father promised to me, she funded other people’s business. Shocked I called her secretary P and asked if it was conspiracy within the Chicago office to not tell me they were not going to fund my business and she confirmed that it was. I then patch called my father with P on the line and she informed my father of the conspiracy headed by my sister, and asked him if he still thought I was just paranoid about my feelings of my family.

Then NP who knew what my mother had said about all my girlfriends being scum bags, got angry with me and broke my rib. NP is not normally violent but she had just had her cervix coned for pre-cancer and was highly sensitive, maybe she sensed a changed in my attitude towards her since my mother’s comment, or perhaps she thought I would side with my mother.

Then after all of this, I received the following letter from my brother's attorney.

Mr. Eliot I Bernstein

The Institute For Critical Thought

17 Butterfly

Irvine, CA 92714

Dear Mr. Bernstein:

We represent your brother, Mr. TB, who has advised us that you have published and disseminated The Penny Times - A Thought Journal to persons known to TB and with whom he has had business, professional and social relationships, and that you may be continuing to do so.

He and we have read the document and our client believes it contains untrue, inaccurate, and willfully malicious characterizations and statements with respect to both him and his wife and that you have libeled them by your publication of this document.

On his behalf, we insist that you immediately cease and desist from further publication or dissemination and that you forthwith tender our client a written apology. Failure on your part to do so will result in our client pursuing appropriate legal remedies.

Sincerely,

KIS

KIS:smm

I have been waiting for an apology from KS for single handedly bankrupting the accounting firm of L&H, whom I once entrusted my accounting and then the whole firm just bailed ship and evaporated, the 9th largest accounting firm?

I have been waiting for an apology from my brother and sister in law for a long time for hurting SY's feelings at our wedding, hurting my friends JA and AA, and accusing me to all my friends and family of being an international drug dealer.

Yet I am a firm believer in two wrongs do not equal a right, and so I am sorry. As to no longer publishing and disseminating the Journal, I will continue. For there is a far larger purpose in my writings than my brother and his wife, one I place higher than my life.

Then my computer crashed and the last week’s writings and work went with it. The wonderful part about it was that I recently purchased a tape backup and it saved everything until 10 days prior to meltdown.

It is time I catch up on the events shaping my life, as well as, the conclusion I have been waiting for to the death of the blacksheep.

The weeks prior since last writing have been filled with some strange events in my life.

I had told LB on our last conversation that I had thought it best for me to no longer be a part of her life if in fact I was causing her so much pain and agony. The second letter seemed vaguer and yet it was sounding out a greater cry.

And then a phone call, one that almost preceded as if the accusation had somehow passed from consciousness. In the interim though I had a very strong feeling as to what in fact may have affected SY, NP and LB. What had caused them all to view me as a monster and in turn unleash a wave of hostility and violence towards me, one they all loved very passionately?

They all had one thing in common, a pre-cancer pap, a cervix conning and possibly a fear that dominated their entire existence. A fear that at first seemed to alter their states, to a Jekyll/Hyde like condition and a state which shocked even me. These fears were not even considered by others as there may well not be an understanding yet of the emotional aftershock of the procedure. Another commonalty amongst each was that they have all never conceived, and were all involved in the beginnings of love, all in their early twenties.

So how could an event that seems so trivial to the passive listener, cause such a state of mental turmoil that could throw in danger their loves and their lives.

Many of the letters that I have yet to journal regarding SY and I, contain the beginnings of my understanding the problems and emotions all three felt. This event has also had a profound impact on my life, as I love and care for all three dearly. My love for SY damn near killed my entire spirit, it was what led to the strength and understanding to help NP and LB without falling apart. It was the catalyst to the beginning of the death of the blacksheep, the end, and to this very thought journal.

I now have delayed SY's story long enough, it is imperative that you understand the pain. SY and I were attacked by all sides early in our marriage. My family and her family attempted to ruin our love early on. they did not believe we were right for each other, they hardly knew us. Yet, it is not this that I think left us ruined, the surgery never closed a gash that left SY weak, insecure, afraid, and caught in a state of feeling worthless unparalleled, before my eyes. And my eyes filled with tears.

After the surgery came to pass an extremely traumatic event that must not go un-mentioned. On the way home from the outpatient procedure, SY explained that during the procedure to remove a flap of skin from the vaginal passage so that she could have natural child birth, the Doctor also found endometriosis. The Doctor removed it while invading her. He said everything was fine. He mentioned no emotional after affects.

On the way home SY called her mother and explained what happened. Eric and NP had come with us to the procedure and what followed was bizarre. We went to the drug store to fill her prescriptions and get her heating pad, SY suddenly became very upset and complained that we were all assholes.

When we returned home SY passed into a deep sleep. About two hours later SY's mother called, and demanded that I wake SY, she had very important news. After speaking with her mother, she was mesmerized, in a daze of tears and fear. I was astonished that she could almost not breathe or speak. When she calmed down, she said her mother had told her that Endometriosis makes a woman infertile and that meant she would not be able to conceive and that my family would never accept her. SY's heart and soul were riveted and she felt that all we had dreamed of disappeared. She fainted into a deep and somber sleep.

When she awoke it was a Jekyll state, I had become her worst enemy. She felt a heavy sense of worthlessness dominated by an overwhelming fear. She had gone for a surgery to have children, now she could not even touch me.

She however had become overnight, dependent on her mother, who had devastated her. I was furious with her mother, another devastating blow to a helpless victim.

**Flashback - Hours after SY left**

Dear LY,

You've won! You've won! Now the setting sun.

Days are dark, thanks to your part,

And SY, my love, can have a brand new start.

You've stood in the way from beginning to end,

To plant the seeds of destruction.

Yet victory can be sour when the intent is to devour;

Especially with such a sweet and delicate flower.

Tis' similar in nature to Romeo and Juliet,

True love killed in the bud.

Snip snip, cut cut, by a jealous unhappy lot;

Until their love lied dead.

The families they say got in the way,

A sin from shore to shore, and like a sword in the heart

Caused these lover's to part; too late for amends.

And so I must say on this very day,

You bludgeoned my loved one to death.

Like a picador to a bull,

You weakened her to her knees,

For all the world to see and said:

"You see! You see! My baby girl,

All men are like I've told you.

So leave! Go go!

You know I told you so,

Mummy will protect you forever."

"'But mummy dear, he is not like you have said.

He is kind and cares. He is gentle with all my fears.

He loves me every day in every way!

In all my life, through all your strife,

I wanted the best for you.

And now in my glory, you have stolen the story;

And I have lost my best friend and lover forever."

The morale of this tragic tale:

Never hold to tight your child's tail,

For LY could not stand to see her daughter out shine her,

With a husband who loved, wined, and dined her.

And with that began a long and painful road of divorce for both SY and I.

**Flashback - Another dateless letter to SY might help in beginning an understanding.**

You want me to figure out the meaning of your actions? It is not that hard, all I have to do is realize that everybody else is right about you, and that I have faith in the wrong person. You are a fake. Everything you say and do is hot air, unless of course you need to mooch something. You have no care or real feelings, you don't care who you hurt, including my parents. You are weak, I thought you were strong. You are a liar, I thought you were honest.

I never want to speak to you again, you fake. You say you have lived up to all your commitments. That's bullshit, you have found an excuse or started a fight every time to get out of everything. You have missed dinner, dates, marriage counselor, shrink, A, returning the car, and moving back home soon. You are a game player. You use me. At this moment I do not think I ever want you home again. All you come for is to mooch and lie.

After reading your mom's card the other day I kind of figured it out. Your "mommy and daddy" want you to get an attorney to fuck me and my dad. You have not listened because you probably told them you don't need one, you can sucker me out of everything, and then dump me hard and fast.

You claim that you’re trying, bullshit, you have not made one effort to help our love. As a matter of fact you have only been trying since you need money. Mooch.

See, I can get angry and mean too, but only for a moment. Then I look more in-depth at the situation and actions. I feel that you are more confused now than ever. I believe you are looking for both a way in and a way out. I believe it is affecting your inner balance. One minute you lean one way, the next the other, no stability. I feel for you, I feel very deeply for you. My love is strongest it seems, when yours is weakest. How can I see the one I love the most in pain or suffering and leave her alone? How do I hide my care? I do not.

Lately though you have been extremely abusive to me and I am not sure I can handle such abuse. For example, if you ever hit me again, I do not think I can love you anymore. All else I think I can tolerate. But my love is tested again and again, as you never seem to want to put an end to these most excruciating tests.

And why are you so confused? Confusion is the result of lack of understanding. For example, I am confused at your wishy-washiness because you do not let me understand your inner feelings.

And maybe another.

**Flashback - November 4, 1990**

Dear SY,

I am a little disappointed at your current behavior. It is so contrary to the woman I love. You have not lived up to very many of your commitments, always finding an excuse or creating a fight to avoid obligations. These are serious breaches in trust. Lying about the car and trying to minimize it. Hitting, which must stop or else I will go, I can tolerate everything else. I just think how a child must feel when a parent assaults in a crazed state. There can be no justification, as apologies fall short when dealing with a child. Missing Dr. D, I think you should care a little more about your body and stop avoiding going. Missing Dr. A. Missing Dr. Y. And did you really send me letters and a card? Do you really love me? Are you seeing someone else? Are you really happy away from me? Do you really want to come home? Why have you not called my parents and been nice to them? Why have you not thanked them for helping us now?

You claim that you are living up to your commitments, I dispute that claim. What commitments have you really lived up to? You have got your apartment. You have fully moved out of my life. You have turned your love and care off. Are you having fun? Are you free without me?

You tell me that you never really planned on leaving me forever, and then you move farther away. You tell me you really want to come home, but do not know why you cannot. This has puzzled me. There are several reasons you may not be able to just give it up. First, you may not really want to give it up for me, and this is really what you desire. Second, you may not be strong enough to drop your arms, drop your pride, give and move forward. Third, you are afraid that you will somehow fail in your responsibilities, Ha, if you think this you are a fool. When you want to be soft, sweet, kind, honest, caring, loving, and the mother of my children, there is no greater person. this current cold and uncaring, mean and obnoxious, personality though must be dealt with and conquered. If you can treat me this way what will happen with your children when they do not please you, or live up to your expectations, or fight with you and call you names? Are you going to throw them out or abandon them? Are you going to silence them? Ignore them? Hit them? Or just love them and accept them always and unconditionally? Are you going to be there for them no matter what they do? Are you going to love them and not play your love? Are you going to use your love to make them suffer or feel guilty? Will you always be able to forgive and forget and let love conquer? If you ever lift a hand to them in anger or irrationally, I will break your neck.

If you can do all this to me, what is to stop it from happening with them? Are these the reasons you are questioning if marriage and children are for you at all?

The way you are currently acting suggests that you would be unable to be effective in this capacity. But I know a different SY, and I still for love's sake, have faith that the SY I love will soon again resurface. I am positive that it is struggling within to truly be free. On the other hand it is being killed from somewhere. This is the chain that keeps you from returning, the chains you cannot see. The force controlling you to accept your current situation, no matter the cost, no matter your unhappiness. I do not know which SY will prevail at this point but the signs all indicate that I will never find you again. I have waited and I have been there every day, no matter how bad you treat me, with love and care. I do not come to manipulate you or use you. What gain is there, other than my pure and honest love for the you I once knew?

The SY I love was warm, sweet, kind and caring. Always and unconditionally. I knew a fighter, one who had fought for all she had. She was independent, something I would never want or try to destroy, as I have now been accused of. She was happy and shined most of the time. She was confident and on top, and going higher. She had obtained her man of her dreams and filled him with love and kisses, always a best friend, always behind him. Her love, his fuel and his love, her fuel. She loved children and they loved her equally. She was always reliable and you could count on her word. She did the most wonderful things to brighten my days. She sacrificed for me as I did for her. She loved me and built me up, when she used to talk about me to others she would brag. Now she belittles me and calls me mean names. She calls her friends after making me mad and hitting me (like the other day at your house when you called whoever you called), and plays them into her games. She used to never play wicked mind games.

I have no control over the outcome and can only sit on the sidelines and be here for you when you need some love and care. I must withdraw from being turned and torn apart. I must remain stable when you are volatile. I must not abandon you. I must not hate you. I must try and understand why you need to tear my heart out and crush it. I must try and understand your hate. I must not protect myself or show any defense when you hit, except leaving forever if it happens again. I can offer no opinion on what is happening now, anything I say or do is used against me. It is very difficult to love you while you hate me and hurt me and show no signs of real care for me. When you do show care, it is followed by ten times more hate. I am so confused at how you range from extremes.

How do you overcome your fear of coming home? By coming home. By taking a chance, by making a sign, by making your mind up, by letting your love flow, by dropping your hate, by forgetting what anyone thinks. these are the basics. Reach deep down to your inner heart and soul and see what you really want and go for it. Be strong, expect pain and suffering, make changes, so that this never happens again. You are strong enough to overcome, you are a fighter, not a quitter. Coming home will not be easy, but then what has worth without fight. We will of course fight and hopefully you will not run and hide or allow third parties into them anymore. Hopefully your wall has not become too high to overcome. Let's tear down the wall and let SY back out.

Independent and on your own you were making the right decisions moving in positive directions. Influenced and dependent you have fallen apart, lost what you had struggled for, thrown it all away. You have created an impenetrable distance between us, you have transformed all your love to hate and disgust. You have turned my good actions and intent into bad. For example, the other night, have you told everyone what really happened? You had disconnected your phone after an argument that I told you I did not want to talk to you for three months. But I really wanted to make sure you got to Dr. D the next day because I care. I wanted to make sure all was OK with my love, as always. I had not slept much for two days, I had been in the hospital, I did not feel well, I was running a fever, I had been working till I was dead, under tremendous stress with you all weekend, and yet, I drove up at 3:30 am for you, to make sure we went to the Dr. I did not come up in a jealous rage. I do in fact still believe someone was in the house with you. But I will trust you, although I wonder why lately. Anyway, it made more sense for me to drive up then, then to sleep for 3 hours and have to get you exhausted. I showed up at your door and it took 15 minutes to open the door, the whole time I heard and saw several people going back and forth. You then answer the door and don't want to let me in and immediately go off on me. this is after you know what kind of week I have had. You tell me I am not welcome. You bitch at me all night. In the morning after I have told you that I am at the end of my energy from the night, I need some love, just nice words and stuff, you begin the day by harping all over me about showing up. I had just said hello, good morning, I love you. You then start yelling at me in front of your roommate, after you had treated me like shit the night before in front of her. You then said you would not go to the Dr., which you knew would hurt me. Telling me her keys are locked in and you won't come down with me, and you don't want to wait for me. I believe your laundry took precedence. While you are in the bathroom I find a card from your mom and read it. It basically conforms what I feel, that she wants to see you leave me and has not one positive thing in it about working things out. I confront you with it and you claim that you have listened to none of it. I believe you and tell you let's make up. You become outraged that I read it. I tell you I know now what your motivation is, to fuck me and my dad. You become crazed and start hitting me. I leave, but I feel so bad that you are hurting and more important I want to get you to the Dr. I come back, you begin wailing again. I keep asking if you want to just forget it and move on. You get angrier and I try and just hold you, you become violent again, I leave and come back for more. I try to call it quits you get meaner. Telling me to leave or you will call the police after just hitting me. And then you make phone calls to friends, as usual (you denied that you did this while we were married) disrespectful. You begin telling them that I am crazy and won't leave, you are kicking me the whole time, and I am telling you to hit me in the face. I can take no more and I leave for good. I am very proud that I never once lifted a finger in anger or self-defense. I have never lifted a finger in anger and this time to prove who really was beating who I did not even try to defend myself. Last time I tried to defend myself you claimed that I had been hitting and abusing you, lie. I hardly raised my voice.

This is why you called and apologized. this is why you began questioning your worth and ability to be a good wife and mother the next day. This is why you must fight hard to be Shellie again. To do what you wanted. You wanted marriage and children and a good husband to provide and care forever. You found it. You loved it, you were shining. You did not want to be a working girl, a model, etc. You did not want to separate or divorce. You were twisted and turned. You cannot beat it yet. You are not strong enough or our love never was, or you will not allow it to be. You come close and then run farther. I am confused. Yet, I understand and am behind you every step of the way, either way.

Why is it so hard for you to accept my love at this point? You reject it so strongly, you want me to hate you and leave you alone? Why would you want that? Why do you try so hard to hurt me and push me away versus loving me and receiving my love? these are the questions which I am sure you are trying so hard to avoid at this moment. These are the issues you wish to avoid with me at this time, we cannot even discuss the basic questions of which way we are heading.

I believe that you love me and do not mean to hurt me, but you really are pushing my love to the limit. In the process you are wasting precious time and energy we need to save our love, to build. You are making this more difficult than it has to be, you are afraid you will be viewed as a failure or won't be accepted. Foolishness. You will be viewed as strong if you can come back and begin working all this out.

How do you come back? Call me and have a suitcase packed. Move back in as fast as you moved out. Come not with expectations that things will be perfect. I know that is just a fantasy and so do you. Come with strength. Do not come while you still hate me and do not know who I am. Let no one ever again interfere in your choices in life, let no one ever again take from you what you have obtained through hard work, independently. Never again sacrifice your love. This is about all it takes. I am here, to be your best buddy, to make things work out right. While you figure it out you are free to do as you please. feel no pressure on returning. Be prepared for ten years of good therapy, to work all this nonsense out, to become less confused.

I just wonder if you have killed it forever. You say you have not and that your intent is to return, why make it more painful? I can no longer hurt you or be hurt so I may soon walk the other way. Do you see the problem I am faced with? At the moment everything I do is hurting you or causing you anger. This is the worst feeling I have ever felt. It reminds of the feeling the guy would get in the movie "Clockwork Orange", after desensitization to violence, when he would see violence. The gut wrenching feeling in the Gulliver. Thus I must distance myself 100 million billion light years away, in a world in which you do not exist, except as a fading memory. I must never again interfere in your life. To actually make someone living dead is just too much pain to bear. Yet, to hurt the one you love is worse.

And there is one more thing. If you really want to work it out you find ways to make your commitments and stop running and hiding. Stop looking for excuses or for it to just go away. Dig in and make a stand, one way or the other. To be indecisive and go back and forth is only to cause pain.

We could begin by beginning to see we are still in love and begin saying and doing things more in line with our love. I mean while you cannot return home for whatever reason, it would be nice to extend the feeling of care. And what does it cost, a phone call and an I Love You. Those little things mean the most to me.

Maybe pick up the phone and make a therapy appointment. Try and see me once in a while and do not tell me how much you love me and then go for 7 days without being nice. Do not constantly emphasize that your other friends are more important than me. I have never made you feel less important than anyone. I always take care of what you need, even behind the scenes, even after you claim to hate me etc. I have never backed out of a commitment. I have never lied to harm you, only when you were making me angry by hurting me and telling me we were through forever, and making me suffer 8 million levels of hell. And who is still here for you? Have I given up based upon contingencies? Have I withheld anything? Have I interfered with your stupid apartment or was I the reason that it materialized? Have I forced you to get a job by not giving you what you need? Since you left have I always been there when you needed? Have I let you down once? Disappointed you? Or am I being too nice, has his all been a little too easy on you?

There are times when I want to withdraw and make it harder on you, make you feel more reality. How would you be able to take Andrea to the Dr. if you were working? Why are you not going to the Dr. when you are not working? I have only one contingency, please, and I ask instead of demand, that you begin to work things out and go to therapy, Dr. D, the marriage counselor. I want you to schedule her and I'll meet you there, or pick you up with tape over my mouth. You can call Harold. You can call A. You can call me AL or El. Begin working out our love is all I ask. Let's learn why we are fighting and how to stop it, together. No backing out, full leaps and bounds ahead. Selflessly. It may be hard and painful but I will be there for you every step of the way, through good and bad, for better or worse, in sickness and in health. I know you are really here for me, underneath your current pain, which ever path you choose.

This brings me to another point of interest. Money. SY I am not a man based on false values or bought by anything. Money is like everything else, obtainable. I do not care about money, nor am I stingy, nor would I ever use it against anyone, like my family. I am truly a giving and caring person and I do not give and demand return. You have never really had to worry about bills etc. with me, as they always got taken care of, as they do now. Have I made you suffer or tried my damnedest to help you every time? Have I not worked my ass off to try and make it work even under these trying times, so little energy left? Do I not get up every day early and take care of all that is necessary? Am I somehow not fulfilling my commitments and responsibilities to you as my wife, when you are not acting like my wife? Is care and consideration to a high a price to ask?

I have never used you or played mind games concerning money. The only issue was the car and you know the reason for that was because my parents were on my back and I always had the intention of switching. If the car was not damaged you would have the other car right now, and you've known that. I have never controlled or manipulated you, I have busted my ass off to give you the best world I can, you used to do the same for me, that has stopped and it is hard for me at times to want to give in light of current affairs. Yet have I once failed? Have I ever closed the door on you? Have you felt abandoned or the opposite? Do you see that love is unconditional? Is the type of response I have given to your pain, the type of response you would like to give to your children? Always there to lean on, always to be depended upon, always forgiving, always trying to work it out, having unlimited faith and hope, firm in a gentle way, and never violent in an irrational state of anger. I do not know what kind of man you want anymore, you make me feel so damn inadequate, like I have not provided. That is why I feel criticized by you, like you no longer respect me. And to withhold your love is vicious to someone who genuinely loves you.

Well, I am here, the door is open.

**92**

I just awoke from the most traumatic dream, drowning in a pool of blood, with the true fear of G-d reigning over me, death. It all felt tooooo real again, I was crying not to let me die before talking to my parents to say good-bye. I felt the needles piercing so many points. The rage returned to live, the struggle against death began. The sirens piercing my darkness awoke me and I can't get over the terror, the fear, the pain of death.

I have never written of the accident on this level, I am afraid of the terror it may provoke in your soul, my soul thoroughly realizes it. I can no longer keep it inside, it provides the answer to my behavior since, I awake each morning knowing the fear and I cannot even hide in my sleep. It dictates my every action.

Blinded instantly, blood oozing from my eyes, warmth enveloped my essence, warmth unknown to me since the womb. My body felt although it was cold as ice. My mind was protected by a drug unparalleled on earth and began a very organized hallucination. The trip began instantly by a most incredible journey through my pain. It is difficult to explain this journey because it sounds like utter Jabberwocky. It began inside my brain, somewhere I have never been, which began an analysis of the condition I lay paralyzed in.

Nothing seemed to move, so I was uncertain as to whether I was dead or not. Yet I could hear noises, feel vibrations, and experience pain. I could then travel to the roots of the pain, and identify the source, and the effects it was having upon me. If I could explain it molecularly I would attempt by stating that every atom of me was analyzed by my mind. I could follow the flow of blood from my inside to my outside. Was I dead already, was I dying, or was I still dreaming? I am still unsure of the answer to those questions, part of my fears.

I could count three front upper teeth missing, somewhere in my lower lip, and one hanging by what seemed threads, the pain emanating from this has no description. I could feel a large gap in my upper palate that had a horrendous amount of inner stuff leaking out. My jaw felt shattered and it was, parts felt disconnected and they were. My nose was numb but the amount of blood and stuff coming out was more than anywhere else, it was a constant and steady flow that I thought would drain my body in a very short time. My eyes pounded, I could not see, so I assumed I was definitely blind, the pressure was intense and I felt blood seeping out, this scarred the living shit out of me. My ears were ringing fiercely, I could feel something leaking in my left ear and I guessed it was part of my brain. The problem with my brain seemed to be that it was so busy analyzing every other problem, and could not evaluate itself. I figured I was still thinking so it must not have all leaked out.

I went from my head to my neck, which felt broken, I could go no further, like from that point down I had short circuited.

**92**

What causes such dreams or realities? Love! Every instance of my acting out or self-destructiveness has been a direct result of loves pains. Family, lovers and friends, it hurts the same. In the car accident I reeled over the physical pain in minutes and there was a far larger psychological pain starring in my darkness. The pain of breaking up with Heidi, the physical pain was merely an extension of the emotional. What bothered my heart most was that we never really wanted to separate and it was kind of forced upon us by our parents who did not approve of one another. Their war somehow became ours, the pressure mounted and we ended, my heart was broken, and at the very moment I felt so dead, and the reality was it was very close to broken forever.

**92**

From this point on the trip became mental. Lifeless, lying there in death's arms, there came a fabulous euphoria and I wondered if I deserved this or somehow I had provoked it. Frame after frame, captured my actions along with the moral intensity that had inspired them. Many have claimed my actions and beliefs as "crazy," I was mighty proud to have been "crazy," in almost every instance of action since birth. Sure, there was a tremendous amount of passion and commotion around my actions, but they were all inspired with and for love's sake. My stands against authority were inspired by the belief that the system is wrong, and I cared to be heard, not stifled. I was proud of myself.

At nineteen, my goal was to build a school for "delinquents" to learn and express their differences without being subject to constant criticism. I cared about every human right issue in the world, and constantly theorized ways to make changes. When I spoke these thoughts to you, you called me "crazy" and laughed, I died inside. I became crazy in pain, I was serious. I lashed out and cried, and got worked up, you got the last laugh.

I went to therapy religiously and analyzed my actions, and yours, I always hated the fact at how easy it was to tip my rational balance, by arguing my sanity or attacking my morals. I always felt hurt that I lashed out, lying there I was still pissed at all the anger I let on you. I guess I had not comprehended compassion well enough, and internalized the attacks, I felt hurt. I am sorry.

**SUBSCRIBER #11 THOUGHT 1**

Thoughts made with inhibitions are thoughts driven perhaps by traditions. Thoughts -- that are wild and free are those that will certainly be. Harnessing this amazing process is the road that leads to Colossus. Hear the voices loud and clear, titillate the people near. Dampening the voices minimizes choices. Let them ring, let them sing, and wallow in the rewards they bring.

**SUBSCRIBER #11 THOUGHT 2**

Radium, uranium, iridium too, will eventually color our environment blew. Why not cease the delirium, use cranium and return the environment to a golden hew.

**92**

I wonder why so many people close to me use me to project their problems. I believe the answer to this may lead to the understanding of the scapegoat. A great deal of the reason I think lies in my ability to analyze the situation, your problems and mine, and come to understand your pain, as well as, mine. I also wonder if I have the strength to handle this additional pain, as I mentioned in the opening page of the journal. I certainly no longer have the strength to get caught in the situations, and emotionally drown myself, to actions and words I never meant other than a response to the pain of attack.

**92**

If an attack is justified this is the price of battle. Yet, what of the attack that comes from blindside, when you are unaware that you are even in conflict. I wonder what provokes such attacks in my personality, what has allowed me to continue being such a provocative scapegoat. So I question myself in therapy and arrive at the answer that a great bulk is due to my passion, the ability to express every single emotion, emotionally.

Then I see this pathetic side of myself in which I allow the attack, in fact, invite it and then I look for the cause. Familial acceptance, acceptance in general is pathetic. My family believes that they can just about do anything to me and I will react, and then forgive, not because of rightness but for acceptance and love.

Then I see this nouveau Eliot, immune to the attacks in the passionate reaction, yet not immune to the emotional pain. It scares me that I somehow no longer need to explode when attacked unjustly. I told Dr. A that I hated him for one thing he has taught me most, compassion. Other's actions towards me, which I once internalized as actions against me, I now come to understand as actions they must come to grips with, I am only responsible for actions of my own. Thus if I no longer react it becomes apparent who's actions must be accounted for. I fear that this non reaction on my part may bring upon larger attacks initially, in an attempt to rouse my old spirited counter-attacks. I doubt larger or even more coordinated attacks can ever again raise my sword when I have not accepted battle. They may provoke me to walk a million miles away, and cry a tear, but no longer will I drown my life in rejections fear.

Is this growing up, becoming your own, I believe so. In every other facet of my life other than family, I am over matured. In regard to my family I have been an infant, and like an infant I must expect a few falls when beginning to walk.

**92**

Has my family been represented maligned in this journal? Maybe, because I write a lot in anger but I have been fair and honest. If not, let me state for the record, I love them unconditionally. Even if I fight and never speak to any of them again, know I loved them dearly and passionately.

Yet I do not think harsh of their actions in the long run, I will search for the reasons and always find compassion. Since death I have accepted all creatures into my family.

**92**

Here comes the change!

**92**

Changes must occur in revolutionary fashion. The previous rubbish of my life must be swept aside. This psychological game of breaking down my defenses to shake your senses must cease. Here you know lies a place in which you can express thought freely. The journal is a place for thoughts concerning issues which directly affect the survival of the species to be reflected and theorized upon by those wishing to express opinion. Radical and revolutionary thoughts, without prohibition or inhibition, no rules or regulations, should ever again come to hamper our expressions.

Why does mankind need such a tool? Because currently nothing like this exists. We are products of surreal environments, our every belief and action is dictated by the environment, no matter the content. Shaped and manipulated since childhood, adults no longer can think for themselves, clutching to the beliefs of their past, no change can occur. Children are faced with an extremely complex choice, either submit to the systems controlling their environment or be outcast, and if conformed for social acceptance can the conscience then tolerate the acceptance which may lead to the end of all life.

In my own life I am faced with this agonizing conscience that allows no comfort in my mind. On one side sits my acceptance to my society, on the other side sits my damnation for my part, a million times worse for I had knowledge. My compliance makes me sick, every single breath I take of civilized man is polluted, and for this I have no remorse. But for the children, I am choking on my own bile deep in a level not described by Dante. For the children of Chernobyl of all life forms, I burn layer by layer for all their generations to come. And to what do I owe this conscience of mine, to my environment, I did not invent most of this shit. My contribution to hell will be measured in my inaction.

**92**

The world changes like personal changes seem plagued with the same processes. Realizing problems is the first and most difficult stage, for inherently we are blinded in our righteousness. I am tired of trying to justify the mess created by "civilized" man, as I have reached the level of frustration necessary to begin the process of exposing my defenses and the problems hiding within. Like the quest for inter-personal change, societal change must begin with an evaluation of all factors affecting current behavior. Each separate action that affects us as a whole must be analyzed void of rationalizations, and then questioned.

Questioning is the beauty of the human mind. Take any process and apply the human mind, a kaleidoscopic effect of infinite thought emerges. For example take the process of questioning itself, and put it through analysis. You will find no answers, only more questions and thoughts.

**92**

I wake each morning and get ready to start my action packed "civilized" life, but a difference exists. I now am guilty and accountable for possibly one of the greatest crimes committed in civilizations name. I am now part of the Hitler youth that has promulgated the greatest of nuclear tragedies, Chernobyl. I am awake whereas I do not believe most of you maybe. Many of you readers may be dying already, yet radiation poisoning is unseen, and unlike cyanide can take a while. As a matter of fact you may not be as highly affected as your offspring.

Has the "China Syndrome" occurred? Start the questioning process with some questions. What is nuclear energy? Ask Webster's Dictionary and you find "the energy released from an atom in nuclear reactions or by radioactive decay: esp. the energy released in nuclear fission or nuclear fusion. The closest Webster's gets to a description of nuclear reactions is nuclear reactor, which I quote, "a device for initiating and maintaining a controlled nuclear chain reaction in a fissile fuel for the production of energy or additional fissile material."

I underline the word controlled, for what happens if it is out of control. What is fissile material? Nuclear. What is nuclear? I quote Webster's; "adj. 1 of, like or forming a nucleus 2 of or relating to atomic nuclei {nuclear energy} 3 of, characterized by, or operated by the use of atomic energy {nuclear weapons} 4 of, having , or involving nuclear weapons {nuclear warfare}"

I question what kind of nuclear reaction we are talking about and I arrive at nuclear fission, not fusion. What is nuclear fission, I ask. I quote Webster's; "the splitting of the nuclei of atoms into two fragments of approximately equal mass, accompanied by conversion of part of the mass into energy: the principle of the atomic bomb."

What is fissile material, radioactive atomic materials and atomic wastes. What is atomic? I quote Webster's; " adj. 1 of an atom or atoms 2 of, using, or powered by nuclear energy {an atomic submarine} 'I interrupt this quote to ask you to substitute submarine with an atomic power plant such as Chernobyl' 3 involving the use of nuclear weapons {atomic warfare} 4 having its atoms in an uncombined form {atomic oxygen} 5 very small; minute."

"Very small; minute" yet capable of mass destruction. Atomic energy has changed the course of history and led us to the Atomic Age. What is the Atomic Age? I quote Webster's; "{also a- a-} the period characterized by the use of atomic energy: regarded as beginning with the creation of the first self-sustaining nuclear chain reaction on December 2, 1942 --atomic-age adj."

The first uncontrolled nuclear chain reaction was a bomb. What is a nuclear bomb? I quote none other than Webster's; "an extremely destructive type of bomb which results from the immense quantity of energy suddenly released when a very rapid chain reaction of nuclear fission is set off by neutron bombardment in the atoms of a charge of plutonium (primarily Pu-239) or uranium (U-235): first used in warfare (1945) by the United States against the Japanese cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki." What adjectives would Webster's define a Nuclear Core exposure as, when a little nuclear bomb is described with words like "extremely destructive," and, "immense quantity?" Possibly we could suggest horrifically destructive, horripilating or Hitler's dream carried to its greatest nightmare. Yet no Aryan race would even survive a Nuclear Winter. What is a Nuclear Winter? I quote Webster's; "a hypothetical scenario following a major nuclear war in which the atmosphere will be clouded with smoke, dust, etc. for a long time causing loss of sunlight, frigid temperatures, etc.: this is thought to be a threat to most life forms since accompanying high winds will carry the radioactive dust, smoke, etc. to many areas of the earth and destroy agriculture, food chains, etc." I wonder if that last etc. is you and me. Or, do we no longer consider ourselves a part of the food chain?

Have I scarred you yet? You wonder why my sleep is disturbed and erratic, why my conscience associates with Hitler's. Let me quote some reality.

**92**

I heard that once the reactor core hit the earth's water table at eight feet, it combined to create a radioactive cloud, unparalleled since the dawning of the Atomic Age. The cloud was swept across Russia towards Sweden, and then cut back across all of Europe, and then integrated into the atmosphere to nuke the entire globe. Now we definitely will test the theory of Nuclear Winter, I am so excited to test such a horrifying hypothesis.

Everyone I know asks, "and how are you doing today?" I can no longer reply in my traditional and monotonous way of fine. I reply with an extreme concern for the future of life. At the end of the conversation, they tell me not to worry about the whole world’s problem, to enjoy the day. I cannot understand how they have killed their consciences. Overwhelmed with their lack of concern or care, I wonder if it is similar to a Nazi's claim of, "I was only following orders." Are all of us accountable, we knew the risks and we allowed our leaders to pull the wool over our eyes?

Kiyev or Kiev, lies approximately 50 miles from Chernobyl and is the capital of the Ukrainian S.S.R. Kiev had a population of 2,448,000 human beings. How many do you think have died since the explosion, how many more are currently suffering from radiation sickness, how many of their children will be chromosomally deformed for life? All of them! What of the other life forms are they not all suffering similar fates? Let's pick some other cities in the surrounding 500 miles. Poland, has a population of 37,546,000 Odessa - population 1,126,000. Kharkov - population 1,554,000. Latviyskaya - population 2,600,000. Estonskaya - population 1,580,000. Minsk - population 1,472,000. Mogilev - population 343,000. Romania - population 22,830,000. Bulgaria - population 8,990,000. And then the cloud swept across Europe - population 668,000,000.

Do you really think that Communism came to an end because of economic concerns, or because the educated Russian took the gold and fled the country, leaving behind the proud Russian peasant people to rot and die. Would you not try and evacuate yourself and your children? Yet once the fumes are inhaled they are impossible to digest, they live forever within you and your children and their children's children!

**SUBSCRIBER 12 - THOUGHT 1**

**December 21, 1992**

Eliot,

Here's my thought.

After reading this thought journal I'd like to make my first contribution by writing about this wonderful, wacky narrator, my friend Eliot. It's how I see Eliot from my experiences with him -- he's probably just one of those people -- you either love him or you hate him -- I'm of the former. We must begin by recounting the tale of how we met. It was in the summer of 1982 -- I was eighteen and feeling adventurous -- mind you, reader, that my sense of adventure, at that time, was comparable to sticking one's toe, maybe even the big toe, in shallow water. In any event, I decided to go to Europe -- I had just completed my freshman year at Temple University. I signed up for an AESU Tour -- that's American European Students Union -- sure sounded good! Fifty-two days this tour was to last, through some twenty to thirty countries throughout Europe. I embarked on this trip alone, that is I didn't have a friend from home to accompany me as a security blanket. To say the least I was not the most outgoing of individuals but there was no question that I had to communicate with others on our tour or I'd have no one to talk to. Upon meeting Eliot, I was struck by his forwardness, brashness, boldness, bravado and what I thought to be the biggest "B" of all -- Bullshit! I initially thought him a braggart and was wary of charting any strange new territory with this very unusual and alien individual at least to my sensibilities at the time. For some strange reason, Eliot seemed to take an interest in me and it was apparent that he wanted to get to know me. Everyone on the trip did pair up with another person. So it would come to pass that from our meeting in London we would experience Europe together. I would say that it wasn't only the exposure to other lands and cultures that made me view the world differently -- but namely, the exposure to Eliot. His openness and expressiveness about his feelings was something to which I was unaccustomed. I certainly didn't know or had ever known anyone who expressed their thoughts and feelings so freely -- and with such passion and conviction -- who on earth was this strange creature? I certainly was intrigued -- this to me was exciting and new and a little frightening. I truly enjoyed our endless talks -- I felt comfortable with Eliot. Had I just traveled through Europe without him -- it would have simply been cathedrals, castles, history and sun -- Eliot made it all that and a human experience for me. Eliot is and was a compelling storyteller --after all I'd heard from him about all this fucking he'd done -- I thought he must be doing something right! Eliot was fun - loving and spontaneous -- like a kid in a candy store that wants to taste every piece. A bond of friendship was formed that summer -- different from any other I'd ever had. I guess it's true that men are taught to relate to one another around social functions, such as sports and activities -- woman have the luxury of growing up with emotional friendships. What hit me that summer, simultaneously happy and sad, was that in essence this was my first real friendship with any depth. All my previous years were spent with friends who I know little about & who knew little about me. During our travels, Eliot was endlessly telling me to loosen up, break out of my shell -- to get rid of my shyness. There was no question Eliot was right -- I was a stick in the mud and it took me eighteen years to make this incredible discovery! Eliot just seemed to live and feel with a greater intensity than anyone I'd ever known. I recall Eliot not just getting a little angry at this or that individual but rather filled with bloodcurdling rage and not shy about showing it -- who could forget those altercations with our tour guide, Chris! On the other hand, I recall his kindness, concern and compassion over other people's troubles, including my own. Eliot, I can't tell you how happy I was, as simple as it may seem, that after reading this thought journal, I can feel that you're the same marvelous individual I met ten years ago Your enthusiasm, passion and lust for life hasn't lessened but you've ripened with wisdom and experience. What sticks out in my mind when I recall our parting at the culmination of the tour, was the sadness I felt that, perhaps, I'd never hear from or see my new friend again -- Possibly, distance and time would extinguish our friendship. For fifty-two consecutive days I had someone to really talk with and this would now abruptly come to a halt. After returning home, I had changed because of you -- I began to tell those who mattered to me if I felt hurt or wronged by their actions -- or if I felt anything at all. You were the beginnings of my learning to communicate.

Eliot and I would later meet up again in Florida, in January of 1983. He was recovering from his re constructive surgery to his face as a result of his devastating car accident. Prior to my visit, Eliot had informed me on the extent of his injuries but that he was all put together -- though his face was still swollen. I was still quite nervous upon ringing the Bernstein's doorbell -- thinking what if he looks like a monster -- what do I say?

The door opened -- there was no mistaking the person in front of me extending his warm greeting -- Eliot Bernstein, of course.

**A WEDDING DAY POEM**

Today a magical day,

A wedding feast, the unison of souls.

Love the glue that makes them stay,

If forever they choose to play the role.

Marriage the game of give and take,

This I beg you never mistake.

For once infatuation begins to lose its hold,

Love can never wane and lose the glow;

That now bonds your spirits with loves gold,

In happiness and sorrow you must make it grow.

No small task to undertake,

This I beg you never mistake.

For if each of you gives one hundred percent always,

You know compassion rules,

Tomorrows will seem like thousands of todays,

You will be Love's fools.

Remember forever that you are best friends in hearts,

For this is the most valuable lesson in Love art!

**93**

And you thought drugs were a problem of our children, what do you call Chernobyl? I call it one of the first and foremost reasons to start a change. Do we need power generated by nuclear fission, at this price? What are the effects caused to each of us that now will be discovered? Should the questioning begin with a study of the effects of the nuclear bombs we dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki?

**93**

I cannot remember how long it has been since I wrote, but it feels like a million years, so much has changed and the internal revolution of my life has begun again. No more life insurance, freight forwarding instead. A giant break from family, into a whole new environment, one in which I see tremendous growth for myself, a chance to recapture my independence. If you look back to 3/9/92 you will find a mention of Rock-It Garbage Company, I feel one step closer to achieving this dream, vision, or should I say direction from divine intervening sources. There were not many job choices in my mind, and none that have the future potential to achieve an intense dream. I now am a Rock-It man, with Rock-It Cargo USA Inc.

With the departure from family, comes a mixed blend of emotions, I mean there is far less security, yet I thrive on danger. I am one step closer to my island. Divinity seems divine, my energy levels are explosive. My wakening moments are filled with dreams, my direction has intensified a million fold, and I am frightened.

**93**

Plaguing my thought waves is a mass environmental concern, if you have not already noticed. But this concept of rocketing waste into space has all the elements to return the earth to its delicate balance. I dream the vision entirely, a mere matter of stuffing the waste, see 1985 Reincarnation Of Man, pg.166. My job, money, power, etc., have no meaning, my vision is all that counts.

Slowly, I am trying to explain to those I know at the ailing defense firms that space waste management will maintains jobs and create new projects. Think of it, the defense industry which has theoretically nuked us several hundred times over, could help save us once. The same technology is necessary, and it can be marketed globally. What an image transformation, the whole industry could finally go home to their children feeling positive about their efforts and not guilty for the children's extinction. They might also feel friend to the 50 million species that inhabit this spinning space ball.

The direction of the Thought Journal has also weighed heavily on my conscience and I committed to making it a lifetime project to get going. I have just bought a CD ROM drive but it can yet be written to. Soon. The technology is just catching up with the concept. I have decided that the journal will take on a problem solving role to begin with monthly and annual problems addressing the world put forth for solutions and when you have a thought regarding one of these problems, your solutions are welcomed in. Or, I guess, any problem you might have today.

**93**

You will never understand me, for I am unreachable till your death. What fascinates me is the uniqueness of myself, to myself. It is very difficult to understand yourself as a freak, a phenomena, in so many diverse aspects of your innate spirit. My confidence in my self is constantly in battle with the world. Everyone who knows me states the same thing, which is that Eliot sees the world in only Eliot's way. My father stated to my partner’s brother that "he sees A to B as a straight line, with no C & D, but that the job is always done better than anticipated." All my friends will tell you that I have never listened well. I do not. I am too busy listening to the voices I do not even understand. I am too busy contemplating the future of the children, of which I have none.

Funny enough, those very same friends that know me for the last 15+ years and there are many will tell you that I have never missed a single word that counted. In addition they would state that they have never been judged by me, that my word was ever biased, and not from my heart, with all my soul. I always say to people who do not at first understand me, that hitting a car carrier at 70mph, fucks ya up for life. They get it. I claim that all the while that I spun around I was talking to someone and whatever they said to me in those insane moments, has never left my head. They get it but really don't understand it. When I say that those prophecies I speak, that I do not fully understand myself, nor know where they are derived, are implanted in the few moments of sleep I enjoy, they arise with my eyes. When I say that these alien thoughts are the motivating force, the center to my every action, I hear a gasp. When I say it is possession, they are already in full compliance. Possessed by what? I do not know, it is far too awesome for me to grapple with, and I have limited time here on earth to accomplish a lot.

I blame it on the accident but you, weary eyed reader, are already in full possession of a far greater history of possession.

**93**

For example, last night was filled with the most incredible maiden voyage of Rock-It Waste and Toxic Cargo Inc.'s shuttle. We had purchased the shuttle in 1997 from the US Government, which after the Democrats had robbed the kitty, was currently 17 trillion in debt. We scored a fire sale value. David and I were strapped into our seats with full space gear on and we began that infinite moment of lift off, where time and space appear to be moving in slow motion. Then that moment where the rockets kick in and the world flashes before your eyes, which are somewhere in your shoes. Then we loosened our belts as we floated out of the earth, away from the gravity which stresses our every muscle, into the infinite womb of heaven. We fived and the dream still lingers on today.

**93 2:34 IN B/W CHI AND CA IN PLANE**

I feel so infinitely small in a world of grandeur. Perplexed by the minuscule effect I will ever have on Peoplekind, I often wonder if it is worth the energy I expend to change such minute parts. Chances are slim that these writings will ever have a bearing on society as a whole, yet I feel that it may also have an overwhelming effect if it ever catches. Yet I am a dreamer and all who know me claim my dreams are farfetched, childlike, and insane. Are you one of those? I do not care because the dream is more real than reality, and therefore I must follow them to their end.

**California / 5:30 PM England**

Last few weeks are enough to blow my mind. Germany to Denmark to England, I am kind of in shock. I love the travel, so many new friends, so much diverse entertainment. Europe although, is far behind the US in ever achieving friendship between the differing people. So many people seem caught up in old conflicts and I can't foresee them having a central economic or political ideal.

In the US it is much easier to make friends with people of various ethnic backgrounds, because everywhere has a diversity of people. Here in Europe, every country is filled with the same kind of people. For example, in Germany they are all Germans, in Greece they are Greeks, and in New York they are all only common in that they are all freaks. I find this to be the most boring and stagnant part of Europe. I wonder why in America we can all work much better together as a whole. The countries are all still very beautiful though, whereas the US seems to be all paved.

My Chernobyl concerns are taken much more seriously here, in fact, in certain parts of Europe they are not allowed to sell sheep and cattle for consumption.

**93 4:42 PM London time**

When I claim that I am into pulling this whole diverse world together as one, I am looked on as a nut. I must clarify that my ideal world has no similarity amongst individuals, it is not the Hitlarian Aryan race syndrome, and it is the opposite, a world full of individuals. Yet, I see here in Europe that everyone seems comfortable being the same, it must provide an intense sense of security to look and act like those surrounding you. I know that being individual, in my world, is very difficult, everyone seems to damn the individual, and they despise the fact that I cannot be categorized in a neat and orderly manner.

So everyone here builds friendship on communality, if you hate the same, it automatically binds you. I desire to destroy this sameness of the world, my dreams are confronted nightly with the obstacles, and my days are filled with the reality that my dream may never be fulfilled within my lifetime. Freedom seems to be confined to those who have conformed and I however live within my societies prison a free man.

POEM

In dreams I see,

That I am truly free.

Then I awake,

I find my mistake.

For this my soul forever aches.

Come within my sleeping heart,

Can you hear the children's future vision?

Beating loud, together they are apart.

No division, it becomes our decision.

My beat abates.

I am awake.

Desperately my mind restlessly twists, as my conscience grows darker that I am unable to find the way. Laugh at my endless attempts, I know that each separate soul that has tried to bring us together historically, has been murdered, by those who profit from keeping us apart. Still I must continue in hope that someday, even my minuscule attempt will have played a role in freeing human souls. To sit ideally by and watch, seems far worse than conformity, death from rebellion does not frighten me nearly as much.

**93 5:58AM London**

Have you begun to think that I should be examined for excessive loquaciousness or started thinking when will this repetition of sorts end. I am even unsure about how much repetition exists to this point, for I have hardly had time to write it, let alone read it. I am becoming impatient waiting for the thoughts of those that have committed to entering thought, so I guess I will continue to my "bloody" end, despite repetition. I am afraid that I may be targeting the wrong market and that you are already too old and in your way, to have independent thought left. That the challenge of entering a thought has confronted you with the fear that not a thought you think is your own. Are you afraid that although it will become easy for you to join the bandwagon on my insanity and I have armed you with enough ammunition to destroy my credibility that many points are valid. Will you destroy the validity with humorous cuts at my personality in attempts to discredit them, and thus alleviate the mental agony of being thoughtless? Well pick and choose the stories that most embarrass me, for I care only that you have come this far, your thoughts of me have no bearing but your thoughts for the children mean the world.

If you have reviewed this text and armed yourself with criticisms based on my insanity, you have been duped, you have come this far to find yourself limited in the ability to formulate your own thoughts. If you have traveled this deep within and found that you have focused on the theme, which seems so simple, than you your mind probably has the ability to think for itself, and I will be hearing from you shortly. Or, are you just plain afraid of your own shadow, afraid to become a part of insanity, even though I have protected your facade in animosity.

**93 7:21 AM London time**

Departing from this most brutal tour of Europe, I am thoroughly exhausted and sick. Next it is off to L.A. for a night with O'Nat and then off to Phoenix for the day, then off to Vegas for the weekend, and finally a return to my own bed. I am tired thinking about it. When will the jet lag set in? Somewhere next week I will find myself at the end of the line. I have had a wonderful time, I met soooo many nice people and potential clients. I did not get a chance to do the tourist things though, mostly just work, work and work.

The space shuttle discovery blasted off today, one more step in the right direction. The purpose of the expedition is to study the ozone and how badly we have deteriorated it. The Russians nuked us again, this time with Plutonium, the most carcinogenic substance known to man, with a life of 24,000 years. Only takes one grain to kill you and they blasted tons high in the atmosphere, we still don't know where it will come down, how exciting. I mean I find it real humorous to note that nobody really cares.

When will this environmental destruction end, when the generation gap that exists today, dies off. We are the generation destined to reclaim earth and we will emerge from the greed driving our forefathers. I sense the change and I fear not having to give up the current pace.

**Subscriber #21 Thought 1**

David Koresh burned himself up yesterday and claimed he was Christ, I don't want to judge him, it may be that Jesus just needs to take a rest every couple thousand years, so just as Christ went down on Good Friday and rose on Easter Sunday, if he comes back I am willing to give him more credit, but if not he's just another mass murderer who happened to live in a society where they believe guns can stop violence.

**93**

It is interesting to note that if the time of mother earth were measured in a day, that mankind's industrial revolution would fall at 1/40 of a second to midnight on the clock. How long can it go on at the current pace without catastrophe?

Fear the propaganda of the day that claims that our damage is minimal and mass production can go on forever, it comes from a school brainwashed in the good life, at the price of mass and total genocide. Be wary of the rewards to tempt you to submit, there is a personal price to pay later, if you have a conscience left.

A cabby in England of German descent said in response to the current state of the planet, that it would be a perfect place for a limited number of people, that we do not have enough resources for all, and money for welfare should only be for condoms. I replied that if he felt this way, he could always commit suicide and lessen the burden for the rest of us. An afterthought to this was the Have one - Adopt one, population and resource control theory. Each and every family limited to one child, for every child adopted. Kills two birds with one stone, and denies no woman the right to bear.

Hello out there, when are we going to wake up and begin to solve these problems together?

Goodnight

**09/28/12 05:55 AM**

Here I sit w/ a broken heart, a broken hand and I feel fine. My life is changing, this is the process I have been speaking of for so many pages, and it is right here, now, before your eyes. I feel shiny and new, like the snake after shedding its skin. My crystal ball again seems clear, I tremor in excitement, and I also am scared shitless.

I am making change and I am again making life not run of the mill, throwing a curve. Understand that this change is directly related to the opening paragraphs of this text, the mental suicide versus mental freedom. With freedom comes tremendous energy and brilliance, it feels like your wallowing on the sun. Still I must come face to face with the pain that has caused this internal revolution, a return to the pain of childhood again. Here rejection blues paint the scene.

After years of change and conformity for a bone from my family, I have again to a degree been outcast, and despite the pain I know it is best. Your always five years old to your family, I must forge the road in my dreams of today. And that is exactly what I am doing, despite pain.

NP and I are breaking up and I am finished being broken up. Everyone wants to know why she becomes violent, and I truthfully am as confused as you. I do not believe I can answer the why, as I believe it comes from her childhood and not my own. I was not there when her Dad busted her up, or her Mom, or her brother, or all of them. I know she is not in control, that she vanishes and retreats. She has been trying to work it out in therapy, but I know from my own family, that this very difficult. I love her and if I were not to break up this time, it would only reinforce that this somehow OK.

Yet I have not collapsed in the midst of all this, I feel my life actually returning, I am strong. This is not the Eliot who began to write this book, I would have fallen apart normally at this point. Instead, I am maintaining a full steam ahead psychology. I am no longer taking other people’s problems and internalizing them so that they may affect me. Not that I do not care, for that would be a lie. In fact, it is because I care so much, that I no longer act as if I do not care.

No longer does anybody get my goat, for I have seen that that is only more tragic in the end. I do not show my true feelings in passionate fits of pain turned anger anymore, I wonder how it died. What has replaced it is a funny thing, selective hearing. When someone starts grilling me, trying to provoke my passion, I almost become deaf. I turn off.

I am very excited about beginning to live again and I feel the same energy I felt after my accident, surging through me, that same intensity on life. I feel as though I can breath and like a heavy weight has lifted from my chest. Each new adventure brings with it an amount of new and frantic energy. This energy serves as a stimulant which drives me, similar to a drug high.

**09/28/12 05:55 AM**

Where do these new horizons go? I am very uncertain as to direction, but I know I will emerge more a man.

**09/28/12 05:55 AM**

Women, women and women. What am I to do, I am getting too old to take chances with my future. I need time after O'Nat to sort through my real feelings, to come to grips with the devastation I am feeling.

**09/28/12 05:55 AM**

Worked from 6am to now, I am beat. These pins in my hand holding my bone together, makes me feel like Jesus, my sleep has been fragments, my dreams are awake. Today I was numb because of O'Nat and Fish, yet I maintained and continued forth. I now rest assured that I will never be at the mercy of others problems, I have too much other vision. The free time that has emerged has been lonely yet productive, I was sick of wasted time.

**09/28/12 05:55 AM**

My relationships with women must be analyzed, I have denied you the greatest of my stories, but they are often too painful to reflect on, I have loved them all so intensely. My first love, my mother, is probably the best place to start analysis. Here is where I first experienced both the joy and pain of love, where my innocence and passion were created. My mother and I had an incredibly stormy beginning, for I was incorrigible, no discipline worked.

When I first went into analysis, I was very angry at my mother for sending me, my siblings and others called me crazy. The relationship worsened daily. Every day I would come home from school, or, blowing off school, having created another national disaster. My mother would try to talk to me, I would not listen and get very angry and she would get very angry. I would freak out on her and start yelling, she would get very hurt and retreat until my father would come home. When my dad came home, my mother would tell him of the day’s events and then either both or my just my dad would come and try to talk and reason with me. At that stage in my life, reasoning with me was far more difficult, I truly never listened to their advice, and my world was mine. I always felt in these instances that my mother narked me out and this furthered my anger. I did love them though for all the time and energy they gave to try and help me, my anger really was not directed at them, I had this relationship with all authority figures.

**09/28/12 05:55 AM**

I only wish I could have experienced those days with the knowledge and understanding I have today, I was a child though. Betrayal at that age for any reason is betrayal, and my mother I felt was behind it, her reasons at that time were not a concern. So I felt utterly rejected by my primary loves, my father too.

**09/28/12 05:55 AM**

I am changing my entire life, I am afraid. Everything has happened so fast, I can't catch up, no time. Sleep would be a change.

**09/28/12 05:55 AM**

Slept for the last 15 hours, I feel great. I was just reviewing old love letters that I am going to insert when my hand is better, for your reading enjoyment. I broke down and cried at about 30 of them. Very difficult to revisit the memories of loves of one’s life.

**09/28/12 05:55 AM**

i am typing without caps because my left hand is broken.

i am overdosed with mankind's sickness day in, day out. bombarded with violence at astonishing rates, from so many sources. Death! Death! Death! And more Death! Not much is necessary death though, no stories on Ricky who died at 72 from "natural" death. Instead, in 22 minutes on CNN, I can witness approximately 50 - 1,000 deaths of all sorts of murder at the hands of "mankind." I stress the man, yet it has spread to all. We are inundated daily with media on wars, massacres, shootings, burning's, drowning's', police brutality, governmental brutality, guerilla warfare, car accidents, AIDS victims, starving children, natural disasters, Chernobyl's, bombings, terrorist attacks. Finally, if you have not had enough real death, you can literally find hundreds of thousands of varieties of fictional stimuli to fulfill your appetite just pick up a book or more commonly in these times turn on the boob tube. I wonder, will I become just another useless death statistic, another film clip or maybe even a home video. Falling prey to "civilized" man has desensitized in my mind, it is too realistic a possibility.

I am upset because violence and death have become synonymous with some sort of perverse entertainment. Live deaths from major catastrophes are my favorite, as they make me so happy to be alive. I do feel for all the deaths, I view a sense of minute sorrow. If my sorrows were larger as you might perchance think due from witnessing hundreds, thousand, or millions of people evaporated or dying slowly each day, my life would be completely depressed in morning. I could just turn it all off, which I am slowly beginning to do, but then who would get mad at all these things I stress all night over? **09/28/12 05:55 AM**

**09/28/12 05:55 AM**

I have heard so many interesting definitions of my book from those that have read it. I was scorned by my family at first, prior to them having read it. Most have now received copies, and have probably read it and forgot their past scorn, except my brother, who has not followed through on his legal threat. I guess the contents were not quite what they had anticipated. My brother-in-law is the only one that has furnished a thought.

I guess what most people notice first is the disruptive pattern, the total lack of form, and lack of consistency in theme from page to page. They next explain that the different fragments often have a powerful and moving effect that leaves you mentally exhausted. Then comes the most powerful statement when they state that they can relate to most of it. Then the statement that some of it is way out there, almost incoherent.

When I hear these statements, my minds picture is that of analysis. Psychoanalysis is exactly the form I have intended here in creating a book of free association that drifts like the mind. Thus, the choice not to edit and attempt to make a logical, connected, masterpiece that you are so familiar with is with intent. No chapters, no table, no index, no moral, no plot, no characters, no end; just a very large mystery. My thoughts are not prepared, what you read are my raw feelings, unaware of your ever present and critical eye.

Back to my love life.

As I stated betrayal to a thirteen year old is devastating, you can see the affect it has had on my life scattered throughout the book. I have carried this hurt into every relationship I've had, in one way or another, it is the most feared element of love to me. It is what I had allowed myself to become enslaved within, creating my own self-fulfilling prophecy.

This fear of betrayal took a two folded layering in my relationships. The fear not only of the rejection of my love, but the fear of parental rejection compounded the problem. I felt often in relationships cornered between my lover manipulating and agonizing my heart with the threat of leaving and my parents manipulating my mind with disapproval. Talk about a chaotic set of feelings, it reminds me of a story Dr. A told me, that I might have already told you, but it again fits. About the guy who goes to visit his mother, who tells him that she finds his wife to be lazy, a bad cook, and unclean. He responds in an outburst of tremendous anger in defense of his wife, and leaves his mother. Upon arriving home, he says to his wife, "honey why is this house such a pig sty, and why don't you get a job or at least have my meals cooked when I come home?"

My point is that I must become my own man in both regards, and not be controlled by my childhood pains, by either party. I am sorry if I have killed any slight superman concept regarding me, but I was hurt very young and it has taken me this long to begin to come to grips with the pain. I have not only adopted this new attitude for women but everyone. I really do not care if you walk out of my life, to the degree that I will never be controlled, manipulated, or endanger my own stability again. I ignore the threat, and, the reality no longer drives me to the pains you have witnessed up until recently: until all the events that led to the creation and stories within this book, could be factored out. Until countless therapy sessions in search of clues, into the deepest, darkest, most horripilatingly painful avenues of my psyche could be had.

If you need a scapegoat, I am here, I will not turn against you in anger in pain, I just will not destroy my life because yours currently is, and diffuse the situation in my "psychotic, etc." reactions. OK, every once in a while I lose it, but you really must push me in a far more "psychotic episode." Anyway, it takes a thousand million times more than it did for the past 25 years of my life. Remember the beginning, when I felt a mental suicide was eminent if I were not to respond to a higher calling? I guess it meant that I must "stoop and build with worn out tools...and then you will be a man my son." Kipling?

And while "stooping and rebuilding" I am aware of the constant threat that my compassion may bear on my life, which may in fact distract or destroy my goals and ambitions to help Peoplekind. What I have also coined for you, as the voices that drive me. All of the sudden, I see the powerful impact that my maintaining my own stability, in the face of scapegoat attacks from those I love has, it is tremendously powerful, passionate, and positive versus my old response of crying out and reacting in pain. Both are true, honest, and passionate responses, but one simply always put my whole life at risk and did neither me nor the other party good. Certainly it backed those who hurt me wrongly away, because I acted out so passionately they were truly frightened and so was I. Now, my compassion rules the situation first, my reaction is based not only on my feelings, but more on your own.

Often my brain unconsciously puts on "selective hearing” my friends tell me I am in another world, looking directly at them. I guess I am, as all my friends hate having to repeat things to me. This might in fact be a perfect example of what I am trying to convey in regard to my current response pattern. The main part of my hearing "deficit" may be my intense concentration at times, but a large and ever present deafening noise was the accident. Bells, whistles, ringing and voices in my head, you've got to understand, but sometimes you don't. I get yelled at for not having heard something and asking for a repetition. All my friends and family, at some time, know what I am saying, and I used to get kind of hurt, and so I wouldn't ask to repeat, and thus I fulfilled their prophecy for I truly could not hear them. On top of that, add the sinus headache, backaches, and broken bones and sometimes you can understand why I am so occupied in my own world, finding ways to see the beauty of the day through all that. Finally, I rarely if ever show my true pain, I work it out deep in a place most have not been, wonder why it is hard to reach me at times?

**09/28/12 05:55 AM**

Therapy was intense today and we discussed why I am unique and how it affects my interpersonal relationships. In reading this I am sure you have a slight concept of my intensity, it is often overpowering in person, and it often overpowers me. I quote you, from The Art Of War, by the Master Sun Tzu;

So it is said that if you know others and know yourself, you will not be imperiled in a hundred battles; if you do not know others but know yourself, you win one and lose one; if you do not know others and do not know yourself, you will be imperiled in every single battle.

I have been knowing myself, close to as long as you have been hiding, not to say that I have not done my share of hiding. But since 8 I have been uncovering the layers versus piling them inside. When I most feel like hiding, I call my shrink of the day, and go attempt to face myself. At first I don't succeed, and so I normally go again and again, until I come to grips with whatever the situation may be. I conquer enough to continue functioning and in the end I wrap the situation into an understanding. Finally I document it into another chapter, so that I may always reflect and learn from it, as well as you. I fear not the situation any longer, the pain expressed, and the analysis complete.

I know not if the same would be true for you, for me, it is normal. People always question if I will ever discontinue the process of analysis, only if I get Alzheimer’s. The reason is that with or without the therapy, my mind has become conditioned to think analytically. The challenge of a therapist is the honesty level is increased, in explaining and questioning to one that is unbiased and you trust, you deny and justify for a shorter period than when you analyze alone. I am not afraid of what is inside me, I am not often ashamed of my actions, I enjoy the mental challenge of a therapist, I enjoy not carrying the weight, and I love to express my passions.

I carry the effects of analysis off the couch and it effects my every action, all my relationships, so many of my relationships with my friends have been cemented for years because of this trait. All of my friends complain of the intensity at one time or another, they view it as my inability to listen and yet I hear every word when spoken clearly. In conversation I often am overpowering, outspoken and persuasive.

All too often, my intensity levels over what is deemed minute are grandiose and I am quite far from those around me. I mean nothing personal in my distance to people at the time, as I am as lost as you may be. Often my friends will be talking to me about what I may term "minute," which to them is grandiose, yet in relation to finding a solution to pollution for our children's future I just cannot focus. Often when I am deep and out of reach, disturbances can alter my entire X amount of time in contemplation, and I will lose my train and become agitated.

Are you starting to gain a greater appreciation of the women who have loved me and who I have loved? Often, what at first seems so unique and fun instantly becomes an overwhelming and overbearing moral consciousness, an intensity level not before experienced, a moral concern for every action. Into my mind, heart and soul these women have journeyed; a voyage far away from Kansas, to a place similar to Oz, to see Dorothy and Alice.

Mind you dear reader to take note that this perhaps is what has frightened their parents and friends from me. Often they never get to know me as intensely as my lovers, as they are frightened by the intensity of our love. I do not put up a front or act for my girlfriends parents, they either accept me for who I am or not, usually not. Yet they often do not know their children for the very reason that their children put up the front they desire. What they do not see is that their daughters have loved me for exactly the fact that I do not put on the mask, that I fear not the fear they have been intimidated by. Mostly the case has been that the fear was both fatherly and motherly. My girlfriends have all come from fathers who were overpowering, domineering, with over inflated male egos. Their mothers typically seeding the problem with the threat of what daddy would do "when he gets home!"

I appear the exact opposite of this typical male attitude, they find safety and comfort in my inner passivity. They have all openly opposed their parents and stood behind me at first, and trust me I am most difficult to explain and my girlfriends all find themselves trying to justify or rationalize it to their "normal" parents. So when their parents inevitably question this strange and unique individual, they are shocked. As they delve deeper into my psyche they find that the techniques of intimidation they use with their own children fall far short in affecting me, that I will not bend to be accepted. Often they want to tell me how it is and debate, this is usually my demise, and I should never allow the conversation to exceed the weather. For, sooner or later, they will find that I differ radically from the norm, focus on this or that point, and fear my independence. My G-d, what if were to spread these philosophies to their "perfect" daughters.

I allow myself into the middle of these family plays and this is what I believe has caused many relationships to turn to my own self-fulfilling tragedies. You see, I used to become the family scapegoat in duals between blood that I inevitably lost.

**09/28/12 05:55 AM**

My thoughts are becoming more fragmented each day, as the number of issues confronting me, on many levels, continue to compound. So many events have occurred changing my course instantaneously. So many more new events are occurring to shape my future, that I feel thrust into a whirlwind, as I rise to the eye, the debris increases. There is no stopping, slowing down is a distant dream again, as I have not had a moment of peaceful recollection in four months. I am not tired and I seem fueled with 3-4 hours of sleepwake, in which I can barely notice the mental transition anymore.

The order of my days feels attached to my dreams, although I am awake while executing the actions, I have not the time to contemplate them prior to execution. Thus, the question in my mind becomes, where in fact is the knowledge to execute coming from? I am not bored in solitude, contemplating my actions, or others, I am main lined in a dreamy direction. Or, are there really possessive voices from some unknown directing my life. I have been contemplating this issue with no resolve for many years, I am open to suggestions. Perhaps you feel this way at times?

**09/28/12 05:55 AM**

Again I am very tired and my sleep tends to border wake, this writing is to confirm that these very moments are not in fact a dream, in the morning. My hand throbs constantly as the pins make it feel like a vice grip is constantly attached.

**09/28/12 05:55 AM**

The pins have been removed, 2 1/4" each. I feel another great thorn in my life has been lifted. Relationships for me need a rest, I am tired, and I have been abused, fractured. More my heart is in a great sense of denial to the pain of another disastrous relationship, I don't feel secure in love, I need time to work through multiple feelings of multiple loves. I have avoided the printing of this saga, although I have been reviewing a tremendous amount of love letters past.

I do not really communicate with my old lovers, as once it is over I find no need to return to more of what didn't work before. I love and miss every single one of them, and I owe each a great deal for the tremendous amount of love we shared. It has always been, raw, passionate, adventuresome and spontaneous love. We delved the corridors of love and sex and each relationship shared a different part of my life, in total. We lived for another so intensely and we shared our souls openly and honestly, from the most exciting and passionate of feelings, to our greatest heartaches. I guess it was always so intense, that when it ended, we parted and hardly could come to face to face.

**09/28/12 05:55 AM**

In a short while, you will get a rare to chance to browse love letters I sent when I was a boy, they will be as new to me as you.

**09/28/12 05:55 AM**

Again I find myself in pain, turning to traditional relief, but far less. I am so sure I want to change remedies, the same ones take me nowhere, and the same things are no longer causing me as much inner strife. I am no longer the child throwing tantrums, thus it is time to throw away my childhood toys. I began months ago, I have continued progressing forward, and it is not easy. I am making the many changes necessary to change these patterns, yet I find so many objects surrounding the desire.

I have been under tremendously stressful conditions for the last several years, as you have read, each event has been traumatic. I have had to run for cover, each and every instance hurt so badly. I have found though that each and every event, no matter the pain it caused me, has given me tremendous knowledge and strength for the next stressful event.

In addition to the knowledge I have gained, I have lost some very close people to me and this is what I oft take so personally.

**09/28/12 05:55 AM**

So it was after losing people dear to me, that I knew a change had to prevail within me, or that again I would carry the Albatross of rejection, which leads to a self-fulfilling prophecy. I sit here alone and rejected in love, yet my turmoil no longer leaves me devastated in my soul. I know I have caused not one of these people pain and that I was never the cause of the problems ladled upon me. When their problems came forewith into my life, I became a steam valve for the release of the all the pent up anger within their souls, anger that had developed in their youths, when normally, other than family situations like TB and LB, I was not even present.

A stressor, such as the pre-cancer in both LB and NP, the endometriosis in SY and the death of twins for TB led to need for release, I allowed myself within, I was the release. My life did not have the stressor, in fact, I was moving in far positive directions. No blame can be assessed to any of these people for causing my life discomfort, I control my discomfort level, I allowed them to release on me. I guess I was motivated in my own way to travel the depths with all these loves, to allow the sacrifice of my life to attempt to allow theirs comfort. I also sought to gain knowledge of psychological problems I have never really known, but have had a lifelong fascination with.

Abuse was central in SY's and NP's life, I became deeply affected with their past afflictions, as I desired to alleviate their pain. Instead I became victimized in their past abuse, I became abused, and I could not tolerate or understand the abuse. I found my self-esteem deflated, I found myself crying out "why me?", I found out what real abuse feels like to children, I got angry and mean, traits not inherent in me. I knew I found what I had been searching for, I understood greater my mother and fathers pasts, I had to feel abuse first hand though. In NP’s case I felt abuse six pins deep in my left hand for the last 2 months.

I have not from these experiences incorporated violence and mental abuse into my life, I was not a child, although I experienced the pain the same, I had a mental capability far higher than a child's. I feel the greatest pain in that I could not alleviate their pains, a guilt that somehow I failed both SY and NP. This guilt is a bizarre and perverse guilt, I believe it is the guilt that locks children to their parent’s misdeeds and somehow makes them feel responsible for actions that cannot possibly emanate from children. I can see clearly how violence leads to a distorted view of the real world for a child, when NP asked me how I was going to explain the bone almost piercing my skin. I told her I knew no other way to explain it than the truth, she was angered. As if I should claim that it occurred falling off my bike.

**Flashback - September 4, 1990**

Dear SY

What do I feel about you? I think you are the most wonderful girl, a completely independent person. I have admired that about you since I fell in love with you. I don't think anyone can influence you to do anything, as your spirit and mind are your own. I cannot influence, control or manipulate you, nor can your mom. But right now you are not acting like the girl I married and you are being controlled and manipulated, not by me but your mom. You are trying to reverse the truth, and blame it all on me. I think you can beat it, but I am not sure. I have contemplated if you are worth all of this pain you are putting me through, and I guess the answer is only if you care enough to stop it.

I feel as if you are being forced to choose between us and I think that must be the hardest thing in the world for you. I see how it is tearing you apart. I hear the things your mom says to you, and I can't figure out why? I know the end result is tearing us apart. I know it is not my place to say these things but when I feel they are the cause of us separating, I will fight them hard.

I have fought hard enough and I would hope you know how much I loved you. I just can't take the pain personally nor can I stand what it is doing to you. But you are grown woman and it is time you make up your mind. You have acted like I am some guy courting you and not your husband. You have treated me as if I have always treated you like a piece of crap. I have not done anything in our relationship to deserve this. You are now wondering if you can handle marriage and me. Don't you think you should have thought about that prior to committing to me?

What have I done has been my question over the last few weeks? Nothing worth this kind of treatment. Therefore the lesson or point you are trying to make is over. I am done. I hope your space was worth the end of this relationship. I feel that love is a two way street when it comes to sacrificing. Our relationship works on the basis of Eliot either gives me my space or it's over. Not, Eliot needs me by his side like he has been by mine since the beginning. Who cares what Eliot needs??? Eliot must care only for SY’s feelings. Wrong.

I never want to be a part of you again. You have pushed me too far, without one ounce of care for me. You did not want a family and a husband, all you wanted was somebody you could fuck over. You didn't want to work at a marriage, you wanted to end one. You know nothing about the commitment and hard work involved, you know how to run away and get divorced. I no longer will be a part of this, I have tried everything to get together and work this out. You don't want to work together, we must work apart. I don't think I want a wife who has to leave her husband and children every time she needs her space.

I think you have done a fairly good job of showing me you care first about yourself and then nobody else. This space bullshit is just a cover for your fear. Fear of what you ask? Fear of not being able to handle your commitment. You want your husband to just sit and wait while you go out and find out if I am really what you want. "Give me my space to go out and have a good time without you, and don't bug me. If I find I like it better without you, good bye; if I don't like it that much I'll be back. In the meantime who cares what you feel like or what you want. No, we can't get together with a counselor and try to work this out together that would mean I would have to consider your feelings."

"By the way, while I am away do you mind supporting and taking care of me? I mean, I am your wife, although I am not acting like one." And I have been stupid enough to play along. Well the game is over. You have been paid for your job here, which in the end you were not really doing, I feel like I am paying you for complaining. I no longer will be your provider, as you no longer are mine. I no longer will care about your needs as you no longer care about mine. You will have 100% freedom from me and I from you. You want to go out with your friends, marry them. I do remember when you came here to work you wanted to leave your friends. As I recall, they were not really your friends, they used you. That's all you do, run from one to another complaining about the how unfairly you have been treated. Sounds like your mother, after 40 years of this you will find yourself in the same boat, a lonely ship on a wide wide sea. You will be crying that the world is out to get you and everybody is trying to control and abuse you.

These behaviors will not get you a family and instead they will destroy whatever chance of family you thought you wanted. How can you have children and your space at the same time? You tell your friends I don't give you your space, are you going to say the same when you have children. "I left my kids because I had no space or freedom, I just couldn't find time to go out with my friends and party." When they are in need of your love and care are you just going to walk out the door, kind of like your own family? When they demand that mom put their feelings above her own, are you going to tell them you can't, your to selfish? Kind of like when you were sent back to your dad and then to boarding school. Are you going to tell your kids, "deal with it you babies, Grow up! Stop Crying!" Sounds like what you've already begun saying, sounds like what has been said to you.

When we met you knew that these things affected you, you said you were never going to do this to your children. You wanted a husband who would be by your side through thick and thin and not abandon you. Possibly you wanted to abandon him to get back at your dad?? You were going to make an attempt at changing the bloodline in your family, one filled with divorce and violence, a total lack of commitment. Is

that why you hit me again and again, are you planning on doing that to your children every time they get you frustrated?? Maybe you will beat them every time they do not act perfect, like you would like to do to JG's children. Maybe you will play wicked mind games on them, silent treatments etc..., when you want to manipulate and hurt them. Maybe you will want to interfere in their lives because you will not have one of your own.

I did not think this was the girl I married but in a matter of no time you have changed, you now act like your mother. You have not tried to break the bloodline and instead you are trying to justify it. You are doing all the right things to end a good marriage. You can blame it on me all you want but in the end what will you have? Another H/Y fucked up relationship. Not a B family. You are not acting worthy of such a beautiful thing. You have not even legally changed your name. You are now SBHY or Y/H/B or H/Y/B. When you figure out whom you are, it will be too late to be SB, but I guess if you wanted that you would have changed your name and been proud to be a B. All you have done is to criticize my family and at least we are together as a family.

You don't want to know what it takes to make marriage work, do you? Hard work, open lines of communication, and the ability to work things out. We do not know abandonment with no communication. You say I am verbally abusive, is this not better than physical abuse and abandonment? Who has really abused you? Your husband or your mother and father? When we met you knew damn well who, even though you were in such denial. Who could blame you? You are now treating me as they have treated you. You are running to the world saying my abusive husband, I can't take it anymore. The fact is I can't take my abusive and bitchy wife anymore.

Tell the truth to those you want sympathy from. You are starting to look like the boy who cried wolf. By the time you figure it out, you will have pushed me away for good. It will be a bit too late to say I now know what I really want. When you finally figure it out, find some other asshole who will tolerate you. I tried to give you everything a good husband would give his wife and you gave me everything a bad husband deserves. You treated me like I was an asshole and that is why I kept telling you, you don't respect me. Your current actions are simply an extension. I guess I have reacted like a good husband for long enough. Your friends, T, J and L all warned me prior to marrying you that I didn't know what I was getting into. I ignored the warnings and told them they were wrong, I should have listened, you are not right for me and they knew it. I took a big chance and I was wrong. I guess that's why I am having such a hard time coping with your departure, I hate being wrong. You have made me a fool and I now will admit my mistake and move on. Everybody knew where we were heading and you promised me something different, I guess you thought you could prove them wrong too. Well we obviously fucked up. I am not good enough for you and you are not good enough for me.

It is like the box I checked off on the divorce form today "irreconcilable differences". That is where we stand. I will not let my wife leave me to find out if she really loves me, and you will not work it out together. There is no in-between, no middle ground, as you have avoided all efforts to work this out together. You have made it clear that you will not give in and so have I. We therefore need no more time to cause each other more pain so I will give you the divorce you are looking for. There can no longer be compromise. There never was, there never will be. Without compromise and communication we will have a relationship like your family, not like mine. Those are some of the most important qualities in having a stable and long lasting relationship. Your idea of communication is to shut it off when you want and then to just walk away. Compromise is to you a do what I want or I will leave you compromise.

Respect is also most important in a relationship. Mind you that I am speaking of mutual respect. This is what allows you to have compromise and communication. Our relationship has been based on one way respect, one way communication and one way compromise. Since I have known you, it has been all your way or nothing. That is where we stand now. But I am through being treated like shit. I have made a stand and you think it is a joke, my feelings are not important to you, they are not worth fighting for, they are not worth respecting, they are not worth compromise and they are not worth listening to. Since you have left that is all I am guilty of. I am guilty of showing you love and respect, communication and compromise.

When you left should have I just said good bye and let you go as you say. I figured, and I am wrong, that doing that would be like abandoning you. I could not do that. Would you have liked it if you ran to your friends in L.A., and I just said good bye. I thought that would be embarrassing to you, I guessed wrong. You have turned that around to look like I am sick. Most women would have seen that as a good. You don't know what a good man is all about or how to keep one. You have never experienced one, you most likely will not again. I have sacrificed and you have not budged, that seems like it will last real long. I figured that you would appreciate a man who fights for you, who is willing to sacrifice himself for you. You have spit on me, and when I went down you trampled all over me. I can no longer accept that as love, I can no longer try and understand. You have shown no sign of love, as you have filled me with hate.

If I had just walked away and not cared I thought you would be hurt, it would be the same thing your mother and father have done to you. I wanted to show you that I would never just walk away from you and I thought you would respect that. I was wrong and I guess I will be to blame. I wrote you poems and letters trying to work things out, you are now going to give them to other people to judge me. What respect, your love is killing me. I guess I can't use words like killing in the figurative sense, as you'll turn that to mean this letter is about death. I guess in a general sense this letter is about the death or end of us. I feel dead inside, you don't care. Your respect overwhelms me. You say my letters and poems are confused and change, that is because your feelings are unclear to me. They are unclear because of your tremendous lack of effort to communicate. You can see your respect can't you.

And now let us look at this relationship from the beginning. You came into my life and sold me a bill of goods that was worthless. You told me how your father and mother had abandoned you and won my sympathy. You know I am a very compassionate person and you took advantage of that. I fell for it, I felt sorry for your hard life and you told me you had overcome it. You made me believe you were strong, that you would not do this to your family, and that I could trust in you. You played me against your mother and father, you told me all the horrible stories about how they treated you, and you admired my standing up for you. When your mom came and pulled her psychotic stunt at the Ivy, you sided with me and told me these were the games she has been playing on you all your life. When we got home it was you who threw her out because there was no compromise or respect. It was I who ran out and tried to work things out, who brought her back. I must have been insane but I saw how much pain it was causing you, again I sacrificed. I had to listen to her constant criticisms; my music, my spending habits, our bad treatment of her, my friends, my business and how I run it, my abuse of her, your abuse of her, my domination of you, my manipulative ways, my home, my attempt at breaking the mother/daughter bond and just about everything I did was not good enough for her. And who the fuck did she think she was, some perfect being capable of criticizing our lives cause hers is so perfect? If we didn't see things her way she wasn't coming to the wedding. Kind of like what I am going through with you now.

You told me I had to understand that she was very fucked up. Have you forgotten? You told her not to interfere, was she trying to ruin everything for you? I thought you really knew. I thought you would be able to fight it. Even then she was starting to make you feel like you choose me or him or I will abandon you. You said fine, you already have. She stayed and drove us both crazy. When she left, she left her mark on you. Slowly, you began to bitch about everything your mom had, if you haven't noticed that is what has driven me a bit nuts. When you had to explain that your mom was whacko to me did I turn and run from you like most men will? or was I there by your side?

The wedding was next and that is where the real joke begins. You had this fantasy that daddy would come back to you and you really believed it, even though he had been final with you years ago. You thought he was some kind of good guy when in fact he is a scum bag criminal. Did I abandon you when I found out the truth or was I there by your side? I watched you subject yourself to complete and humiliating pain, did I run out on you? What kind of guy would say O.K., I know both of your parents and they are both no good to you, they will never help us, but I will still marry you. I married you because I thought you were different. Ha Ha, the joke is on me. Well my wife wanted a wedding but had no parents to throw it, nobody to give you away. A wedding is supposed to be an event in which your parents are happy to let go to a new life. They are supposed to send you off with a bang.

When both of them abandoned you did I leave your side? I probably should have at this point but I still was under the ether. No - I said if my wife wants a wedding, a wedding she will have, nothing is too much for my wife, the love of my life. Your family would not help and my family thought that was a bit nuts, we don't know from that. My family said just fuck-it, get married and put the money towards better things. Dr. A also advised us to do the same. Why? because they knew it would only cause you great pain and embarrassment. I got angry and told them they were all fucked, SY feels she needs this and so she will have it, I told my dad if he would not help I would do it on my own. Did I or did I abandon you? I had to bust my ass for every damn bit of it. I stressed like never before, I even begged for help when I needed it, was this not sacrifice. The other week when we fought about the wedding you wanted a total, and would not count what I had begged for, your respect overwhelmed me. You argued that instead of $30,000 it was only $20,000. What you missed is that it caused me great stress, a lot of money, and in the end you. By the way while we total up the cost why don't we look at the cost to your family? Your dad = $0.00. Your mom = $0.00.

For your mom’s $0.00 she contributed nothing but grief, criticism and guilt. She criticized my family and friends and she complained that we did not accept her or treat her like family, while we paid for all the dinners and her hotel room. Boy those B's, what assholes. She put on this grotesque act like she was this great mother. She wanted everyone to feel compassion and sympathy for her poor soul. Nobody danced with her, as maybe they knew that if you get to close she will bite your head off. Maybe they saw what she was doing to you. She didn't feel good enough to attend one of the dinners or was she just playing some berserk mind game. She didn't feel treated good at your bachelorette party by my family. My family was probably disgusted by what she was doing to you. She had one friend attend the wedding and nobody else. What happened to all the people we invited and all your family, your mom's good friends?

Originally she had a list of 100 people, don't you think that would have embarrassed you a bit more. With a 1 in 14 ratio, 6 people would have showed. And why couldn't she go to theses 100 people, her great friends, and begged (like your bad husband did) for some help in sending you off. It was only like $20 or 30,000 dollars. The truth is she has no friends that are not tired of hearing her sob stories of how everyone mistreats her, nobody but you will listen anymore. I do feel compassionate about the pain this must put you in, but let us not lose the real picture in hiding from your pain. Do you know why she criticized everything? Because nothing was due to her and so everything stood to be criticized. I never will forget that bullshit wedding speech about how she is there for you when you need her near or far, the rainbow goes forever. What bullshit, you fell for it. Nothing about us. Hardly a mention of me, I was not even standing up, I was sitting down puking. The pain I saw it causing you made me nauseous.

My family liked you but was not overly thrilled with your mother, how could you ask them to be. They were afraid for me and now I see why? They thought your mom was a joke and she is. By the way, you knew it and I am not telling you any great hidden secret. She was there to devour you and guilt you and make you think the world was against her, again she was treated unfair. Kind of like the gangs are out to get her in Boston, the B's are out to get her. She plays it all out on you and pretends she is innocent, kind and caring. She is actually a bitch and a disrespectful one at that. Face it. the longer you don't, the greater are chance at separation.

She has twisted your delicate little heart and soul, she has made you turn on everything good you had going. She has made you turn on me. Don't you see????? You wanted a loving and supportive husband and you found one. She told you "he controls you, he manipulates you, he hates me, they hate me, he doesn't give you any space, you have no freedom, you fight to much (the pot calling the kettle black), you are turning into a B - you see them and not me, your grandchildren will not see me as much, he favors his family and not me, you love them more than me." Come on, you don't see what’s tearing us apart? You don't see why I did not want to let you feel abandoned? You don't see why I go to the ends of the earth to make you feel safe and secure at home. I will not hide from the truth any longer to protect you, as it is only making it worse. I can take the pain no longer, you don't need a shrink and space to figure this out, and you need love and compassion, just what I have given you from the start.

Don't you see she is turning you against everyone? All my friends and family she has turned you against whom by the way were there at your wedding.

I have went against my family and friends in defense of you. Have I truly lost my mind?

And you have shit on me. You want me to treat you with Love and respect? what a joke. You want me to stand by your side while you run around bad mouthing me, embarrassing me and wait while you figure out if you Love me. You truly have lost your mind and maybe it is best that you check out of here into a hospital. You are not the sweet innocent little girl my eyes thought they saw. Your true self has come out. You say you’re not a bitch, take another look. You say you have respect, open your eyes. You look and sound like a different girl than the one you pretended to be.

When you came here you got along with everyone, you were yummy. You were happy and fit in. You had a bunch of nice new friends. You fell in love with me and respected me and my friends. When I was a bit sick, you took care of me, you made me feel better. When I needed a friend you were there. When I needed love you were there. You worked hard with us and pretended like you enjoyed it. You were proud of your husband and stood beside me. We went out with my clients and friends and you never embarrassed me. When I would talk to you about things you listened and loved to hear me. When I promised you the world, you promised it back to me. When we made love it was mutual. When I asked for anything in return you were happy to give it, you respected what I had done for you, and we hardly ever fought. We went out and had good times with my family and friends.

Your friends and family gave nothing, they all fed on you. Your girlfriends were hardly there for you, they all tried to break it up before it began; T, J and L. T and J by warning me and L by hitting on me. Great friends you have. Turn to them now, as they have all been waiting for you to fuck it up. Their advice to you now must be better, maybe they will feel sympathy for you now, but don't you think they too will get tired of your crying wolf. Do you think they really believe I am an asshole? Don't you think they are looking at you in bewilderment, like how can you be so ungrateful and mean? I know everyone I know is asking that question. They are also asking me when I was going to wake up. I have awoken.

You have pushed me beyond any respectable limits. I had more hope and confidence in you. I thought you were sincere. I thought you loved me. I thought you would return to my side. Well the dream is over.

You have used and abused me. You have no care or compassion for my feelings. You have no respect for my family or friends and you didn't even send thank you letters to all the people in the wedding, including my mom's friends. She even forgave you for that. You left her and my father off the invitation, on one of your friend’s great pieces of advice. You then even had me try and justify it to them, something like it was too embarrassing to put your family down, so we might as well leave them all off. I can't believe I have put up with all of this.

I thought it was worth it for your love and respect. When you lost your respect for me I guess it all became too apparent. I am very sorry for not having waked up earlier. I have lost a great deal of my friends and family over you, and you weren't worth it. And now you try turning every one against me. You poor poor soul. I have abused, manipulated and controlled you for too long. Go back to those who care and love you. Ask for everyone's help and support against your big bad husband who denies you freedom and space. He tries to work things out, he attempts to shower you with love, he has been by your side every step of the way. He only asks that you respect him. You have shown me how deep that goes.

This fantasy is over, now it is your turn to wake up. So wake up! Grow up! Don't cry! You will get over me soon! Come get your stuff on Monday and be done with my abuse. I really no longer care. I will put it in storage if you do not come. I have called your bluff and that's all it was from the beginning. Don't come around begging for my support, don't bother my friends and family, they will not help.

And all I asked is that you come home.

I figure this letter should seal our fate. I have not decided if I want to be the one filing for divorce, I have prepared for it though. You will submit all my love letters to the judge, do not forget this one. When you told me that you were going to share those with others and the world you broke my heart for good. I think you knew it would. You have run out of time to figure it out, you could have just come knowing all these things and not making me write it in stone. It is you who has pushed me away, maybe you never wanted to really make a change, I don't know. All I know is you are not capable of change for me. I even thought when I wrote you that apology and said I would try that I was nuts. What the hell do I owe you an apology for and I don't need you that bad. What I did need walked out the door and with it went my heart and soul. I begged and pleaded you not to push the issue. I said come back we will overcome this together. After all that I have sacrificed you could not sacrifice one thing. I stand corrected, you have sacrificed me. As I now see it I owe a lot of apologies to all those who warned me. I will have to hope they will accept and say I was blindly in love. You owe more apologies to these people than I think you are capable of giving. Maybe that is why you can now come back. I don't know if they would accept your apology for you have ripped apart someone they love. The buck stops here!

Finally, I hope you are happy with yourself. If not, come home and work it out. Show me and everyone else that we are worth fighting for, as we have all fought and supported you. It is time you show the same and stop being such a self-centered, disrespectful, complaining, whining, stubborn, foolish little girl. I will not abandon you and will be by your side every step of the healing process, but only if you so choose. From the time you get this letter it should take a maximum two hours to choose your sides and either be here or there. If you choose here I will ask nothing upon your return other than respect for me, my family, and friends. If you stay there, enjoy your loneliness and freedom and forget your fantasy family and responsibilities to it. Grow-up already, as you are acting like a child. Before you lose everything drop your foolish pride. I am not a beast trying to devour you, open your eyes to the real beast and learn how to beat it. Don't give in and become a beast yourself. You said today that you are not this mean and vicious person I am describing. Let's see the other side, the warm and compassionate side you boasted about. Part of that side is compromise, is it not? You may say I am pushing too hard, what did you expect? Let's see if you have what it takes to make it work. I have promised to try. I have lived up to all my promises and now let’s see you live up to yours. You say you have respect, show it. You say you have compassion, show it. You say you love me, prove it.

Your other option is to keep running and hiding, to give yourself space and freedom. You say you need time to work this out and I should be patient. These problems may take 10-50 years to overcome, should I sit alone and wait in hope that you will one day realize I was your friend and lover. You run to everyone saying, how could he call me all these bad names and it is because that is how I have always handled disrespect. When someone turns on me I turn on them. That is respect. I am non-discriminating as you very well know. You are the only person who can make the change and I personally am losing faith with every minute. I am slowly becoming convinced that you are colder than ice and that you cannot see or feel pain anymore. the cards are all in your hand and it is time to lay them down or fold'em. The bluff is over. I did not want to call your bluff, I figured it would hurt you, I am sure it won't. You have backed me into a rock and hard place and you will not let me get out. I have backed you into a rock and hard place, now shit or get off the pot.

You say I do not respect your mom or friends, you are right, they have done nothing for me to respect. They deserve just what they have gotten. You say I do not respect you and that is totally untrue. You do not respect me, my family or friends. None of us were good enough for you, and we did not do enough to earn your respect. Instead we were worth shitting on. Now do you know why I called you a few names?

I hope this letter has helped clarify what went wrong with our marriage. I hope that you can see why I have pushed the issue this far. There is just no way this could have continued, your abuse had gone on a little too long, your disrespect was hurting everyone, especially me. I gave you an opportunity and you turned it against me.

I will see you home shortly or I will see you in court. The dramatics are over, all the cards but yours are on the table. Can we end this with love and kisses and open arms and hard work? Or do we walk away mad, angry and hurt?

I was just reading through some of your letters, it is all very clear now. This is the same pattern repeated. Each of these guys is led on and then shit on, then communication breaks down to one way and finally you fuck them, I also read some from when you were at your school, I have enclosed one in particular.

**09/28/12 05:55 AM 2:07 CHICAGO**

I drove through Glencoe today, by the house my family grew up in, down by the school yard, to the beach, down the side of the hill on the same path I had trotted so many times in youth. I wondered if childhood had completely slipped away, until I noticed that my footsteps seemed the same again. That I in fact have stopped growing up for you, and decided to again live like the child I am. I wrote recently that I feel that my life is going through growing up, I am so happy growing up has brought me back to my childhood. I believe that the essence of life lies buried beneath the social conformities we have all conformed to, somewhere in the innocence of childhood.

So I strolled this perfect suburban village, the village my parents dreamed of and succeeded in raising their children in. As I stopped in front of my grade school, the old building sent a shiver through my body, I knew that this institution was a focal point in my development, I saw through the same eyes I did as a child, I remembered the faces, names, and all the events. I relived some. I watched an inning of ball in the field with all the parents, I knew exactly how each child was feeling, I had felt all those ways only to a short a time ago. My mind blistered through these memories in lightning bolt fashion, each jolt getting a fresh tear of joy.

Sitting at that old mansion of a home, all the scenes of my family came flooding me in tidal fashion, I remembered all the good things that came to my spirit and soul from this house, a gush of wind sent all the love joys resounding in my mind, my senses filled with past senses. Within the walls that seemed to breathe these memories, I suddenly realized that no matter how difficult the road I travelled, these very breathes is what gives me my inner security when I feel like sighing at the burdens that continually consumes me.

**09/28/12 05:55 AM**

In the back of mind I know evade writing about the loves of my life, I am scrambling to find any other subject, it hurts, and my heart still aches from each. These were my best friends, the people I shared most of my time with, I shared everything and passionately. The end as you can see after that last flashback often left me angry and hurt, lashing out in retaliation. Normally that lash turns around to strike me.

**09/28/12 05:55 AM**

In ten minutes my fate will be decided with RIC. I am a poker player, and this game has been for future stakes. The whole of space waste cargo lies in the cards, as well as, my own future.

**09/28/12 05:55 AM**

Fate has played out more of the cards, yet their still remains no winner/loser or split pot, I am anticipating a split pot. My personality again lies center court, I have left open vast interpretations as usual, I am hoping the G-ds will side with me, and overcome in others minds the personality flaws and enigma's which drive so many mad in my life. Then I am taking a long hard look at these flaws myself, and plan to remedy them into positive channels.

I am an independent, and this I must surface sacrifice in order to obtain my dreams. In fact, what is more important, the future of our destinies or my personality problems???? I know my impotence in relationship to the whole and thus I will alter my behavior as any team player would. It may well be too late for RIC to further tolerate my past, but I now at least will know better for the future.

My father and David pretty much defined my strengths and flaws, I am proud of both aspects of myself. I rationalize, in that, as usual, I was trying to benefit the people of the planet, and I am prone to mistakes, but I tried my best. I will learn from my mistakes, and this normally causes tremendous pain, and I will carry forward. There will be issues that I will find that will cause me to reflect and find out where and why I became this way, and cry, and then make change. There will also be issues which I find that will make me more resilient to change for fear that the sacrifice would only be to appease and not to benefit. It will be in these moments that I must learn to negotiate and have partial or no reaction.

Corporate worlds are not for me, I keep trying to explain to the damn world that I am a writer, philosopher, poet, in heart. Everyone seems hard of hearing on this subject, nobody quite understands how fed up with the game I am. I joined RIC to accomplish a different goal, space waste, and everyone thinks I am kidding.

**09/28/12 05:55 AM - 08-18-93 4:48 AM Thailand**

Normally I question where to begin when I start to write. In Thailand there is no question, the people. What it is about these people that make them different from any people I have ever met? Their incredible ability to flow with any situation. No surges of any type, just steady current adapting to any environment. Everything is "okay" always, "no problem."

Can you imagine a land where people still care about other people, why it has become known as "the land of smiles?"

**09/28/12 05:55 AM - 8/18/93 8:28PM Thai time**

Does the belief in Buddhism cause such outward pleasantness? It is outward pleasantness, because even when insulted and angry, they maintain passive in action. In my country, outward kindness to others is not expected, it has been forgotten. Here, the people not only expect but still respect kindness. Has capitalism not spread far and deep enough, or long enough, to destroy this?

**09/28/12 05:55 AM - 8/23/93 10:04 AM Thai time**

You can see how America became degenerated so rapidly by looking closely at this country and in America I was born into society too late to ever see contrast. Bangkok is only the societies beginning, slowly cityscape creeps into the surrounding country side, devouring natural beauty and replacing it with human waste.

Interesting to note, is how societies psyche is being transformed along with the country. Western civilization is thrived on, and the most minor of life's luxuries in America are cherished. The order of life currently is; Buddhism, The Royal Family, a ticket to the Michael Jackson concert, and finally, a television. The value system has slowly eked way to the monetary system, what was once sacred and revered, now has a price tag. The rivers once beautiful and a haven of life, now lie polluted and dying, sacrificed in the name of "civilization." Was it worse before?

**09/28/12 05:55 AM Still Thai dyed**

I see here what I despise in Western "civilization", what has destroyed our planet. I wonder are we children brainwashed from birth with hosts of false values or do we evolve naturally to them? Is our desire to mass produce not causing mass waste? Maybe the children of the 60's have all died, as no one seems to care about the effect anymore? Where they just a drugged dream or have they been the catalyst to an evolving change? I am unsure we westerners can see it anymore, as it is all consuming from birth. Yet, here where it has not devoured every moment of life, it is stark and sad to see the evolution.

**09/28/12 05:55 AM in Thai**

Death, death, death - immortal pain that rules your brain,

So heavy are these things like acid rain,

1

**09/28/12 05:55 AM in CA**

Thailand to the USA, is taking me far too long to return, my mind needs rest.

**09/28/12 05:55 AM**

The change so rapid, so diverse, so positive and also negative. My life feels tremendous turmoil, I am flowing like a rapid river, and I must try to cope with the change. I have completed what I set out to change and the change is not completely what I desire, although it will suffice for the time. Another 4-5 years of work in unrelated areas to my expertise in psychology.

**SUBSCRIBER #13 THOUGHT #1**

Two people totally different.

Two people totally the same.

They meet in a time both trouble and insane.

One stands tall and proud leading others to follow.

The other not sure of his future or power.

They each see value of treasure and gold upon each other not fully explored.

Time goes on and things they share.

Many suns rise and many moons fall as many a glass goes from empty to full.

Times can get rough and even destructive.

Things become tense and super conductive.

After it all the two people come through with more room in the glass and more glasses in the room.

The two are still different and may always be.

But they still go on mining their gold.

Both learning and growing till their different no more.

They may not get there, different they'll always be.

But grow they will, as they live their lives sea to sea.

This is what makes their friendship so dear.

Something to cherish from year to year.

**09/28/12 05:55 AM**

The breakdown is here, the breakdown I have been waiting for, for so long. A breakdown where the cross roads have un-crossed, new directions taken a million miles an hour, over countless thousands of miles. Yet something lacks, something I have yet to reveal to myself, that must come forward here, or the road will turn to the same beaten path. It tires my spirit that normally awakes ecstatic, to see another mountain in front of me.

I must finish what I desire to avoid, in order to go forward, the story of love in my life, for it is what this change is all about. I have sought to learn about abuse and damage to the human spirit, I now have not only learned about it, but have lived it, am living in it, and it must cease to be a part of my spirit.

I have been abused and now I must fight the abuse affect, the damage created, and I fear it is more difficult than imagined. Damaged by physical abuse I mean, mental is quite common. Broken heart does classify as physical. Physical is unique in that it damages a mental area unknown by one who has suffered no physical abuse before. Unique in that mental abuse is capable of causing physical effects. Abuse is abuse and as such both forms of abuse often go hand in hand and yet have very separate effects.

I no longer have the same trust intensity level I once had in love. This is a strong statement of what I feel blocks my forward motion. I was damaged by someone who was damaged. I always felt that once damaged, the child, then the adult, can damage others for it feels it has survived the damage, others will. Damage then follows almost unconsciously onto others. I ventured deeply into the dark corridors of abuse in my last few relationships, so deeply that I stumbled cross it, and have landed in it, and it is both wonderful and horrifying.

Wonderful for it expands my insight into the troubles faced by children who have suffered, horrifying to the effect on my own physiological wellbeing. I am tired of being abused and I need to regain my trust mentally before I venture into more relationships. I must accept no further abuse that has not been challenged and conquered in my personal love life. Maybe this is the greatest helping point that can be made in situations of abuse, that one confront it honestly despite the pain and backlash of those exposing and not hide in its psychotic sick web. If another cannot control violence, abandonment is necessary. Alone the abuser cannot damage.

Yet, is the life of the abuser to be one of loneliness and distrust, forever? How can the abuser, once abused, overcome the pain that damages, that seemingly is controlled unconsciously? They view abuse as a natural part of life, one you can live with, if they can. Once you start believing it, you become a part of it, like a vampire you have been afflicted. I need time to stop and assess the effect of abuse, and again return to my life of simple mental abuse. For physically violent traits I will not bring near my children.

How can you tell, how does one pick knowingly, these problems are often buried far deeper in the unconscious. I can spot someone afflicted with abuse, in an instant, as I am drawn by a learned reaction to help, Instead I find I may need the help.

I need to first define what I desire and do not desire, and regarding women this is probably the most complicated question. Trust is foremost, the slightest violation rocks my faith in love, and I have been violated enough. Trust that I will never be abandoned, that I will never be left with a heart suffocating in love. I want love that is not a front for displaced hate.

I want a woman who understands herself and is not looking to me to fill any other void than love. I want an independent woman, one whose nature dictates independence, not her condition. For in raising children I want them free, not smothered. Thus, this woman must be free herself. Free in mind, free of past, no matter the condition. Ok, free to want to work it out, independent of me. Not take it out on me. At least if she takes it out on me, hopefully she can distinguish the true source.

I have never offered savior ship to a woman I have loved but I have offered the opportunity for self-savior ship. This is when things in my last relationships turned sour, this point of either using me as a goat or working out interpersonal problems, ones in which I cannot be the true ghost, thus I cannot tolerate to continue to be the goat. I feel often that I am to blame for the women I have loved problems, but knowing the truth to the problems helps, and I understand this role I played in a recent past.

**July 4, 1994**

Again, life is taking on a bizarre turn of events. In the months since I have set down thought, I have again been ravished in turmoil, instability and insanity. Do I begin with SY, the foremost unusual event to again re-enter my life. The love of my life became the cause of more pain than death and resulting in the death of my trust. How do I explain her call, the call that brought back a thousand emotions in a second that lingers day in and day out? My dreams have been transfixed upon her. Days pass that I am completely entrenched within my memories of us, memories I had bludgeoned to death. Repressed feelings of love and hate, surfacing, my head has not stopped reeling.

How after so many years can she penetrate the wall that keeps everyone else at bay?

**August 14, 1994**

I could begin with my occupation, from insurance to Rock n' Roll to a combination of both. I have closed down one S.B. Lexington, only to open another. My income has suffered like nothing before it. I have not been in a great financial situation post-divorce and I have in fact been in hell. My love life has not had love, to leave me in hell, post death. Dark is dark.

Light. Do I feel light? What did G-d mean by light, let there be life?? Question is am I now afraid of light, for its counterpart hath no fury. Or, am I now prepared, less naiveté. Am I convinced that "specialness" has a price? I have been dying to complete the specialness part of this book. This is the part of actual death, the part which I keep secret, for I thrill seek not on seeing the trip in your eyes from the reality. Hell, you’re fascinated at the O.J. Simpson story.

**August 21, 1994**

So to begin the life part of this book again, I must kill the death and again rise, for the umpteenth time. This time I have prepared myself better to catch the fall. I am a warrior, I have a mission. My mission has been set of course, to better prepare my course, my dream slowly comes back to focus.

Traumatized again and this time the difference being no physical damage, just love damage. I am unsure which is more devastating. These attacks by my siblings, I now view as a great adventure in learning.

Where do I go on this journey from hell? I look to the dreams for guidance, dreams in which I allow the voices to rule. I have no set road and therefore I must allow it to just occur. I have moved into a writer’s house, across the way from the miserable old people. I must comment that if aging in this world we live in creates spirits as dilapidated as those at 2525, I dare never grow old now.

As a matter of course, I have decided to journey down, or grow down. I look to getting back to my initial spirit, to the freedom of childlike mind. I fear those things that have before clouded my mission and I now will attempt to overcome them. I have drugged them for the pain. I now will work them out, weight training and surfing for now.

Strong and fit, I will sail out of here in three to five years. Am I to weak? yes, but I will gain strength daily, and create an ocean child. And further, I will awaken from death completely.

Is this a statement that society sucks? Yes, open your eyes to the society evolving before your eyes. We are not even friends anymore and we suspect and damage each other for billions of reasons.

**August, 23, 1994**

So it goes to pass that I move into 2525 Ocean Boulevard, and see very strange and bizarre things in both my dreams and awakenings. I claim to all those around me, that the house, for all intensive purposes, is not only filled with the living dead, but the actual dead. I speak to many friends about the young boy who lived within my bedroom each day that I lived there, explaining that we live simultaneously within different times. We at once can see the other and to speak does not transgress the dimension. Yet, my "real" friends laugh, some scarred, some think they see, but see me as more crazy.

So it goes to pass, that I move into 2512 Ocean Boulevard, and within the first days, begin having strange and bizarre visions, of my life, but I get confused at which life. I cannot distinguish ore real. My dream seems like life without fragmentation. I die and Indian buried in some sort of stone like configuration and I am burned. I see a rising, a reclaiming of land. I almost intermingle with a host of ghosts. The living seems related to the past.

**December 25, 1994 & A Merry X-MAS!**

And who in fact am I? Isn't that the point to this absurdity? If you were to ask around, to pry into my who, my what, what would you find? Am I afraid? Not at all. Would you be shocked or stunned, I have not created new things. To my friends, I am the excess, the over joy to the celebration of life. Further, I would seem to be that corner philosopher of the times, who offers the radical view that confronts your inner spirit. I have been told that I am severely over concerned with world problems that I oft forget to concern myself with myself.

There is more, a host of other bizarre and more personal escapes from the inexorable pain that comes from such twisted and strange dreams and visions. Imagine sleeping on every imaginable human plight, you need outlet. My society offers the culmination of thousands of wonderful years of outlets and I touch each and every end of that spectrum.

**January 3, 1995 HAPPY NEW-YEAR**

And why the hell am I counting time? Why do I think and act in billions of every day activity? Have you messed with my mind? Am I the same if I did not let you influence my mind? Have I sold?

Have you sold? I mean do the media affect your brain and are you now just an actor in a play? Do you know what and who you are? I am scarred for the intelligence of our kind? We think what is taught. I could teach you to eat vomit and you would love it? what if everyone else were doing it? Not from peer pressure, the pressure of who and what you really are.

What you are is "normally" pushed and prodded down your throat. You are a victim of the times. You have probably sacrificed a great deal of your mind to your time.

**January 8, 1996**

We've just been dead a year.

Why? Why should the pusher be punished, when the user demands? Who is the user, everyone. Not just humans alive today, but every time before us. Put all the users in prison and you have the same problem that exists, not enough housing if you confined them to their homes.

I think what really is undermining our futures is the fundamental lack of humanness our current roles demand, like school and work to the point of losing personal freedom. What is personal freedom? Look about at the "Animal Kingdom." Enter this world of "primitiveness", and you will see all the creatures busily performing a billion different daily tasks. G-d knows what each and every one of them is trying to achieve. They enter the world and the only thing on their mind is their daily duties and living and eating and sleeping and mating! When tasks are complete, day is done. Kick it with the family.

Do you need excess in this world? No. Do you try to assimilate a massive amount of things? No. Do you need money? No. Do you need to own a home for generations to come? No.

No, you just get free time to view G-ds creative effort and then you die.

Now enter my world, our world, and you will see that the average human barely has time to just kick it and observe. Start with schooling that takes 8 hours, with 4 of homework. Add 8 hours of sleep and you have four hours left. Of those 4, 2 are for eating and two for transportation. Did I forget to mate?

**20010506**

And here I sit re-thinking the past 37 years, wondering if it is a sign of what is to come and fearing the possible connection. Two kids and a wife, the typical suburban droll, what has become of the reckless kid? Not to say that I am unhappy with my new lot, it is just that the passion seems to have been dampened, not by the family, but by the past. Have you ever found yourself wondering why you’re not something that you feel you must be, that there is a pull towards something greater but you can’t get your hands around it? My life is at a juncture, I can sense the change, and the dreams are there but I can’t see when I awake. The voices loom large in darkness and in the light I barely see them, yet they motivate me in a mad possession.

I sense that these past few years will have a profound effect; I just can’t plot the direction. Oh, that’s right, you’ve no idea what these past years have unfolded, and I have kept these thoughts from print from fear of the pain of the printed word. So after those years with the Rock-n-Roll gig and a few more blistering painful years of selling death insurance, I had a dream. I had packed up on LA to go be with folks in FL and life could not have become more mundane. Financially backwards since my divorce and all those lovely tax problems, I had settled to become a family man and get my proverbial “shit” together, something the 30 years of therapy had failed to do. Just as I had paved the driveway with another coat of tar, a loud voice came rumbling through my head and laid a giant footstep in a perfectly drying seal.

A vision so strange it could change the way you see, of images that could zoom, a method for making 2D into 2 ½ D. Ask why in the middle of mundane would come the exotic, I can’t understand. Once again my life a sea of cataclysmic change and a re-birth into another dimension, a change so bizarre nobody could have foreseen. Unless of course you knew of this underlying burning desire to see Dinosaurs project themselves from a screen, so realistically that it would make you shit. Unless you knew of my fear for the world that drives me to never ending wake less nights, you would never understand the need for this “technology”. And with this great technology, my life has once again become a mess.

Where do I begin to explain the complexity that this has caused? Start with the simple fact that in simple suburbia, the day before the discovery, life had finally settled down. I was home 7 days a week, no more wild parties with wild people, just kickin it with the wife and kids, a regular Joe. You might say that as soon as the dust was beginning to collect a Tornado rolled through, I awoke my wife with the vision of being able zoom on a screen to magnificent degrees from a simple 2D picture. And overnight, everyone who saw it was fascinated and amazed with the way it worked, and I still for the life of me don’t understand the mechanics, I did know it was cool. Suddenly a gift from G-d was becoming a business with a “core” technology behind it. Patent it. This is now funny.

About the same time everyone was ogling over this breakthrough, another seemingly simple solution to a very complex problem became readily apparent to me. Again, overnight, a new technology was discovered that became the basis for another set of patents. More business, more complexity, less time seeing the kids, these technologies consumed my core. At first, it all seemed so simple and the ideas were merely a means to get the dinosaur story projected to a wide audience of thought journal type subjects that were tuning into the Internet. I never listened to a damn engineer and there were many that said what is now possible was impossible.

Well the next thing you know my life is overwhelmed with running a company. I am propelled into a business I know nothing about and a complexity that requires teams of engineers to understand. I am thrust in front of the biggest companies in the world to display my goods and they peer in with preying eyes. Where’s your business plan, and who’s running the show, and where you getting the money, and friends and family’s lives, and all this shit, and oh lord, why me?

So this business grows and it grows and consumes and consumes and I watch as millions of dollars are invested and spent. Employees, overhead, responsibilities and more responsibilities were just a bit overwhelming for a guy who hasn’t worked for a company in 25 years. Nor am I the boss, which is a good thing but still so much is placed upon me and it drains my creative spirit and robs me of my fatherhood. Yet still I fathom on.

And the billionaire invested, the geniuses professed, the lawyers digressed and the largest computer, entertainment, graphics companies in the world took a peek and more is coming. Turns out the technologies may have a role in all kinds of things and the plot thickens. And my life becomes consumed in the center of the business world and all these kind of corporate gigs and things, my favorite, bored meetings. From the get go my goal was to not let the corporate world color the technologies in profit or greed, but it appears much of that may have already happened. Only myself to blame. But how to change it is my goal.

You see I tried to tell everyone that I stumbled and it was the work of a G-d, I wasn’t sure which, as so many voices have passed through my head. Some of the greatest minds in this space claimed I had discovered the holy grail, and I didn’t know I was looking for it. I was actually trying to help prevent extinction. I said the children needed good graphics and the state of things was pathetic, both in virtual environments and in video. Voilà! We had awesome new virtual worlds and full screen low bandwidth kick videos. I was freaked by it a bit more than you may be, but this is because the story is nowhere near told. Why did the children need these tools? To protect the planet from doom of course. What doom? Wake up dude.

So the story is simple to me. The children are in great danger, they need medium to communicate and cross cultural boundaries to save themselves and all creatures. I fear this from having a few Cadillac’s fall upon my head and traversing to a place you can’t understand and I can’t explain for the life of me without sounding nuts. From this vision I am possessed with trying to create a futuristic dinosaur story that combines a virtual environment with an interactive world. It started with these poems that came to me in flurries, over many years, the poems of those voices I speak of, I knew not from where it flowed. And these dinosaurs die from greed, proliferation and evil deeds to Mother Nature and her creatures, and they are banished for eternity, losing all the grandeur of her jungle. The story begs man to look how close this looms for us and to take action, to come together and drop hate and all those other nonsensical barriers that will lead to us all frying the same, and our children too.

Compels you take action to help by contributing your thoughts and worlds in a chance that may have impact. Visualization is critical to this end, we must be able to see the problems and then contribute thought that may have change and impact. We must provide tools for this mega-orgy of thought, tools that will channel the thoughts to solution actions. Sounds complex, is complex and requires tremendous resources. What better place to begin than by fixing the then pathetic state of video and images on the web. So G-d gives them to me for no other reason than I guess he trusts me or wants to torture me. Or the other truth, he wants to have records before we go to oblivion.

With the best of intent I start a company that will help enable children to see a better world and have a hand in creating this better world. Friends and family join in help the cause get going; they own a considerable chunk of the company. Here I sit with a company valued at over 30 million and it is still in its infancy. But as it began to become a business it lost its altruistic nature and has become something very different, something that must be changed. The very thing it seeks to destroy, it has become, and this may be a necessary evolutionary step in its growth, it just may be a frightening if not catastrophic one. But there is reason to have faith; I just can’t get a handle on it. My fear propels me on.

**5.24.01**

Enabling children has faded to the background and nothing else is really that important. How to bring the children back to forefront? what would be nice is to use the technologies to draw them in, how to manage and create that one? Television becoming interactive and the internet can become the driving and instrumental force that brings about this change. It will be disruptive! It already is. But my vote was already cast that the old system both sucks and needs to be immediately changed, no matter the disruption level. Teachings must change.

POEM

From hell comes a vision.

A blurry black vision at first,

Submersed in pain,

Pain from this or that.

Black eyes, black skies,

No light.

No hope.

Despair.

Tears,

Tears,

Tears.

Cry,

Cry that it is hopeless.

Cry,

Cry that it is futile.

Cry,

Cry that you are alone.

Cry,

Cry that you hate all.

Cry,

Cry that love has died.

Cry,

Cry that a loved one has died.

Cry,

Cry until your heart is dust.

Here in this void,

Two choices you find;

Suicide or Rise.

Suicide can be complete or the soul can rot,

The living dead, a common lot.

To rise,

A feat;

That comes at a price,

First you have to muster strength

And prepare for a fight.

The devil it appears,

Who thrives on your fears,

Withering your will to fight,

Can blind your eyes,

And steal your drive,

And leave you out to die.

The trick it seems,

Is to prepare your dreams,

For dreams are the works of G-d.

Let them fill your head,

With whisks of light,

Clinging to them in the blackness of night.

For only in darkness can dreams be formed.

Dreams that truly transform.

Follow the light,

For it leads to the sun,

Look not back, into the black.

Look ahead to the dreams end,

For dreams are only parts of a vision.

Vision that comes in the night,

Is the key to sight,

And until you can see,

You will be in hell,

Never free of past misery,

The visionary,

Conquers dreams.

Trampled again and again,

Only to stand upright, in the end.

Who are you?

Are you afraid to see again,

Worried that the future,

May be the past all over again?

Then you will never rise,

A victim of your own demise.

The strength my friend,

Can only come from within,

The heart that lacks courage withers thin.

Inside your soul,

Lay all the seeds to sow,

Plant your vision firmly.

Forget not to tend your lot,

As your dreams begin to grow,

To neglect and not protect them,

Will wilt them in the end.

A dream you see,

A reflection of G-d in your brain.

To act upon these innate thoughts,

Takes a madman indeed.

For how can dreams turn reality,

When they are purely fantasy?

So through life we go,

Constrained,

Trampled,

Trodden warriors,

Battle fatigued,

In pain and suffering,

Of dead and dying dreams.

Whisks of light turn black,

Darkness now your friend,

Kill your pain with this or that,

For what does it really matter,

Will your dreams change the world?

You have dreamed,

Your dreams have died,

So why keep dreaming,

A black hole in your eyes?

And when you rise from shattered dreams,

Does morning look like night?

Are you tired?

Unable to fight?

Here at the bitter end,

How can one mend,

The shards of night,

That rips the flesh to bone,

Exposing your shattered innards,

You’ve hidden below.

You find yourself alone.

No help on the way,

No one will rescue you,

Crushing you instead.

Atlas himself,

Could never had withstood,

The weight of the psyche,

As it crashes down.

Mere mortal you are,

More somber your plight:

Terror and Fright.

From the pounding waves,

That crash again and again,

How can the mind mend?

In mists of madness

The journey must begin,

Cast away your fears,

To duel the devil again.

Arm yourself with vision,

An intangible dream,

And sculpt it from top to bottom,

Until your hands bleed.

For at first your vision,

Like a giant boulder

May show no signs of beauty.

And when you crack that first blow,

Of the chiselers bow,

The boulder may shatter to pieces,

And you can leave this sandy lot,

Or find another boulder to whack.

Like Sisyphus you must go,

Through the same dream trodden path,

Till you strike enough blows,

To have a Michelangelo at last.

You now see the vision,

A foggy reality at last,

Dormant organs come alive fast.

It is in the pristine state,

Where you conquer pride,

And work as G-ds servant, side by side.

Away you chisel, possessed by the unseen,

The past is forgotten,

You live for the dream.

Each breath of life,

Polishes the stone,

You are no longer alone.

For G-d is a creature who meddles in the night,

You are his prey if you can still fight.

For once you let go of his light,

The devil needs little might,

To conquer your soul,

And darken your nights.

And

I am unhappy. I am insecure. I want to be loved and I give all I can, yet I feel very little is given back. I have no trust left in people, massacred of feeling. What worth does my life really have at this moment? None without love. Here I am 28, and very alone. Can you really trust anybody with your feelings, as so often they are used only to rip your heart to shreds? Why even bother to trust.

So am I really alone, and, if so, do I disregard others completely and go forward with my own life? What is my own life, I do not know anymore.

And

I fear I have moved into an association of miserable old people. I do not mean chronologically old folks. I mean those elderly that seem to have died in misery at birth and learned to perfect the art with age. Maybe you can relate, no matter the age, misery seems misery. You know the people I speak of because misery happens rarely overnight. When it happens overnight, I often define it as a trauma. For example, if you’re whole family died in a plane crash but yourself, are you not justifiable even to the extent that you never return from the pain for the rest of your life. I distinguish miserable people of all ages who have no severe trauma, and yet, still cannot seem to grip the beauty of the day.

Always caught up in the misery of their personal lives, never secure, never confident and always plotting, planning and manipulating their inner environment, only to learn about the "best laid plans of mice and men" over and over again in the end. So getting old has nothing to do with the process of getting miserable. Dr. Angres is in his 80's chronologically, and 18 mentally. He walks and talks more than most people of every age group I know, he carves intricate apple art, he paints everything especially that coming from the waters, seashells and the like. These are not large canvas type projects for his battered eyes, as these are intricate bits of history and the likes, painted mostly on no larger than the palm of his hand. His retention seems fascinating as he conducts Freudian psychoanalysis and at the very same moment paints Sodom and Gomorra on a fragment, and has not missed a word you rambled on. Funny to note that his retention of events over the years is untouched and that he can recall my emotion better than I 20 years ago. My version is normally more colored with time. It is often stark and helpful to be confronted with truth after you have washed away the reality with years. I see no defects with age other than some normal signs of aches and pains, I am happy every single time the door opens and his large hand greets mine with a warm, happy and friendly grip.

Nobody from this building other than my immediate neighbors who are not yet 40, have made any introduction. From the first moment I lived here I was confronted with misery. I had a broken rib so all my friends helped move me

And

**another’s thought**

A special quality which holds a special place in my heart in memories of my Ava. Ava has always had a very giving heart. She never hesitated to give to anyone who was without. She spent most of her life giving. Giving her love and time to her daughter Tia Josie and to all her family and friends. She was always willing to do whatever she could do to help whoever was in need. The heart of an angel. Each one of us children spent a lot of time at Ava’s as young children as she was always ready to help. Things were always so peacefull at Ava’s. I can’t think of a better place to be. And the food was always so very good. Portuguese pot roast, chicken with rice soup, masasfatha and the list goes ona and on. Always treated like a king when we stayed at Ava’s . She dedicated her life to serving others. I wish we all could live our life by this example she has left to us. A GIVING HEART

And

Dear Dr. M, –

(Who assessed my Kidney Stone as a quest for drugs, only for me to go to a different hospital and Dr and get treated with a lipotripsy)

I thought this poem for you,

For obviously you know not how to handle the pain of a "Jew"

"It's all in your head, that’s what my tests said.

The pain it's insane thus my medicine is in vain.

So squirm in discomfort under your covers,

For I am 100% sure there's no medical reason,

It seems to me, you and pain medicine are lovers.

So suffer you might, in your desperate plight for comfort."

"You junkie Jew, Freud is for you,

I'm just a Doctor without a heart, although I'm very smart,

Compassion was not in any text I knew.

To the University Of Chicago I went,

Social intercourse was not an event,

I made no friends, people are not for me,

I'm a Doctor damn it, I’ve never experienced the birds and the bees.

So I never learned from the start, without heart,

What love is truly all about.

That's why my bedside manners are few to nil,

When I cannot cure with procedure or pill.

Well, my tolerance runs low, so it's off to the shrink you go."

Farewell my Doctor friend, remember,

Compassion will heal when there seems no other end.

Your life will be filled with strife,

If you cannot make the stand,

That a smile and a hand are often a man's best friend.

By the way, don't let jealousy get in your,

Or you my friend will never know what I say.

And

In today's unique international system of war in which whole or partial destruction of an enemy as a means to accomplish a military end exists, these practices must be evaluated in light of traditional war theory. If in fact the system today does not fit in with past theory, then two possibilities exist; either change traditional policy to logically fit today's warring capabilities or accept that today's practices fit no current or traditional policies of war. Perhaps war has evolved to the stage where no rationale can be logically purported to pursue military action which inevitably involves taking innocent lives and therefore must be removed from the arena of logical recourses. Reviewed here within will be the necessary steps an alternative strategy to the absolute "Principle Of Discrimination" as defined within the "Just-War" theory, would have to logically follow to cause an acceptable policy which justifies killing noncombatants to be adopted. Traditional "Just-War" theory as defined by St. Augustine and Saint Thomas revolves around two critical assumptions. The first entails the belligerent having a right to enter war with an aggressor legitimately and with good intentions, referred to as Jus Ad Bellum. The second, Jus In Bello, governs legitimate and illegitimate conduct in the exercise of military means. The Principle of Proportion is a utilitarian argument which weighs the good and evil of the consequences the military attack will cause. The Principle of Discrimination strictly prohibits the intentional use of military objectives which are designed as intentional attacks on innocents. The inherent problem in the theory is that even if the Jus Ad Bellum is given to the belligerent, to what extent in today's global war field may he transgress the Principle of Discrimination and violate the Jus In Bello? If it is accepted that in the traditional Just-War theory the aggressor may be defined as the party not adhering to any one criteria of the theory, the question focuses on if in fact the belligerent can disobey Just-War doctrine in defense.

In the most technologically advanced stage of destruction man has presently achieved, why an issue as archaic as protecting innocents has been a central factor in the legitimacy governing military strategy. The issue of the Principle of Discrimination raises the distinction between who and what can be distinguished as true military combatants. Supposing the distinction could logically be asserted, the next question raised is how many innocents may be sacrificed in order to pursue the guilty aggressor. The extreme position in this controversy states that "One may not attack innocent third parties as part of individual self-defense. In war, the only permissible objects of direct attack are the enemy's soldier. In both cases, the overriding moral prescription is that evil must not be done to obtain a good object." p.40. O'Brien contends this to be a basic pacifistic approach in which any act that kills noncombatants is viewed as morally impermissible. I disagree wholly with the label he chooses for this view and propose instead that it is the only moral approach that can be justified and therefore should be tagged the moralistic approach. Killing noncombatants is morally unjust. Any attempt, any attempt, to rationalize when it is appropriate to depart from the Principle Of Discrimination immediately breaks implicit standards of the Just-War theory and places the belligerent as an aggressor. This asserts then that the death of one innocent (or millions) may not be risked to serve a greater end such as, defending one's self, the politico-economic system defended, or the world population without making the belligerent a guilty aggressor. Possibly the modern weaponry of today, with its non-discriminatory killing potentials, leaves open no other option than for wars to be fought by leaders who hide behind the innocent masses. This is an attempt to justify passivity on the grounds that to kill him you must kill the innocent he covers his cowardice with or remain passive to him. The opponent to the moralistic approach claims that some situation can allow a state to follow in the belief that it can resort to killing innocents in a direct effort to save innocents. The logical course followed here is that in order to avoid event A, you must commit act A. Act A of course is morally wrong. Clearly, the lines of logic break down and what is left are fruitless attempts at pseudo-logic, i.e. a philosophy which allows one to choose which one of the innocent groups shall be spared, (if any in today's nuclear market), in a claim that one innocent group is more worthy than another. This is a philosophy which is both psychologically and morally impermissible because the "...distinction between primary, desired effect and secondary, concomitant, undesired by- product is often difficult to accept."p.43. And this raises serious questions to the competency of those who promulgate it. Some opponents to the moralistic approach would claim that intention can save their argument. What does intention have to do with random homicide of innocents? This is the question offered by the moralist. The opponent theory holds that if the intent was a counter-value military strike without the intention of killing innocents, then those dead innocents were simply a by-product of a morally acceptable action. This "double effect" argument fails in that the opponent theory here relies on suppressing the ultimate consequences of the belligerent’s actions in a mirage of ultimate intents. This in fact, would make double effect work in a diametrically opposed fashion. I would choose to call it a reversed or twisted double effect in that the action simply leads to opposing its initial intent. Again, the opponent theory fails drastically in securing logic as a pre-imminent condition in deciding diplomatic war theory. Pause for a moment from this tricky logic and ask if the consequence of any morally acceptable act can logically result in death to any number of innocents. Even if it could be granted that these ends were justified how can the justification distinguish between where to draw the line of innocents and combatants? In national wars now-a- days, is not the entire enemy population a legitimate population to take counteractions against? In modern wars, in which the fighting takes place in the backyards of populated areas instead of on the battle fronts of yesteryear, cannot the whole nation be a target population (take the nuclear threat to the entire Western European ecological life systems). For example, I would like to pick some particularly guilty groups to target first, including the entire tax paying population of any system of government which advocates the killing of innocent persons. Any institutions which directly or indirectly support aggressive military actions against innocents should be targeted. The entire population of enemy babies since they, of course, would potentially be second generation soldiers in the battle against the belligerent’s rights. At what point will the opponent stop justifying their lack of intention? Is this not the same claim that many members of the Nazi party suggested at their trials? My example of killing innocent babies is their reality. The opponent belief is a mere hallucination confounding psycho-illogical horrors with reality. In light of the opposing argument against a moralistic approach, can there be cases which defy the criteria of Just-War? No, there are none. The opposing theory to Just-War is illogical and its intentions are not rational, realistic, proportional, discriminatory, lacking moral and ultimately do not follow Jus Ad Bellum and no Jus In Bello. Then it logically follows that it cannot be the basis for which mankind builds civil policy, at least not in a civil nature. Yet the fault of the opposing argument does not necessarily imply the superiority of a passive Just-War theory - no war. Passive Just-War theory, however, can strengthen its own argument on some of the faults of the opposition's argument. It has been evidenced that a theory which holds that a rationalization for the slaughter of innocents cannot be justified on the grounds of freedom to pursue one's desire in peace, for instead, it results in severely (death) impairing an alternate group of equally innocent human beings. The answer lies in returning to the Just-War theory.

According to purely moralistic sentiment, the belligerent may do the most morally acceptable solution to aggressive actions if he does not oppose Just-War in the traditional sense. Although innocents may be lost on the side of the belligerent, it is not necessary for a retaliation of equally psychotic acts to be instituted. The pacifist can in fact direct all military and non-military effort at attacks on those guilty of supporting military aggression directly. The difficulty of who is guilty cannot be treated the same under a moralistic theory as it was under the light of intention which assigns guilt in the opposing argument. Under a moralistic approach, the guilty are those who deny absolute discrimination to any extent, for any purpose. The moment one is persuaded to depart from pacifism, one has inevitably supported some form of violence and has become a direct contributor to either aggression or retaliation, if the two can still be distinguished. It is humorous to note that this segment of society which purports violence in this sense is guilty both in Jus Ad Bellum and in Jus In Bella and a Just-War seems to allow the elimination of them. This is because any supporter of violence who transcends the criteria of Just-War has in effect become a guilty aggressor. It seems only a matter of common sense, if that high of a sense needs to be appealed to, to accept the notion that if the chief enemy of peace is violence then the chief enemy of violence is peace. Can retaliatory violence ensure peace or just ensure further violence? Just review mankind's violent past. It seems that primitive violence is but a jest in consequence compared to today's modern violence.

The moralist exhausts all means of passive restraint contained in Just-War theory before he even considers an attack against the aggressor. In no situation will the moralist submit to the slaughter of innocents. Staggering effects can be obtained in the training of the civilized mind if appropriate role models are set but, someone (the pacifistic moralist) must take the initiative to begin. For example, if two mutually immature boys were about to fight physically would it be correct to cheer them on? Is it moral to intervene on behalf of one or the other? Does the retaliation of one lead to more violence or less violence? Has mankind, in an attempt to justify the immoral and illogical consequence, sold its soul to a more devilish course of action in which it will one day be subsumed in its own illegitimacy? Has history not painted itself black with evidence to the false ideology that with violence and threat will come any type of victory?

I believe that in an effort to secure world peace the superpowers should apply the lesson which shows that escalating violence results in a stalemate ending in either pacifism or mutual annihilation. Finally, it has been claimed that the United States and Russia are the most technologically advanced military states. A more suitable role model seems to be that they become the most civilized nations, and therefore, adopt a policy of pacifism which eliminates any policy of possible extinction. It must be accepted that today's military practices have consequences which fit no policy offering logical recourse. Since a passive argument insists on not using violence or threats to enroll its occupants, it may be a long time before the all too often brain washed mass will decide on its own that war has no glory and it is the passive moralist's dream that this will happen before mankind sees its own demise from its own means.

And

Dear School,

I am applying to your school for a very defined reason, and seek your opinion, as to if your facilities would be an appropriate place to help facilitate me reach my life intended goal.

A bit of personal history is necessary to understand my dream. I was born rebellious. I grew up rebellious, and I still am a bit rebellious. As can be expected I had the typical symptomatology of a rebel: I was in constant defiance of authority, completely independent in mind and spirit, always into something. You can still reference my family for a million supporting stories, hearing a quite different account depending on which you ask.

Typical authoritarian institutions such as school, religion, or parents were not for me. I did things the hard way doing whatever I innately felt was best for all. Being at odds with the norm, I was typically type-cast a delinquent, hyperactive, psychopathological etc... My parents sensing the impending disaster and having been in therapy themselves at the time, placed me in therapy, I was eight. I said that I was not the person I was type cast as but instead viewed myself as independent and not conforming to force or thought control methods employed by institutions. When authority challenged me, as it is a commonalty that authority attack the rebel, to institute change and reform. Thanks to my mother I am sensitive but that worked against me, for I became very passionate in defense of my views, in the beliefs that I form on my own. Taking only from the vats of information what I think to be correct for my own world, accepting no hearsay or the likes.

So when authority would try and control I would react most passionately against the forces trying to hamper my free spirit through threat or intimidation. I stood up to authority, as I truly have always questioned everything for myself. My father recently said to me regarding a personal situation of mine, "Why should I give you an opinion, you only listen to yourself, you only act on your own mind, you have always been this way." And this is both my blessing and my curse.

By thirteen years old I was in all kinds of trouble. I stood staunchly against authority. School bored me as well as angered me. Learning in a brick building for half my childhood never appealed to me. Listening to preachers or teachers, who purported their view, and trying to please them to be graded in a skewed hierarchy, was not for me. Rebels were treated especially harsh, as the school system has built in punishment to repress the free spirit. I, for example, believed that one could not learn about the world without touching it and gaining firsthand knowledge of how it works, based on personal observation, making personal decisions for one's self. Confined to brick buildings for the majority of the day, and then further confined to study, was in direct opposition to my view. I evaded school, it was easy, you only had to pass tests created by teachers with skewed views, and with a degrading grading scale. I showed up for exams and always did the readings, I did not feel it necessary to attend on a daily basis and thus I did not. Instead I went and touched the world on my own, creating my own opinions, applying the information in my texts to my own interpretation of the world, constantly running into bizarre situations. For I believe I am equal to all men in conceptualizing the world around me and that no one's view is right or wrong or better or worse, than another's. I do in fact believe in individualism. I find conformity in any form to be counterproductive to the growth of the free spirit. I find the institutions and individuals who purport conformity to be counterproductive as well.

When forced to attend school I opposed these types of control, fighting all those who tried to impose force or thought control. I mention force control because the punishments inflicted to enforce conformity, are often of a violent nature to a child. I was smacked around and I smacked back. I personally find physical abuse or mental abuse to enforce conformity appalling, if your ideal is so right, why do you have to become violent to enforce it, why can you not persuade purely with logic. Thus, when attacked with threats supported with pseudo logic, I became passionately and very visibly upset. I still defend those things which I believe in, passionately. But in my youth I challenged authority directly, daring it to try and change me. The more control applied, the more I resisted or rebelled.

Home life was in as great disarray and I was the middle of five children in a very unique family. My parents are my role models, they are where I learned to think and believe for myself, to let no one influence my pure and innate thoughts. Not even them. My parents sought to gain control over their lives when they were young, they used psycho-therapy as their method. Currently, over 20 years later, they still maintain a good diet of therapy. They had troubled youths, with over authoritarian parents that they needed to break free of to have healthy mental growth. They were very honest and open about their childhood experiences with their children, as they were constantly fighting to overcome the effects their parents have on them. Because they were learning that it was this force and thought control from parents, in which love has conditions used to manipulate the child's mind that was hurting them; they choose not to pass these diseases to their children. They did not use their love against us, instead they insisted on proving that their love for us had no conditions, unconditional love, love that does not lie or hurt but heals and soothes instead is a miracle. Love that can always be counted on, through thick and thin. Love was never withheld to gain control or used to force us to conform as it was a constant.

In regard to my life, they did not know what to do, as they were still learning what to do for their own lives at that point. They did try the traditional methods of punishments at first with me, but I was defiant to punishment. They would have had to basically expire my life to force me to accept their rule, as I defied punishment, as I defied the rules which led to the initial punishment. By the time I was punished for the original "crime", I was being punished for breaking the punishment. I seemed to be grounded or in school detention for most of my childhood. My parents did not try and change my thinking, as they were only trying to find ways to protect me from the dangers. I was walking on the edge.

Frustrated in their efforts as most become when trying to conform me, my parents immediately turned to therapy to try and help. I was putting in an hour a week at 7 years old. I loved therapy and it was about the only time I was not attacked for my independence. Therapy did wonders at enforcing my beliefs in myself, but it seemed to do little at the time at curtailing my behavior to the norm. Family life and school life were beyond helter-skelter, I did not adjust well to being institutionalized within these structures. I loved my family, yet in my mind I still viewed parents as part of the population trying to impose on my life. And now I had the additional stigma of therapy. I really have never cared much what insignificant others thought of my life or me, and thus from seven on I was shocking everyone telling them that I was in therapy. My friends’ parents were a little scarred.

At thirteen, it was apparent that I had not forward momentum left within these institutions. The system was wearing me down, the more I struggled to be myself, the more I was restricted freedom through punishments. Life was at one of its most miserable points I have ever experienced, confinement and attacks on my free spirit made me rage. I had taken on every institution I was placed in and nobody could tell who won, all I know was there was a tremendous amount of damage inflicted to both sides. I began to trust no one over the age of 30, I felt adults had already conformed to the norm and rebels were either locked within the system somewhere or dead. I was beginning to see my fate within a system I could never adapt to. Life was at a critical point and I was often unsure if I wanted to continue the process of breathing. In other words it felt as if authority were slowly chocking my lives breathe from me.

You can see my parents grave situation, they would not give up on me, remember their love was unconditional, and I tested the boundaries. It was at this point they realized that therapy alone would not do the trick. My father took me to see his psychoanalyst, Dr. Erwin Angres, and he recommended that I be removed entirely from my current settings. It would be suicide to keep me within the same environment. This was a tremendous ultimatum to my parents, I am sure they felt that somehow my behavior represented their efforts. They felt that they had come up short. I felt it was not them at all, but the problem was inherent in a system that allowed little room for independence3. When I was informed I was being sent away, I immediately grew paranoid that the system and my parents were out to get me. It is a strange feeling for a child to feel that he is being abandoned because he is different. A direct attack on individualism, creating a severe and often devastating and unconquerable stigma that you are not accepted or wanted by the norm. You are labeled an outcast, a delinquent, a misfit, and are being shipped off to be institutionalized.

And you should get out and see the institutions created by society for children like myself. They are hell. I was carted around the country to a variety of institutions which seemed more like prison to me. The children are confined and punishments in these hells can be severe, isolation treatments, etc... When these seemed to fail, the more sedative methods of drug therapy were imposed, creating zombies. Children who wander about almost void of consciousness, what really seemed to be missing were their spirits. This does not make for the prettiest picture. My parents seemed as appalled to these institutions as I was, thank G-d, and could not place me in them. They did not just want to ship me off to evade the problem, they wanted me to change for the better, not be a zombie. But this is a reality of most institutions created by the system to handle those children who do not step in line to the same drummer. You can see that the institutions are merely a holding tank for society’s misfits, and have no intended program to institute change or freedom. Bottled up in these hells are many of society’s children, children whose futures are retarded forever from these dungeons. If they ever get out of these institutions, they normally wind up in worse, for they are not taught how to integrate their individualism within society’s conformity. They emerge either very angry at the system or totally removed from the system.

Then there was a small school which my parents described to me as more like a camp with bi-weekly therapy. I had just broken my leg in a motorcycle accident, and packed to go. I can put in words here the many emotions that ripped through me. I felt hate and rejection and I was amazed that I was really being sent away at such a young age. I felt like I was going on my last trip as a free man as I boarded the plane to New York. You can see that I was a good delinquent.

And I guess that would be my introduction to Grove School in Madison Connecticut. An elderly man, younger than any of the children in spirit, and a little light in mind, ran the show or circus. After I had met Jack Davis for the first time, he pulled me aside and said "It looks like you have had great success in getting into trouble, way over your head. Have you ever thought what a great success you would be if you directed all that negative energy into positive energy." Those words have echoed in mind since, they were a turning point in my life. Jack had won me over using simple logic, no attack on spirit. I knew I liked Jack and thus felt comfortable with the school. I stayed that day.

And I could write a play on the cast of characters at Grove, both staff and students, the shrinks in particular. This school had no brick buildings looking like a hospital. On the surface it looked like any ordinary American neighborhood. There were no bars or gates or rooms for torture. Most of the kids looked like kids and they were having fun, more fun than my old friends and I. I wondered where the establishment was and how this place had hidden from society. The houses looked like nice, wooden homes, the mess hall looked like a giant house and everybody seemed so normal despite their differences.

My parents left and I cried hard, a kid came over. His name was Mitch Welsch, he was very shy and withdrawn, but he came over and asked if I wanted a tour. My tears quickly were replaced with joy. There was; go-carting, baseball, basketball, movies, skiing trips, canoeing trips, hiking trips, a boat for fishing and one for water skiing, concerts, a clown club (I was already a magician doing home shows, and this was great), trips out of state to see all kinds of things, weekend off with a place to go, late privileges upon request. So where were the punishments? Mitch explained that privileges were basically free, but you could lose them, there were of course rules. What kind of rules I asked. He explained, you could not; fight, do drugs, leave campus without permission, miss classes (but he assured me that class was so fun you really did not want to miss), and basically try not to get caught in the mischief that 84 boys can create. In other words, if you were just decent, the place was like Disney Land.

Within days I was so socially busy I began to adjust to the environment, I made many friends. My friend was right, the school was great, it actually was better than home. Each home had approximately ten kids and two live in staff. The staff was composed mainly of local graduate students doing there thesis' and the likes. Then there were 4 heads of staff which rotated nights and weekends and where in charge of any major outbreaks. Jack was the mad ring leader, crazier than any kid attending. The staff was genuinely warm and friendly and they worked with all kids equally, they did not deny freedom of expression. The staff also taught classes and thus our teachers were our friends. We were constantly learning with them, as well as, playing with them.

Let me draw on my mathematics class as an example. Ken Clark was my teacher, he was a bit crazy. He had an idea for class one day, since he had heard that a bunch of grad students were reviewing our facilities as part of their course work. We were to run a class based on behavioral psychology techniques, he said that was the new age of psychology. We were instructed that when they came in we were to act as if we were slightly mad, only slightly. He would then tell the grad students to see how well we had learned our homework, and would give us some simple tests. When they entered the class we were prepared for a lesson in behavioral psychology. Ken went around asking us basic questions like 3\*3 and when we would respond correctly he would shove an M&M in our mouths, or he would throw them up and we would try and catch them. If we missed a question he made us wear a giant dunce cap and sit in the corner with our thumbs in our mouth. He then asked us harder questions and when we answered correctly, he would tilt the overhead projector light on us and we went nuts. The grad students were stunned and asked what was happening. Ken informed them that he had trained us to love the happy light. Finally Ken taught us the lesson of Einstein's SNIFF. I will leave a bit of room here to illustrate:

The graduate students were slightly confused for we truly made it believable, despite its absolute insanity. About three weeks later while in that same class, there was a page throughout the school for our math class, including our teacher. Dick Freslone, one of the super staff (a duplicate of Mussolini) was calling us to his home, which was never a pretty sight. When we arrived he looked furious, he asked if we knew why were at his door. We all proclaimed ignorance. He proceeded to explain that some of the students who had visited the other week had chosen to write on a particular strange method of behavioral psychology being applied at the Grove school, the happy light, and its remarkable success. He again, asked us if we knew. We denied once more, and he proceeded to describe the entire events. We were busted. Ken volunteered to take full responsibility, as it was his idea. All of the sudden Dick Freslone did something very rare, he cracked up. It was truly a lesson in behavioral psychology.

Then there was therapy, and a variety of therapists to handle the variety of differences in our natures. We teased the hell out of these poor guys. My shrink Lori Sereda, seemed to handle the majority of the trouble makers. Some days we ganged up on him, to make his entire day miserable. We would all come in complaining that we were seeing pink elephants, and would insist on it for the entire session. He was throwing all of us out and finally he snuck out and left. The next week we pushed it further and told him we were seeing naked floating girls, he got really pissed and exploded. We felt like we had a victory, driving the shrink crazy, was in fact very challenging, but as a group he stood no chance on his own against us.

Now there were some definite problems between the town kids and what they called the Grovies when I arrived. At times the townies would pick on the younger or more distant kids from Grove, and beat them up and tease them and call them psycho's and the likes. The first time I saw this, I was amazed. One of the kids came back from town terrorized by some town kids. I insisted that justice must be served and that revenge was a must, I formed a large group of rowdies. We went into town on our bikes with vengeance, when we found the guilty townies we served justice. I had a broken leg and we had put a larch wrench in my cast. When they called us crazy, I pulled out the wrench and told them that I was not crazy, as I had only killed my family. You should have seen their faces as we charged like a pack of psycho's, they ran, leaving behind their bikes, which we turned into parts. We left victorious.

The next day our group was paged to Freslone's house and police cars surrounded. We were busted and the police were mainly looking for the guy with the cast, you know, the kid who had killed his entire family. The whole school was grounded from town until the heat died down. We snuck out that night and went back into town to find the guys we had terrorized. When we found them we explained our position, they had provoked the whole thing. When we told them the truth about why we were at Grove, for things like rebelling on teachers with force, they loved us. We all became friends, which was one of the first times townies and Grovies were friends. The next day they came over to the school and explained the situation to Freslone, who removed the school grounding.

Over my two years I developed with my Grovie buddies some great friendships with townies, as well as some great girlfriends. We would request late privileges to go out with our girlfriends and their parents, and if we had not gotten into too much trouble they were granted. At 13, 14 and 15, not many kids had these kinds of privileges and it was easy to be good. These were glorious days where the misery of the past could be analyzed without living in continual misery. I learned quickly how to prosper from being good within an environment that allowed creativity and individualism. It would have impossible to try and change all of us to be normal, instead Grove taught one to be proud of our uniqueness.

We were not labeled. Most of us were not drugged. We were aware that we had problems integrating with the norm, but we all had one thing in common, we were good in heart, messed up on the outside. Labeling us would have had detrimental effects on our mental self-confidence and self-worth, thus Grove was kept a school, not an institution. All the kids seemed to accept their problems and we expressed ourselves openly without fear of being attacked. When someone was depressed and down, he had a lot of people who understood and helped, instead of mocked or degraded. Problems were overcome in this manner.

I have to throw in an example, to show the positive affect these events had on our lives. Mitch Welsch as I had mentioned was very shy and withdrawn, a mama's boy. He was afraid of his shadow and when it came to women, he did not even show up. Another good friend of ours, David Arkules and I knew exactly what he needed. He needed to remove the clothes his mother had purchased for him, and free his spirit up a little. I owed it to him for my opening tour, and he would have forever remained in his shell had not drastic action been taken. David and I decided to force him to dress in ripped jean shorts and a cool shirt, at first he resisted but this was one of those times I felt force control was for the benefit of the free spirit. We took him to the beach to meet girls. He was a wreck and we forced him to talk to so many girls. We gave him our shittiest lines. Slowly he loosened up and began to find himself and he began to actively and aggressively seek friendships. These are still very apparent aspects of his personality today. He forever freed himself from what had confined his free spirit. Forever he will be happier and free. By the way, about 3 months later he had found himself a girlfriend, I believe his mother was appalled. Who were these kids who were corrupting her baby boy?

I was very compassionate to all of the kids at the school, as I had a great sense of what was troubling them. I could see through the noise and confusion of their words, I heard their pain, I felt their hurt, and I was many peoples friend. I loved solving mental problems, as it was a hobby, similar to magic. By journeying through my own life and understanding myself and my actions, I learned a great deal about others, I still do.

The journey through my inner struggle began at Grove and has never stopped. I began to work through my life and analyzing what had gone wrong, this showed me how to adjust in the future. The process of change is very difficult, being that it is easier to deny change is necessary versus admitting faults and initiating change. Digging through painful memories of hellish times and criticizing your behavior, no matter if you were acting according to your beliefs is hard. Constantly justifying the others actions by understanding what had motivated them, I learned that compassion ruled. Instead of feeling angry at the world, I began to understand the world and the effect I had on it, the effect I had on others. I began to see why I had to be removed from normal settings, why I had so much friction with authority, and why my parents had sent me away. I felt that I wanted to be back home but not at the expense of my free spirit. I could never return until I could find a way to adjust to the norm, to not stand in such direct confrontation.

Grove was a great learning experience, the lessons forever changing and shaping me. Grove allowed the children to develop without the fear of rejection for our uniqueness. We learned not only about ourselves but about so many others. I became familiar with the struggles of children who felt confined within society and I learned how they had become that way, the pasts they had endured. I experienced firsthand the process of change, and I watched it happening all around me. I guess it is easier to share your fears and anxieties, with others all suffering from the same affliction, than to stand alone, an outcast. All these outcasts, all children, all alone, we found strength in our common thread. When you entered the school your self-confidence and self-worth were basically shattered, you were being sent out of society, an outcast, and there is one hell of a stigma attached. One of the beauties of Grove was that it was not defined legally or socially as an institution.

There is a dramatic difference in the way we would have felt about ourselves had we been labeled as being institutionalized. Grove stood out from all the rest in this sense, and the atmosphere of the school was far different than institutions I was going to be sent to, such as Brown or Devoro. Grove was not a state funded or state mandated school, it was privately funded. I can only state that I do not think I would personally survived any state run hell holes. As I toured the circuit of institutions nationwide I told my parents to forget me if they sent me to a place like those, I told them I would be on the next break from the joint, and or just kill ,myself. I was not kidding, and they by the luck of G-d did not like them either and so they continued the search. It was when we had seen enough that we heard about Grove, and when it was described to me I could not believe it, sounded like a country club atmosphere with two weekly therapy sessions.

I was scared. I was upset. I promised for the zillionth time that I would be good. I cried. I begged. I was enraged. I was upset. I hated life. I hated the world. I felt unfairly treated. I felt an outcast. I felt pain. I could not believe I was really being sent away from my family and friends. I was destined not to make it work, I hated the thought, and what do I tell everyone, how do I explain? I trusted no one, I hated my parents, and I hated authority more than most may ever feel. Paranoid that no one could be trusted, I felt very alone in my own world, I still have a slight residual distrust for most of the human race.

Although Grove had a great atmosphere, I still wanted to return home, to be accepted as normal. I knew I could never change my natural disposition of rebellion and that I had to alter my methods. Instead of letting the "system" get my goat, exciting my anger and passion, when pseudo logic failed to persuade me to believe, I would instead argue fiercely my point of view and walk away when logic failed. My past was plagued with examples of lack of self-confidence, due to the attacks on my free spirit for my different opinion of the world around, for my opposition to the norm. I would have to overcome these negative self-images if I were to integrate back into society in a positive way. Since my attitude had not been altered, my strategies would have to change. I began experimenting with a variety of methods to express my feelings, my opinions, and my difference, in a positive form.

Grove taught us to accept our differences from the norm, never attempting to mold and shape us. We were forced to mold and change ourselves, therapy being the primary method which encouraged these self-transformations. Due to our youth we were not hardened in our past states, we were open to change, unless it was demanded and forced on us. Therapy forced us to recognize change was necessary, once this was accepted we began the process of asking why the change was necessary, and why we had adapted wrong in the first place. These are painful questions to challenge, especially about one's self, it is much easier to deny the problem exists and project the blame on anything else. Masters of denial and manipulation in our pasts, attempts at defending our problems, the hardest part of therapy was tearing down our defense systems. Once the barrier was broken we would begin to investigate the past in a new light, seeing the problems

And

"Blind fool. You psycho-suicidal creature of fright, hide not, for I can see deep within the demented corridors you call your private thought. Your denials, my conformations. Forgotten you claim, lost somewhere in your brain, a facade of comfort your answer remains. Are the hidden and dark corners of your life, the controlling forces of your essence? Your personality not really you but instead the frightened child that never matures."

A monster had been born. A child. A child capable of changing the course of childhood forever. This quote coming from his cell at the tender age of eight. Anger and rage emanated from birth, dominating his every action. His quest for truth a rare form of analyzing interpersonally without the aid of interpreters. The problems that ensued this paranoid psychotic mind, the problems we now live with are the annals that follow.

The 60's revolution had been suppressed completely or so we thought, and the system seemed to be running smoothly. Project "Big Brother" a statement of what the Intelligence community had the power to do, had been running almost 30 years smoothly. The common folks inhabiting the earth had no idea how complex it had become, those that did could be isolated and destroyed. By 1985, the threat of the "Juvenile Revolution," had been erased.

Children had completely become intoxicated with the poisonous traps we had laid, the propaganda we had formulated to support the system, accepted without fight. The idea of infiltrating the mind from birth with propaganda was a complete success. Conceptually, mind war, was best played on infant psyches. Helpless the mind laid in infancy, once matured it was a much greater battle to make change to it. If the infants mind could be manipulated from birth to accept without question, then revolution would have the uphill battle to fight in the future.

A massive effort began to thwart childhood independence, the tools seemed endless, and fighting a war against infants seemed monstrously simple. The thesis of our efforts centered on National security, these children could overthrow hundreds of years of progress, in what appeared the right direction. We could not deny the Revolution had begun, Vietnam brought it center court, and the whole damn country seemed to be in a civil war. A civil war between children and parents of epic proportions with epic consequences for hunankind and I was somehow mystically entwined. Now this was cool. Without their children’s compliance to the status quo, or the next generations’ compliance, our country could never have stayed in business. Impossible to run the economy when the children are in the parks making love to each other on LSD, trying to create equality amongst the people in pay, in fairness, for the first time.

Already a nuisance to the profitability of the nation’s few elite, this revolution would lead to the end of Nam, where were we going to replace the incredible profits of opium and war profiteering on our souls and the lives of the innocents we murdered in undeclared wars of aggression? The military had only Korea to keep them in business since II and it simply was nowhere near profitable enough to keep them in business for the next 20 years without more, then more, then more, war and death. Crushing the Revolution of the Children became a major part of business and military strategies, all this Peace and Love could not be tolerated by the establishment. The weapon of the children of the children revolution we named Purple Haze, it meant any sort of drug to escape the establishment. Later Jimmy Hendrix broke the code to the meaning, we assassinated him. The Underground had exploded for this Children’s Revolution overnight, its disorganized development was its greatest asset, impossible to predict. No established rules or regulations, Abbey Hoffman type spokespersons, rock and roll to shut off communications.

**And another’s thought**

**eXTra**

**Care**

Extra care is the ability to give in, to win through losing in any male/female relationship. Within today's gender roles, one can only find huge discrepancies prevailing between the thinking of the sexes. These societal influences which separate men and women on so many mental and emotional levels, are not innate differences, they are created for you to fulfill. Thus, sexual beliefs and therefore your own sexuality are transferred into consciousness by masking over our inner beliefs with societal beliefs. Finally then, it cannot be said that differences between men and women exist mentally innate from birth.

Look closely at the evolution of mankind. Upon looking closely you will not find the, kind, to refer to care. It is a selfish name for a species, and incredibly disrespectful to the female members. Do you find that humiliating and embarrassing? Being a woman historically has equaled being another slave in the kingdom of man. How many women wrote the bible passages? this is not a joke. How many women wrote the passages for the constitution? How many women conquerors? Women have just historically been imposed upon by the rule of men, often not even considered.

And

POEM

**A Dream of a Dream**

In bursts of light,

Deep within my brain,

I see your face,

It eases my pain.

A surreal void,

Comes dancing to life;

I see your face,

I can hear your voice.

So close to the light,

I can taste your scent,

I shut my eyes tight,

To refresh it again.

Illusions are grand,

When one can see,

What appears so real,

But is yet a dream.

So strange the dream,

That comes from light,

The dead come dancing back to life,

In little bubbles of optical delight.

You’ve seen them before,

When you close your eyes tight,

These little dreams of clear light,

What drives these delusions?

Love might.

You appear in the center

And remain through the night.

And

So many years have passed. So many sites, scenes and changes have enveloped my life. Here I sit, the father of two, and I still seek comfort. I will never be comfortable, I have conceded to a state of turmoil over this or that. So many things to concern myself with and I don't want to give a shit about any of them and yet I awake each morning attacking them. I wonder if the change has stolen a certain element of my person or have I not found a new body, after leaving a rotting corpse.

Do you feel the ever pressing compromise of your values, do you wonder what, if any, of those values are really your own? The person I am has in essence become the person I have been shaped to be, shaped by a society who has mastered intellectual manipulation of the human consciousness. Barraged by assaults on my self, on my uniqueness, I have shaped a totally different psyche and I just wonder if it is my own? Is your own, your own? What matters to me most do not really matter, and that is the greatest selling job, the sale of my soul. Free choice was forced upon me and the options had a limit.

If I had my way I would have started a revolution long ago. I am afraid if we force the psyche of the rebel to conform, have we not subdued the change that drives the human spirit? We would still have slavery and kings, were it not changed by rebel spirits. Sure the establishment has always wanted to create a subdued and submissive conscience, but has it finally won? Never before in history, has the mind been so propagandized that it has lost time to think for itself. No need to think for yourself anymore, just copy the current fashion, and you're in. When fashion changes, you change.

Market deep within the infant psyche, attach to that image any set of values, good or bad, and you have droids or Hitler youth. In the last 100 years, we have nurtured the power to alter the children's minds. Products, religions, sex, are bombarded at us from birth from this or that angle

And



And

POEM WRITTEN FOR BABY JOSH

**I DON’T FEAST ON BEASTS**

I will not eat cow,

I will not eat a sow,

No way, no how.

I will not eat a dish of fish,

I will not eat a goat,

I will not skin a cat,

Nor wear one for a coat.

I will not, cannot, eat a snail.

No way, no how, to escargot,

I'd rather eat my rubber shoes,

Than slimy inner snail goo.

I will not eat a bunny rabbit,

I like rabbits.

You will not see me lickin'

From the fingers of a chicken,

Nor flinging the bones from a buffalo wing,

Or sucking the marrow, a grotesque scene.

I will not eat a lamb,

I will not eat a ham,

I will never ever eat spam,

Nor tuna from a can.

Why? Cause I'm a vegetarian.

I'm Yamagoochi,

A veggie to the end,

The animals all my friends,

I need make no amends.

So when a mother hen begs,

Not to eat her eggs,

Or when a mother frog begs,

Not to eat her children's legs,

I hear their pleas,

And instead,

Eat vegetables

**Mother of Unconditional Love – A Love Story**

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Az24aJJaqkw>

1. **Introduction ~ A Eulogy to Love**

**Dedicated to Shirley Bernstein aka Earl aka Mother of Pearls aka Rock aka Detective Earl Jones, bringer of Love to those who believed not in Love!**

**Edited After the Funeral Reading and Edited Until I Spread Unconditional Love to the World**

To those of you that knew us my mom and I had a special and unique relationship that ran the gamut of emotions, testing love to the extreme. Why? It was a test, a test of my mom’s resolve to give her children and everyone around her UNCONDITIONAL LOVE and to prove to her self and to the world that if obtained it could never be broken. From a painful past with real demons, she would make change and she would kill the demons and free herself and her family from a bloodline of pain and guilt. These two words UNCONDITIONAL LOVE that my mother ingrained in my head from birth are the two words that describe her to a tee. Two words that I have tested again and again to prove her resolve and never did she quiver, never did she place a condition on her love, no matter how hard I tried, not for a second. No wrong could one do or say that would sway her love for them, it truly was a miracle and a blessing, her arms always open, her love healing any wounds you had, like a miracle pill to relieve any hurt from love or life one encountered. This trait was not born into her and she fought to create it every day of her life, to make it real for not only herself and her family but also everyone and everything she touched.

She touched so many, starting with my father, who also came from a painful past and together the two of them set about the mission to spread Unconditional Love and they started with their kids as practice test cases, to see if they could stop the spread of the demons they both fought that was passed to them. Nothing as children we did could break their love for us, nothing. Nothing we did brought their demons out and they worked every day to beat them, I never saw them surface. Every time we fell and I fell hardest and deepest often, they were there to pick us up, to infuse us with love, no conditions. Not if you do this or that, their love would falter or grow stronger, just love, pure and simple.

Her Love allowed you to rebuild and recover with these loving hands always there in the background to caress you in your darkest hours and lift your spirit back to life. When you questioned love, when you questioned life, she filled that darkness with love and light which answered all those questions. She protected everyone from darkness and she infused everyone she touched with this protective light. She could take any darkness, bring light and love to the equation and I cannot tell you, this is the greatest of G-d’s gifts to me personally. My mom’s love cured darkness, her love killed pain, her loving breath filled you back with fight, her smile said it would be alright, her strength, rock solid, to let you stand again, again no conditions.

I wish I could spread this Unconditional Love to all those children and adults who have suffered through this or that hell in this world. Spread this infectious love to all those love has been stolen from for any reason. I know all I have to do to help them is paint her picture, paint her resolve to make their futures better through love, the resolve that can smite away pain that defeats love. The pain of painful pasts, the pains of love dying for any reason can be rebuilt if one is offered love with No Conditions. I saw my mom do this magic many times , including with any of my friends who were short of love, she always had enough to feed any child, she would give you her last ounce of love if you were in need, she would internalize your pains for you and spit back LOVE LOVE LOVE to defeat them. She should be a role model for the world, a model that can defeat the evils of the world with two simple words, UNCONDITIONAL LOVE. Words that can be so far removed from peoples’ lives that they no longer believe Love truly exists or is obtainable. Those down trodden on love need her lesson to show them that Love is obtainable but that you must fight for it, you must kill any Conditions, you must break free of the guilt of the conditions placed upon your love. She fought every day to conquer her Anger and Pain with Love, she showed me you must conquer that hate that drives love out of your heart and must conquer it with conditionless love and only then can the pain be turned to the fight for love and give one the ability to obtain True Love and pass that on.

Boy did she obtain True Love in this world. I know not any that did not love her and that her love did not change. I know so many she breathed love into and filled them back up to face the world again, giving them strength by example, through knowing if she could do it, they could do it and it truly changed their lives. I saw so many of my friends that she shared her gift with who were effected, changing the way they interacted with their children and with their lovers for the rest of their lives. This is why Everyone loved to hang with Earl, have a few cocktails and talk endlessly to one who never stopped listening.

At the end of this or that party with her and she was always a party, a continuous party of love, whether it was you and her one on one at the party, or, her, you and hundreds of people, either way, if she took time for you, you were the only one it seemed in her world at that moment. She cored in on you like a laser, listened to your problems, and cared, nothing was more important to her at that moment, you felt her love. She would listen for as long as you needed to express whatever troubled you and just her intense listening to you left your soul in new spirit, as if you had a friend in your pain, a friend who truly cared, a friend who could help you out if you choose. Party was the way for my mom to bring people to her to spread the love. Her parties were not about her, they were always about you. She made sure that any darkness at the party was killed with love, she surrounded you with this love and brought you back to the party of life with new hope, new resolve of love, new resolve to live life and fight your demons and find and believe in UNCONDITIONAL LOVE. These parties were like magic, I would watch as she always scanned for anyone who was down, she would take time away from the noise with them, to reach into their souls and lift them, her parties were a trick to trap and kill evil facing anyone she loved.

I know this sounds like your typical eulogy but I feel it is one of the most important life statements of our times. A statement that in these times of so many unloved ones on the earth that her story of love must be shared not with you all here who knew and loved her but to everyone in the world who did not get that opportunity. Anyone who is alone at parties, alone at night, alone in fear and pain of the loss of love, just spreading the story of her fight can truly change their lives and I was witness to many that it did. I learned her gift, no, she taught it to me and I saw its magic work, I sought friends who needed an infusion of conditionless love and brought them to her as if she was a high priestess, the high priestess of Love that could cure any pain they had. She fixed every single one of them, every friend of mine found resolve and safety with her, they too were instantly protected and shielded, she could not help herself.

She wanted to tell every one of them that they too could kill their pain like her and turn the tide, that they could find and build love from pain and prevent darkness from spreading to their children and kill the dark gene that sometimes consumes one from birth. She definitely did not just fix them overnight, instead giving them the tools to fix themselves and loving arms to support their efforts when they failed. Again, no conditions, something many of them had never seen or believed existed. They too all had to look hard to see if her conditionless love was real, they needed to test her and the more you got to know her, the more you saw her fight everyday to kill it, the more you believed you too could make the change in your world, if you were willing to fight for love. So many went on to do just that and their children and their children’s children will all benefit. In her lifetime she helped many defeat their demons and protect their children from them and that will live on and on, as it does in my children, who are filled for life with her UNCONDITIONAL LOVE, who are protected from that which she wished to quash in this world, the feeling of lovelessness.

When I think of Earl, Mother of Earl, Mother of Pearl, Detective Earl Jones, I think of names for LOVE, all those names are born in love. Not sure where Earl came in but because of its uniqueness it stuck, none of it made sense, it was just further a way to find love in the intangibles, she could make anything love and be loved, not just people but animals, plants, houses and anything she touched. When I looked around in the corners of my mind to see her last night, I saw not her, I saw everything she touched in my life. Every object that had her print upon it and there are many, including my children and all of it screamed love.

All painting her picture in mind and I see now that my children are filled with her love as I am and they appear angels to me, ready to carry on her fight and push that UNCONDITIONAL LOVE on the world. That they will now spread her love to their children and on to all those they encounter that are need of such conditionless love and help, filling their worlds with that trinket of love, her legacy and it will grow. I already see in my children’s eyes, in their hearts and souls that this already is part of their destiny, no matter what roads they travel they are armed with her love. Ready to battle evil and kill it from the earth with love, they already seem to have her magic born into them, her magic really worked, it really did change things, it can and will now change the world, I assure you of that.

As for me, well her love not only lives within me, it lives too in everything I touch, she trained me to spread the love. No matter the evils I have faced head on in life, no matter those who I have met who have no love in their lives, already consumed by the pain of the death of love in their lives, Candice, the boys and I are here for them with just love to help infuse them. For all those afraid that giving love a chance again will make them fall prey to love with conditions again, exposing them to even more pain after they have niftily blocked out love in their minds, we now stand to prove that Love does exist and can be obtained with NO CONDITIONS and that TRUE LOVE EXISTS. All those afraid to see love again, wanting to kill it in me to prove it does not exist, could not exist, or could be killed, I feared not traversing to that place where love had died for them and allowing them to attack me and try and kill my Unconditional Love like theirs had died. I welcomed their challenges, I was proud to be a warrior in her footsteps, I was proud to prove them wrong.

I took whatever they had to give in pain, as she taught me, and hit them back with love. I used that Love Judo she taught me that she learned through years of analysis, just like she used it on me every time I tested her resolve to UNCONDITIONAL LOVE. As you all know, there were many times I tested this UNCONDITIONAL LOVE and tested it to the max. All those I have reached out to in life to teach her message, who I saw suffering from this disease of lovelessness, or who reached out to me in their darkest hours when love had died, magically, her impenetrable bulletproof love helped them and I see in them now love where darkness once was. If she could love me without conditions, when I gave her every reason to make conditions, she could love them too and they believed that, nobody could test her more than me and so everyone felt safe.

I saw early on that many people did not have UNCONDITIONAL LOVE in their homes. That many people were raised with conditions to love, often-unobtainable conditions producing anger and pain, leading to misguided self-hatred as if they were to blame, hating love and its conditions. I wanted to feel like them by listening to their pains like she did, although no one could listen quite like my mom but I tried and my efforts helped ease their pain. To know their pain and further to feel it, I traveled those roads of darkness with them. Deep into their darkness I went and when I got there, I looked for how to rise from it, how to help them up and carry on, to show them there was a way forward and every time the answer was plain and simple, show them her UNCONDITIONAL LOVE. I could not show them like she did how to fight the demons, as I was protected by her love from those very demons. I could however show them her or bring them to her to say, see look, there it stands, true unconditional love and if you want to hear it from someone who has been there fighting the demons and winning go talk to her.

My mom and I shared the same shrink for many years, Dr. Angres. She shared with me often the lessons she learned in therapy to battle her demons, she showed me they were real, she showed me the destructive nature and most importantly she taught me to not fear them but face them head on. She showed me that was the way to conquer them, all the while protecting me from them by fighting them in herself every day. Therefore, deprived of demons, blessed with Unconditional Love, I sought to find them and kill them and believe me I have found them in this world and I fight any demons I encounter in anyone’s life with one tool, UNCONDITIONAL LOVE. For every victim of lovelessness I met, I internalized their demons as she did, I took them in and then fought them head on with my new friend and this developed some of my greatest friendships from these dark roads traveled together. Friendships built with no conditions either, friends that have stood by me in my darkest hours and gave me back love when I needed it and I knew her love had passed to them as they came to me to help with no conditions to their friendships or love. This created true friends and again I owe that to my mother, she was an integral part of most of those friendships, a second mother to my friends.

I watched from the start of my life to the final moment of her life her fight, which lasted until the end, to her final breath, which I was there to witness and I witnessed a miracle at that same moment, the saddest moment of life. I feel that she called me there for a Purpose, there to witness her last breath for a major reason, to make sure that TRUE UNCONDITIONAL LOVE did not die before her. I am so happy and honored to report here today that it did not die, for now her story cannot only be retold to help others but the ending is steeped in REAL UNCONDITIONAL LOVE that did not die. No anger poured forth in death, she did not renounce love, she did not let the demons she fought surface at death for even a breath, her last breath filled with the UNCONDITIONAL LOVE she sought to profess to the world, and I was there. For me, her death has PROVED UNCONDITIONAL LOVE can be obtained and passed on and that one’s demons can be exorcised from the bloodline. I waited for her in that final hour, I watched to see if all that therapy and love judo crap was going to win or lose, would her demons conquer her or would she conquer them, a battle that could only be won in her death and she won.

I feel now in closing this chapter of my mom’s life that a new one begins for both of us. Now, as witness to this battle of good v. evil where good kicked evils ass all the way to the end, I can tell the whole damn world that evil demons of one’s childhood whether they be parents, friends or strangers who steal love can be conquered, exterminated from your life permanently and replaced with love eternally. I can state with ABSOLUTE CERTAINTY from her death that you do not need to pass those genes to your next of kin, as they were passed to you and hurt you, that you can change an evil tide to beautiful stream for the rest of your life forward. Look around here today at all those her love infected. Start with my father and well, he fought together with her his demons and well they have given five children, and lots of grandchildren, a life without those demons, replaced entirely with love. Together, their love conquered and they proved together that UNCONDITIONAL LOVE is within reach if you fight every day, that you can spread this greatest of gifts to your children and to others in need, that once you found it and believed it existed you to could be a spreader of condition-less love too. Together in my father and mothers efforts to find UNCONDITIONAL LOVE for themselves and then pass that to their children, they forged a TRUE LOVE akin to love birds. A TRUE LOVE that stands testament here today as a shining example for all those they touched and all those who have lost love that LOVE without conditions is REAL, that UNCONDITIONAL LOVE, no matter how hard tested, even Eliot, exists and cannot be penetrated if you believe and fight for it.

I see now that my mother trained me to help others from the darkness but more to make sure that the demons of her past never came into my own life or the life of my children. She has trained me well, as there is not a single ounce of anything but UNCONDITIONAL LOVE in my house. The beautiful house that EARL built, proving again to me that her love could not be defeated. A house radiating her love on my family every single day, acting as another and final testament to her victory over her demons, a house of love passing on her UNCONDITIONAL LOVE to her next of kin with NO CONDITIONS. You just cannot make this up.

So raise your glasses in cheer today, to Earl, knowing that a battle in a war was won today in her death and by a most valiant warrior, where good has prevailed over evil and that love exists and further exists without conditions. Let her victory in death be your victory in life, let her struggle help your struggles. Let her story be told to all who need love with no conditions and when the evil inside them strikes out to prove love has died, show them they are wrong, teach them the story of her Love Judo and how she won. If her love has given you that warm cozy chill bumping belief in TRUE LOVE for even a second, then reach out to those in need around you and give it to them with no conditions. Guide them on the path to kill any demons blocking them from love, teaching the story of Earl. When they strike out to reject love, help them believe and find love again by resisting the urge to attack them back with anything but UNCONDITIONAL LOVE, whether they are your friends, family or even your enemies, do not allow their belief that love has died to be confirmed by you. From these lessons of UNCONDITIONAL LOVE and helping others get their fight on, YOU, as she did, may find TRUE LOVE and spread that love further upon the earth. Goodbye my Lovely Mother, your love energy will never die and I know it will fill your infinite journey and mine own and will live on and grow to help others who need a friend in deed, changing the world one loving soul at a time.

Chapter 01 – The Demons

My mother’s demons were old souls. Hereditary agents of pain and suffering passed on through generations, refined, disingenuous and hidden in misguided love. Slowly, overtime ingraining into a bloodline, passing from one generation to another, virtually no way out it seems and hardly identified by the victims, wrapped instead in defenses to hide the pain. How does one even know they are possessed by unseen Demons of a painful past when that is all that they know?

If one is beaten by their parents, then beating is the expression of love they learn. As they are children, the difference between a spanking, beating, verbal abuses etc. and a talking too, are one in the same, expressions from their primary love givers, who can do them no harm. Whatever displays of emotion the parent’s project becomes love, the expression the child learns of love, so they beat their children in love and so on through generations.

The Demons come disguised as love. The abused child not cognitively capable or having the tools at the time to understand that their primal loves, their parents, expressions of love are maligned in generation’s old mental pain and suffering. The child just takes the signal in as love and has no tools to defeat it, they say evil preys on the child, this may be the beginning for many damaged souls. Who is to blame? Perhaps, no one and blame cannot solve this problem. Blame only enhances its power, can you blame your parents if they too were beaten and learned that this was love and then beat you, attempting to do that causes guilt and further maligns your mind, the guilt becomes the suppressor of the primal pain.

For those who have come from painful pasts that began at birth, with Demons you hide and protect for fear of shame, there is an answer. A beautiful answer that may lift your spirit free that may cast light upon the darkness in your life that you fear consumes you and those that you love, a solution that frees both you and your next generation too. The road is virtually impossible to get through though as you must traverse the pain deep inside you, expose yourself to the hidden hurt that may cause hate of those you love. Hate that then must be transformed into love and understanding. Hate that then must be killed and passed on in new expressions of love. Expressions that may be foreign and unknown to you that seem unobtainable, brighter forms of love for your offspring and all those your life intersects with love.

If you do not confront these Demons they pass to those you love, disguised as love, slowly eating those victims you love

Chapter 02 – The Pain that Stunts Growth

Childhood pains are buried. An elaborate system of defenses arises to protect the child from confronting damage from primal loves such as parents, this is why the abusers feel protected, as they know the child will internalize the pains and hide from them too. Many in fact turn against others who try to help them face their pain, rationalizing for their parents, protecting those that abused them and continuing the legacy of abuse, always protecting the actions. Partially, the reason may be that they have become abusers themselves and fear that this would expose their abuse. Neat how this abuse becomes protected by the abused and the abused thus become abusers who have justified the abuse as rational.

The children born into these damaged bloodlines, again have no tools to defend themselves from the maligned abuse of their parents or caretakers, again why they are so vulnerable and so unable to make change. By the time the child gains cognitive skills that might help stop abuse, the cycle of abuse and groundwork for abuse have already been cemented deep out of reach, the further buried, the more unconscious damage gains control. So much energy the child must spend burying the pain and rationalizing and then justifying the hurt that by the time cognitive skills are developed, the damage is unrecognizable to the victim. Brilliant, almost the work of the devil, bury this seed in a place that one cannot reach, let it grow like a cancer in the background, affecting every mental image and make it look like love, prey upon innocent children that must accept the abuse as love.

Somehow though, my mother was going to make change, she was going to fight these hidden demons, at first thinking the demon herself. Losing her mind in guilt of many things passed on through the generations, many things she had hidden away, images of childhood that would take over 30 years to fully release, understand and change, the process is by no means easy. In fact, the truth is, you never know if you have beat them until your final breath, as many demons are passed in the final hours to children of all ages in last minute guilt scenes by those suffering from their demons surfacing in the throes of death. The only way one can see the change is in their children, for if one makes careful plans to avoid those learned behaviors that destroyed their souls, one can see the bloodline change, right before their very eyes.

So, if you have buried these demons that posses your every action unbeknownst to yourself, how do you challenge that which you cannot see. If every time you look to see them, you cover them over in self-defense, how can you know they ever exist, how can you know there affect upon your actions?

Chapter 03 – Finding True Love

Chapter 04 – The Art of Therapy – Judo for Demons

Chapter 04 – Confronting the Demons

Chapter 05 – Fighting the Demons in You

Chapter 06 – Fighting the Demons from Possessing Your Next of Kin

Chapter 07 – Protecting & Teaching Your Children

Chapter 08 – Partial Death of a Bad Bloodline, how to insure your children don’t become infected

Chapter 09 – Sharing Your Gift with Friends in Need

Chapter 10 – Proof at Death, Conquering the Evil Bloodline, a Generational break

Chapter 11 – Changing the World One Soul at a Time

End of Shirley Bernstein Eulogy other than story in writing the Cosmic Womb

**Simon Bernstein Eulogy**

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zgwUydqIEgA&hd=1>

9/16/2012

First, I want to express my deepest sorrows, regrets and condolences to all of you who loved my father and were his friends, as the death of a friend is often equally as tragic as what I suffer today, so thank you all for coming and thank you all for the joys you gave my father and mother throughout their lives, I know they loved all their friends as they would their own blood. As with my mother, with my father I started his eulogy writing only hours after he passed this world and then as his home safe was opened there was a single hand written letter amongst some baubles my father loved of my mothers. The letter was from 1983 and it was sent with a return address of ET and so I assume that it was there for me to read on this day 29 years later.

A brief background to this letter is necessary. The letter was written when my parents who came from pasts with darkness in them chose not to pass this bad bloodline down to their children and had begun intensive psychoanalysis 5 days a week to overcome the demons of the past. They were young and both tried working the problems out and yet, until they had met a shrink named Dr. Angres, they were afraid that they could not. Dr. Angres was first my dad’s shrink and then my mothers and then mine (from age 8-33) and he believed that to overcome the past, one needed to resurrect the dark days in today’s light and deal with those repressed pains with an adult mind. To do this however, one has to expose the dirty secrets of the past and when trying to do this, everyone who was there or part of that past would not want to see the ugliness exposed and would turn on you, fearing that the secrets would be exposed and their ways would be condemned and rejected.

So as my parents exposed their families, what was left, turned on them in toto and turn hard they did, to the point my parents chose to turn them off and stop seeing them and taking further abuse. This hurt them to the core but it was the only way to exorcise the demons and so despite the pain and condemnation, they forged on alone from their families and this bonded them deeper together in their purpose, deeper they fell in love. The rejection of their ways, the hate by their families of them “digging up the past” caused those relations to sour until the end but it was more important for my parents in their minds to prevent the abuse from passing to their children.

My parents loved Dr. Angres and Dr. Angres loved them, especially my mother, who became his best friend, yet their whole world it seemed to them hated him and rejected their efforts in therapy. They feared that even with therapy they might not be able to pacify the demons and so to protect us even more they tried to get the kids in therapy too, not because of problems, except with me, just to strengthen them in the event and to make sure that instead of repressing any problems we dealt with them upfront, that day and had no repressed memories covered in pain. Some chose to go and others rejected, I ate it up.

Well, when I saw them suffering and why, I began to write a book called the “The Handbook For Your Own Mind: A Thought Journal” to expose the truths my parents had told me, to set the record straight, my motive was to expose the truth and point out how wonderful it was to be a child protected from a painful past. As my parents and I had the same psychiatrist and we discussed at length these poisonous traits my mom asked me to be her scribe and document the truth, despite how painful to anyone it would be and so I did and then everyone who was upset with them became upset with me for putting it out there for the world to see. In fact, I wanted anyone with a pained past to see, to hear the truth, so they too could see how to overcome their demons and protect their children and turn the tide on an evil bloodline of abuse, despite the overwhelming pain and consequences it brings.

My parents never let those traits touch me and siblings, they loved us without conditions and guilt, just pure love and their love fused into a one of a kind love, one the likes of the world see few and far between, modern day Romeo and Juliette, a love built on saving each other and succeeding, I know they would be proud to see that their children have not passed down the defective genes of abuse and guilt to their children and that they killed these traits now in two generations and I am sure they are above praying that it is eradicated now forever. My kudos, my love to my parents is expressed in the letter below that is just to tell them to keep kicking ass and have faith that their way was right and other ways were wrong and how happy and free I was from their efforts.

For those of you who attended my mom’s funeral you are already prepared for a lengthy eulogy from me and so with no further ado, I will start with that letter of love found on the second most somber day of my life.

1983 Letter Found in Dad’s safe days after his passing

Dear Mom & Dad,

Hi! How are yous? Me, just fine. Sometimes when separated from those you enjoy the most you get this feeling of true appreciation of all they really mean to the security of your world. You feel as though the feelings you really have towards them cannot be expressed when interacting with them. I know that after my accident I wasn’t the easiest person to get along with and I could not quite explain the true feelings I was having for both of you. If you don’t know, I’ll tell you now, I have quite the intimate sense of love towards the two of you. You’re two of the most influential people on my life and yet struggling for autonomy is so very hard when you’re struggling to get away from that which you hold so very high.

My struggle to develop has been so greatly aided by the support you’ve given me in all my failures that somehow it takes those failures and turns them into great successes. I know that my struggles have been of the kind that aren’t so easy on parents nerves but I’m so thankful to have parents of nerves of steel. I know you may not see it in this light but the proof lies in the strength both of you seem to have year in and year out with me. In a world where I see human values consistently diminish, your values, your ideals and your morals never seem to give in to the superficial bullshit that surrounds us. More amazing is that you seem never afraid to defend those values no matter what the consequences may on your interpersonal relationships with others. Admiring all of these seemingly natural characteristics of yours, I’ve grown to incorporate a great many of them as my own, yet, I’m not very understanding of the rest of the world’s failure to understand them.

I’ve witnessed people turn against you, for the same reasons I admire you for and I guess in a way it was my idea that I could revenge them for their wrongs in some way. Now I see that there is no reason for revenge for they are the ones who have to live with their fate and I think what makes them think of your ideas [of therapy] as screwy is their own fear of seeing how deviated from truth they are, against such a clear background of love. I think what makes them hostile against you is their failure to make you see their incomplete unsupported ideals, which are false for that matter. To me, this holding on to what you intrinsically see as right is part of the strength which I admire as beautiful. If you ever need support of the way you think, compare it with all you see around you in the form of other thoughts and compare the effects of each of those kinds of thoughts on people.

I often wonder what my life would be like if I just simply forfeited thinking, as I see so many do and just hoped everything would turn out right, my vision is however not good enough to see such total boredom and furthermore succumb to such a simply wasted life. No, I’m not straying away from the point, instead all this seems to hit the nail directly on the head. I’m so thankful that throughout the 20 years of my life you’ve allowed me to create my own sphere of thought, no matter how obscure, and I’m so glad it was done in a sphere of thought as open and real as my home. In regards to my accident it has almost been a year and if I forgot to tell you and everybody else how I feel, there seems no better time than now. A Love so deep that I believe it’s the kind that survives long after our times. I’m so damn glad I’m able to feel such wonderful feelings of love and even more so glad that it’s towards people as beautiful as you and the family you have created. As for your strength, it is a far greater strength than ever have I witnessed, more powerful than a speeding locomotive, in fact, equal to the power one would need to split a Red Sea. In regards to the sphere’s I spoke about it reminds me of a great old quote,

“The mind grows narrow in a narrow sphere,  
And man grows great with greater purposes.”[[1]](#footnote-1)

My hand is beginning to have spasms and although an infinite amount more can be said of yous, all I really have to say is,

I Love Yous and Miss Yous and may your purposes one day equal your greatness!

Love Eliot

I want to close my parent’s lives with a few final thoughts I had for them from my book I wrote a few years later that later became the impetus for my inventions, which became the Internet as you now know it, full of rich media to bring the kids of the world together, which truly was the foundation to things like Facebook and YouTube and so much more. My father believed in my efforts to expose the truth through the Thought Journal and its purpose to heal the children of the world and so he was the first investors in my technologies and so I treat you in closing with a few thoughts from that book.

***“The Handbook For Your Own Mind: A Thought Journal”***

***Dedication: To my mother and father for unconditional love, a disease I hope to spread to all the children of this world.***

***Fragments can be found here*** [***http://iviewit.tv/inventor/index.htm***](http://iviewit.tv/inventor/index.htm)

Within the super structure of my family, my rebellion was not only nurtured but in fact promulgated. My parents came from painful childhoods and with intensive psychoanalytical therapy have vowed to pave a different path for their kids. In defying their parent’s methods and practices openly, their own methods were suspect and open to their children. Not only did they allow us to question their methods, they urged us to undertake therapy in an attempt to understand our behaviors and their behaviors, and, the effect theirs were having on our own. I was the first in therapy at eight. The reason, mass non-conformity to the norm. I still go at 28, the reason now, mass conformity to the norm. I am an extremist…

Simon married Shirley and true love stirred. Both determined to pave a world for their children in which love would be forever unconditional. Love would never be withdrawn or used to gain control, guilt and manipulation of their children's minds unacceptable, logic and understanding used to persuade. Both had lived pasts in which love could be used or manipulated against them, my father’s mother disowning him in jealousy and anger, my mother's mother waiting to create misery in my mom's life at every turn. Both turned their cheeks in pain and agony, love lying at the roots, they would make it different, they would not submit. The more they turned from that pain and rejected it, the greater the force and thought control methods became from their parents. Both turned to each other and prayed…

They reproduced and promised to break the chain for my siblings and myself. Five children, no idea of how to bring them up properly, no proper role models did they know. Turning to their parents for advice would be detrimental, I do not recall ever sleeping at any of my grand-parents homes. Us children seemed almost veiled from any harm that could come from our parents pasts. And believe me it is not easy for my parents, they constantly worry if their methods were right or wrong, have they done the right thing for their children, I guess the children will tell. All I know is that I value more than life the love I have received from them. I know that will be passed down to my children, unconditionally….

By no means is this road the normal course, and by no means are we the normal family. In fact we are quite bizarre in relation to the norm. Can you imagine being raised with the primary goal being unconditional love and the rest treated on a day to day basis? As children, my siblings and I were allowed to be children, and we abused the privileges and still were showered in love. Nothing we could do was not forgotten and replaced with love. We were never expected to act like adults, accept on holidays and the likes, and we failed miserably in comparison to well-disciplined children. Discipline, and trust me I am the one sibling who required the most, was administered in love only, only to try and protect us from harming ourselves. I cannot remember the use of guilt to persuade me to change, instead I was forced to try and understand myself. When my parents and I could not see eye to eye, I was not turned on, guilt was not levied, and love was not withdrawn. I was not abandoned, heaven may exist here on earth. Foolish reader, do not think that I did not test this unconditional love. Most parents would have turned on the likes of me in frustration, they would have given up, and this is another complete and separate story though. I might add that because of the unconditional love and support provided the likes of me, I was able to turn a corner on life, gain control of my own destiny and survive that type of life which leads to prison or death. My parents did not try to force me to think their way, they allowed me to journey my own life, they sent me to therapy, they allowed all their children the privilege….

My parents were never apart. I mean they did nothing without each other. They had friends but they were best friends, everyone else was company. All kids usually accompanied them, each bringing a friend or two. Their friendship, like their love, had no conditions, it still does not. When they were apart, they were so lonely. Now I do not want to paint to rosy a picture, they had their fights and arguments... and yet somehow they always came together with open arms and overcame the pain. I always remember open arms when I think of my parents. They would either talk it out or love it out, either way the kids were out.

In closing…

**Simon Bernstein Eulogy – Danny Bernstein**

September 16, 2012

Dear Zaida,

For the ones that love you I love you the most. For the ones that were there for you I will be always beside you. For the ones who care about you I care more than anyone. And I still can remember that day when you Bubbie, Josh, Jake and me went to Cali and we had all of those great memories we had. I wish I could share some more memories with you and Bubbie. I really really love you and miss you and Bubbie.

Danny

**Simon Bernstein Eulogy – Joshua Bernstein**

September 16, 2012

You were the best Zaida a kid could ever ask for. I'm glad I was able to spend as much time you as possible, which was 4 years every Sunday.

Every story you shared with me and everything you've done for me like putting me through school, getting me a car, getting my family and I a house, and you’re never ending love means so much to me. My parents, brothers and I are going to miss you forever and ever. Even though I can’t physically see you I feel like you’re still here with me and watching over everyone here. I love you Zaida and I hope you’re having a better life with Bubbie in that better place! I will always love you and make sure to give Bubbie a big kiss from me Rest In Peace Zaida!

Loving and Missing You ~ Josh

**Simon Bernstein Eulogy – Jacob Bernstein**

September 16, 2012

Dear Zaida,

Even though you are not physically with us today, you are still in our hearts and our minds. Words do not describe how much of a good grandpa you were to my family. I enjoyed every single minute of every brunch that we had on Sundays, and id wish anything in the world just to have another brunch with you and Bubbie again. I will always know that you and Bubbie will be watching over me as my guardian angles supporting me though life. I will never forget all the fun times that we had in California and Israel. I hope that i can be just like my Zaida a loving, honest, and generous person. I will miss you so much and i will never forget you.

Love your beloved grandson, Jake

**Simon Bernstein Eulogy – Candice Bernstein**

September 16, 2012

To know Si was to love Si and we all loved him dearly and I know he loved us and that is where we will find our peace in a world without him, knowing and remembering how much he loved us. He endlessly showered us with his wisdom, his gifts and his never ending love. He made us so proud and full of joy every Sunday for the years we shared with our children every Sunday for brunch and for you Si we will honor Sunday with this tradition with our children and their children. That I promise and I promise to always make my Kugels with extra raisins just for you.

I feel so honored and fortunate to love your son and grandsons and promise to nurture and love them like you have with great hope that they follow in your footsteps and grow into wonderful and great loving men. We will always love you and forever miss you and cherish our wonderful memories. You are home now with your love to hold and cherish forever and ever.

Love Candy

**Simon and Shirley Bernstein and the Thought Journal/Iviewit Story**

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=L6D1uTbTlZo>

Then only to shortly thereafter my father died and I struggle with putting him and mom to rest properly, properly scribing their true love story to conquer pain from abuse, together as one, so that no other stories by undocumented sources may try to claim otherwise and pervert the truth. Having been the only child to work with their therapist, Dr. Angres to the end of his life, I have profound knowledge of the struggle and the truth that taught me compassion and understanding for those caught in the hells of past. I was able to look not only at their struggle as a child but also with a profound understanding of their struggle and the effect on me.

Let me say first off, the effect on me was love and kindness as I grew to understand my parents in such compassion, my anger if we fought was always tamed by therapy and understanding the whole scene of their pasts, as I may have mentioned, Dr. Angres had a unique way of taking your personal situation and relating it to historical contexts whereby you understood that you were not the only person ever suffering from the affliction you think is all you at the time. The truth of their story is hard to get out though as some fear truth and this “Thought Journal” has stood as a testament to truth since it began and what it evolves into is ever more fascinating and how it was born is imperative and where it can take humankind is so far and futuristic as to seem impossible but it is here in your hands. Truth will set you free.

So with less ado about that, I present my father’s eulogy, which holds a letter from the 80’s that forces this Thought Journal story to be told and truthfully, no names changed to protect innocent or guilty, for the story and magic behind this story that has already transformed this world is far more important than any person’s feelings, if feelings could preclude this writing it would, as the truth is hard for many but the rewards to humankind are far more important, so let’s digress to the end of the scribing of my mother and father’s plight from hell to happiness, what happened along the way, how it affected their lives with people and family and then add the magic of Iviewit, which was born herein, that has transformed the world and how you see it and then see how all this plays into the future and if Candice is right and I am prophetic by a decade as to my predictions and while they are bleak and blurry currently and still full of the death of the children or death of the parents scenes, the end of this chapter of the Thought Journal, an exposé of my life with all the creaks and cracks and truth, the future for our children will begin.

It is my birthday today and I am reborn once again, I am having prophetic dreams of things to come, I know my mom and dad’s lives story will impact the world in ways that no one can stop, that will tear down the walls of hatred and corruption demonizing the children and their futures and put heaven back on earth again for all the children. We have been lied to and the lies all stop here.

My father died on September 13, 2012 and here is the beginning and end of his eulogy and the end of this chapter of the Thought Journal/Internet/Facebook/YouTube, etc. This book has already transformed your world in all those ways and the real use of the technologies has been suppressed from the crimes being committed but that soon will come to pass and the truth will rise. Those world changes from the technologies are 50% due to the way my father lived his life both morally and with love and 50% my mother.

Asked for a timeline after they died due to the accusations of “foul play” in my father’s death I began one and it is all over the place, will send updates later when time to re-focus.  Some is out of order and some stops abrupt, forgive my disorder.

**Timeline of Mother and Father’s Deaths**

20?? – Mom has recurrence of lc and is going for 2nd surgery at Mass General. Eliot is looking at videos from Texas Anderson Clinic whereby study program claims over 95% cure ratio with stage 4 lc, brain, breast and other cancers, with I believe Dr. Chen, yes you heard right, 95% cure. My dad calls Texas Anderson and gets my mother into the study but only for 1 part of the treatment, using a drug called Iressa, which alone has over a 30% cure ratio and is far less toxic than chemo in the traditional regime. Mom takes Iressa and tumors fall out lungs never to return. Iressa is taken off the market because it is too effective and Dr’s will lose jobs and chemical chemo companies will lose profits, 30% of cancer victims die over the 8-9 yrs my mom takes the drug, she was allowed to continue for the study program.

2009-2010 - Mom goes to Mass General and see’s David Simon’s relative Bruce Chabner and gets news of new tumors and different lc than prior, the bad smoking kind, she is freaked and never really recovers from this point.

December 8, 2010 Mom dies on in her condo, Candice and I visited and brought her lunch at her request, which she would not eat.  Rachel Walker her assistant was there with Connie her housekeeper who she had collapsed into Connie’s arms.  At approximately 3pm Candice woke me as I fell asleep next to my mom and we left to pick up the children, she was sad and depressed but was not abnormally sickly in any way at the time we left, laughing at how I still drooled with Candice.  Approximately 5-10 min after leaving we received a call from Rachel Walker stating she was coughing up blood and to turn around immediately, which Candice and I did.  Upon returning to her Condo, paramedics were also arriving at that time, my mother was at the front door entry way to her condo, from her bedroom where we left her and the building people were already working with her and then the paramedics took over.  She appeared dead when we arrived although they worked to revive her and I held her hand as they put her in the ambulance where they worked on her to the hospital where my dad was waiting and she died in his hands with me beside her.

My father’s death began a bit with my mother’s passing, love bird syndrome, so with one foot in the grave his death began from that point.  He was no spring chicken and had multiple heart problems, hep, asthma, etc. but he had a normal productive hard working life in spite of these and all were repaired and well monitored through top medical care.  At first, immediately after my mom, he was very depressed and wished his world would end, every day in any way, always saying he wanted to pass with mom.  Candice and I and the children were with him every Sunday like a religious Sunday service with Si and Shirl for the 8 years we had lived in Florida, since we moved back 3 times over 15 year starting when our first child was born and due to their health problems back then it made travel to California too difficult, so we moved back again to Florida a few years before my mom died and so we saw my dad’s pain in these first months first hand.  We were definitely worried and began seeing him more often with the kids sometimes 3-4 times a week to try and keep his spirit lifted, Rachel posted us daily feeds and he started to get better and stronger and started talking about living another 10 years and doing travel and getting out.  He was checking out at the doctors and his health was great and his mind was back and focused and he went to work every day.

For reasons, my siblings, all of them and their children began a coordinated campaign of blackballing my father after my mother’s death, some had started before.  My father and mother loved their children and as always, their grandchildren a bit more and to be cut off from them in both physical and spiritual realms tore my father and mother to pieces.  My mother was torn to pieces over the loss of my sister Pam, her daughter Mollie and her husband David Simon prior to her death, whereby for whatever reasons, they ceased relations entirely and had never mended the fence prior to her death.  My sister Pam was the apple of their eye, the perfect child for her whole life. They adorned and gave Pam everything they had throughout their lives up until this fight starting several years before her death.  I know the loss of this daughter and granddaughter were heavy on their hearts and so I never probed into the story, my mother stated it was because of a former housekeeper issue with my sister but only recently have I heard it was over business matters in a business my father, Pam and her husband David, were transferring between themselves.

After my mother’s passing Rachel Walker lived in my father’s home and tended to his personal needs, took care of my children’s trust, bills for their home and school stuff and did what she did for my mom in paying their home bills and handling home related affairs.  Rachel and Si at first were inseparable, best of friends despite his depression and Rachel did a wonderful job.  After a few months, Si began dating Maritza Puccio, a former housekeeper of his who later went to work with my brother Ted.  At Ted’s home Maritza had a falling out for unknown reasons with Ted and his wife Deborah.  When Maritza entered the scene, the coordinated efforts began against her and my father, however. At first rumors swirled if the 25-26 yr old Rachel were a gold digger and was she after his money by certain siblings.

When Maritza came on the scene what began was almost surreal and led to further heartache for my father.  Shortly after Si began dating Maritza I was visited by some of my brother’s children who stated that they were no longer choosing to be with my dad, their grandfather who had raised them for years, if he stayed with Maritza, who they were referring to as a whore and gold digger.  They claimed that she was the reason they were not going to see my father and were putting up a wall as were their parents and the whole extended family. They stated that my mom was rolling in her grave and the house was desecrated by her and they hated her. When asked why, again there were no real reasons.

Stunned, I stated that Maritza despite what they thought of her was his girlfriend and despite their rage at her for reasons such as my “mother was rolling in her grave” and was disgusted with my father and he was a pig and more, I urged them to retreat from this thinking and the comments.  They stated they had a prior history on her they would not disclose, I told them this certainly was no reason to cut off a grandfather that raised them in his home for many years with their father after his divorce to their deceased mother.  Where my parents were like their parents after the divorce and death of their mother, I could not believe they were working to actually get rid of her by alienating my father, the whole idea did not make any sense.  I became outraged at them and told them to tell their parents that this was insane and mean.

Shortly thereafter I heard these same things from Jill and Ted directly and through Rachel I heard they all “hated” her and she was a “cunt” and a “whore” and a “gold digger” and finally she was trying to “kill him” with medicines and running him into the ground.  Rachel became incensed with Maritza, along with the rest of my siblings and began fighting with my dad over her, Rachel and Si even began therapy together I believe.  Rachel began to talk in a way about my dad that was rude and hurtful and on many occasions I stated I did not agree with this behavior or what she was stating and that my siblings were influencing her with their hate and using her.  She would become angry with me and told me consistently I did not know the extent of it and recently told me she was even told my father slept with her when she was their housekeeper while my mom was alive and sick.

I informed Rachel that often even in loving marriages when people become sick and are on long rides of chemo or decline, as was the case with my mom, they work out compacts between them but that I could not believe her second hand accounts of this “affair” as my father loved my mother.

I should note here that at my father’s funeral my wife pulled me aside and introduced me to Cheryl, the funeral home director, who wanted to meet a member of the family to tell of her new friendship with my father that had developed over the last 18 months since my mother’s passing.  She told me my father came every day he was in town to visit my mother, that he was first at the entry gate, parked in front of the doors, went to visit my mom and then had coffee with her and they became friends.  This was how much my father loved my mother and this is what I have factual evidence of, the rest appears vicious and mean rumors.  Rachel related almost daily to my wife and me what was going on and how the kids and grandkids were boycotting in harmony my father and how they would not come around despite knowing it was killing him.  He expressed several times that he was in therapy trying to find relief from the problems of his children and their abuse. Rachel moved out at the request of my father, after several heated fights over Maritza and they agreed to work together but it was strained until the end.  [[2]](#endnote-1)

During this time, Rachel, then Maritza and then my father, told me my sister Pam was threatening some form of litigation against my father over the estate of my mother and the distribution of the estate assets.  I could not believe my ears.  It should be noted that after my mom’s funeral, my sisters friend John Zilkowski and I went over with my father and others to my mom and dad’s condo in Boca where she died, John asked that I show him around the property, which I did and when I got back everyone else was gone.  John engaged me further to show him the condo and wanted to spend some time going through and looking at all the trinkets and pictures and then about 30-40 minutes later asked me if I was aware that the family was meeting over my mother’s estate, I did not and so stated that to him.  We went back to the house in Boca and when I asked later about such meeting, my siblings stated they did not know or remember.  John had tipped me off and we tried to drive to the St. Andrews home so I could try to hear what was up but it was over before I got there.

However, in the May 2012 meeting to suddenly make changes to my mother’s estate and my father’s estate, attorney Spallina, my father’s estate attorney, stated there was a prior meeting with family, one of which I had not attended, as this was the first time I spoke to Spallina regarding my father and mother’s estate.  I heard various stories, the first that Candice I were the Willie Wonka’s of the estate and most of the estates were left to us because the other children had already received various assets from my parent’s throughout their lives, including businesses and other properties.  Other rumors stated it was divided between 3 children unequally and then equally.

At the estate meeting in May 2012 to make these sudden changes to wills and estates under duress and to end the fighting between his other children and him and make peace, Spallina stated that the original plan they were changing left the estate to only 3 children, Jill, Lisa and myself (he did not qualify equally or unequally when I later asked he ignored me) and that Ted and Pam were to inherit nothing having already received other assets.  My father expressed that while he did not want to make these changes he was doing it to end this fighting and see his children and grandchildren again. He wanted us to sign documents prepared by Spallina that Lisa, Jill and I and Ted and Pam had to sign to change things so that the estates would instead go to all the grandchildren equally and that this was going to solve the problems and they could begin relations with my father again.  I stated that I had no idea about what they were talking about and that I had no documents what so ever but if it would end the pain and suffering being caused upon him that I was in and send the documents immediately, see May 17th email below.  I requested at this time verbally and later in writing to see the underlying estate documents and if Spallina or my father did not feel comfortable sending them to me directly due to my circumstances with the Iviewit companies, they could send the documents privately to certain identified parties.  I expressed extreme discomfort that I was signing anything regarding documents I had never seen and was being precluded from seeing but having no choice other than to further harm my father and not wanting to delay the family reunion that would occur ending his pain I signed the document’s, to stop what my dad stated repeatedly to me and others was killing him.  I could not believe my father’s attorneys were allowing him to make these changes under such duress and asking me to sign documents regarding my beneficial interests without ever seeing the underlying documents or having an attorney but due to his failing health which began about this time in May or June I did not think delaying anything would be good and make my father angry and saddened by me.

It should be noted here that in our first meeting after my father’s death, see notes below[[3]](#endnote-2), with Spallina on Sept 19, 2012, documents were again requested and Spallina stated that while he was under no legal obligation to share ANY documents with me, he would send them all over, including those of my mother and father’s estates and wills and my children’s trusts.  I patiently wait.  Now I would not say that anything was wrong with my father that was killing him physically prior to this point in May/june but at this point things began a weird turn of events in both his mental and physical health.  He was of sound mind and body to that point and actually living an active social life with Maritza and his friends and travelling abroad, with an occasional ache or pain that was treated with the best of care and all doctors gave green lights to his health and his trips.  He became acutely sick after a trip to the Bahamas and visiting our friend Alison Klimek for dinner and a night of gambling and when he returned he started to complain of flu like symptoms and headaches. He was traveling at this time and went to the Bahamas twice, once with Alison and once with Maritza, the FL Keys and Panama with Maritza but his health seemed to waiver from that point forward.

NEED ORDER AND DATES

1. Israel – Josh and Jake
2. Cruise with Friedstein’s
3. Trip with Rachel and Friends
4. Cancun Mexico – Maritza
5. Jackonsville
6. New York – Maritza approx. May 17, 2012
7. Bahamas Trip – approx. June 22nd -24rd
8. Panama – approx. July 6th, 2012
9. Bahamas Trip – approx August 31, 2012
10. FL Keys -

We learned upon his return from his most recent trips that he was tired and short of breath, with headaches consistently growing worse, achy bones and joints, etc., mostly after the first Bahamas trip but yet he was seeing his doctors and they gave him green lights at every turn. At the hospital I learned that after his first trip to the Bahamas that doctors thought he had some kind of infection of unknown origin and that a doctor was going to do a case study of what it was, this was learned from his exec assistant, Diana Banks who sent an email to the hospital with this information on the day he died, when the Cardiologist assigned stated West Nile Virus as a possible cause of his troubles. During the last few weeks of life, the doctors began to alter his steroid Prednisone intake from est 10 to 60, then back to 40, then back to 10. They took him off his high blood pressure medicine and he was on a roller coaster.

Candice, Maritza and I took my father to get a brain scan for the headaches a week or so before he died and it checked out good with some cysts and no tumors but this is when they really messed with the Prednisone. He began going through symptoms of steroids, including increased dementia, consciousness loss, hallucinations, etc. and this is why the stark increases and decreases of the steroids during the last few weeks of his life. However, he checked out fine other than that including a doctor visit with Maritza to Dr. Baum for blood-work and Dr. Ira Pardo, a rheumatologist, where he is said to have passed out both incidents just a day or two before he died. Again he was checked out fine by Pardo and Baum and to get some rest. Pardo did not return any calls from our family at the hospital and Dr. Baum claimed he could not due to HIPPA legislation or something like that. The Cardiologist my father and brother wanted would not take the case despite a history with my family and the Cardiologist who did arrive hours after my father was admitted, was now thinking virus from a trip. What also is remarkable is that my father saw Dr. Pardo daily at the gym where he worked at St. Andrews club in Boca, according to my father’s personal trainer Ginger, whom also thought him fine.

A few days before his death, I received a call from Maritza that my dad was having trouble sleeping the night before and asked her for a sleeping pill and she gave him one of her Ambien and she feared it might have almost killed him and should she take him to the hospital. I advised her I was not there and she had to make that call but Candice would be over in a few minutes. Candice immediately left our house and was there in under 5 minutes and assessed that he was conscious, a bit more than normal groggy but recognized her and everything and he stated he was tired and wanted to be left alone to sleep. Candice stayed but again, everyone assumed it was the steroids.

Now Rachel began to make claims that he was taking, or Maritza was giving, my father large amounts of pain medicine, a claim she later made to the Boca PD who took statements when my siblings and others made claims of “foul play” to the hospital and PD and launched investigations and an autopsy. Rachel claimed there were three bottles of some form of strong narcotics but the PD only was given one and not more than were proscribed were taken of that one when the officer counted them. I believe 100 were issued and 90.5 were left but Rachel also claimed other bottles were missing. She claimed my father was sneaking narcotics, which he detested taking and he had put the pain pills in a Nitroglycerine bottle to hide them and had been taking them heavily. She claimed that her and Maritza had taken all these drugs from him and she had them stashed away to preclude him from taking an OD when he was out of his mind a bit on the steroids, I agreed this was best. Candice stayed for about an hour and he seemed to just be a bit out of his mind and tired and so at his requests she left and we got reports from Maritza as to how he was. He went to Dr. Baum the next day and was again cleared and everything to do with Prednisone was again claimed. He was still going to dinners when he was conscious and awake, once with an office employee, Richard and his wife Anna on Monday night after the doctors and with Candice and I upon his return home.

All however seemed well and status quo according to the doctors and everyone around him was concerned but assured by these doctor reports that it was temporary but he was still complaining of shoulder pain and aches and swelling now. Yet, after Maritza gave my father the Ambien and panicked when he fell to pieces and failed to call 911 when concerned, I contacted several people, including Candice, Maritza, Rachel and Diana to immediately get a nurse on the premises to handle him during this time and distribute his medicines properly and take his vitals, etc. I had spoken to his best and oldest dearest friend Samuel Kaplan and he and I prepared to get the nurse in and force him to accept it when he complained, which we knew he would. I spoke to Maritza and she felt relieved to have someone coming in for a while who was qualified. I had sent over several options and wanted it done that day or the next day but that never happened, which I deeply regret. For the next day we got a call from Rachel that he was dying and should she take him to the hospital, he did not look well and having a nurse on the scene might have made the difference, again I was shocked she had called me instead of an ambulance but then she stated he was appearing better and more cognizant.

I was working quite a ways away from his home at his new business Telenet so I was too far to get there quickly and so Candice left the house and was there again in 5 minutes to asses and Diana who I informed also showed up and Rachel stated Maritza had not been there when she arrived at the home and found him in this desperate state and that she was at the gym. Rachel also claimed later that Maritza may not have even spent the night before with him as she was stating he was fine when she left for the gym. Candice thought he should go to the hospital and so I said go and she and Diana and Rachel got him into the car and drove him over to Del Ray Hospital. They said he was stumbling to the car and they considered calling an ambulance but thought he would waive them off, so they told him they talked to the doctor and were taking him to see him.

I arrived about 10 minutes later than them at the hospital and while he appeared slightly groggy and spaced out, he was joking with everyone and the doctors and he seemed fine at first. They did an x-ray of his chest and he had pneumonia they first told me. I called my brother and told him to come over but he could not make it right away and said he would come by later and to call if it was more serious. I notified the doctor who admitted him that Maritza had given him an Ambien two days earlier and that this is where he seemed to have started to fall apart and asked him to do a full toxicology report and drug testing to check if he was having a bad reaction to proscribed and not proscribed drugs and that nobody who was in charge of his medicine (Rachel and Maritza) had a complete assessment on his medicines over the last 2-3 days, he informed me that it would be expensive and left thereafter, I stated my family would not care and cover any costs.

Later, a doctor came in an stated my father was having heart failure, I immediately called and notified my siblings to get moving to the hospital, Ted said he would be over after some business meetings and to keep him posted. A bit later the doctor came and said he thought after a conference they had that he had a small heart attack. Know I called my siblings and told them to come quickly as heart attacks are bad with my dad.

After my father died in the hospital, Rachel also gave me a baggie which I presumed had personal effects in it. When driving home with Candice, I opened it and it had 5-10 large red pills. I called Rachel and she identified the pills were hers but I failed to ask if they were my father’s or hers and she asked me to give them back to her when I saw her next. I have been unable to locate them however and think they may have later fallen out of the car, Rachel should know what they are.

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Again, Candice and I and the kids had been with them almost every weekend for 8 years religiously so we knew his health the best in the family first hand with Rachel, Maritza, his friends, etc.  Pam had not seen him but once after my mom’s death, when my three sisters came shortly after my mother’s death and cleaned out my mother’s closet, room, and all her jewelry, then immediately left to Chicago with her stuff. My dad informed his best friend that he was very distraught at what happened and how they came in and left with everything.  I have recently learned that my brother Ted has been upset about this whole affair since it took place and that he and his children did not get a single token item of my mom’s, either jewelry or clothing, including his daughter, whom my parents cherished and I have got to admit that when I learned of this I was a little upset they did not send my wife or children even a trinket or photograph, I learned later from Ted that my father felt ransacked as they came and went so fast with everything.

They did not invite Ted or I over to even witness what they did, to reminisce as they tore through her stuff, leaving several garbage of stuff in the garage and shipping off the rest. Ted and I both live minutes away in Boca and no one invited us over to say goodbye to her items, I could not understand my sisters behavior.  I would have to say the jewelry was a large asset of theirs as my father dotted her in jewels to show his love and he had exquisite taste and was madly in love.  She in fact kept it in safety deposit boxes, after a home robbery by her housekeeper that led to that decision, she used to go to the bank on various social occasions and then put them back after.  Ted said there was an accounting that my sisters had and when they opened my father’s in home safe after his death there were some jewels which my sisters said were missing from their list, which appeared to be those of sentimental value.  In a side note, amongst the jewels was a necklace I had asked him for years earlier, the 10 Commandments, I told him how much I loved it and I never saw it again.  Years later I asked him the whereabouts of the 10 Commandments he said he thought he gave it away already, my heart sunk a bit.  Yet, there it was, in a little plastic bag, tucked away for years, in fact, upon seeing it I immediately asked my siblings if they could set it aside for me and my brother later gave it to me to wear to his funeral.  They all said they had not seen it before until several days later when my sister Pam arrived and I saw her that she said she was with my parents when they bought it in Israel.  I now wear that proud and it will forever remind me of the way he lived his life with his friends and family.

My sister Lisa and Pam I do not believe ever returned to visit my dad in Florida, Lisa did take him on a cruise almost immediately after my mom’s death.  They did all go with their children to Israel with him, except for Ted’s family and Candice, Danny and myself for we were excluded as it was Lisa’s daughters Bahtz Mitzva and my family was not welcome or invited due to the Iviewit/Goldman Sachs issues to be further discussed.  My father did however take my oldest sons, Josh and Jake as his guest, without invitation.  I think that about wraps it for the visits of my siblings in the time since my mother passed.  Ted worked next to my dad, their businesses were being distributed and they were parting ways and it was strained and my father had left to start another business, with his close personal friend and Secretary Diana Banks and her husband Scott.  He hired Candice and me in to help start it up and we were all working hard at establishing the business, it was only a few weeks old at his passing.  My brother and father and I were having severed relations only months earlier at Passover when I intervened on my father’s behalf see endnote[[4]](#endnote-3).

Now I will submit here that I do have my share of guilt for shaving a few, perhaps more than a few, years off both my parent’s lives for my antics throughout my life.  My antics which were extreme in many ways and tested not only their love, strength and will to give unconditional love but probably their health, which through their numerous heart attacks it was often joked that I was cause to at least half.  My life however, no matter how extreme, always knew four loving hands where there in the background to catch me, often very pissed off, yet always helping and propping me back up with love.  So it goes that I was sent away at 13 for antics at school and everywhere and it was very hard for them and it was to be for four years and I came back after 2 and finished high school and was going to college.  I started therapy at 9.

After my first year in college, I had a major car accident at 19, hit a car carrier, 3 cars did fall on my head and I died and was revived and came back a different man or something else and while I recovered there were four hands holding mine the whole time, while in a spinal unit spinning in a rotating bed, with traction bars screwed into my skull, while blood poured from my eyes, my ears, my mouth, my throat, my teeth shattered, 4 vertebrae out of whack for a broken neck, restrained head to toe in the roto bed and it was those four hands that pulled me back from all that and never let go and never gave up, that billowed life back into me.  This is how I will most remember their love and was proud to be holding their hands when they both passed away, however I could not bring them back. Now how I am walking and talking and writing these truths today is wholly due to their love and my many friends and other family members who also came and cried for me to come back but some came and went and those four never let go and somehow either instantly or what seems eternity, I sprung to life, straightened my neck after ripping out the traction bars and I arose with what appeared a broken face to be repaired and virtually a miracle occurred. After getting out of the hospital, my mother was there for me every day for months taking care of me, I was some 80 pounds or so and she breathed life back into me every day until I was 140pds and my aunt Lois who we loved dearly was there too and my mom took me on trips with my friends to FL to heal in the sun and cuddled me when the world in my head was spinning in pain and visions and out of control. My dad was there too when he could fly in, always making me feel that I would again look and be alright.

Now I could say that up to this point it sounds like all anger at my siblings for their ways at the end and bad behavior of the spoils of wealth and it is what it is, I have my bad things I regret too and if they had died on different days in years past I would feel bad about some of the fights we parted ways over for periods of time.  Yet, what really pisses me off is the Iviewit years and effect Iviewit had and is having on my family.  If one suspected “foul play,” it was not over the small estate of Simon and Shirley Bernstein, it is over the very large asset that everyone in the room seemed to know nothing about, not the estate attorneys, not the children, like what, I know nothing Schultz.  My father asked that I make that a first order of business upon his death, making sure the Iviewit stock he purchased and Intellectual Property Interests were included in the estate if he forgot, he said Gerald Lewin would have all the pertinent information.  When I asked in writing the estate planner about the Iviewit stock, they claimed to know nothing but stated they would check with Lewin.  Now knowing that currently Iviewit is in a Federal RICO and ANTITRUST Lawsuit in the US District and Appeals Courts and that the Intellectual Properties have 20-50 yr terms with ongoing litigations for royalties, why, the stock may soon have value equal, I mean beyond, Microsoft, Apple, AT&T, etc., whose companies and many others, have grown exponentially over.  There is ongoing litigation in a Federal Lawsuit which has been legally related to a NY Supreme Court Whistleblower lawsuit and whereby another Whistleblower has recently surfaced and filed suit, claiming Obstruction of a Federal Witness in Federal Whistleblowing lawsuit filed, against senior ranking New York Supreme Court officials.  Today, with the Intellectual Properties frozen by the Commissioner of Patents for several years pending ongoing joint USPTO and FBI investigations, the assets have little value and were not monetized but soon they may be and nobody had a word.  Spooky, not really.

Imagine you invented the coolest thing (other than “Cold Fusion”) and had taken mankind into a new dimension and in the monopoly world of capitalism you had just become the monopoly man, as Intellectual Property is the centerpiece of that system, where you own the rights to the thoughts you have that are new and fresh and bring change and advancement to civilization, good or bad, a system protected in the Constitution Under Article 1, Sec. 8, Clause 8.  It is the fundamental system the patent and copyright laws that make this country great in invention and spirit and have made us the most technologically advanced nation on earth.  Now imagine that the terms applied to the Ivieiwt/Eliot et al. inventions by leading engineers from companies such as Intel, Lockheed, SGI, Warner Bros., Sony and AT&T, all signed under contracts, was that they were the “Holy Grail”--- “Priceless”---“estimated as worth “hundreds of billions perhaps trillions of dollars”---the “new backbone to digital imaging and video” and “Digital Electricity.”   Imagine that your accountants and attorneys were all in the room when almost 20 engineers stated these type of words and imagine that the technologies were then validated by leading Fortune 500 engineers. Intellectual properties were filed and well then you know the story, there was some “foul play.”  Accountants and attorneys, even close and trusted friends of my father and mine, had been caught by investors stealing the patents.  When the technologies were first developed, my father was one of the first supporters and believers in the inventions and he invested a few hundred thousand to get the initial patents and form some companies to protect those patents.

I had just moved to Florida from California where I was working on image and video for the web and failing no less but one of the first videos I transmitted, well that is a story I must tell here.  One or both of my parents had a heart attack or a cancer at the time of my son’s bris and they could not travel to California for the cutting, so my tech Tai Tran and I, flew out to Florida for a week and set my dad up a smoking computer, installed the latest fasted line, a DSL at the time and video cameras and video software to transmit and receive video and this at a time when video on the internet was unheard of and had to be built from scratch basically. We did this to transmit video of my son’s circumcision to my father and mother and their friends at their house having a party, I believe Lewin was there and when we flew back to Cali and did the circumcision my dad and his friends gathered at his house and tuned in for the first ever circumcision broadcast live over the Internet.  It was a horror show!  Not because of the procedure, which I did the cut myself (in fact did all three of my boys) but because the video sucked.  Even using the best of the best at the time, it was horrid, sound off synch with video, baby crying a minute after cut, video choppy and postage stamp and 4-5 frames per second of pixel blockage and probably this circumcision video was the only video you would want to see this way.

Immediately after recognizing that video was not going to be a form of communication on the web until someone fixed it, Candice and I asked my mother if she would like us to come to Florida with Josh so that they could see him more and she told us to start packing, she was excited and was looking for a place instantly.  We did not think my parents would be able to make the trip to see our son often, so Candice felt it best to move the son to them with all their health issues at the time.  When we moved I began selling some insurance with my dad and working on my passion, a Thought Journal, suspiciously Facebook now resembles some of the Thought Journal and that was supposed to be part of my IP filed, remember to check the Joao 90+ patents he filed in his name to see which one is the Thought Journal.

During my coma I had a vision of uniting the children before their parents could kill them by destroying their environments in greed and from those visions, The Thought Journal was born several years later. The Thought Journal was to be an electronic human brain, united as one, with computational value added of brainpower, or brain scaling for the children to begin working out measures together as one to offset the damages their parents were doing to the world without regard for their future. Far better was the Thought Journal idea to the initial thought that the only way for the kids to save themselves was to kill their parents before they could kill them and all the animals, plants and things of G-d, we now destroy.

These new imaging and video technologies I invented were to aid the Thought Journal in being born and the Internet with text medium was not going to be able to do this without High Res imaging and Video, which would serve as the backbone to the TJ to bring the kids together as one. These new inventions that changed our world came again after having visionary dreams similar to those in my coma of the processes for image and video scaling, which are now the backbone to virtually all digital imaging and video applications.  In fact, video on the Internet would not have been much more than bad video until it was an all fiber world, low band cell phone video would not exist, low band video conference would not exist, games would still look like pong and you would have 75% less channels of shit on your TV without the inventions, excluding the medical, military and science video and imaging techniques to another dimension.  So I started working with a new technical crew in Florida, Jude and Zach and a  few others and old friends around the world and set up the “lab” as my wife called it in our breakfast nook and we continued the search for how to fix video and imaging on the web, so my Thought Journal could come to life as the Internet you know now it as with brilliance of rich graphic arts and video and 3d and 4d and so on, some wholly dependent on the inventions, the digital world shifted and changed all our imaging devices, camera’s, medical, scientific, personal, everything effected.

I had a dream, one like the coma from the accident where a symphony of noise like speech of angels came into my head and said here is the formula to fix images for the Thought Journal and I was like wow. I woke my wife and told her of the dream and she shushed me to go back to bed and we would work on it in the morning but I could not wait, I called my techs and told them, it sounded crazy and nothing we had in tools could do it, we would have to build the concept from the ground up using a variety of tools and software and hardware in new combinations.  When finished after days upon weeks, when it was all compiled and ready to run, we hit the button and wallah we hit oil.  We could zoom and pan on images without pixilation, on low res images no less and we solved for pixilation.  Nobody had ever seen images that could zoom forever on a screen and no one could believe you could do something like that across a low band network.  Now this was big and my father who had looked at screens and never saw this happen was impressed and called my accountant, his friend, Gerald Lewin to come see and help us find patent counsel.  Jerry recommended we speak with his friends at Proskauer Rose.  Proskauer Rose came and was filing patents and forming companies with Lewin and then I had another dream, same angelic noises and the directions for fixing video and video conference were breathed into my mind to fix the Thought Journal and I woke Candice again, and again she shushed me to go back to bed and we would begin work in the morning, again I called Jude and Zach in the middle of the night and told them to hurry over, I had another dream and it sounded like it could work, again completely “out of the box” thinking and no software or hardware tools were available to make it happen, they, like MPEG had all gone the wrong way looking for mathematical solutions and again, mine used brain scaling to compress and decompress the images and videos.  Kind of reconfiguring the pieces in the software and hardware chain and that process but also changing how your brain would view things in the future, like today.  This was the secret sauce to change our world and give the children of the world the Thought Journal, which much of is now in place, the final frontier dawns on the technologies as the Thought Journal becomes the way for the children of the future to come together.

So with companies set, my father 30% owner and me 70% me and my father were in business together.  My first order of business was to raise capital and me and my father began with our friends and family, many invested like my sister Jill and husband Guy who later worked at the company, Lisa and her husband Jeff bought in and Jeff brought many significant Goldman Sachs to the table under all sorts of NDA’s and other contracts and Jeff was also committed to the IPO after our Wachovia Private Placement.  My brother Ted and Pam had the insurance businesses of my father to run and so they were not directly involved, although became interest holders via my holdings.  Now, my father being a monopoly man all his life did not want to just hand out stock to inventors and others who helped me create Iviewit, like the ESOP I wanted to put in place so he told me my shares were mine to do as I pleased, so I sold shares of mine to friends and family who helped me build the inventions and others who helped build my life and this included Lewin and his family and Proskauer Rose and many others.  I was not a monopoly man, I was a poet, a visionary, a dreamer and this is why my father and I worked together well here.  He had the biggest office in the office, he was Chairman of the Board, I was Chairman of the Surf Board who could not stand the bored room and he came almost every day to hang his hat and help out.  He was a big help in getting initial financing from Wayne Huizenga, Crossbow Ventures and many of the clients.  Iviewit was on the way.  With a valuation of about $250 Million after the first year, the thing was getting ready to go beyond IPO into one of the biggest companies in the world.

So here we went with Wachovia Private placement in hand, with Intel, Sony, WB and AOL and hosts of others under contract to license the technologies for groundbreaking distribution of the technologies across all digital communication spectrums and billions are being thrown around like 5 dollar billions in projections, then trillions, then really who needs that much but whole industries would mushroom and be born around them. It was off to the races and my dad was feeling proud of his son and was amazed the company was going through roof, he was impressed for this was bigger than he imagined or anyone imagined at the time. Then, on the way to IPO, WB and Crossbow Ventures discovered a series of frauds, including that the IP showed to everyone was not filed correctly and with wrong inventors and wrong assignees and that it looked like a possible theft was being attempted by our trusted and well paid advisors and friends in some pretty complex schemes that can only be achieved by trusted counsel.

Then with some investigations on state, federal and international fronts it began to prove factually true and here is where the story of my life and my families takes incredible turns for the worse, enormous stresses ensue on everyone’s lives. Lives become in danger, threats are made, car bombs are planted and well it would destroy your family and their lives too, especially where safety to everyone becomes a major concern and so what you see on the outside regarding my siblings as just caused by the effects of new money and acting rather bizarre, has a far deeper subplot alongside it. So almost overnight with the first death threats, things take dramatic turns and several of the board members had conferences of what was going on and it was determined that I not return to Boca Raton with my family and in fact have my wife immediately vacate Boca to California, with our two boys to basically go into hiding while everyone tried to figure everything out. The death threat came from Brian Utley and was levied against me in California on behalf of Law Firms Proskauer Rose and Foley and Lardner and warned of watching my back and my wife and kids backs when I returned from my Iviewit office in the Warner Bros. building as I was taking over encoding and video distribution for Warner Bros online.

So into hiding we went, my mother crushed as we were all told to lie to her by my father, for concern over her health and heart. Candice stated she was leaving in a few days with the kids to join me and fled overnight, this almost killed my mother but thinking and worrying that my life and the kids were in danger was far worse and most likely would have killed. Things just keep getting weirder however as we begin living in hotels, having abandoned our home in Boca and leaving it for my parents to later sell, my mother hating me for what I did with the kids and how hurt but I knew what my dad was doing and kept it hidden at the cost of my love with her for many years, until she one day found the whole truth and nothing but the truth and from that day on she and I were side by side not only in presence but spirit and truth. At first her anger did not matter for others were helping me so leaving her out was safest. My kids too suffered the loss of my mother and father who they saw several times a week at that time. Candice and I also would miss them and worry they would die before things turned around and trying not to stress them out of love, we took on these burdens without burdening them much.

They too were in danger, the threat was meant for others to hear and they did, I said goodbye to my best and dearest friends and family and told them to lose my name, lose my number and distance themselves as I was radioactive, to take any bribe money and hate me if my enemies came a knocking and a trust me they did. Now these dirty rotten scoundrels went to destroy me and my life and everything in it, from stealing millions from the companies bank accounts, bribing employees to steal IP and proprietary equipment and all kinds of trumped up IRS liens and credit slams and basically soon thereafter had me on the streets with wife and two kids, there were people trying to help and I shooed them away for fear of their lives and still to this day I maintain myself as the only man on the front line and those who stand alongside me are either crazy to die, real patriotic or true to right and wrong in this world but even those I try to discourage for things get crazier. After a stint in Cali we come back to Florida and before leaving I try to have my wife leave me and take the kids, as it would be going back to Boca to fight in court the monsters.

Now my mother was happy but still pissed and was to get more pissed when she learned that I was in a suit over the technologies that could involve certain family members and their families. We were heading to court and part of our evidence came from Goldman Sachs players, including Iviewit Board of Directors from Goldman with initial investment from both Goldman family and non-family investors. Other of the people involved were my parents friends and neighbors even in their club, leaving me bootstrapped and failing to take actions to help yet helping me out financially at minimum. These were heavy times for me and my parents but we saw them almost every week even during this and we were busy fighting first the lawyers, then the judges, then the courts and all those they seemed to be buying off with my invention royalties they were already monetizing through MPEGLA and other deals, all while consistently heaping troubles upon me. Then when we had them beat in court, the judge threw the whole thing and fired my law firms, two of them, the day after he cancelled a trial with no notice.

The heat was on and as we began criminal and ethical complaints things got worse and when we started to file in the Supreme Court of Florida and were on our way to our Supreme Court of the United States a bomb was planted in our minivan blowing it to pieces and three cars next to it. Now my mother, who was still mainly in the dark, started to ask some questions but we had to split town, it was determined that I was again more than toxic to anyone around me, anyone coming to help me. So this time we split to Northern Cali, way on the edge of grid, Red Bluff aka Dead Bluff, to live in a 500sq. ft apt with 7 people, our family and Candice’s mother Ginger and sister Amanda. 2 bedrooms, 1 bath, 7 people and well you can imagine we got pretty close.

After the bombing I distanced myself further from my parents than ever before, it was safer for them to hate me and talk shit about me and even join the pogrom against me than to try and help me. So, being forced not to bring people close to our lives to help, Candice, the kids and I resolved to food stamps and welfare, it was impossible for me to get a job and so my wife was working but this hardly paid the bills. My mother was seduced by my siblings to begin a campaign of “Tough Love” to force me to give up my lawsuits and patent interests in favor of their love and well, if you know me at all that was never going to work but it did keep them distanced from me and out of direct heat of my enemies who were attempting to shut me down and murder my family. My family worried about the involvement of my sister Lisa’s husband Jeff, one of the inventors and investors, his family and their involvement in the Iviewit affairs and I was pressing hard on them to do the right thing.[[5]](#endnote-4)

We will not get into here the years with living with our lovely Gammy and GreatGammy in Dead Bluff for that is for later chapters of this story but let’s just say that with the weight of the world against us as it appeared, including my family, well things were tough to say the least and this whole world of shit due to the shitheads who stole “Holy Grail” inventions for the time being and tried to turn the world against me and suppress me and my story and caused so much pain first in my family and then to so many more and leading us to world market crashes and wars for their personal gains. In taking over the government, one of the first and foremost things on the criminals agenda was suppressing me and anyone trying to help me for I could take back the stolen golden goose and return it to its proper and true and correct inventors and benefactors.

Now my father and my whole family knew the story of Iviewit first hand but now were compelled to act as if they never heard of it, or its worth to even them and try to deny its entire existence, culminating with my sister Lisa claiming at my father’s funeral that she never knew a bomb was in our car, years later. Our even better, not a single party, including the lawyers, asking about what most likely is the largest asset in my father’s estate, all denying any knowledge of the company stock my father owned and what not. So why might you ask is my family and those guilty of the crimes the only people on the planet earth that do not want the truth out? Complex questions deserve complex answers and the answer here is very complex.

First off, my mother and father wanted the truth out and once my mom figured out for herself the truth, her anger at me subsided, her fear for my life increased and certainly I think her fear of others increased. My father was caught in a rock and a hard place that no father would ever want to be in, forced to turn on his own son in outward appearance while at the same time hated for publically funding me to keep me alive in the worst of worst times, something my enemies truly despised. Talk about a motive for murder, here is the true motive, not only to get my mother and father out of the way but to further heap shit on my life and whether they directly murdered him or not, the stress they heaped upon their family, their children and grandchildren, certainly aided and abetted any causes of death.

Now taking Eliot’s side of the story can have immediate and powerful effects on people, as my enemies try to infiltrate my life and violate my privacies and we have many documented examples of such abuses and further a car bomb sends strong messages to people. Suing so many institutions and titled people (who gained title to block me from due process and procedure), like judges, attorney generals, The Supreme Court, The Supreme Court of New York, The Supreme Court of Florida, bar associations and many more also makes one toxic to others and thus why Candice and I have fended for ourselves and our children, seeking to cause no others pain and suffering from their hands.

Yes, invention sounds romantic but the struggle of the inventor of Intellectual Properties has become insane to the point of murdering people for their royalties and usually we have lawyers and a certain sect of businesses who are involved. To find out who is involved just look who is controlling any patent pooling schemes and which companies hold the most patents and you will find a trail of wasted inventors along the path[[6]](#footnote-2). Inventors who have been gamed by the very system that is supposed to protect the rights to your minds work. These thefts of invention is where our system of rewarding innovation fails and our country begins to lose its technological edge that made us once upon a time a great nation. The Constitution again protects the inventor in Article 1 because owning your own mind and being a person not owned was the foundation of the democratic republic we live under, the key to our greatness and thus protected at the highest level of the Constitution. Yet since the Tesla/Bush/Scherf story described in the links below, whereby the Bush family targeted Tesla with the help of Hitler and then the oil and energy folks he stood to annihilate with his free energy patents, well, inventors and often inventions have been wiped out to preclude their place in history as it could undercut competitors who fear completion may destroy their industries. This stupid mentality has held manunkind back in developing technologies that could have transformed humanity in new directions long ago.

“Suppressed Technology: The War on Cold Fusion”  
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JoTX-ORq9_Y>

So how did these same families form around my inventions to act together to steal from me and try to erase me from the public record? How do Tesla and Scherf/Bush and Proskauer Rose and others all fit into a common thread of patent theft? How did these thieves rob inventors of their inventions and take these technologies to dark places of evil versus being used in the way the inventors saw them for humanity, well a brief history lesson with new information regarding the truth is the only way to see. With this new history one sees the degradation of society from the technologies versus the advancement of civilization from them, all for money greed and power. Yes, manunkind has gone backwards toward a dark age since these criminals have succeeded in robbing America of its greatest natural resource, Intellectual Properties and coveting the inventors’ inventions and visions as their own and the country has slowly declined ever since.

Tesla’s Intellectual Properties were similarly worth Trillions in his day and time, a partial list of some of his inventions, include,

1. Alternating Current — This is where it all began, and what ultimately caused such a stir at the 1893 World’s Expo in Chicago. A war was leveled ever-after between the vision of Edison and the vision of Tesla for how electricity would be produced and distributed. The division can be summarized as one of cost and safety: The DC current that Edison (backed by General Electric) had been working on was costly over long distances, and produced dangerous sparking from the required converter (called a commutator). Regardless, Edison and his backers utilized the general “dangers” of electric current to instill fear in Tesla’s alternative: Alternating Current. As proof, Edison sometimes electrocuted animals at demonstrations. Consequently, Edison gave the world the electric chair, while simultaneously maligning Tesla’s attempt to offer safety at a lower cost. Tesla responded by demonstrating that AC was perfectly safe by famously shooting current through his own body to produce light. This Edison-Tesla (GE-Westinghouse) feud in 1893 was the culmination of over a decade of shady business deals, stolen ideas, and patent suppression that Edison and his moneyed interests wielded over Tesla’s inventions. Yet, despite it all, it is Tesla’s system that provides power generation and distribution to North America in our modern era.
2. Light – Of course he didn’t invent light itself, but he did invent how light can be harnessed and distributed. Tesla developed and used florescent bulbs in his lab some 40 years before industry “invented” them. At the World’s Fair, Tesla took glass tubes and bent them into famous scientists’ names, in effect creating the first neon signs. However, it is his Tesla Coil that might be the most impressive, and controversial. The Tesla Coil is certainly something that big industry would have liked to suppress: the concept that the Earth itself is a magnet that can generate electricity (electromagnetism) utilizing frequencies as a transmitter. All that is needed on the other end is the receiver — much like a radio.
3. X-rays — Electromagnetic and ionizing radiation was heavily researched in the late 1800s, but Tesla researched the entire gamut. Everything from a precursor to Kirlian photography, which has the ability to document life force, to what we now use in medical diagnostics, this was a transformative invention of which Tesla played a central role. X-rays, like so many of Tesla’s contributions, stemmed from his belief that everything we need to understand the universe is virtually around us at all times, but we need to use our minds to develop real-world devices to augment our innate perception of existence.
4. Radio — Guglielmo Marconi was initially credited, and most believe him to be the inventor of radio to this day. However, the Supreme Court overturned Marconi’s patent in 1943, when it was proven that Tesla invented the radio years previous to Marconi. Radio signals are just another frequency that needs a transmitter and receiver, which Tesla also demonstrated in 1893 during a presentation before The National Electric Light Association. In 1897 Tesla applied for two patents US 645576, and US 649621. In 1904, however, The U.S. Patent Office reversed its decision, awarding Marconi a patent for the invention of radio, possibly influenced by Marconi’s financial backers in the States, who included Thomas Edison and Andrew Carnegie. This also allowed the U.S. government (among others) to avoid having to pay the royalties that were being claimed by Tesla.
5. Remote Control — This invention was a natural outcropping of radio. Patent No. 613809 was the first remote controlled model boat, demonstrated in 1898. Utilizing several large batteries; radio signals controlled switches, which then energized the boat’s propeller, rudder, and scaled-down running lights. While this exact technology was not widely used for some time, we now can see the power that was appropriated by the military in its pursuit of remote controlled war. Radio controlled tanks were introduced by the Germans in WWII, and developments in this realm have since slid quickly away from the direction of human freedom.
6. Electric Motor — Tesla’s invention of the electric motor has finally been popularized by a car brandishing his name. While the technical specifications are beyond the scope of this summary, suffice to say that Tesla’s invention of a motor with rotating magnetic fields could have freed mankind much sooner from the stranglehold of Big Oil. However, his invention in 1930 succumbed to the economic crisis and the world war that followed. Nevertheless, this invention has fundamentally changed the landscape of what we now take for granted: industrial fans, household applicances, water pumps, machine tools, power tools, disk drives, electric wristwatches and compressors.
7. Robotics — Tesla’s overly enhanced scientific mind led him to the idea that all living beings are merely driven by external impulses. He stated: “I have by every thought and act of mine, demonstrated, and does so daily, to my absolute satisfaction that I am an automaton endowed with power of movement, which merely responds to external stimuli.” Thus, the concept of the robot was born. However, an element of the human remained present, as Tesla asserted that these human replicas should have limitations — namely growth and propagation. Nevertheless, Tesla unabashedly embraced all of what intelligence could produce. His visions for a future filled with intelligent cars, robotic human companions, and the use of sensors, and autonomous systems are detailed in a must-read entry in the Serbian Journal of Electrical Engineering, 2006 (PDF).
8. Laser — Tesla’s invention of the laser may be one of the best examples of the good and evil bound up together within the mind of man. Lasers have transformed surgical applications in an undeniably beneficial way, and they have given rise to much of our current digital media. However, with this leap in innovation we have also crossed into the land of science fiction. From Regan’s “Star Wars” laser defense system to today’s Orwellian “non-lethal” weapons’ arsenal, which includes laser rifles and directed energy “death rays,” there is great potential for development in both directions.
9. Communications and Limitless Free Energy — These two are inextricably linked, as they were the last straw for the power elite — what good is energy if it can’t be metered and controlled? Free? Never. J.P. Morgan backed Tesla with $150,000 to build a tower that would use the natural frequencies of our universe to transmit data, including a wide range of information communicated through images, voice messages, and text. This represented the world’s first wireless communications, but it also meant that aside from the cost of the tower itself, the universe was filled with free energy that could be utilized to form a world wide web connecting all people in all places, as well as allow people to harness the free energy around them. Essentially, the 0′s and 1′s of the universe are embedded in the fabric of existence for each of us to access as needed. Nikola Tesla was dedicated to empowering the individual to receive and transmit this data virtually free of charge. But we know the ending to that story . . . until now?

<http://www.pakalertpress.com/2012/01/06/the-10-inventions-of-nikola-tesla-that-changed-the-world/>

So why is it perhaps so important to the fate of life for all creatures that Tesla was robbed of his inventions and someone else of an evil and vicious nature monetized them instead? Well my friend, the world would be a very different place had this shift in good v. evil not take place. Manunkind would not be in the plight it is today for the benefit of a few evil money mongers and humanity would have evolved in the direction G-d intended, not man. Tesla invented according to his own words, in the name of G-d, as most great inventors, including myself and paid homage and tribute to G-d for these visions, which are otherworldly.

The gift of mental power comes from God, Divine Being, and if we concentrate our minds on that truth, we become in tune with this great power. My Mother had taught me to seek all truth in the Bible.

Nikola Tesla quotes (Serbian Inventor and Engineer, 1856-1943)

Let the future tell the truth, and evaluate each one according to his work and accomplishments. The present is theirs; the future, for which I have really worked, is mine.”

Nikola Tesla

The desire that guides me in all I do is the desire to harness the forces of nature to the service of mankind.

Nikola Tesla “Radio Power Will Revolutionize the World” (Modern Mechanix & Inventions, July, 1934)

Invention is the most important product of man's creative brain. The ultimate purpose is the complete mastery of mind over the material world, the harnessing of human nature to human needs.

Nikola Tesla

All that was great in the past was ridiculed, condemned, combated, suppressed. Only to emerge all the more powerfully, all the more triumphantly from the struggle.

Nikola Tesla

As you can see and foresee herein that like Tesla, I too have a line to G-d, a direct line a line that appears as a voice(s) in my head and directs my visions and changes your world. Prophetic they called these visions back in the early days when manunkind loved G-d, more often overlooked as crazy today where G-d is blotted out by man. When asked how my inventions came to be by the lawyers who came to “protect” them with laws, I told them, plain and simple, they were gifts from G-d to save the children from their greed infested parents who were so brainwashed in evil and so far gone mentally as to no longer care not about the future of their own children, so blinded they became. Blinded by a handful of evil men for the benefit of a few at the expense of all and the planet and her creatures, in a game that ends ugly for PeopleKind. Wait, rewind that, “brainwashed in evil” what can that mean, how can evil penetrate and destroy the brain of a race? The answers lies in technologies that have impact upon the race and how they are used, for good or for evil, who controls these technologies is of utmost importance because it influences fate. At this moment in history not is the whole of manunkind in peril but all creatures sit at the verge of extinction from any number of manunkind made violations of G-d’s creation.

Manunkind has even created weapons to destroy everything of life in existence at once and spent their last dying dollar on such evil, in utter disgrace of G-d and good and their children’s future. A Biblical G-d would smite much of these selfless souls to black holes for an eternity in darkness, no star reformation of light would they see or be for eons to come. To fix these historical wrongs and return the inventions and society to good we must start with the Tesla prophecies and inventions as they are still influencing the world in evil ways, then move to Cold Fusion (the rebirth of Tesla free energy and return to Fusion G-d’s energy versus Fission the Devil’s creation) and then move on to my technologies, the future. Once good has conquered again and combines these and many other hidden and suppressed technologies and truth comes out, we will unite the children and propel manunkind into the kindest and greatest creature of G-d’s galactic work again, a creature that can conquer the stars and space and time and provide for generations to come of all creatures. First manunkind must rid itself of some evil the old fashioned way, blot it out, I always ask people today why angels are depicted carrying swords.

Inhumanity has moved PeopleKind into a growing darkness to profit a few, elitists they are now referred to or the 1%. The unkind people have perverted and destroyed our systems of laws and honor and ethics to benefit them and control G-d’s destiny, replacing it with their distorted and devilish ways and putting man above G-d. In this state, greed, deception, hate and lies grow and not their opposites, now is the dawning of the time to correct that and what started in the 60’s with the Hippies must now evolve, unobstructed, the truth must prevail and conquer or it is a bad fate for all, even those who think they have it all figured out, while G-d is eliminated from the equation.

How does PeopleKind take back these technologies, the monies and the power and give credit to the true and proper inventor geniuses and let them use their inventions and royalties as intended? Turn over the stolen royalties and let these innovators and thinkers use their royalties of their inventive G-d given powers to shape the world in greater positive ways or we see already how thieves use such powers and ManUnkind sinks backward with unintellectual thieves running and ruining intellectual properties. Innovators inspired by these higher connections always appear to invent to benefit PeopleKind. Just ask any great artist, inventor or genius in any sphere what inspired their enlightenment and they will 9 out 10 times point to a spiritual epiphany, including Moses, Jesus, Da Vinci, Michalangelo, Tesla and the list goes on and on. The 1 in 10 that does not is probably a patent thief or patent lawyer. Those who steal and covet those Intellectual Properties from the true and proper innovators are then stealing directly from divine sources that inspired them and as the bible and modern law commands they should be put to death for their transgressions and treasons against both G-d and PeopleKind, I still think stoning them to death is fun and gives the children lifelong lessons in why not to be bad and evil. Take these criminals now from their seats of power, take them outside your cities walls and stone them to death with no mercy and wipe their stain from huwomanity and reboot the whole of their works and yes redistribute the whole back to the people as a united power. The unification of PeopleKind is of the highest priority for the future of the children and the technologies are there and ripe for the job but again, the wrong people are using them to profit from streaming porn and to spy on people and for weapons of mass destruction and just about everything wrong.

So in honor of my mother and father and all they did to expose truth and all the flack they took from family to keep the dark secrets of the past hidden away at cost of the soul and how they raised one like me to see clearly and unaffected and how that changed the world and how each child may see this as a way to clarity for their lives and personal freedom of their minds. You must begin to take back your mind for the process of the future to begin and turn off the lies, as the secret of analysis is wholly dependent on the truth of your story and your release from any bond that constrains you from being honest about what is going on, at any cost to you, not only for you but for your children. I have counted on the children to win in this race to extinction, too claim salvation and survival of our species as a unified whole and stop the mass murder of many by the few for profits and personal gains sinking us to hell in the process.

My recent filing in the New York Courts is a great place to start and so I reference in entirety herein (meaning stop reading this for that for a while and get in tune with the real history of Iviewit and the true and proper inventors of some really cool shit that changed the world. Find out who tried to steal them, how they were caught, how the fight has been going for the inventor versus Goliath and how you and every person of PeopleKind can change everything forward. This will lead you the electronic brain of the future, one by the People for the People a Cosmic Revolution, a shift in power from negative to positive.

This basically was my Motion to Kiss My Ass to Second Circus Court Notifying them of Criminal complaints against a few thousand people and companies, including several of the judges of that court.

<http://www.iviewit.tv/20120727%20COURT%20STAMPED%20FINAL%20SIGNED%20Motion%20to%20Remand%20and%20Rehear%20Lawsuit%20after%20Investigations%20of%20the%20New%20York%20Attorney%20General%20415935.pdf>

and

<http://www.free-press-release.com/news-iviewit-inventor-eliot-bernstein-files-motion-to-rehear-with-fed-judge-shira-scheindlin-based-on-whistleblowers-christine-c-anderson-nicole-corrado-1344094076.html>

Here is my approved and amended federal complaint that was legally related to a Federal Whistleblower Lawsuit of a New York Supreme Court Attorney Whistleblower lawsuit.

<http://iviewit.tv/CompanyDocs/United%20States%20District%20Court%20Southern%20District%20NY/20080509%20FINAL%20AMENDED%20COMPLAINT%20AND%20RICO%20SIGNED%20COPY%20MED.pdf>

But first recount a few oldies but goodies with me of the positive days prior to the discovery of the attempted thefts, when Iviewit was on fire and going public to stand with the largest companies in history. I need a break to set the record straight here and get the rest of the story told to the conclusion of my parent’s lives stories and then on to my own. Step back to the beginning of this Thought Journal project and my mother’s request to scribe her personal story despite the blowback that my parents and I would receive and see how this project changed your world.

Remember, coming out with a tell all family story is often the end of friend and family relations and can leave you dying lonely and without them. This is the lock, the fear that holds your demons in and why family secret remains affecting children generation after generation. There are so few souls who can stand in the heat and liberate their minds against their primary loves withdrawing and the isolation these attacks lead to. Yet, most tell all books are just that, a personal family revelation, this one is not. While the Thought Journal starts with the telling of the past and current life stories of real people, as truthfully as one’s eyes can see, this is just a necessity to a much larger story with a much larger purpose than me or anyone written about herein. And fuck you if you use this book to hold against any person herein, no matter the casted words, these people have been a major part of this future and have influenced this book so as to make their exposed transgression transformative and helpful, not for ridicule or judgment. All families have these stories to tell, the good, the bad and the ugly, I have just been able to honestly reflect on my families stories in the bad and ugly zone, which leaves them vulnerable to your jabs. Yet, he who throws stones…

The Thought Journal, this digital brain invented by me long ago in dreams has a place in a much larger vision, a much larger purpose, which you have learned is in efforts to save our children and bring them into a new wavelength. This wave exists only if we can get the children to break free of the fears that hold them back, mostly parental and authoritarian role models who impose rules and regulations upon their infant psyches and free them of the past and propel them into the future. Bringing them back in tune with their hearts and souls and eliminating harmonic distortions of lies and deceit and power and money.

Like therapy, this book is intended to give you the tools to see how to liberate your mind and deflect the lies and usher in the truth and as I have said again and again herein, that truth is often painful but once released it loses its hold over its victim. Uncovering psychological archeological horrors is harder than you may think as the demons from the past do not want their lies observed and do not want to be exposed for what they really are, often evil. Here in this darkness of lies they have lost consciences and live in delusion, with growing hate and anger bottled for years they seek victims to bring to their dark worlds and children are their favorite prey. While acting within the world they act deceitfully, conspire with others whose evil nature and ways are raging and their victims are always the innocents and then we have the greater problem of freeing these minds of the intentional hold over them by evil that occurs usually in childhood when one has not the tools to fend off the evil.

This book was written because evil does have a place here on earth and it is normally a generational thing that begins early in life, on innocent children and then hardens their hearts and souls and they too succumb to the evil. Yet are they evil or are they victims? When you see evil, as I did while working in a maximum security prison and you look it in the eyes at first, you first feel anger and rage and then ask you look deeper past the steely eyes to the truth of their existence and the pain and suffering almost always inflicted, you feel compassion and the want to wrap them in your arms and make their pain go away, despite the pain they may have caused to others.

The Thought Journal exposes truth in my eyes, unfettered by past traumas, only current ones and how this enables me to navigate life without bonds of oppression from any party, parents, institutions or authorities, a truly free mind that can achieve greatness and change the world. A rare look inside the true mind of an individual that opens up their pain and screams out the truth to you no matter who tries to throw lies on it and does not consign to the torture of ridicule or punishment by those opposing truth.

This next link and video may help you understand some of the controls on your mind by evil people who have led PeopleKind backward and are the most disgraceful of our lot. It will be up to the children who are being chemically dumbed down to rise and overthrow this system gone mad. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?feature=player_embedded&v=ByI8ggUrzlI> (The Illuminati and the Council on Foreign Relations).

In the first instance of this book therefore, the truth of my life and those who made me and those who made them was a must, an unveiling of the lies, so that you could trust me, despite my having enemies to throw stones at me for exposing these truths in their lifetimes, for greater purpose but still you can understand their feelings. Yet, to have covered them up or written them in alias would have not been what therapy is all about and our relationship would have been anything but open and honest and thus you would have missed the point and I would have wasted my time. But that is not what happened on the way to the publisher. Instead, the world has embraced almost all of the lessons of my life and as I revealed them to all, all responded in kind and helped build the vision to where now billions of people are seeing the technologies everyday as a third eye through the Internet, why Iviewit was called “Your Third Eye to the World” of which I think I have a Trademark on.

Now when dreams in comas materialize into realities one must ask how they came to be and here we have the foundation for visions that have come true, years and years ahead of their time and somehow tied to the surreal, I just refer to it as a mission for G-d that I am on. Once these technologies were inseminated into the population they bred at infinite speed affecting the human conscience and used correctly they can unlock the kingdom for all.

As you have seen herein, this Thought Journal has come under repeated attacks from those opposed the truth, some for unknown reasons or just recruited in insanity and for instance would be the letter my brothers lawyer sent trying to stop the dissemination of this book for fear that something would be told truthfully. To top that, when I first published and almost immediately after my brothers legal threat, my sister Lisa claimed that I had sexual relations with her when we were children. She could not remember a place or time when asked and then later told my mother that it may have been a dream but she failed to tell anyone else about her false accusations against me. I later learned that most of this attack was coordinated by my brother who feared that the book was somehow about exposing his lies with his wife, which of course it was not. Yet the truth of their lies was exposed in defense of the attacks against me and thus became of part of the Thought Journal after it was initially published and so did the letters back and forth by my sister and me where I begged her to provide any information on how I may have harmed her and she responded that I should forget it and she was working on it in therapy.

There of course was nothing to work on since nothing happened with me and Lisa but the damage was done and may have polluted the minds of her husband and his family against me, they have always felt there must have been some reason for this attack, not knowing that is was part of smearing me in attempts that I would not publish this book. These are types of attacks one suffers from publishing a tell all Even more backlash came against my parents, whom since going to therapy and unraveling the truth and putting out there in conversation their families problems and desire to change, their family members, one by one, abandoned them and in some instances turned on them with their children. In fact, in the end of their lives it appeared to me that their children had turned on them in various degrees, culminating in a group withdrawal by all the children and grandchildren of my father in attempts to change his will both spiritually and contractually.

This type of withdrawal of love being the fundamental way that family secrets and other secrets are kept in the dark, if one wants to change and free their minds of the oppression of guilt and shame and family problems, one must often do it alone. So my parents did not bend their will or free spirit even in the face of their immediate family members attempting to force their hands, until my dad crumbled and did an about face by changing his will of he and my mother, in order to see his family in his dying days. My father did this from pain and suffering, the withdrawal of all his family members, starting the day my mother’s death, when they found out whatever they found out and twisted it as something done in hate and without my mother there to protect him from their nonsense, he was a dead duck, he truly had a very sensitive and loving heart and he could not withstand the abandonment and loneliness of such mass withdrawal of love by his entire family other than mine. The odds 5 against 18 and even my family of 5 could not prevail in the face of those odds at providing the love necessary to let him live out his days in peace.

I cannot believe this either but it is what happened here, just more truth and despite the pain of writing this, as the story my family will try to tell of my father is not the truth and is ugly and misguided and so that letter in the safe with his Ten Commandment necklace was a sign to me from he and mom to tell the story of their lives and all of it and let the light shine. Again, confirmation from my parents to put the Thought Journal out, despite my siblings and others attacks, let them cast their stones and let the children see that DIE FOR COUNTRY is our motto and freedom of our minds is upon us from a world of shitty lies and deceit.

They fear the power of the Internet and its ability to enlighten the masses to the crimes of a few against the whole but the truth is already out, the People’s minds are already reaching new consciences of knowledge and real truth. We are finding that there is a whole planet of People who are suffering in mind, body and spirit from the hands of few who operate in secrecy and work against humanity in many evil ways, including IP thefts, car bombings, RICO crimes, War Crimes, Crimes Against Humanity, Torture and more, they are a diseased lot, suffering from Delusions of Grandeur for the last two hundred or more years, who have gained increased power through direct attacks on the human mind and body, through lies and deceit, for example fluoridation of water and mouth products and GMO’s and meat based diets and leaked radiation, all designed to dumb you down and keep you in the dark.

How can we now use the power of truth and through the Internet/Thought Journal/Peoples Party destroy these evils and make this world of shit for the mass become a truer and more pure form of equality and love and less greed and hate and money money money. Well, let’s extrapolate the Thought Journal to freeing not just a person’s mind but the whole mind (the entirety of conscious thought) purging itself of the greatest lies of society, while looking at these lies effects on PeopleKind and the direction they move the whole into and from that make changes to reprogram truth into the conscious mind. Now one can say that I too am for a New World Order and a One World Government but it is not like the ones you have heard of in the past, those proposed mostly by fascist, elitists or 1% of the population, to achieve such “Order” for personal gain and enslavement of the People which has led to world wars.

The Thought Journal can become however a peaceful and beautiful technology to bring about a mass of change for good through the power of the entire human conscience working on problems and solutions to them in harmony, having no limit to the thoughts of all but instead expanding those limits and propelling us into a new dimension. First, we must break free of the past chains constraining us down, the broken down systems and repair our Constitution and Restore the Equality of all People. If these Thought Journal technologies are controlled by good, not evil, the world will spin forward in a new and brilliant direction, yet how can that be achieved when evil has temporarily seized control? One way is by placing the technologies in the hands of all of the people around the world, uniting them to come together as one planet, one people, one resource, working together in love, conquering their future for the benefit of the whole, by the whole, shattering the lies we have come to live in and force upon the children for the benefit of a few.

If instead of a handful of people making decisions for all the People, let’s change that now to instead having all of the interested People making decisions together for all and we now have that technology. So what prevents us from seizing this opportunity, a hand full of special interests that control the mass? Let us, the 99%, come together as one on our issues, politically, economically, socially as one planet and as a common People, all having the same DNA, and together, care and consider everyone’s plight when making decisions. Illuminating G-d’s greatest creature by shining the light of PeopleKind united, a loving species using the brain and now more profoundly all willing and able brains, to work harmoniously to protect all the resources, all animals, plants and the entire earth resource, as it is the womb of life for the future generations.

These goals are instantly achievable using an Electronic Thought Journal/Internet/Peoples Party, a tool more powerful than a handful of people of limited brain power controlling billions of People destinies for personal profit and greed. Where the benefits of a group of minds is exponentially larger and when it is 99% to 1% it is obvious and where we now almost have every human on earth plugged in, in one way or another digitally, this would be uncharted history for PeopleKind to take part in but I can see in my dreams this shift happening in nanotime a flip of the switch now that the path is paved. I can see the benefits of the shift in brain power and unification almost occurring instantly once the platform is built and guarded with law and justice in true form instantly solving most of man’s most elemental questions in the blink of an eye in time. We are just at the precipice of this happening, one of the most exciting times in the history of the evolution of the mind, a truly golden age.

The problems of energy, money, resources, etc. would be open to all for help input ideas into and take truly democratic voting of the mass, including participating in creating the laws and rules of society and how our resources are spent and replenished. Questions like how to fix starvation would be posed into this Thought Journal and brain scaling would instantly take place and hundreds of millions, even billions, of interested People would be working together to vote ideas and strategies up or down and prioritize them and implement them and within hours of the thoughts of these millions/billions of ideas, from this we would find the answer that makes all parties and people the most happy. Thus, if someone is benefiting from starvation or pollution these shifts of power and money and the loss of jobs and changes must all be accounted for and each person with interest can so state such opinions to be considered in whatever the People decide. So perhaps we find that in just going vegetarian, the whole of humanity could be fed to full and not a single person or child would be starving tomorrow but millions of people in the meat and dairy industry would be out of jobs, so how do we shift the People together to make this change and protect the millions of jobs, etc. This is where the Thought Journal takes on its greatest challenges, the assimilation of all these thoughts and expanding them electronically to develop new threads and show what the current status of the true vote stands at.

In order to understand the politics of the Peoples Party,

Eliot for President in 2012 Campaign Speech 1 with No Top Teeth, Don't Laugh, Very Important

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DuIHQDcwQfM>

Eliot for President in 2012 Campaign Speech 2 with No Top OR Bottom Teeth, Don't Laugh, Very Important

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jbOP3U1q6mM>

Eliot for President in 2012 Campaign Speech 3 Very Important

<https://www.facebook.com/iviewit?ref=tn_tnmn#!/note.php?note_id=319280841435989>

The lights go on in my head in the darkness, my dreams are suddenly filled with the voices of destiny again, my inventive juices stir, my destiny now to create this Peoples Party. A political party “by the People for the People” and it is the finale to my masterpiece the Thought Journal for now. The vision, a political party whereby each person’s vote will count, really count and not the mass represented by a handful of special interest politicians. The Peoples Party will become the centerpiece of my creations and shift PeopleKind to a new and kinder species with greater mental potential than ever imagined. But to make this happen you too must be willing to free your mind of the lies you live in and liberate your spirit and join in the new and stomp out the old, so a first step is to bring Tesla back into the light and the technologies that were suppressed back then in favor of dirty energy barons and these inventions and many other suppressed technologies must now come to fruition. As we welcome in Cold Fusion now misleadingly call Low Energy Nuclear Reactions LENR, let us give credit to all those who contributed to its birth, including Tesla, Fleischman and Pons, and not let the light of these inventions shine on or fund the wrong folks any longer.

“NASA Admits LENR (Cold Fusion) Game Changer!”  
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mxeKeuh_2Bw>

One of the first things is to move PeopleKind into the future off dirty energies with such new technologies as cold fusion and old ones like hemp. What you say is hemp good for? Hemp is not a drug it is a plant used for pulping and other purposes, about 3,000 known applications but it is not used to get you high, the THC content is so low as to make it unusable as a drug and yet why is it so important that it finds itself here in the Thought Journal as a path to a new future. Hemp can help preserve our planet in ways that instantly stop things like deforestation for pulp paper products as hemp can replace paper, the Constitution and money was long written on it. Hemp can be used to make autobodies stronger than steel[[7]](#footnote-3) and save our mountains and natural resources from mining. Hemp can be used for fuel and save drilling our lands and oceans for dirty oil. Hemp can be used for clothing making cotton again obsolete and saving the top soil for generations to come. The argument to make Hemp illegal on the other hand has been that it is a dangerous drug that makes people high and commit crimes. The argument against hemp has no true premises and was supplied by those with power and money interests in oil, cotton and paper.

“WHEN WE GROW, This is what we can do (Full Documentary)”  
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?feature=player_embedded&v=PSKJrgGqx_E>

So how can hemp be digitally important to a Thought Journal and the Peoples Party other than to have a party, which this really is the greatest orgy of minds ever attempted but hemp can be a starting point for the Party for change and to run a test of the Power of the People. So let us, the Peoples Party, begin with a simple piece of legislation to our voters, Legalize Hemp to Help Save the Planet. So a simple draft of the legislation should be written and the voters of the People Party can now put forth a document for the WHOLE party to partake in. If you have information regarding Hemp and its uses and benefits or reasons for it to be illegal, then not only your vote will be counted but your thoughts will be added to a like / dislike column that can now be further challenged by the voters in the party and even added to the legislation if voted in or kill the legislation entirely if the information is a game stopper and the People of the Party agree through their votes on your idea.

People from the Party engage and ideas on the Bill are shared and now questions arise like what will happen to the paper, cotton, steel and oil businesses? What about all the workers who would be unemployed? What about the economic impacts on cities, states, etc. that are built around these old school industries and how can we solve for these very real effects? Yes, it most likely will be determined after logical debate that Hemp solves for a lot of very real environmental reasons and that the drug aspect will be debunked and yet the reason this false argument has won in the past is wholly due to lobbying by the industries that stand to lose the most. Therefore, these people affected need help from the Peoples Party to find new jobs and new industries to monetize and the cause and effect of the Bill are then debated and voted on to find the answers to solve for the problems in advance of creating them.

Now, new jobs would be created in the newly created Hemp markets and how will that market be monetized and by whom. Certainly, since the Hemp industry will be massive, many of these old school companies could transform themselves to Hemp production and distribution and manufacturing with just a bit of retooling. We could start with the paper industry, which would be bk overnight virtually and with enough Peoples thoughts we can expect answers like we could retool chainsaws into reapers and plant in the forests fields of Hemp and we can then then have the logging companies start harvesting the Hemp versus the life sustaining trees of the forest and then once at the logger, just like a tree it can follow the steps of various treatments for various products from the whole plant or the pulp, much like trees turn to paper, woods and pulp. Now since we wood be working to preserve our children’s forests and eliminate trees death and the animals that live in the woods, we could also start to grow Bamboo, another new industry to replace wood and we would have a job of retooling wood companies to Bamboo companies.

Both Hemp and Bamboo are weeds and grow without any negative environmental consequences and both provide new companies and jobs to meet demand of the new markets. The Peoples Party may then decide to vote on the best action plan to help the old school industry titans to adapt to the new industries and find a way to negate wholly or mostly the economic impacts on people and businesses that new legislation will cause. Everyone who is impacted by the loss in one market should be considered in the evolution of the new market as a first in line employee of the Hemp marketing, manufacturing and distribution chains for example.

The Legalize Hemp Bill now goes through this process until a certain consensus of voters wins and majority rules at 51% and the Bill now goes to Congress for approval. The old school parties, then have a shot of making their changes and casting their votes and again the Peoples Party will partake in any proposed changes or arguments to defeat the opposition, again not just relying on a handful of special interest congressional people to make the decisions.

The basics of the Party are outlined in my Presidential Speeches and so the question now becomes how to instantly engage the People to take control of their country by joining a Peoples Party and beginning to influence the body politics as a whole, not through bought off representatives that fail to consider their constituents wishes time after time. How do we make this concept take off like a Facebook type enrollment and manage the flow of data for the Party? Certainly we have enough geeks to get the job done and we certainly have a mass of disinterested voters in the US and we have the technologies to link them together as one Party and annihilate the old school parties with a mass appeal.

The unification of the People is upon us and it will just take a few clicks to start the process from a few People and I foresee it growing fast and out of control.

Strained relations with parents

Siblings tough love

Strained friends etc.

Here we are, the end.

Here we are at new beginning, a transformation of humanity to a oneness and wholeness and a brilliant future for all.

Her we are at the beginning of a new future with colossal changes for humankind, together as one, free of the chains of the past.

Life Tribute to Simon Bernstein – Samuel Kaplan

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zgwUydqIEgA&hd=1>

ENDNOTES

1. The source of this inscription is unknown, but it may be based on Friedrich Schiller’s Wallenstein Trilogy, set during the Thirty Years’ War. The plays explore the Catholic general’s downfall in one of Europe’s most destructive conflicts. Schiller’s line reads:

   “Thus in a narrow sphere the mind contracts,

   But man grows great along with greater goals." [↑](#footnote-ref-1)
2. **My father requested that I ask my brother why he was not attending Passover at my house with my father for myself.**

   **---**

   **From:** Eliot Ivan Bernstein [iviewit@iviewit.tv]  
   **Sent:** Thursday, April 05, 2012 7:25 AM  
   **To:** Ted Bernstein  
   **Subject:** passover

   Ted, I am stunned by your response to Passover with your family at our house or what once was your family.  Save the candy coated soliloquies of “Peaster” with the kids and their friends at your house as excuse to why you cannot make it for the holiday.  Why your family is not celebrating with your father and their grandfather is what is beyond comprehension or why you did not invite dad to the now party with your kids and their friends on “Peaster” at your house. Instead of the BS, be upfront and say what your children have already said to me, that you will not be with dad with Maritza and have coalesced with your siblings and their children and thus choose not to attend and further choose not to invite dad and his girlfriend to your home based on that truth, which is steeped in insanity.  I think what you’re doing, along with the gang of gals is harmful and borders elder abuse and no reason can justify the flawed logic of your “tough/abusive love” strategy and the hurt you are causing your father.  Somewhere in the bible, it gives out some advice of honor and respect for your father and mother and how this fits into that I have no idea, I in fact see it as wholly disrespectful, mean, it makes me want to puke.  This really breaks my fucking heart, as it is not a measure to help dad, as you think harming him will help and thus it merely stands to harm.  No response necessary.

   **---**

   **From:** Ted Bernstein [<mailto:TBernstein@lifeinsuranceconcepts.com>]   
   **Sent:** Thursday, April 05, 2012 6:14 PM  
   **To:** Eliot Ivan Bernstein  
   **Subject:** RE: passover

   Eliot,

   You are clearly upset about Passover this year and I am sorry for that; unfortunately, things are often not as simple as they appear.  I am sure you guys will have a great holiday, especially since Dad will be with you guys.  He had said that he was not going to be celebrating Passover this year.

   Actually, if Candice has her vegetarian chopped liver recipe in electronic format, could you please ask her to shoot me or Deborah a copy?

   Thanks...

   Ted

   561-988-8984

   [tbernstein@lifeinsuranceconcepts.com](mailto:tbernstein@lifeinsuranceconcepts.com)

   [www.LifeInsuranceConcepts.com](http://www.lifeinsuranceconcepts.com/)

   [**www.EquityTermInsurance.com**](http://www.equityterminsurance.com/)

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   **---**

   **From:** Eliot Ivan Bernstein [iviewit@gmail.com]  
   **Sent:** Friday, April 06, 2012 12:59 PM  
   **To:** Ted Bernstein  
   **Subject:** RE: passover

   Ted, I am mad, mad not at Passover this or next year, here or in Israel, instead I am mad at the hurt being caused to dad by his children and grandchildren.  I certainly hope that by next year this whole gang up on dad and deny him his grandchildren over his girlfriend is over as it is absolute lunacy.  Again, I see nothing but pain being caused to all and no chance of good from the approach for anybody and with so limited days in the looking glass it just seems like somebody needs to step up and make this cease.

   **---**

   **From:** Ted Bernstein [<mailto:TBernstein@lifeinsuranceconcepts.com>]   
   **Sent:** Saturday, April 07, 2012 11:45 AM  
   **To:** Eliot Ivan Bernstein  
   **Subject:** RE: passover

   Eliot,

   Although I normally do not like to have these discussions via email, it does seem important to say this in a way that is documented in the record.  None of this is directed at any person, in particular, and can be shared with anyone you feel is necessary.  What follows is simply intended to be a roadmap.

   My primary family is Deborah and our four children.  They come first, before anything and anyone.  The family I was born into is no longer, that is just a fact, it is not a matter of opinion, it just is.  That family is now made up of individuals and their families.  My relationship with each individual person and their family is unique and complex, the foundation based on mutual respect.  It is that plain and simple.  If any party to any of those individual relationships is not okay with that, then it is likely that we will not have a strong, meaningful relationship.  It is likely that we will still have a relationship however, because we are related and we will be brought together at different times, to engage in the things that people who are related engage in (weddings, bar mitzvahs, graduations, illness and death).

   With respect to every member of our extended family, my friends and my associates, it is important to know that I cannot be influenced to act by guilt, force, shame, punishment or withholding of love or support.  If someone does not agree with what I think or how I act, that is okay.  If someone feels it is important to communicate their disagreement, that is okay, as long as it is done in a respectful and civil way.  I can handle almost anything as long as it is communicated with respect.  It does not mean that I will change how I think or how I act.  I may, and I may not.  I cannot force anyone to treat me and my family with respect.  I can only choose to limit my interaction.

   I try not using words like ‘never’ and ‘always’, especially when dealing with people I care for.  You end up having to eat them, usually.

   I do not care about what is said about me or my family, behind my back.  When I hear it, and I always do because it is intended to be heard, it serves to validate the condition of that relationship.  I think, if the people engaged in those discussions were more aware of how little I care, it might help them to move on to another.

   I do not gang up on anyone.  I do not lead campaigns or posses.  I wish I were that influential, but I am not.  I am not a mouthpiece or spokesperson for members of the extended family and I cannot be used to create alliances for the purpose of another’s interaction with another.  That has been learned behavior that I choose to not be a part of.

   Speaking of choices, they have consequences and let me be the first to say to anyone listening, “do whatever the hell you want to do”.  Unless it is really impinging on me, I don’t care what people do.  I am not your judge or jury.  I may not like what you do and you may not like what I do, and that is okay too.  Disagreements are okay, they happen in healthy relationships.  If a person cannot respectfully handle disagreements, whether it is over something benign or something intense, then it is likely going to affect how much interaction we are going to have going forward.  My actions speak louder than my words.

   So hopefully this is somewhat helpful in knowing my rules of engagement.  They are pretty simple, I think.  The best thing about them is that if someone doesn’t like them, then they don’t have to have a single thing to do with me or spend a nano-second of time with me.  On the other hand, I think they are pretty easy to accept and very straightforward.

   I will give you an example of how I see the world and all of this working into it, something that might be more on point with respect to our relationship.  When you and Candice extended the Passover invitation this year, and we declined it, all that was necessary to say to us was something like this:

           “We are sorry you won’t be with us this year.  It is always nice to celebrate holidays with you guys, the last two at your home were great.  We will miss you and wish things could have worked out differently.”

   Pretty simple, right?  If what I said above makes even a little sense, saying anything much more than that has no impact.

   Ted

   561-988-8984

   [tbernstein@lifeinsuranceconcepts.com](mailto:tbernstein@lifeinsuranceconcepts.com)

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   **From:** Eliot Ivan Bernstein [[mailto:iviewit4@gmail.com]](mailto:[mailto:iviewit4@gmail.com])   
   **Sent:** Tuesday, April 10, 2012 5:50 AM  
   **To:** 'Simon Bernstein'  
   **Subject:** FW: passover

   **From:** Eliot Ivan Bernstein [[mailto:iviewit@gmail.com]](mailto:[mailto:iviewit@gmail.com])   
   **Sent:** Monday, April 09, 2012 9:18 PM  
   **To:** 'Ted Bernstein'  
   **Subject:** RE: passover

   Ted, first I am again saddened at your response, which again is a long soliloquy that fails to address the truth of the matter or answer the simple questions posed and attempts to instead conflate the matter in defense of your messed up family values, which I see lies at the root of a deeper problem.  I do not want to delve into why you feel that the family you are born into no longer exists, however this is in “fact” false and factually a fantasy or delusion. I for one exist and I know dad does but I guess if we do not exist in your mind you do not have to have feelings for us, as it appears that goes hand in hand.  You also seem to have confused the word “extended family” to include friends and such, where the extended family means, “The term extended family has several distinct meanings; a family that includes in one household near relatives in addition to a nuclear family. In modern Western cultures dominated by nuclear family constructs, it has come to be used generically to refer to grandparents, uncles, aunts, and cousins, whether they live together within the same household or not.[1] However, it may also refer to a family unit in which several generations live together within a single household…In an extended family, parents and their children's families often may live under a single roof. This type of joint family often includes multiple generations in the family.” <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Extended_family>

   This maligning of the definition confuses your letter to me for I believe you do not truly understand the meaning of family but more so I feel sad from this statement, “and we will be brought together at different times, to engage in the things that people who are related engage in (weddings, bar mitzvahs, graduations, illness and death).”  Your description of family does not describe at all what people who are related engage in, mostly it is love or some instances hate, your version has it as a holiday or death celebration and places family outside the meaning of family and more like a relationship with a dog.  Dogs that listen and obey the will of Ted according to your letter will have a relationship with you and others that do not agree with you will be cast aside and not exist.  What is clear is that you castigate those you no longer consider worthy of being family without feeling or emotion and this will leave you clinging to your very “primary” family as long as they do not fear that they are next on your chopping block.  Your “extended family,” of non existing family members and your friends will always dwindle and extension will feel more like retraction from this path, as people see how easily family can be discarded they will not want to be next on the block either.

   The rest of the letter appears to be for a general audience and relates not to my question or reason I wrote to you, so I will not digress on it further.  I do however want to say that to me you are family and whether I disagree or like you at the moment or not that does not change that fact for me.  I still cannot understand how you cannot be a leader of your family both primary and extended and lead them to resolve these issues which are hurting our father, or my father, who once was yours.  I cannot understand how you can hide behind others and this nonsense to justify your actions with this maligned view on excommunicating your loved ones and your unloved family members, I am not sure what dad has done to cause his non-existence to you, nor I but I feel sad you have taken a road to isolation for you and dad and me.

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   **I**Description: Description: animated 3d eyeball**VIEW**Description: Description: animated 3d eyeball**IT TECHNOLOGIES, INC.  
   Surf with Vision**

   Eliot I. Bernstein

   Inventor

   Iviewit Holdings, Inc. – DL

   Iviewit Holdings, Inc. – DL (yes, two identically named)

   Iviewit Holdings, Inc. – FL

   Iviewit Technologies, Inc. – DL

   Uviewit Holdings, Inc. - DL

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   <http://iviewit.tv/inventor/index.htm>

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   <http://www.myspace.com/iviewit>

   <http://iviewit.tv/wordpresseliot>

   <http://www.youtube.com/user/eliotbernstein?feature=mhum>

   [http://www.TheDivineConstitution.com](http://www.thedivineconstitution.com/)

   Also, check out

   Eliot's Testimony at the NY Senate Judiciary Committee Hearings Part 1

   <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8Cw0gogF4Fs&feature=player_embedded>

   and Part 2 @ my favorite part

   <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Apc_Zc_YNIk&feature=related>

   and

   Christine Anderson New York Supreme Court Attorney Ethics Expert Whistleblower Testimony, FOX IN THE HENHOUSE and LAW WHOLLY VIOLATED TOP DOWN EXPOSING JUST HOW WALL STREET / GREED STREET / FRAUD STREET MELTED DOWN AND WHY NO PROSECUTIONS OR RECOVERY OF STOLEN FUNDS HAS BEEN MADE.  Anderson in US Fed Court Fingers, US Attorneys, DA’s, ADA’s, the New York Attorney General and “Favored Lawyers and Law Firms” @

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   and finally latest blog

   <http://iviewit.tv/wordpress/?p=594>

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   [http://www.enddiscriminationnow.com](http://www.enddiscriminationnow.com/)

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   [www.HireLyrics.org](http://www.hirelyrics.org/)

   [www.Facebook.com/Roxanne.Grinage](http://www.facebook.com/Roxanne.Grinage)

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   [www.YouTube.com/HireLyrics](http://www.youtube.com/HireLyrics)

   [www.YouTube.com/WhatIsThereLeftToDo](http://www.youtube.com/WhatIsThereLeftToDo)

   [www.YouTube.com/RoxanneGrinage](http://www.youtube.com/RoxanneGrinage)

   [www.BlogTalkRadio.com/Born-To-Serve](http://www.blogtalkradio.com/Born-To-Serve)

   [www.ireport.cnn.com/people/HireLyrics](http://www.ireport.cnn.com/people/HireLyrics)

   [http://www.VoteForGreg.us](http://www.voteforgreg.us/)  Greg Fischer

   <http://www.liberty-candidates.org/greg-fischer/>

   <http://www.facebook.com/pages/Vote-For-Greg/111952178833067>

   <http://www.killallthelawyers.ws/law>  (The Shakespearean Solution, The Butcher)

   --

   “We the people are the rightful master of both congress and the courts - not to overthrow the Constitution, but to overthrow the men who pervert the Constitution." - Abraham Lincoln

   "Each time a person stands up for an ideal, or acts to improve the lot of others, or strikes out against injustice, he sends forth a tiny ripple of hope, and crossing each other from a million different centers of energy and daring, these ripples build a current that can sweep down the mightiest walls of oppression and resistance."  - Robert F. Kennedy

   "Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!" - Patrick Henry

   I live by the saying,

   ELLEN G. WHITE

   The greatest want of the world is the want of men, --men who will not be bought or sold; men who in their inmost souls are true and honest, men who do not fear to call sin by its right name; men whose conscience is as true to duty as the needle to the pole, men who will stand for the right though the heavens fall. -Education, p. 57(1903)

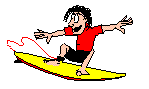
   If you are one of these people, nice to be your friend ~ Eliot

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   [↑](#endnote-ref-1)
3. [↑](#endnote-ref-2)
4. **From:** Eliot Ivan Bernstein [[mailto:iviewit@iviewit.tv]](mailto:[mailto:iviewit@iviewit.tv])   
   **Sent:** Thursday, May 17, 2012 8:17 AM  
   **To:** Robert L. Spallina, Esq. ~ Attorney at Law @ Tescher & Spallina, P.A. ([atrspallina@tescherspallina.com](mailto:atrspallina@tescherspallina.com))  
   **Cc:** 'Simon Bernstein'; 'Caroline Prochotska Rogers, Esquire ([caroline@cprogers.com](mailto:caroline@cprogers.com))'; Michele M. Mulrooney ~ Partner @ Venable LLP ([mmulrooney@Venable.com](mailto:mmulrooney@Venable.com)); 'Andy Dietz'; 'Donna Dietz'  
   **Subject:** Estate of Shirley Bernstein

   **PRIVATE & CONFIDENTIAL**

   May 17, 2012

   Robert L. Spallina, Esq.

   Tescher & Spallina, P.A.

   Boca Village Corporate Center I

   4855 Technology Way

   Suite 720

   Boca Raton, FL 33431

   Hi Robert ~ attached is the Waiver of Accounting and Portions of Petition For Discharge; Waiver of Service of Petition for Discharge; and Receipt of Beneficiary and Consent to Discharge.  As I mentioned in the phone call, I have not seen any of the underlying estate documents or my mother’s will at this point, yet I sign this document after our family call so that my father can be released of his duties as Personal Representative and put whatever matters that were causing him stress to rest.  For my trustees I would like the following individuals in the following order to be trustees:

   1          [omitted here name 1]

   2          [omitted here name 2]

   3          [omitted here name 3]

   4          [omitted here name 4]

   Please send copies of all estate documents to [Omitted] and [Omitted] and if my dad would like them to keep the information private and confidential, including from me, until some later point in time, you can arrange that with them directly with my approval granted herein.  Please also reply to this email to confirm receipt, a hard copy of my signed document will be sent via mail.

   Thank you for your efforts on behalf of my family ~ Eliot [↑](#endnote-ref-3)
5. [↑](#endnote-ref-4)
6. “If Patents Are Weapons, These Companies Are Armed To The Teeth” Matt Rosoff | Mar. 14, 2012, 7:52 PM

   <http://www.businessinsider.com/if-patents-are-weapons-these-companies-are-armed-to-the-teeth-2012-3?op=1>

   “Sources Report Martin Fleischmann Dead” August 5, 2012 “A handful of LENR and cold fusion sites are reporting Martin Fleischman has passed away at his home in Tisbury, U.K. on August 3, 2012.”

   <http://ecat.org/2012/sources-report-martin-fleischmann-dead>

   “NASA Admits LENR (Cold Fusion) Game Changer!”

   <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mxeKeuh_2Bw>

   “Veil of Invisibility” by Alexander Putney

   <http://www.humanresonance.org/Veil_of_Invisibility.pdf>

   <http://www.humanresonance.org/veil.html>

   In a series of deathbed confessions in 1995, Hitler's personal bodyguard and CIA co-founder Otto Skorzeny exposed dark truths about his lifelong partnership with fellow Nazi espionage agents George Scherf Sr. and 'Curious' George Scherf Jr… Skorzeny recounted the details of his suffocation of Nikola Tesla on January 6, 1943 as the fulfillment of Hitler's orders, with the help of Reinhardt Gehlen and George Scherf Jr. after the theft of secret aerospace technologies developed by Tesla, including HHO plasma invisibility cloaking and infrasonic levitation design specs which later became integrated as stealth technology in the US. Skorzeny asserted that Scherf Jr. assumed the false American alias 'George H. W. Bush' while Scherf Sr. took on the false alias of 'Prescott S. Bush', and provided detailed information regarding their founding of the US Office of Strategic Services for the secret transference of Nazi mind-control and aerospace technology to America…. How did Tesla's secretary steal his finest inventions for Adolf Hitler?

   Why did JP Morgan cancel Tesla's Wardenclyffe Tower project funds

   and then later finance the fascist 1934 'Prescott White House coup'?

   Review extensive photographic and scientific evidence of the Nazis'

   subversion of Tesla's genius toward the planned 'New World Order'.

   A Legend Manipulated, The Wizard - Nikola Tesla TRUTH - Part 1 of 5

   <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1oobQLwAs7w>

   Water Fuel-Cell Inventor Murdered by Government

   <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PSS1ZMdt3FQ>

   Water Car Inventor Murdered

   <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=h0dhwlhTs9M> [↑](#footnote-ref-2)
7. Henry Ford Hemp Car <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4rgDyEO_8cI>

   Lotus announces hemp-based Eco Elise: a new type of ‘green’ car <http://www.transport20.com/uncategorized/lotus-announces-hemp-based-eco-elise-a-new-type-of-green-car/>

   Hemp Fuel Car <http://www.hempcar.org/>

   The Kestrel is the World’s First Production-Ready Hemp Car

   <http://www.autoguide.com/auto-news/2011/02/the-kestrel-is-the-worlds-first-production-ready-hemp-car.html> [↑](#footnote-ref-3)