

TO SUM UP, THEREFORE

Should we have a head-count of all the Left-wing folks who fervently upheld racial segregation in South Africa cos well it's their religion and religion is sacred and holy, innit. It's their CULTURE, you can't say nuffink about someone's CULTURE.

It is remarkably hard to avoid the conclusion that for vast swathes of the 'Left' the problem with South Africa was not that black people were being oppressed, persecuted, tortured, murdered but that black men were being oppressed, persecuted, tortured, murdered.

<http://www.theweek.co.uk/70769/eleven-things-women-in-saudi-arabia-cannot-do/page/0/8>

Where's the outrage, comrades, the fury, the revulsion, the contempt, the loathing?

Soon after the birth of the Union of South Africa in 1914, the National Party was created to undermine the vote of the Coloureds and to work for racial segregation.

According to Afrikaner theologians, God had separated the races at the tower of Babel and the races were not intended to mix. Following World War II, the Afrikaners obtained political power in South Africa and began to implement a policy of apartheid. This policy of racial separation, according to South Africa's Council of Churches in 1947, was "not only born of circumstances but has its basis in Holy Scripture." Theologian J.H. Kritzinger wrote:

"Scripture teaches that God willed racial apartheid and we as Christians may not make light of it."

When I was about 15, my friend and I covered the blackboard with ways in which South Africa contravened the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. The next class in the room containing the South African ambassador's daughter, who was reduced to tears. My friend and I had our knuckles gently rapped. Presumably today the full majesty of the law would be invoked against us for inciting religious hatred.

Yup, the law of the land will be brought to bear against you for...for upholding the laws of the land. You couldn't make it up.

Any citizen of the western world who does not like the sexism, homophobia, fascism and racism of the religious is vulnerable to prosecution for upholding the values of his or her country.

Oil, that is, black gold. I have mused previously on good ole boy Bible-bashing red necks from Kentucky plonking themselves in Birmingham and how no-one would take them

seriously. Even though the United States is the third largest producer of oil in the world. Discuss.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of_countries_by_oil_production

I lived in Scheveningen at the time, damn' nearly, anyway, if formally within the municipal boundaries of Den Haag. I am familiar with the women of the Dutch Reformed Church whose costume did not appear to have changed since the C17th, the visservrouwen.

To sum up, therefore – the above is not summing up? - I reason, I question, I speak

They brutalize, they hide, they do not speak.

I create PANTHER. They snigger and smirk

I scream I am facing destruction. They snigger and smirk more and gloat to boot

I introduce them to Plato, Xenophanes, Lenin, Marx, Voltaire, Paine, Led Zeppelin, Black Sabbath, Hair, Scott McKenzie, to Wilde, to Byron, to Greek myth, to the most basic facts of history, to the most basic facts of the present, to Schrodinger, to Einstein, to non-duality, to readings of Jesus as Sufi, as Brahma. They yawn, snigger, smirk, wear fixed vacant smiles. Nothing penetrates, evokes curiosity, question.

It is remarkably hard to believe they attended any university, even a joke one. Having these obscene grotesques treating me like a naughty disobedient little girl, these subnormal animals being left free to butcher, rape and try to murder me, having upheld their insistence that they may make me do heavy manual labour, use me a pack-animal, these tards with their filthy joke degrees - to sum up, they are obscene and intolerable.

Do I not understand that it is forbidden to be intelligent, educated, literate, free, democratic, civilized, rational and female?

You are correct. I do not understand. I just note that a lot of people who should be doing 30 years are left in positions of power and authority, that I was left to get older and older and more and more disabled and more and more desperate, left to rot and die, and nothing whatever has changed. Democracy is forbidden. There can be no question of accountability. I note the sniggering obscene insolence of vermin who find it such a joke that I should object to having been crippled, insist I live in a free and democratic country.

As of course it is forbidden to be more intelligent than some bloody fool of a doctor or nurse, since clearly among what 'everyone knows' is that Doctor and Nurse represent the zenith of human intellectual possibility. The fact that they are impervious to all fact and reason, that they have no concern for truth, incapable of constructing argument, that they see no requirement to adduce fact and construct argument but merely butcher and brutalize and rape, that they have had 17 years in which to demonstrate their giant

intellects and superior grasp of language counts for nothing. And so of course the mutt-packs are invaluable, beyond price, so stupid, so ignorant, so obedient, so devoid of ethics, devoid of intellect, devoid of intellectual curiosity, the mutt-packs who will do anything, believe anything and nothing is more vital than that the mutt-packs remain unexposed, undisturbed to perpetuate and enshrine evil as normality.

Naturally all are adamant these filthy bitches and brutes should not be exposed.

And so that wraps it up, except for what I wrote and put on the Net on 21 November 2015, just ten days before Katie died, and for the nightmare that was my little life between Katie's last admission to hospital and her death a month and a bit later, for the sniggering, the smirking, the subhuman nature of the vermin, people are going to spend the rest of their lives screaming in hell.

I knew then for certain they were intent on my destruction, and that I had been a fool to ever trust anyone, that the sick offal were just sitting there watching me being destroyed and wouldn't lift a finger to help me, that they were all raving mad, absolute and completely criminally insane. Nothing has happened that anyone need be concerned about, some stupid little bitch has been beaten for her crimes and is to be washed down the drain, a nasty naughty little girl, wilful, opinionated, arrogant, deserves all she gets, this democracy is of course a nonsense, a delusion, there can be no question of Doctor being challenged, of Nurse being required to give justification for her conduct. Of course we have assaulted her spinal fusion. That is where she is most physically vulnerable. We have succeeded in crippling her. We trust she will present no further problem. She is a woman! No-one can possibly be expected to pay any attention to a woman.

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE RANCH

And so later we shall return to my plight which has been a low-grade horror show in the last month because it is evil to insist filthy animals, swaggering bestial baboon men and their slobbering exemplars of subhumanity women behave like human beings.

Let us say I am not in a good mood. I have had a month of acute stress, my mother having been admitted to hospital as an emergency on 18 October and discharged on 28th, during which time I have done my best to be both full-time carer and full-time employee. By her discharge after trudging to the hospital every day and stress and living on Paracetamol and so disguising the pain from having done too much my legs felt so trembly I was frightened standing up, stood sobbing in horrible crowds at Oxford Circus, and I stumbled in tears and distress and horror through equally horrible crowds on the platform at Victoria, a low I shall not readily forget. Later I carried home 2 litres of milk, 1 litre of disinfectant and 1.5 kg of potatoes together with sundry other groceries on my back because I have no money for a delivery because the minimum order amount was out of reach. Really good for my spine, of course. Why tell them so they can get off on it, as of course the baboon men, the animal men all do. They think I deserve it. Whatever happens to me, no-one will lift a finger to help me, no-one will come near me.

There followed a weekend with £1.60 in the world. That too. My mum managed to sign a cheque to me I had written out and I was full of trepidation that her signature was so dodderly the bank would say it was forged. £101.61 was then all I had in the world - when the cheque cleared. It's the electricity bill, stupid.

Sleeping on Katie's sofa in the sitting-room on the ground floor next to her bedroom. It's not particularly comfortable and I am so tired that I don't wake up when I need to piss so by now it's a bit pongy too. Yes, you've guessed: I can't afford the quantities of Dettol needed to er resolve this issue.

And then I got it clean and then I collapsed exhausted and pissed again.

Mother-daughter dialogue

Look - come and sit in the sitting-room for a minute while I remake the bed - no, not on the sofa, it's wet - because I'm so tired I piss in my sleep

Or else sleeping in an armchair with my legs on the pouffe, it being more comfortable than the sofa. Not sure when I last had a proper night's sleep nor have regular and sane meals featured too prominently. Fortunately I have always been a great milk-drinker. There are 34 g of protein in a litre of milk.

Working at home in Katie's sitting-room and lugging my dear old but large PC up and down the stairs all adding to the fun.

Sat listening to Katie burping, retching, hiccuping, a sort of reflex until I just want to scream stop it, stop it, stop it. Was terrified it'd trigger another bleed

At least when she wasn't retching, she was well in an undefinable way that includes interest in food and conversation.

She was given Metoclopramide for the retching which works. Unfortunately if coincidentally otherwise deterioration, can't get comfortable, can't sleep, can't lie, can't sit and an obsession with falling, a trembliness which is new

Endless faffing around with the pillow until I'm crying because I can't get the pillows right. Maybe no-one can. And Katie can't get comfortable.

Not coincidental just got worse

Of course I may not have any emotional support, they may not be anyone I can turn to,

Oh the cheque bounced, but just because I miscalculated and oh the fucking hours I spend calculating, a day before her pension was paid in, and I found that out at half past twelve on Tuesday morning and then I just felt sick, because I had no money at all, and had to ask a kindly neighbour for a loan in the morning to enable me to get to work and us to eat

and in the evening I had to bring home another ton weight on my back in order that there be food in the house, carried home on my back 4 pts of milk, 75 ml orange barley, a large loaf 1.5 kg of potatoes and sundry other groceries because you stupid cunts I have no fucking choice - almost no fucking choice, I could have taken advantage of Boris's fares cap brought half of it home and then gone out again but since I was dead on my feet anyway - what the fuck

I must've looked so fucking awful three separate total strangers asked me if I was all right. Of course I said yes thank you. Doubtless had I been about to pass out these nice people would have been happy to call an ambulance and stay with me till it arrived but what I actually needed was a transfusion of money.

I couldn't not spent £10 on Internet access because I have to work at home and I can't not buy 4 pts of milk because bread and milk are the staples of my fucking diet Along with potatoes, onions, brown rice and lentils.

Of course it has never been possible for anyone to come near me, anyone to offer me help, financial, practical, emotional or political.

So then I got paid money I'd earned but a cheque is a cheque and banks are banks and cheques still have to be cleared so my hand-to-mouth existence continues until that cheque is cleared

My legs have nearly recovered back to their 'normal' pre-crisis wonkiness. Do you know what it's like for any activity to be an ordeal, the 3 days I go into work, carrying a little tray down the corridor. Letting out little animal noises, whimpers of distress. Never knowing how Katie is going to be from hour to hour, never mind when I get home from work. Constant doing, cleaning up, emptying the commode, catching up on work in the small hours.

Of course it's all just a game to mentally damaged, mental defective vermin, A huge joke with my health and my life the butt of it: a hunger game for their entertainment.

Nobody has to do anything. That would be silly. Think of all the offal who would be distressed thereby.

And more carrying home of heavy shopping on my back, of leaving work practically too tired to move and having to detour to the supermarket to load up.

So then last weekend I stopped the pill for the retching because of the psychological side-effects and crossed my fingers and Katie didn't promptly be sick.

Until Thursday morning when she'd started retching started again and she's asking me to call someone, GP, ambulance, someone, and there am I plugged into the VPN with one half of my brain working and the other half screaming and a sort of second brain trying to get Katie clear on whether ambulance now or GP later and meantime I gave her another

Metoclopramide and she settled and the the GP came later and changed it to Cyclizine. Well, the one on Thursday night was OK, but I gave her one Friday morning and at the end of the day another and Katie spent Friday night hallucinating. Nice hallucinations but hallucinations, nonetheless. Knowing she was hallucinating. Have just Googled Cyclizine withdrawal. Psychoactive drug known to cause visual and auditory hallucinations, previously available OTC and used for legal highs. Oh right.

Bye-bye Cyclizine. By now, Saturday lunchtime, she's a bit groggy but back in her right mind.

Oh what big men they all are. No-one messes with them and their filthy criminal world, no-one upsets the vile mutt-pack who run the place for them. Don't I just need to suffer alone for my 'insolence', 'impertinence', the crime of being a normal human being.

So then somewhere in all this a letter came for Katie from the solicitors handling the Will of the old friend of hers who'd left her money saying the payment had been raised and the money as unreachable as the stars, and certainly it will help but it has to be taken into account that all the care and other benefits she gets will promptly have to be paid for, and so windfall though it is it's not the riches it appears at first sight.

And just about everything else going wrong, TV ceased to work again, top of the plug came off the fan heater and eluded replacement, bloody plug of the kitchen sink vanished, probably accidentally in the bloody rubbish bin, which I shall have therefore to empty out and sift through. Why am I not screaming? Well of course partly I am.

Lifeline Amazon. My hair looks as if I've been dragged through a hedge backwards, which of course psychologically I have. Amazon has just delivered me a huge gorgeous and ludicrously cheap faux fur hat which will on the whole for public appearance make a serviceable wig and will deliver me fan heaters at half the price of the shop from which I should have had to lug them back.

That it is career suicide to cross these filthy cunts I understand. Ensuring no-one outside medicine helps me takes lies and lies and more filthy lies, takes a chorus of jabbering vermin, led we can assume by Nicholls, Murphy O'Connor, Sacranie, Williams, Sacks, jabbering about the 'sanctity' of the religion of filth, all creativity, imagination independent though to be destroyed, all learning, all reason, all morality to be destroyed because it is so upsetting to the foul vermin they spawn, everything, clean, everything upright, everything decent, everything open, everything honest, everything rational has to be razed to the ground to keep filth happy, have the country ruled by the hysteria, ignorance, bestiality, psychosis of filth

Should I see a doctor, perhaps. You think I trust any animal in London medicine? Oh, you are funny. You think I want a cunt-faced butcher like Saunders or Ardeshta tending me, a mad diseased ape like Whelan, a bloody butcher subhuman like Rowley, an ape like Jackson or Logan, a sly dirty malevolent animal like McGuckin, a spastic vicious spite-ridden malignant subhuman like Fenton, a slobbering bag of venom and filth and disease

like Boden? Degraded, depraved, corrupt, bestial, fascist, traitors, criminals, evil vermin subhuman who think they can butcher my body, who used their position to cripple me. At least I can still walk, just. I'll pass on that slip of the hand in surgery. Any decent doctor or nurse would demand they be struck off, thrown on the scrapheap, prosecuted, while nobly refraining from shooting them in the spine. What else do you with monsters? I have screamed I need help. The animals sniggered and yawned and enjoined me to silence. At UCH of course they are at all cost to be protected and upheld, the favoured, the chosen, invaluable for their criminality, their stupidity, their bestiality

That, dear world, tells you all you need to know about UCH and specifically about Linch, Goldstone and Naylor and their filth mutts who just smash and destroy

Oh how they have proved their worth to their masters and mistresses, they can be relied upon to be insolent criminal fascist traitor vermin, mad evil animals impervious to fact and reason, ruthless butchers and murderers devoid of ethic, conscience, scruple.

They like watching me suffer. They like knowing they have the power to wreck me, physically if not mentally. Destroy me mentally the apes can never do.

The prime visible filth mutts are
Senior Matron Stephen Rowley
Matron Janet Saunders
Nurse Micaela Plucinski
Nurse Siobhan McGuckin
Professor Jeremy Whelan
Dr Kirit Ardeshta.

The prime invisible filth mutts are
Dr Stephanie Kaye
Professor David Abraham
Mr Sturridge
Nicola Sturridge
Nurse Helen Wilson

They are psychopathic, bestial, intellectually worthless, morally diseased, criminal.

Oh what a flap the filth mutts must have got into at challenge to their fascism, their corruption, their psychosis, their evil. To what must the jabbering and whining and babbling behind closed doors amount, readily imagined, she must be punished, she should be fired, it's a disciplinary, it is not 'acceptable', she should be prosecuted,

Mad sick mentally defective evil cunts will not have it said they are mad sick mentally defective evil cunts, intellectually and morally worthless animals ain't having being told they're intellectually and morally worthless animals

"Oh I don't think I can believe that" is probably another piece of ape drool. Then check

your facts, you stupid cunts. Being mental defectives they don't know how to.

Animals, well trained, highly trained animals, but animals, with the mores of the dirty holes out of which they crawl, completely untouched by any moral or intellectual education

Probably think my degree doesn't count because I ain't been trined. You gotta be trined,. In their foul ape-nests there are two kinds of animal, the trined and the untrined and the trined like the swaggering vile slum yob vandals they are rule the roost and of course think everyone else is an animal too, psychopatic ineducable slum criminals, which is all the foul mad dirty animals of religion are, as fascist religion is merely the codification of the mores of animals, the self-obsessed,brute beast who assumes the world revolves around the filth in its head and its penis, smash a woman's body, smash a woman's life, all that matters is the jabbering of cowardly vermin, the drooling monkey-shit of cowardly vermin, smash learning, smash intelligence, smash honour, smash integrity, smash honesty, smash creativity, smash imagination, smash reason

They are therefore the precious, the chosen, infinitely valuable, to be upheld and protected at all costs by

Professor Dame Carol Black

Professor David Linch

Professor Tony Goldstone

Sir Robert Naylor

Alan Milburn

Jennie Tonge

What a fucking sick joke they all are.

Should we talk about the infinite malice of Barad-dur, the bottomless hatred of me, representing the Enlightenment, Marxism, the counter-culture, feminism, Athens, everything that smashed into them, the infinite malice that informs the orc-spawn, of 'good Christians' shifting blame to Muslims, but as I have said Muslims wouldn't know exactly what I represent and the Dark Tower of course does.

A baboon bitch like Sturridge or O'Mahony who cannot cope with the classical world is of course in the world of the sane nothing but a sick joke as are the animals united against me because baboon bitches cannot cope with Athens, Voltaire, Marx or indeed quarks.

If you want to believe God created the world in seven days, go for it, just leave me out of it.

Really, what am I supposed to recant before this most Holy Inquisition, the entire intellectual and political history of the western world?

Yes, is the answer. If it is 'unacceptable' to nutters other nutters don't turn a hair at the proposition, all art, all science, literature, reason is to be smashed, all ethics, all integrity,

all transparency, everything that is not animal is to be smashed. .

E pur si muove.

As I have fucking said

FLOWER POWER

The French have a word for them.

lèche-cul , *nom masculin*

Sens

De manière vulgaire, désigne une personne extrêmement servile envers des responsables ou supérieurs hiérarchique, dans le but de se faire bien voir ou accorder certaines faveurs.

Arse-lickers

Liberty is a function of love. Control is a function of self-will.

You are not self-forgetting by definition if you are forcing others to obey you, placing to the fore the seedy clamourings of your self. Similarly 'God's mercy' is an exercise in self-stroking, whether attributed to God or claimed by the religious, a sitting there stroking yourself at how virtuous you are being because you are 'showing mercy'. If you love other people, you don't want to do that from which you are 'mercifully' refraining in the first place.

Self-forgetting is graciousness, as in beauty of manner. Grace is paramountly not forcing oneself on others other than to restrain them from forcing themselves on others.

If it's not demonstrable, it can't be binding. It is critical to today's intellectual corruption that realities that exist only in people's heads, whether their strange notions of the universe or their convictions of their own probity or intelligence in the face of the evidence, must be treated as sacrosanct, regarded with awe and 'respect', considered superior to the findings of fact and reason

If you have love and the universe, you do not need God. You may have God anyway. It is not the concept of God that is a problem, but a fantasy universe populated with fantasy clones and the fascists who attempt to impose on others.

To love one's neighbour as oneself is not to force one's grubby itsy-bitsy self upon him or her. It is not necessary to believe in the Christian or any other revelation to attempt to love one's fellow beings.

The only sense in which the religious freak regards others as another self is as an extension of himself or herself to be and do and say and think what he or she is and does and says and thinks: property

Islam as demonstrated by those countries it rules is totalitarian: it demands total control. The fucktard who screams its defence is animal. It has neither love nor mind. It is an avatar of self-will. All that matters to it is what is in its head and it is as brain-washed as any North Korean cadre. Thus everything it comes across is measured against the words

in its head which cannot be false. The other as equal, separate, independent, different is meaningless to it. The sovereign rights of the individual of course are meaningless; the individual is meaningless. It is rendered by its conditioning wholly intellectually and emotionally incapable. It can deal with neither its thoughts nor its feelings. It is incapable of analysing its own thoughts or feelings, of considering whether they accord with reality, whether they are sane.

They are Marxism according to Kim Jung-Un. Islam according to its masters. Fact means nothing to it. Fact is what is in its head. Anything else is a lie. Anything else is unreal. Thus the reason not to lie which is that lies create a false reality is meaningless.

Thus the criminally insane from the Muslim world waft into the United Nations and assume they can dictate to the world, as the farting nutters represented by Sacranie assumed they could dictate to the world. That's pretty fucking offensive.

There is not only one book in the world defining reality. A belief-system is simply a collection of ideas that seem to make more sense to someone than other collections of ideas. The ceiling on thought placed by fascists, whether clerical or Maoists, Stalinists, Nazis is arbitrary and ludicrous, claiming all that it is sane to think is enshrined in their One Book. There is the repeated claim everything was fixed in one time and one place. The historical Moses is thought to have lived in around 1400 BC. In the 1500 years or so between him and Paul, a multiplicity of world-shaping events and perspectives on being human occurred elsewhere on the planet, the whole of Ancient Greece and with it the birth of democracy, most of Classical Rome, the Upanishads, Confucius, Zoroastrianism, Lao-Tzu, none of which is significant to the orthodox Christian, other than as error or sin or at best feeble gropings for troof. This is first order lunacy: discuss. It worked when there was no mass communication, when the nearest city was an alien land many leagues distant. It doesn't work now.

It is worth being precise about what hardly anyone believes, because actually it is possible to be entirely precise about what people do not believe, whether they be hard-line materialist atheists or flutterby flower-children. We do not believe there is only one book in the world. We are not a largely illiterate society of desert tribesmen thousands of years ago to whom one book was an all-encompassing explanation. We live in a society with access to millions of books and other sources of information; if we do not read much, we may surf or watch Life on Earth. We form our views based on what we read together with our experience of other human beings. We do not believe one book dictates what we must think; clearly millions of books, the content of which is contradictory, cannot dictate what anyone thinks.

Where the content of books conflicts with reality, we do not believe reality is necessarily over-ruled. Where the content of books contains ideas conflicting with ideas in a 'holy book', we do not believe the 'holy book' necessarily true and other books false.

Indeed, we live in a society shaped by a Trinity, that Trinity being broadly symbolized by the combined content of the Philosophy, Religion and Science sections of a major bookshop.

We may prefer to believe that which is demonstrably false or distinctly less likely but on the whole I think have an awareness of the thing called fact; one of the things that distinguishes the religious nutter from the religious non-nutter is whether he or she accords the Virgin Birth or Mohammed's Night Journey the status of fact, on par with water boiling when heated sufficiently.

Clearly also people who are not illiterate, who read books the content of which is contradictory, come across views that repel or otherwise offend them and do not run around screaming and shouting about it.

It being the case that some views on life the universe and everything directly oppose others, unless you live in a hole in the ground you are going to meet people who think what you think is crap and if you then cavort and scream a) you are mad and b) your ignorance, your self-obsession and your total intellectual and emotional inadequacy are your problem. You seek to annul the external source of your distress because you are an animal with neither self-control (ability to contain your feelings) nor self-command (ability to change your feelings). Go talk to a priest. Or just try thinking of others as equals and individuals, independent, separate, not an extension of your bloody sick self, not your bloody property.

Criminality is total self-will. The desire to rape, the desire for another's Rolex are all. What the victims want is meaningless.

The law exists to contain animals who have refused to keep their hands off others and others' property.

Until it was perverted to contain those who comment adversely on animals who refuse to keep their hands off others.

Love is the foundation of the free world, the assumption of the emotional capacity to exist with others who are not the same and may not like you or your beliefs.

The unfree world is necessarily intellectually and morally corrupt because there exists that which is given and may not be challenged but which may be absolute garbage and sick garbage at that.

That which was generally held to be the case concerning the Soviet Union is mysteriously held to be evil nonsense concerning Saudi Arabia.

People were and are profoundly Marxophobic: no self-styled Marxist nation is anything any rational civilized person wants any part of. Similarly no self-styled Islamic nation is anything any rational civilized person wants any part of.

The absolute contempt for the free world displayed by those charged to represent it, the total contempt for everyone in a free country who is not a sick animal and must

henceforth accord with the wishes of sick animals, is something the world will long remember, the way they fall over themselves to accommodate and appease, shit on the battle for freedom and reason and sanity, no intellectual or moral corruption too gross, to obscene not to find its eager advocates and defenders. Nothing will do but to sate the monster, which is of course insatiable.

The supposed leaders of the free world have apparently decided because some are animal, all must be animal. To attain this aim education had of course to be destroyed. There can be no question of broadening minds and no question of the generation of people like me capable of independent and rational thought, who pose an intellectual threat to the evil filth dribbled by our leaders. Instead we must have a population of fake graduates ignorant, illiterate, full of shit who lap it all up and are conditioned to crawl. Education must not touch either the content or the operations of the mind, but must be a technical training in skills to benefit the economy as the ape Clarke put it. In the pervert world it is actually wrong to introduce boneheads to new ideas; they may be offended thereby.

UCH is full of freaks. How they are freaks is they are slave. They think permission is required for the basic acts of existence. They are incapable of unilateral, independent action. Castrati, Gobbled by the Spectres.

Animal creatures devoid of both love and mind who think people are property inspire complete revulsion

Truss a fat ape like Boden up like a football, kick it around. How can it object. It thinks people are property, their bodies at the disposal of others. Put a bullet in the base of Ardesna's spine. How can it object?

Criminal law therefore regulates how far love may be withdrawn from those who display none.

The free world is the consequence of the teachings of Jesus: liberty is a function of love; control is a function of self-will. The level on which it all fits together is not only accessible to atheists, but acceptable to atheists; God is not a necessary precursor. Then again, if we want to keep it simple, religion is two things, from one of which follows liberty and from the other fascism.

You are not self-forgetting by definition if you are forcing others to obey you. Grace is paramountly not forcing oneself on others other than to restrain them from forcing themselves on others. To love one's neighbour as oneself is not to inflict beliefs he or she finds questionable on him or her. People are and have to be free to go wherever they might be going. Society's business is limited to demanding they behave tolerably to each other and ensuring they are free to travel. We do not know.

Let us assume Jesus existed. It is questioned, but let us assume there was a man with a life and an agenda. It is frankly evident from the story of that foreshortened life that neither cowardice nor the withdrawal of love, the forcing of his will on others, was part of that agenda. I have mused upon how Jesus would have been expected to behave before

Pilate under the current dispensation. What he did not do was begin to babble, retract, recant, plead, beg for mercy. Doubtless he would also have kept his marf shut if he knew what was good for 'im. The notion that he may not propagate his views lest he upset Authority is markedly absent from his ministry. I mean, you just don't do that, tell them they're whited sepulchres and that, you just don't do it. Nor of course do you lose your temper and start throwing tables around. No-o-o, I don't think he was the Son of God, just refreshingly normal.

Love and how far if at all it may be withdrawn is at the heart of all freedom, all women's and gay rights, despite the sleaze and corruption of priests that these represent modern corruptions - only, darlings because you are desperately sick - all human rights, and perhaps particularly prisoners' rights, which is among many other things why the devout Catholic Frank Pakenham, 7th Earl of Longford, who undoubtedly could have had an extremely pleasant life far distant from society's rejects, was a founding member of New Bridge, an organization dedicated to keeping prisoners in touch with the outside world and integrating them back into it. This was in 1956, some ten years before the Moors murders, some 20 years before he became embroiled in the issue of the repentance or otherwise of Hindley.

We do not need lectures on the good religious people do. We need frank acknowledgement of the evil they do.

The withdrawal of love consists in - look it up - those of us who can still read are able to read Fowler - how far one may treat another as if he or she were one's property, an object with neither will nor thoughts nor feelings of his - or of course her - own, no personality, no individuality, no being of his - or of course her - own, no regard for another as distinct, separate, equal, different, but only as an extension of oneself, at one's disposal for the fulfilment of one's desires, no matter how depraved those desires be, the sorry perverted justification being that since one has asserted independence of being, one is evil and thus anything may be done to one.

Such withdrawal extends centrally to the treatment of prisoners and torture and degradation thereof. One may not either crudely physically torture or attempt humiliation for instance by ordering another to walk around fully dressed from the waist up but naked from the waist down.

One may only regard another as a creature of one's own will to the extent of forcing one's will on him or her if he or she has first forced his or her will on another. Thus underpinned is the principle of initiation of force, wherein force may only be used against those who have initiated it, amazingly enough. Thus someone may only be deprived of his or her liberty if he or she is proven beyond reasonable doubt of an offence against the will and integrity of another, whether by criminal assault or by depriving of goods.

The least touching of another's person wilfully, or in anger, is a battery ; for the law cannot draw the line between different degrees of violence, and therefore totally prohibits the first and lowest stage of it : every man's person being sacred, and no other

having a right to meddle with it, in any the flightest manner. And therefore upon a similar principle the Cornelian law de injuriis prohibited pulfation as well as verberation ; diftinguifhing verberation, which was accompanied with pain, from pulfation which was attended with none

II. WE are next to confider the violation of the right of perfonal liberty. This is effected by the injury of falfe imprifonment, for which the law has not only decreed a punifhment, as a heinous public crime, but has alfo given a private reparation to the party ; as well by removing the actual confinement for the prefent, as, after it is over, by fubjecting the wrongdoer to a civil action, on account of the damage fuftained by the lofs of time and liberty.

TO confitute the injury of falfe imprifonment there are two points requifite : 1. The detention of the perfon ; and, 2. The unlawfulness of fuch detention. Every confinement of the perfon is an imprifonment, whether it be in a common prifon, or in a private houfe, or in the ftocks, or even by forcibly detaining one in the public fireets

BLACKSTONE'S COMMENTARIES PRIVATE WRONGS. BOOK III.
CHAPTER THE EIGHTH. OF WRONGS, AND THEIR REMEDIES, RESPECTING
THE RIGHTS OF PERSONS.

Why they are freaks is they are ruled by fear. It is embedded in the Christian world that you do not surrender to fear but looks like no-one told the Holy See:

18 There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear: because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love.

19 We love him, because he first loved us.

20 If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?

21 And this commandment have we from him, That he who loveth God love his brother also1 John 4

As the sage put it:

Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness . Matthew 23:27

Bags of shit, yes.

Couldn't have put it better myself. No intellectual or moral corruption is too gross to be stomached as they fawn on evil, desecrate, defile, and whatever they dribble what they want and what they stand for is shown by their hatred of *The Anile Heir*, their hatred of anything clean, anything upright, anything free, their hatred of love and mind and reason and question and courage and learning and argument and women.

They only know how to crawl, how to kneel, how to say Yes, Master.

The rule of the twisted mentally helpless frightened religious peasant is what the West has escaped from.

The natural state of humanity in any totalitarian society is supposed to be terror. All love will be withdrawn if you disobey. Conditional love is no love at all,

The final evil perversion is the assumption words or drawings are equivalent to deeds. How they feel about words is something people can do something about. The consequences of physical assault are not.. This piece of corrupt filth is of course central to the conduct of the Muslim animal. The mental damage inflicted on them by their religion is not something for which the rest of the world is required to pay. You know something, atheists actually co-exist with the holy books of the world.

Oh really has someone offended you. So you think you can respond with force, do you. OK OK, next time you cavort in the streets calling for the death of a writer, artist, producer, we'll shoot you. Then tell us how words and drawings are the same as deeds.

And this court sentences you to an eternity of repeats of 'Dave Allen at Large', prime-time television until the country was driven mad, Phase I of the assault having been completed, the generation of terror of the fractured half-wit whining how offended it is

Given that IS is enthusiastically supported among certain of our fellow-citizens and given that screaming nutters willing to murder anyone in their way generally enjoy an at least initial triumph, it would seem reasonable to assume that any relatively moderate Islamist will simply be crushed beneath the heel

Since the options open to the female of the species would then be somewhat limited - just how badly d'you want to be a sex-slave - it's put down your books, girls, pick up a gun (just in case), we're going to have a whole lot of fun

OK, we've all seen the poppies fall at the Festival of Remembrance and the newsreels of wave upon wave of bombers blackening the sky I doubt the world's stock of roses runs to dropping rose-petals. Paper petals therefore. Inflammatory messages optional. The point is there just have to be enough of them. There, you just knew there was a point to recycling. People knee-deep in waste-paper have a certain amount of difficulty being terrifying



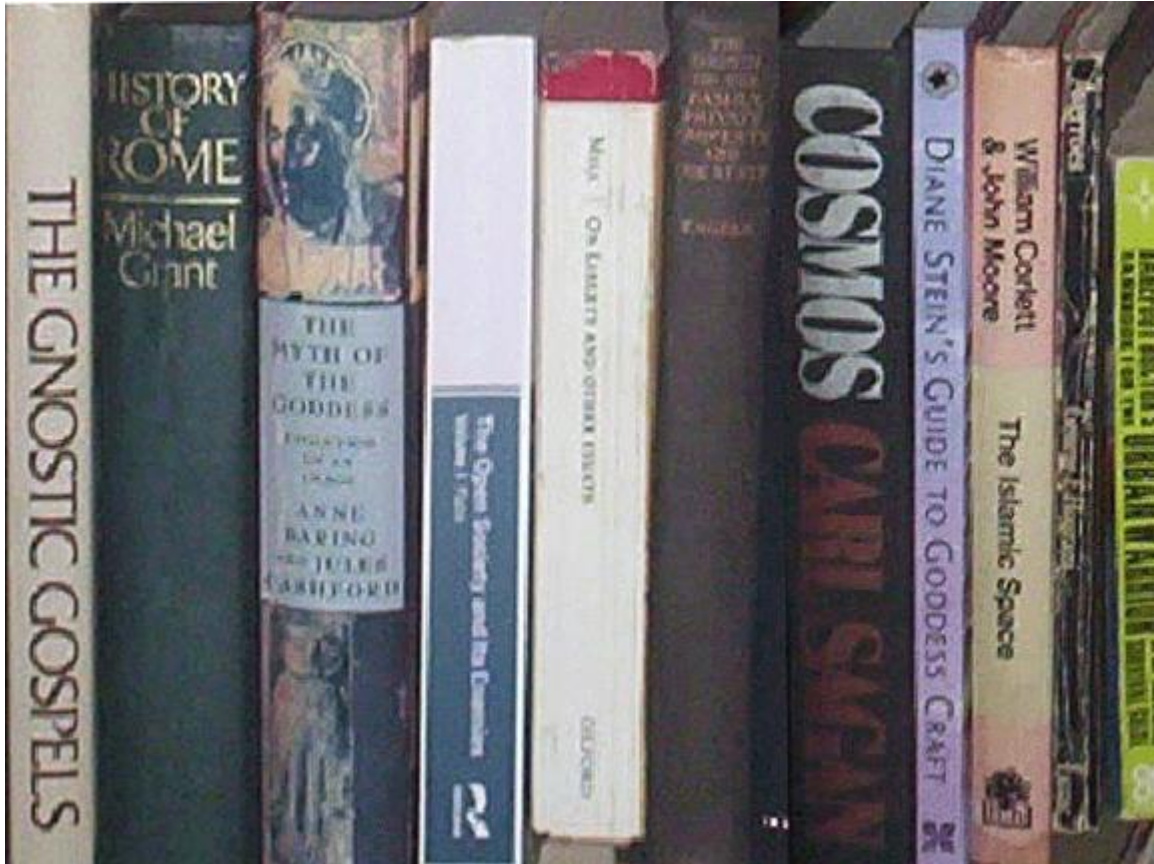
That and they would be very very unwise to do anything at all that might ignite a spark.

They have no concept of others being equal in rights independent, not their property, their slaves. They have no concept of being anything other than God Almighty. They have no concept they are accountable. They are intolerable and to be either contained by the norms of a free and democratic society or in due course and with due process executed.

And of course all the way up the tree other animals are insistent civilized rational human beings should be destroyed, civilization must be destroyed and animal filth must rule.

Everything is made sick and diseased in the perverted world of the animal. Education is supposed to broaden the mind, to introduce people to new ideas. The dirty ignorant cunt-for-brains animal that becomes a doctor or nurse wants only to stay a dirty ignorant squalid vicious animal.

Medicine is tumour in the university, the abode of sick animals who probably believe in 'safe space' and 'protected beliefs' and thus demonstrate they have no place in any real university and obviously never attended one, are mad and ignorant and stupid, because only fucking ignorant illiterate stupid cunts can believe in anything as ludicrous as protected beliefs. Look at books, you filthy illiterate ignorant mechanics, you fucking ignorant contemptible unread cleaners, all the ideas in the world can't be protected, can they, animals Make me sick to look at them, these dirty unlettered apes Make me sick to



think that anyone can claim ignorant unread dull cunt-for-brains brute beasts can have degrees, tool-wielding baboons in a mutual admiration society of the awesomeness of being a tool-wielding baboon incapable of wielding the one tool that matters, the one between the ears, an obscene joke to claim them university material, these animals who hate and fear ideas, are devoid of intellectual curiosity, live in a world that exists solely in their heads and is impenetrable. The world is not something to be examined, discovered, explored, questioned, but merely a threat, everything judged not by whether it is true or beautiful or complex or interesting or rational but by whether it accords with the words in their heads.

They view the universities as trade-schools to be attended in pursuit of money and power and having obtained both they proceed to destroy learning and intellect.

Do we think the civilized world can survive the pollution of the universities by illiterate psycho freaks? We know fucking well it cannot.

What the fuck does it matter to me that a boneheaded peasant like O'Mahony has had neither a classical education nor any education at all.

The animals will never destroy me mentally. I may whimper and squeal but all fact, all reason, all morality is on my side.

And I won't descend to the level of the screaming rabid nutter, so they destroy me, leave me to rot, get older and older, more and more disabled, more and more desperate, for the 'crimes' of defending my country, defending my University, defending myself.

I do not understand why those outside medicine go along with it. I intend to find out.

All they can do, the vandals, thugs, louts, yobs, peasants, savages, animals, barbarians, philistine, the vile pathetic dirty animals, is smash and destroy and mutilate and corrupt anything better, because of course to them and their filthy religious teachers I am not better, I am evil, self-willed, good lies in being a diseased ignorant ineducable zombie, impervious to all fact and reason, incapable of question, argument, reason.

PANTHER WAS CREATED IN 2008

PANTHER was created in 2008. I'm really frightfully good at creating new concepts to change the face of British politics to which no-one pays the slightest attention because I am forever a silly wilful clamouring child in rebellion who must learn to obey her master and surrender her will to him, accept his truth. Since the ape can't speak, discerning what that truth is is a trifle hard, but rationality is not its strong point.

THEREFORE, VICE-CHANCELLOR

Well, yes, repeatedly being clubbed has failed to stop the daughter of Marxist-Leninism who is also a student of Voltaire and a child of Woodstock with a distinct fondness for Greece from accepting that it is inconceivable and ridiculous to mock, criticize and condemn religion, no-one ever has, noone ever either had views deviant from orthodoxy or felt entirely free to voice them, as is has failed to convince an Englishwoman that no-one previously has ever said the Vatican is a crock of shit, but then no-one not severely mentally damaged would have thought it would.

I suppose these nutcases think atheism is and always was proscribed. My father was an atheist. My grandfather was an atheist. Do they think Marxists crept around in terror of being overheard by the 'holy'? I have of course pointed out that, whatever cosy chats Uncle Richard and Cousin Rodney, being card-carrying members of the Communist Party, might have had with the security services, they lived happy untrammelled little Communist lives, not forced out of employment,, crippled or otherwise victimized. How many other convenient fantasies are harboured supposedly justifying doing nothing, that I'm 25 with the whole of my stretching before me to get through this, and doubtless in perfect health, since Professor Black/Mr Sturridge/Dr O'Mahony/Professor Abraham/insert cunt of choice said I never had pneumonia, and doubtless that there is nothing wrong with my back, all this doubtless being supposed to be an elaborate charade for which Doctor is adamant that he is not going to fall. I of course only went to MI5 because these vermin seemed to be sort of trying to destroy me, though I couldn't see exactly why, and now of course I do.

But that doctors and nurses should be sectioned for the safety of those around them is not quite the University's business; there are doubtless mad people in the Faculty of Arts, though I suspect not this kind of mad.

Certainly these doctor zombie subhuman creatures only survive on suppression of fact. I'm sure the University is entirely dazzled by the intellects displayed by first half-killing

me then crippling me then proving entirely incapable of speech. Having been contained at least from dismembering my body, they now treat me like a silly little girl who is idiotically objecting to having been quite rightly beaten as punishment for her crimes and who is to be ignored.. I mean Medicine is quite overwhelming, isn't it. I'm sure the University is completely awestruck by them

You know how normal people go on, faced with an idea they don't like, normal people sharpen their intellectual claws and get enthusiastic about the prospect of demolishing their opponent in argument. Animals butcher and murder. Spassos butcher and murder. Dirty filthy slum yobs, louts, vandals butcher and murder.

How tool-wielding baboons dare treat me like a naughty little girl will be explored of course, just trained fucking apes, incapable of independent action of mind and heart.

In academic book-shops, in the University of London Library itself, full-scale war had broken out. Giant rainbow comets swooped between the stacks looking for their prey. Alerted by sudden terrified screams from Hansard they landed like a fireball in the midst of Politics: 20th Century, tore into the Fog. A little 'debate' lay curled under one of the desks, whimpering, "It got him, it got him." There was a cackle of triumph from the Fog. The comets tore into it but it fled through the window and sped down Gower Street, tried to turn left, but the British Museum Library was ready for it. It ran then, west, along New Oxford Street and down the Charing Cross Road. It took shelter in a sex-shop. The Thai babes stirred uneasily in their cradles.

The Fog laughed again and began to whine tunelessly. Down will come baby, cradle and all. It screeched suddenly as though pierced with red-hot daggers. The ghost in the machine was riled.

A confused little monkey in a white coat sat in a lab in Oxford and it beat in his brain, there is no god but DNA and Dawkins is his prophet. He looks at his god and his god is all and all are equal, all are identical, and there are no love, sex, pain, death and the whole damn' thing, there is no 'human', there is only biochemistry, and we must all react in the same way and feel the same thing and cannot question what we think and what we feel and cannot change it, and if we do not react in the same way and feel the same thing that is false consciousness and bourgeois conditioning, and if we say we do not react in the same way and feel the same thing and we can change how we react and how we feel and each of us is different, that is bourgeois conditioning, because we are all equal, we are all the same, and the humanities terrify the little monkey by reflecting on love, sex, pain, death and the whole damn' thing, and our current ills are not the fault of liberty but the fault of failing to encourage people to exercise their hearts and minds because their hearts and minds don't exist and people who are emotionally whole do not break up their housing-estates and their fellow-humans who live there and people who do are not exercising their freedom but being slaves of the god but the confused little monkey knows better. The confused little monkey isn't capable of taking into account the pain of people at seeing things smashed up, the distress of people at not being able to use the 'phone box, the pain of people who are bruised and bleeding. The confused little monkey knows that bourgeois law exists solely to perpetuate the economic status quo. There is no activity of heart or mind in the confused little monkey's world.

But don't wrangle with us so long as you apply, to our intended abolition of bourgeois property, the standard of your bourgeois notions of freedom, culture, law, etc. Your very ideas are but the outgrowth of the conditions of your bourgeois production and bourgeois property, just as your jurisprudence is but the will of your class made into a law for all, a will, whose essential character and direction are determined by the economical conditions of existence of your class.

[Marx and Engels: The Manifesto of the Communist Party](#)

Law, morality, religion, are to him so many bourgeois prejudices, behind which lurk in ambush just as many bourgeois interests.

[Marx and Engels: The Manifesto of the Communist Party](#)

But the little monkey is frightened – sheesh, it lives in a permanent state of terror. People go on exercising their hearts and minds anyway and they come up with ideas and empathy and, worst of all people who don't smash telephone boxes because they see it is unconstructive, unhelpful and possibly lethal, think they're an improvement on those who do and criticize and are judgemental and condemnatory and it beats in the little monkey's brain that we're all equal and such people must be eliminated (and of course the telephone-box smashers aren't at fault because they are the victim of economic forces) and he's a right case. But people fall on their knees before him anyway, because he's a scientist and a rational man.

You think it's called dialectical materialism, scientific socialism for nothing? 98% of my DNA shared with the chimp! *And I brachiate!* It really obsesses them. Clearly the goal of biological evolution is strap-hanging on the Victoria Line.

Right now the little monkey is very frightened indeed and what he is frightened of is Dezzi, who is singing her heart out on her new Website. Mind sits anterior to data. Mind sits anterior to data, questioning, synthesizing, comparing, creating and of course checking on the reality quotient. The upper level of mentation, the capacity to select, order, analyse, question and synthesize information and that faculty called imagination which breaks down what is into its constituent parts and remakes it as something new in the world, has been denied. Call it the upper storey. They do not visit the top floor. This is what I mean by the abolition of intellect (have to spell these things out for the brain-washed). They can function, so far as they can be said to function intellectually at all, only within a given frame of reference. They are incapable of handling questioning of the frame of reference. Indeed they are the brightest stars in the University's firmament. Mind is evident in the world. Religious freaks call it the work of the devil and commie freaks call it insanity.

[The philosophy of the anarchists is bourgeois philosophy turned inside out. Their individualistic theories and their individualistic ideal are the very opposite of socialism](#)

[Lenin: Socialism and anarchism, 1905](#)

The sheer ludicrousness of bestially ignorant spastic vermin who think key elements of intellectual history are just cause and reason for butchering and murdering me will get a wider audience, insane cunt-faced baboons such as Whelan, so-called professor, an unlettered ape, an animal, who thinks it's reasonable to cripple and destroy me, upholding democracy and objecting to having been crippled is a huge yawn.

They are nothing if not obvious, the dirty little animals of priests and rabbis and mullahs intent on the destruction of the universities, intent on making the universities ape-nests, intellectual sewers full of capering mental defectives, intellect, reason, learning, creativity, question argument logic all drowned in the mad jabber of diseased animals.

Are you not obvious, Blair, Blunkett, Straw, Milburn, Mandelson, with your foul corrupt laws trying to force intellect, reason, knowledge, integrity, morality to cower before the scum of the earth, the hysterical freak, the psychopath, the mad deranged brute beast, with your expansion of the universities packing joke universities with animals who have no interest in fact reason learning, Pol Pot illiterates, who uphold an illiterate fucking skivvy boy making me do heavy manual work, threatening my spinal fusion, who refused to uphold democracy, refused to have the conduct of criminal vermin publicly examined, who threw criminal vermin my body to tear at, who were adamant criminal vermin were not to be upset

Who demands the atheist feminist grand-daughter of Labour public servants on both sides

be treated like a leper and a naughty little girl is one thing

That they all obey is quite another, that they all share the mind-set of fascists, sickos, the absolutely diseased who assume civilized life may be forced to crawl to animals, assume 'everyone knows' that the dirt and psychosis of religious freaks is to be respected, because they all come from sewers, animal-nests, where there is no speech, no reason, where violence against women is the normal, animal-pits where there are no ideas, where there is no argument, never read a fucking book in their stupid dirty animal lives, never had an original idea, never created anything, barely fucking able to read and write, and all they can do is destroy, with their filthy worthless trained animal joke degrees, all they can do is butcher and murder, isn't it, vermin, vermin can't speak or reason or learn or think can you vermin butchers, stupid, ignorant, ineducable butchers want to drag me down to their level, make me a dirty sick animal like them, to whom honour, reason, intellect are to be destroyed, the enemies of everything the universities stand for, scum who'd burn all the books because they offend hysterical freaks.

It is of course a ludicrous and disgusting joke to claim that any of these dull ignorant ineducable unlettered irrational psychotics has had a university education.

Criminals, insolent criminals, conspiring to pervert the course of justice, overthrowing democracy, giving aid and comfort to the Queen's enemies, causing actual bodily harm and of course because they are obscene and ludicrous in equal measure jabbering how evil I am for not being a piece of disgusting offal, a psychopath, a screaming sicko who thinks it can't be questioned, an intellectually and morally worthless animal, a dirty ape of a traitor, the enemy of everything decent, honest, upright, rational, clean, a squalid foul smelly shit-filled butcher a spastic trained ape, ignorant and ineducable with cunt-for-brains, a foul capering tard who fucks over the University the only way a dirty animal can, and so of course they're going to sue me.

There is something called the rule of law, scum vermin, who shit on the rule of law and claim they'll sue me for saying so.

These infinitely contemptible dirty cowards who drool and jabber and slobber their mad filth behind closed doors will fucking speak openly

And just remember scum ape filth all I'm asking is that those whose degrees are supposedly so superior to my own speak in public, all I'm asking of the sick and twisted and mad those who are just walking disease, filth all the way through, lovers of lies and bestiality and corruption and irrationality, using their positions to destroy the free world, destroy the University, destroy intellect and reason and creativity and intelligence and learning and replace everything with the rule of mad slobbering animals impervious to all fact and reason, is that the facts be publicly established because this is a fucking democracy, and you have no fucking right to reject democracy and your insolent treason is intolerable.

I should perhaps explain that the cat Fitzalan came from a pet-shop in Arundel; had he

been purchased in Axminster or Colyton he perhaps would not have been so named.

My grandfather who art in heaven though I doubt it, Howard be thy name. No-one does this to Barrington Howard's daughter and gets away with it, least of all another Howard. Somehow, somewhere, they will pay.