

QUOD ERAT DEMONSTRANDUM

‘That doctors are mad sick disgusting evil fascist traitors.’ I doubt it.

Pull the wool over everyone’s eyes, brush away all criticism as the nonsense of Untermenschen who don’t understand the refined and rarefied workings of their fine minds. Oh, I understand, all right. They don’t have any fine minds. They are mentally damaged, reject all fact and reason; they are feral, brute beasts who think the answer to fact and reason, to words they don’t like, is physical assault, wholly revealing of the sewers out of which they crawl, in which clear to question, to argue, to reason, to think is to be sent flying across the room; they combining the ignorance of brute beasts with a bestiality and psychosis of which the Waffen SS would be proud. They really think Doctor and Nurse decide. No argument, no question. They all believe doctors and nurses are superior life-forms set on high to command and order the world, and so get away with murder. Any questioning is so silly, isn’t it Doctor. The servant class does not argue. It does not question. It does what it’s told or is punished. Anyone who isn’t a doctor or nurse is presumed not to know what she or he is talking about. In the intricate and protracted psychotic fantasy that is Medicine, Doctor and Nurse know everything, when in fact they clearly know nothing about anything outside their work, Doctor and Nurse are avatars of veracity and everyone else is assumed a liar.

This time they don’t get away with it.

It is of course inextricably intertwined with arrant sexism: women are liars; women are irrational; women only understand being hit.

Note, dear world, I have a metal rod in my back and a hole in my hip from which bone was taken to pack the fusion. Note, dear world, that those wonderful peerless doctor people literally want me dead and buried, the evidence destroyed.

Perhaps fortunately, one of the things I don’t know about is bone decay post mortem. I guess I could always be exhumed, but of course I’m only a disobedient servant-girl rightly thrown on the scrapheap so who would bother.

Do not, dear world, expect a woman’s body to matter to doctors. Do not, dear world, expect the fact of my having been crippled to matter to doctors.

Do not, dear world, expect any doctor or nurse to acknowledge the repeated assaults on me where I am medically vulnerable. Do not expect any animal of a doctor or nurse to stand up and oppose bestiality, corruption, fascism, treason.

Do not of course expect a woman’s mind to matter to doctors. After all, they have no minds themselves. The world of ideas is both alien to them and distressing, since they are dead from the neck up, little programmed wind-up toys, whining and jabbering and babbling and drooling their dirty untenable lies and fascist filth to each other behind closed doors where it can’t be challenged by civilized educated life.

The University exists to foster independent thought. Medicine regards independent thought as evil.

They've created their cosy little corrupt criminal neo-mediaeval world of feudal overlords and clearly never met anyone educated, anyone who reads and writes. They can't actually speak or reason. Just hit. They're mad animals.

Being mad animals themselves, they think 'respect' is due to other mad animals who just hit, to men who think they can knock around women.

By the way, dear world, my full handle is Ysabel Belinda Felicity Jehan Howard, the daughter of Barrington Stockwell Howard (occupation author) and Kathleen Constance Palmer. These simple facts are a matter of public record on something called my birth certificate. My birth was registered by HB Waring, Registrar of Births and Deaths in the sub-district of Rochford in the county of Essex on the 31st day of August 1955. The most cursory search would prove I am who and what I say I am. I believe there is a legal entity 'suppression of material fact'.

Note, dear world, that these so-called academics are utterly impervious to fact and reason and are united against me, committed to the destruction of freedom and democracy, the destruction of reason and intellect, the destruction of me, to protecting and upholding fascists and criminals and butchers.

They absolutely reject a public establishing of the facts. They absolutely reject democracy. They want no part of the norms of a free, democratic and civilized society. They want their filthy criminal fascist world untouched. They conspire to pervert the course of justice. They conspire to overthrow democracy and supplant it with criminality, corruption and fascism. They give aid and comfort to the Queen's enemies. They are the Queen's enemies. They have caused or are accessories to causing actual bodily harm.

They really think they're not accountable, beyond public question and smirk and snigger and gloat and yawn and roll their eyes because they think they're untouchable and everyone goes along with it.

None of them has a single normal sane free democratic bone in his or her body.

Note further, dear world, that ignorance of these sick animals of any other way of looking at the world other than the one fed to them in their dirty squalid mindless homes, of the Reformation, of the Enlightenment, of Buddhism, of Marxism, of ancient Greece is not my problem. They can think what the fuck they like but they do not impose their mental squalor on me and demand I think what they think. The fact that they are intellectually ludicrous, void, dead from the neck up, incapable of argument is also not my problem. It is, however, the country's problem because they masquerade as graduates, as professionals, as educated people.

At first I found them funny. Then I realized they were for real and as surely as any mediaeval baron they are psychopaths who simply destroy to protect their criminal power.

Nearly forgot Robin, honorary family, Professor Robin Blackburn. Perhaps a few of these monstrous butchering animals of doctors and nurses would like to enter into a public debate with him. After all, he's only got a silly little arts degree. How about Marxist perspectives on the physical and mental abuse of women, Robin, Tariq and Perry versus Ardeshtna, Whelan and Seddon.

Little-known fact: if you can catch one and they excel at concealment, a doctor makes excellent jam.

They obviously think the University is a training school for deadhead psychos where everyone learns by rote, probably with early morning Mass. Again, I'm sure Robin, Perry and Tariq could provide a perspective on that. I'm sure Oxford and LSE in the 60s were most devout.

Take a walk down to Waterstone's, why don't they? It won't take them long, since unlike me they can walk properly. Examine the diversity of human thought. Buy books on Buddhism, Marxism, The Enlightenment, the Reformation, classical Greece and ancient Greek religion, English history. Develop what pass for their dull shit-filled practically non-existent minds. Find themselves thinking. That's evil, isn't it, offal.

Medicine is adamant. If it doesn't accord with the words in the head of an animal, it has to be suppressed and destroyed, physically if need be. The animal heads of course are their own, absolutely insolent, absolutely ignorant. The charade continues as they babble and dribble untenable drool to each other behind closed doors. Mad sick animals actually think it meaningful that they didn't and don't like what I have to say. They think their not liking it, their anger, their displeasure, justifies what they have done and do. They think the bloody world revolves around them. That I have an absolute right to the content of my own mind does not occur to psychotic offal, as it does not occur to those who are so evidently unfit to practise that they have no right to injure. They believe the way they believe grass is green that no-one may utter anything they don't like, that they own the rest of the human race, everyone is subordinate to them.

Anything of which a dull squalid animal of a doctor is ignorant is regarded as nonsense, a joke.

Do note, dear world, this includes democracy, the governing system of the country. It also of course includes freedom. I expect to be free to say what I think not what some criminal says I may say to avoid his being described as a criminal. I have a mind of my own and know how to use it.

Why do these offal remain in the University of London, when they are evidently the

enemies of everything the University stands for? It is, is it not, one thing to have opinions contrary to the principles of the University, that being a matter of freedom of conscience, and quite another to inflict injury and destruction on a woman in order to pass those opinions off as the norm, to actively work for the destruction of a woman's body and a woman's life because she upholds the principles of the University.

Are they eversa powerful? The answer to that, of course, as to everything, is democracy. Whatever words in ears and strings pulled, whatever phone calls from Professor This or Lord That, no-one need pay the slightest attention to anything not said publicly and Professor That or Lord The Other is entirely welcome to make his or her point on the BBC or in The Times..

The intricate and utter squalor and corruption of these vermin is of course thereby laid bare. They live on lies, feed on lies, worship lies and manipulation and words in ears and oh they think they're so bloody clever to have fixed it so no-one will come near me, fixed it that I am regarded as a freak, a leper, to be ignored and destroyed. Ooh, what terrible things would happen if I were to be helped to survive (yes of course the courts would understand disobedient slave-girls get beaten). They all go along with it. They all want me destroyed.

Is Little Lord Fauntleroy poor little rich boy? Did the preposterous oik have servants at home? I muse. 'Sinteresting. Obviously the creature thinks admin staff are its servants. It deigns to be gracious to those who please it but I, as a disobedient servant, am fair game, to be beaten and thrown down the drain. 'Sinteresting. 1. That it thinks others are its servants. 2. That it thinks servants are treated thus. 3. Most of all, that I am supposed to understand I am its servant, which essentially means slave, its property, to be punished and destroyed at its pleasure.

Clearly a naughty disobedient woman is to played with, kicked around a bit, such rights as she had in the first place annulled by her evil behaviour; doubtless in the vocabulary of the sick animal I am wilful, insolent, spoiled; the spoiled self-centred icky sickly which seeks to impose its will on others invariably describes those who reject its attentions as self-willed.

After all, everyone understands the disobedient slave is to be beaten up and left for dead, thrown into the gutter, made an example of. No support of any kind, no challenge to this monstrous filth.

Certainly the headset of someone involved in the admin review thought support staff were maid servants to be on hand to physically attend to the wishes of their superiors, this being our prime function, thus the acute stress they caused me over my having to work at home to look after my mum, The clinical team PA was to be physically available 9-5 in case her master or mistress wished to despatch her on some errand or physically complete some other task, the pathetic control freak monkey writ large and of course the primary function made plain.

What diseased drool do they spew to each other, obedience is to be exacted, authority is not to be flouted, disobedience is to be punished. Oh, the disobedient servant girl gets beaten, does she not.

I await of course in vain the mentally diseased fluently expounding why they can physically abuse and so cripple me.

Instead of laughing at these ludicrous animals, they fawn on them, protect them, uphold them.

They belong in padded bloody cells, all of them, to take the drool of sick animals seriously but that of course is because they all are sick animals.

Why don't you just say it in public, offal, say it is public that it was perfectly correct to continue to assault my spinal fusion until I was crippled and that it is perfectly correct equally to ignore me and wash me down the drain?

How deeply does the Ardeshta prick hate women? I bet there are those who are too frightened of it to accuse, female junior doctors perhaps or female medical students.

Doubtless the creature also considers itself a peerless authority on the English language. Ain't they illitrit, Kirit (there's probably a rhyme there), ain't they really.

Really big issue, isn't it, most contentious, whether public sector management are free to cripple employees. Really difficult contentious issue whether they are accountable.

We-e-ll, if you have the headset of the lord of the manor in about the year 1200 it is.

Can it possibly be the case that ordinary people can challenge these Great Ones? Can people possibly be free to ask them what the hell they think they're playing at and who the hell they think they are? They're fucking nutters, all of them.

These are all of course issues long since resolved by the executioner's axe, the guillotine, and the gallows, not to mention the lamp-post, but that is lost on doctors and nurses; inevitably the cultural uses of the lamp-post spring to mind:

Are they bought and paid for? Probably-possibility. Has anyone checked out these folks' bank balances? Research funding? PFI? Living above their means? Come on, they can't all be dribbling religious loons. What's the going rate for selling out everything? Where there's muck there's brass.

Nobody wants to give Pussy squeaky rat-toys to play with. Could this be because they're rich rat-toys?

Of course historically the lamp-post was seminal to the revolution, essential kit, one might say, bloated capitalists, imperialist

running-dogs and fascist hyenas for the stringing-up of, I think nowadays the RSPCA would step in. What does the lamp-post mean to us today? Well, it's pretty critical if you happen to be in Narnia and come to think of it who's to say I am not, that I have not inadvertently walked through a wardrobe into the realm of perpetual winter. Certainly I am in an alien dimension, one that runs on totally different rules.

<http://www.dillsplace.com/the-cultural-use-of-the-lamp-post.html>

Are the animals mad enough to think the courts will understand disobedient servants are to be beaten and thrown on the scrap-heap - or indeed mad enough to think the courts can be bought? After all, everyone else is.

In the case of these mentally sick creatures of course, the word is slave. The employee may be paid but there is no question of him or her having any other function beside unquestioning compliance with the demands and equally of course my mind and body mysteriously become the property of my master and mistresses to injure, what I may think and what I do subject to their decree..

This is the free world, cunts. People are not property. Power is accountable. People are equal in rights.

Where did the maggots of the NHS even get the idea their activities are confidential?

Why is what is called whistleblowing even an issue? Why on the contrary is it not assumed the democratic right of every citizen to speak openly.

You think I give a fuck about the sick infected dribble of aqualid cowardly psychopaths and their bloody proseedyures and regulayshuns, or indeed about any law which protects psychopaths? Clearly any edict that protects criminals and gives them power over those who would expose them is corrupt.

Shall we try again, I a modern languages graduate of the University of London, with two papers in the British Journal of Rheumatology, having qualified for membership of British Mensa, computer literate, with 11 years' senior admin experience in medicine, took a Grade 5 job as a PA and deadhead dumbfucks turned me into a porter

Do please explain to the dear world why my CV can be shat on. Just explain why you consider an Honours degree from the University of London without value or significance.

Oh, what have they got to hide?

That they're ludicrous and disgusting deadhead dumbfuck garbage. And very well paid.

Footnote:

Probably the most personally entertaining feature of this Website of mine is the list of referring sites. Certainly some people express an interest in what Richard Kisch's niece and Rodney Howard Hilton's something or other (he was my father's cousin) has to say, not wholly inconceivably about my family's ancestral religion. These people generally have the Internet country code .ru. How's tractor production these days, comrades?

13www.baidu.com

9prosmibank.ru

6 russ-tractor.ru

6referatinfo.org

6cookingmeat.ru

3tryload.in

3smalnep.net

3sk.golden-praga.ru

3rusenvironmental.net

3rus-teh.narod.ru

3randecan.com

3oceasiberia.net

3landreferat.ru

3kongoultry.net

3healbio.ru

3farmersovet.ru

3education-cz.ru

3doska-vsem.ru

3banan.tv

2youtube-downloader.savetubevideo.com

1www.weebly.com

1whois.domaintools.com

1musicas.kambasoft.com