

'ARE YOU STILL LAUGHING. SARAT?'/MEDICINE: THE JOKE

Not once has any baboon in medicine engaged with me intellectually. That's pretty funny, isn't it. Not once has any baboon in medicine shown any interest in the facts. Not once of course has any baboon admitted anything untoward has happened. I have exposed them to history, politics, philosophy, theology, physics and sometimes all at once and the deadheads have just sniggered and continued my mental rape and my attempted physical destruction.

Just how much money has changed hands?

PANTHER: the argument

The collapse of the credibility of Marxism has enabled the power of both religion and capital to go largely unchallenged and the restoration of a Left ready to confront both is needed to restore balance in our societies.

We are being taken into Never-Never Land where the most basic facts of political and intellectual history are ignored as though they never were: 'defamation' and derision of religion have been standard form for some 300 years from the Enlightenment through to Marx, Darwin and the counter-culture, and are the root of the free world. 'They eat and drink, shit and piss their god,' observed Voltaire ('chient et pissent leur Dieu', *Dictionnaire philosophique: Transubstantiation*, 1769) 'Spiritual booze', 'mediaeval mildew', opined Lenin (*Socialism and Religion*, 1905). People have not hesitated to say what they think, not what others have instructed them it is permissible to think and so established the foundations of the modern world, of science, of medicine, and of gender equality.

I have even introduced them to quantum immortality and the multiverse

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<http://www.dillsplace.com/we-do-not-know1.html>

<http://www.dillsplace.com/panther-the-manual-out-now-on-scribd.html>

You know what medicine looks like, Doctor? It looks ridiculous, purely and beautifully and utterly ludicrous. It looks the abode of the raving loon, the inhabitants of which belong in Broadmoor. And, oh joy of joys, they've done it all themselves, by their insolent evil, without a backward glance, without a dissenting voice. I have to say that, despite being left isolated, crippled and penniless by the filth of vermin, who have evidently managed to corrupt everything and everyone, I like it, because they have shown themselves the enemies of everything the University stands for and they have no fucking way out, any of them. They really deeply genuinely believe a) they have nothing to learn because they know everything and b) that they are set on high to command like in the freaking Middle Ages, are not to be questioned or to be expected to deal with serfs on equal terms. That, and the 'serfs' concur and suck their cocks of course, oh how great is our master and what a silly naughty wilful little girl and I am to 'rebel', a freak.

I took a lead and not one of these squalid evil insolent animals followed, supported me. Instead they exhibited me as a freak finding it hilarious that I think I live in a free and democratic country and that I should object to having been crippled.

Let me exact: I took a lead from the guts of the British Left, the DNA of the British Left and these diseased vermin remain united against me.

<http://www.dillsplace.com/the-new-marxism.html>

<http://www.dillsplace.com/the-withdrawal-of-love-and-forcing-oneself-on-others.html>

<http://www.dillsplace.com/the-abolition-of-mind.html>

<http://www.dillsplace.com/dust-and-sparkles-child-of-dust-and-light-and-lenin.html>

Every step of the way they chose evil and corruption. Certainly people can change. They have had 15 years in which to change.

They prefer evil. They prefer squalor. They prefer fascism and criminality and butchery and treason.

It's like this, Doc, you are clearly deliberately trying to destroy the University. As a senior member of the University I object. You are a pollutant, a contaminant in my university and I want you out, or at least outed. The more you bluster and claim evident nonsense, the deeper you dig your grave.

Until you learn to speak, to argue, to reason in an open forum, not in the fantasy world of your imagining where you are more important than other people and everyone has to be careful what he or she says to you, what the pathetic slum-brutes call show 'respect', it being their imagining that important people can control what they hear, until you have the balls to address me instead of slinking around behind closed doors to injure me and impose your lies, you are beneath contempt, lower than vermin (indeed I say what I mean), as of course are the slum-brutes who fall on their faces and pay any attention to a cowardly baboon petrified (of course) of stating his lies openly.

Until you and the rest of the filthy fascist rabble learn to regard the rest of us as individuals with an equal right to our points of view, which stand or fall not because of the dislike of a mongol metal mechanic monkey or the hysteria of Nursey but by the criteria of fact and reason.

You're really not all that bright, are you, Doc. After all, whatever your achievements and attainments this is a one-horse race. I display fact, reason, erudition, wit, literacy, creativity and you wield your club. I am not afraid of fact, reason, ideas, liberty and you are petrified of all four. You have no claim to academic credibility outside the narrow range of your work

<http://www.dillsplace.com/its-like-this-doc.html>

Kick them out, o Zeus, because they're a bloody joke.

Now, Doc, if there were any point in expecting you to be capable of reasoning, which I know there is not, I might ask you to examine your ludicrous notion that you are keeper of my mind, that you have the right to decide what conclusions I may draw, what new ideas I may come up with, based on what I read; that you are fundamentally illiterate of course I understand; there are no books, only The One Book, The One Truth, in your mental world: the notions that people can and do and should fill their minds with a multiplicity of ideas is alien to you. Being yourself a mindless animal, a creature of the will of others, you assume everyone else is

I mustn't think something, let alone say it, because it runs contrary to the world according to Dr Death. You are of course clinically insane, for which reason there is no point in continuing with this and of course evidently has not been for some years. At any level one cares to choose you live in a fantasy world. You do not understand, perhaps are incapable of understanding, that you are not set over me to define my existence, that I am not your bloody property.

By repeated assault on my health you have sought to determine – to wreck – the entirety of my life, to control and command how I spend my free time, how I walk upstairs, how I get in the bath. You're a pathetic desperately sick animal, Doctor, like of course those whom you champion. You prove so much about your intellect and your morality by intruding your dirty pathetic animal self on

the smallest and most everyday acts of my life. Truly, your brilliance overwhelms me and your ethics are an example to us all. Everyone must be made to take account of you and the garbage in your sick little brain. The baboon has proved how important it is. Of course it hasn't learned to speak yet.

You have 'proved' you may not be ignored, asserted your foul degraded insolent conviction that you must be important to me, I must take account of you at all times. Hang you, possibly. Crawl to you, never. Mock you, incessantly, a cowardly monkey who thinks that unchecked physical abuse and so a display of its absolute power over me will force me to my knees, anything you say, o Master, only please don't hurt me, please don't make me unable to walk properly. I have to assume you are accustomed only to the obedience of slaves. I'm a highly intelligent human being, Doctor. You do not change my mind by hitting me, attempting to terrorize me. I am not some pathetic peasant in awe of you.

That which is organic, that which arises from me, is part of me, that which is my thought, that which I have devised, that which is my true self, you and your filthy kind presume the right to excise and make me a creature of your will, to be and do and think and say that with which you have filled me, as though I were not human but a pot or jar. You wish to make me a lie. You have no right.

I have absolutely no interest in or intention of deforming my thought, my self, my soul, such that I become acceptable to you, Doctor. That you seek to achieve my submission by crippling me, by proving that you are an ape. merely makes you the laughing-stock of the civilized world and demonstrates incontrovertibly you have no place in my University
<http://www.dillsplace.com/its-like-this-doc.html>

The pressing reason for kicking medicine and other biological sciences out of the university is of course the abolition of mind. If you do not believe mind exists, it's hard to see what purpose you have in an institution dedicated to training it: the door is over there
<http://www.dillsplace.com/the-abolition-of-mind.html>

Am I not making myself clear? Ah well, by the time medicine is the laughing-stock of the country, the object of the contempt and derision of every literate, educated, civilized person in the English-speaking world, I think you might just change your mind.

<http://www.dillsplace.com/excuse-me-while-i-dress-my-hair-with-vine-leaves.html>

<http://www.dillsplace.com/in-the-garden-with-mummy.html>

<http://www.dillsplace.com/a-short-history-lesson.html>

<http://www.dillsplace.com/glossary.html>

<http://www.dillsplace.com/10-intellectual-frauds-of-the-orthodox-religious-and-their-slaves.html>

Now read all this again, if you can read:

<http://www.dillsplace.com/reality-102.html>

<http://www.dillsplace.com/reality-103.html>

<http://www.dillsplace.com/reality-104.html>

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You might also like – that of course depends on who you are, of course
<http://www.dillsplace.com/padding-through-the-vatican-archives.html>

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Perhaps you prefer Marx?

<http://www.dillsplace.com/just-hammering-the-stake-a-little-further-in.html>

SHIT, MAN, THEY WON'T EVEN STATE THEIR PROBLEM IN THE AGORA.

As Socrates said... but if any man says that he ever learned or heard anything privately from me, which all the others did not, be assured that he is lying. .Apology: 33b
<http://www.perseus.tufts.edu/hopper/text?doc=Perseus%3Atext%3A1999.01.0170%3Atext%3DApol.%3Asection%3D33b>

Cf John 18:20 Jesus answered him, I spake openly to the world; I ever taught in the synagogue, and in the temple, whither the Jews always resort; and in secret have I said nothing.

Doubtless transparency is supposed to be the bizarre and quaint invention of a silly little woman. As with so many things, this of course is a wonderful index of the total lack of contact these wonders of academe have ever had with any civilized life.

Socrates: ..., instead of being angry with themselves, and say that “Socrates is a most abominable person and is corrupting the youth.” And when anyone asks them “by doing or teaching what?” they have nothing to say, but they do not know, and that they may not seem to be at a loss they say these things that are handy to say against all the philosophers, “the things in the air and the things beneath the earth” and “not to believe in the gods” and “to make the weaker argument the stronger.” For they would not, I fancy, care to say the truth, that it is being made very clear that they pretend to know, but know nothing. Apology: 23c-d

cf Matthew 23: 27 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.

Socrates: many things which are, as I maintain, unworthy of me—such things as you are accustomed to hear from others. But I did not think at the time that I ought, on account of the danger I was in, to do anything unworthy of a free man, nor do I now repent of having made my defence as I did, but I much prefer to die after such a defence than to live after a defence of the other sort. For neither in the court nor in war ought I or any other man to plan to escape death by every possible means. In battles it is often plain that a man might avoid death by throwing down his arms and begging mercy of his pursuers; and there are many other means of escaping death in dangers of various kinds if one is willing to do and say anything. But, gentlemen, it is not hard to escape death; it is much harder to escape wickedness, for that runs faster than death. .Apology: 38e- 39a

There is such a thing as integrity. That too doubtless is supposed to be my bizarre persona invention. Loonies expect me to cower and crawl and lie because they had the power to club my spine.

Socrates: False words are not only evil in themselves, but they infect the soul with evil.

Phædo 91

Create a false frame of reference, an illusory reality. And of course anyone who thinks a belief-system that shapes the reality of human beings and so dictates the frame of reference in which they interact with other human beings cannot be questioned, challenged, derided is out of his or her tree. Alternative versions of unprovable supposed realities are not by the way false words. Whether these goons whose notion of a fact is something they have been told is true have any way of distinguishing false words is an interesting question.

It is one thing to choose, is it not, to accept the diktats of a belief-system, but another to demand those who have not so chosen to accept them and indeed a third thing to demand those others accept it and may not comment negatively upon it, which is after all the antithesis of democracy, is it not, Blair, that the governed have no control over the governing.

Medicine: the joke

There is a problem here? Or there is a problem not instantly resolved by:

Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech (First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States of America)

Society has the right to demand of every public agent an account of his administration. (Declaration of the Rights of Man)

Over himself, over his mind and body, the individual is sovereign (JS Mill: On Liberty)

Three sentences clearly meaningless to the fascist traitor offal of London medicine, as every other precept of free and democratic societies is meaningless for everyone knows I'm just some mad cunt trying it on and it is inconceivable power be held accountable, speech be free or people not be Master's property, but which actually mean that I shall hang them, and just about everyone else in sight and out of it, metaphorically speaking, of course, and there is nothing they can do to get out of it. I'm sure Cameron, Clegg, Miliband and all have a good story as to why it is impossible to demand the norms of free societies be adhered to - other than the appalling distress thereby caused to the Queen's enemies. But what do I want! I want a free and democratic country where psychotics are prevented from crippling women who offend them at the taxpayer's expense, not as at present one ruled by the hysteria of sick animals.

There is probably nothing funnier, nothing more susceptible of universal derision, than demonstrably stupid people, people demonstrably dead from the neck up, who believe anything Authority tells them, who are incapable of checking fact or of independent thought, terrified of words, debate, argument, who are convinced they are highly intelligent - except of course the brutally animal ignorant who think they know everything. Doctor, this is so you: there is a leaden brutish stupidity to Medicine which comes at least in part from the mad assumption of intellectual superiority by people who do not actually appear to have any intellect at all. It will not in the least surprise me to learn that they are too bloody stupid to have read what I write or that that they have not one whit been deterred from pronouncing authoritatively with zero evidence.

You really just need to tell the whole country the obvious evil of my thought, how it ain't allowed because it's contrary to the fascist ape-shit you call your religion and you're so bloody ignorant, uneducated and ineducable that you think the fascist ape-shit you call your religion has never been previously challenged. Then as a bonus you can whine and scream about how you ain't fucking illitrit and the marvellous degrees you have so vastly superior to my own, how there is evidently no question an IQ80 illiterate bedpan-washer boy was wholly within his rights to use and of course wholly capable of judging the suitability of using a computer-literate Honours graduate of the University of London with 11 years' senior administrative experience in medicine to do heavy manual work. And of course you must not hesitate to explain how people are property, how you have the rights of a slave-owner over my mind and body, precisely how you come to be able to dictate what I may think and write and say and do and be, particularly do, how you come to be empowered to limit my mobility. Aw, come on, you're such an academic, Doc. What's the problem?

But about the evil of my thought, Doc, you really need to explain to the educated civilized world crying with laughter the rampant evil of my thought expressed below. Oh do come on, you sleazy degraded animal. Learn to speak

. "We have to be human," said Mel. "To know we are love. Anyone who doesn't at some level acknowledge that is intolerable to himself and all around him. "

"Most of the messes people get into are because they think they can extinguish human," said Hass. "Go around intoning, 'I do not need'. Fine. Starve to death."

"Nothing matters.' Watch other people starve to death. We seem to have somewhat digressed."

Sarat, our hero

Carlin just thinks it's old. Did Narulis ever sit here? No, why would he, he was young, adventurous, a sea-farer – so maybe he went to sea to escape from a broken heart! If Sarat failed, if he were ever driven out of Kadun – where on earth did that thought come from? It had to work, it had to. With very little encouragement I could work myself back into a state wherein it was dependent upon me to make it but no, that had never been exactly. If everyone didn't do their utmost that would be a betrayal of Sorg. The thought sat more easily now that I had defined my utmost and set it in motion. The pillars the colour of damp sand, intricately carved, just a little bit crumbly, shimmered in the candle-light. I looked more closely and cocked my head. Were those letters? If so it was no language I knew. I closed my eyes and no, it wasn't a time-slip, just an awareness of time, of waves of time, past, present and future, which I suppose is another way of saying the bloody Whole. No, that hadn't been what I meant, Sarat hadn't been what I mean, when they did fail, when they returned to Fidub, they must have come here to recover. All times are now. I might just as well have been some Fidubi wench from aeons past. It was easy to be like that

here. I am sitting in a pale-green tunic – well, at least it wasn't crimson corrugated iron, but I guess that's part of the bloody Whole too. I surrendered myself because here I am safe. The shadows came but could not touch me, not here, shadows trying to blot out the light. 'They came, the skull-faces, but we laughed.' I didn't laugh, I just went on sitting. Somewhere it seemed Vax was saying, "And what does Hass say?" and I almost looked round before I realized the conversation was in my head. "I have to stop," I replied. "I just stopped." I did laugh then. Because it was all so funny. It never works when you try to put words to what is – the messes people get into, that's OK, but people being killed, people in pain: It is all so funny. That makes more sense, the bloody gurgle of cosmic laughter. Inside. That's the point. It is inviolate. It is untouched. It is real? And all the human crap is not real, but we are human and have to be human. I knew enough to know better minds than mine had lurched at this one, but that is the balance. I had a sudden image of myself on – not exactly a tightrope, because it wasn't much more than knee-high and it wasn't that there was no safety net, the trouble was on the contrary that nets to catch me if I fell abounded, catch and trap me, but I was skimming along, easy-peasy. Suddenly I felt sure the rope was going to break but no, I told myself, and it didn't. Yet. Suddenly it snapped. This, I thought, is not totally unfamiliar but this time I know what to do! I threw myself clear of the nets. I didn't seem any the worse for wear but I was sure I was somewhere else, thought it didn't seem to be anywhere. Despite this mental circus-act, I was feeling very lazy, very relaxed. I suppose very safe. I wanted to stretch out and found myself another cushion. There were a few other people around but they too were lost in their own little mental worlds. I wondered about other people's pain, grief, fear (that makes a change, huh?) and where it went. I mean, I had no doubt that some of the people here were as distraught and devastated as I had been but it sort of melts away. Because it isn't real. I sighed. OK, so let me in this safe place ask myself what the hell is my problem with reality, but it really didn't seem

to matter. Maybe that's the only way to look at it, casually, creep up on it unawares. The central fact of my life is – oh, do I have one of those? A determining fact of my life is that once I was in Azt – what? Unreal is such an unhelpful word. No, my relationship with Tet didn't seem unhappy or boring or even not what I wanted, it just didn't seem real. And Tet is not a wishy-washy person. It was just – somewhere else. Like everything else is right now, which might just tell me something important if I only knew what. There is a crossed wire, a plug in the wrong socket, like – like putting the headphones jack into the power socket. A little mental game came to me, unplugging all the major connections – like I knew what they were or anything, but just pulling out any plug I could see! And Hass would say, I said to myself sleepily, just leave all the loose ends alone, don't try to figure which should go where. I can't honestly say that this little exercise made me feel the slightest bit different, but I did drift into that really nice waking dreams state – is it alpha rhythms, can't remember – and had a really nice though not remotely revealing, so far as

I could see, trip. I came to eventually, blinking and reflected that – possibly - spending the night with myself on the floor of the shrine at Maona-pri counted as my most insane act yet. Thirsty. Where is the

caff? I got up and looked around. Half-open door with light on, that must be it. It wasn't very much lighter, the sort of people who want a drink in the middle of the night don't want to walk into a blaze of neon, and much as described by Latic, benches with cushions on and broader benches in front of them to serve as tables, and really rather strange lamps on each table, like mini-inverted chandeliers which, Latic had said enthusiastically, give you enough light to read by without disturbing the ambience, which was pale pink; the walls were pale pink, and there were paintings which looked rather good, even in the half-light. [The loos, I discovered, were pale pink too, everything including the bowl, with good paintings, and well lit. There was a rather gorgeous one of a tree in bud. I wondered if I could get a reproduction. Somehow I had no doubt these were originals. I didn't think the shrine lacked funding and I wondered.]

I am Fal, I said to myself, lazily, sleepily. THAT AM I. All are One and do not know it. I just need to get past – whatever it is I need to get past. Is that a good circle or is that a good circle? A circular maze came into my mind and I came to sharply filled with the sudden realization that there was a block on the way through it, which I suppose is screamingly obvious really, but I'd never thought of it like that before. Hallo, obstacle, what are you? Now I'd visualized it, I could so to speak prod it and poke it. It wasn't very responsive. You have to bear in mind here we're talking about a short thick black line. I felt fairly frivolous. It's my mind, I could push it here, maybe make it change into something else, do what I like with it. Hey, maybe I can jump over it! Nothing changed inside but I had the definite sensation of the block rising to meet me. Aw, don't be like that...How about brute force, pneumatic drills! I knew the drill-heads broke. So you want to be difficult, do you? As though that wasn't obvious or something. Now look, I made you, I can unmake you...Suppose I parachute into the centre. Like maybe I fly away on my eso pink balloon and flutter gracefully down. I enjoyed that one, but it didn't seem to change anything. What is going to happen to me? I knew that was the question but there wasn't an answer. But no look if I get centred I think I must think mustn't I, that something so devastating will happen to me that it must be avoided at all cost. Can't we have a try before you buy here! What else am I having? This business of mattering. What will it do to me, what shall I lose? Are you Maya? And a chorus of dancing bears high-kicked across the floor of the Ciletij Senate? No, actually, but I knew I was dead on target. I had a flurry of the sort of thoughts you don't want to have and since I was alone having them I was extremely glad I was where I was, in a well-equipped operating-theatre, not in my home first-aid room. I didn't fully love Tet, I held back a bit, I loved you. I'd leave, betray, forget. Sorg was a male you. I couldn't not. I heard Hass telling me I'm not gay but that doesn't mean I wasn't in love with Maya and I felt confused because I felt I understood 'like that' and 'not like that' but not both at the same time. I just said over and over to myself, Maya, then reason kicked in and I thought as I had before, no, the order is wrong, it doesn't make sense, but perhaps after all it did if I thought, no felt, felt that with Sorg at last I had Maya. Me hadn't fully, properly – what was the bloody word – loved Tet, not the real me because me was on some kind of eso trip with Maya but I did, I do love Tet, with both of them dead I'm free to love Tet.

Umm, that's rather a high price to pay. No wonder I'm ravaged by the whole thing. Having thought I'd lost Tet too.

The word bi floated into my mind, as in bi-sexual. Can you be asexually bi-sexual?

So long as I can love my eso, not someone else's.

It sort of seemed to explain the whole Hass thing, but I couldn't have put into words how.

Bi. You point both ways, equally attracted, or in my case un. Hermaphrodite. You are both. We're all that. Oh the continuum of gender indeed. My male part saw no reason why I shouldn't love Maya. That made sense. I think. THAT AM I. It doesn't have a body and it doesn't have gender. Therefore I have neither body nor gender. Therefore we have to be human. Here and there and in my case all over the damn' place.

I thought that in my case the chicken definitely came before the egg. I mean, it all seemed so much simpler to my gang because they hadn't fallen in love with someone of the same sex without being gay!

THAT AM I

That indeed, 'old boy', are you, the difference being I know what I am and you do not. If you have love and the universe, you do not need God, though possibly you have It anyway. Depends on what you mean by 'God'.

My happiness is not contingent upon your approval, your liking. That of course your sick sad ego finds intolerable. You must matter to me, no? I must find you important, defer to you, take you into account. I do not. Thus in common with sick sad monkeys of all kinds, Nazi monkeys, Stalinist monkeys, religious monkeys, you force yourself into my life physically, impairing my mobility such that you are ever-present in my life. Vulgar little man, aren't you, not a gentleman.

As I have previously remarked:

Having class is entirely distinct from being a member of a social class. You, I suspect, may be either what people think of as a 'real' aristocrat, ancient title and blah, or someone who thinks having a lot of money and mixing with the 'right people' makes him posh.

Since, however, you are sly, cowardly, dishonest piece of puke, a thug, a wordless, mindless baboon, you have no class at all.

You seem to think your culture (what culture?) important. We all have our cultures, of course, and within them many quaint customs that have not survived into the modern age. If we are to be civilized, we do not do such things any more. Perhaps you might ponder that? However, if you insist on being a product of the Stone Age, I would remind you that my culture used to have a fondness for stringing people like you up from lamp-posts. Shall you all swing together/Dressed in the old light blue? Just a thought. Perhaps we should therefore agree to differ?

Hmm, that would be irresistible. No, not the stringing-up. A Labour Government was so mortified by the distress of an Old Etonian that it allowed him to cripple the grand-daughter of Labour pioneers. You do just have to see the funny side.

But then it is terribly obvious that the entire 'New Labour' project was dedicated to the destruction of England, the destruction of freedom, the destruction of reason.

Ah, the insolent deliberation with which democracy is rejected. Ah, the smooth voices of the clinically insane, it isn't an issue, nothing may be said. How many doctors are psychopaths? Isn't that an interesting question. How many doctors really believe that they are divinely or otherwise appointed to command and order things as they please? Apes find speech so unnecessary and reason too too taxing. The insolent, insolent out of hand refusal of the norms of a free and democratic society,

For the moment, therefore, old boy, you must be jolly pleased with the outcome. The slave-sluts of London medicine have proved wholly reliable. You know you can count on them to work to destroy democracy, rely on them to shit on freedom and to beat up women who displease you. They'll do anything for you, cripple the grand-daughter of not quite the founder of the Labour Party, after all it must be all right if it's Master's will. Make you wet between the legs, does it?

Animals are obedient. I'm a human being.

You are of course a psychopath, sick mad child-monster-animal cannot see where it ends and someone else begins crouching in terror of reality of the rest of the universe, must control or fragile self will die,

die if people don't like it, die if people oppose it, die if people are themselves not what it demand they be, all must obey, what will happen if people have ideas of their own – well, in your case the loony drivel you call your religion becomes the preserve only of a handful of freaks. Keep them infantile, keep them obedient, claim to reward them with power, your power, they can determine what others may be. Cannot. Illusion. They have no power over me. You have no power over me. Except of course that of the thug. How impressive can you get.

Reality REALITY REALITY frightens little monkey, other minds, other hearts the most freaking obvious reality to any of us is another human being who is separate, distinct, equal, not permitted, not permitted TERRIFIES little monkey. Monkey must have power. Power really impresses the slave-sluts. Ooh how great it is, how important, it doesn't need to speak to its victim. It commands. Its slaves obey. Frightened little monkey, aren't you. Absolutely fucking terrified of speaking to me, or of course to anyone who regards you as an equal not a master.

And so there are questions, big fat obvious questions to anyone who is not a completely enslaved nutter. The problem with a free and open establishing of the facts? The strange proposition that some people are considered innately incapable of lying and so there is no need to establish the facts because the truth is already known.

May not be. Forbidden. Monkey screams. I do not think you scream openly though of course your slave-sluts do, but rather fancy yourself as a cold hard man of steel. Can that veneer be shattered? Probably.

And so instead of being taught to love their neighbours as themselves, to regard their neighbours as equals, they are taught a seedy hierarchical 'respect', taught systematically their own supremacy – are they not, brothers, sisters and comrades - taught that whatever drivel has been fed them as 'reality' is sacrosanct and may not be challenged and so of course they scream, taught psychosis, taught of course to be feral, to hit, to use no words, taught to despise language, logic, liberty and love.

And you old boy will do anything to maintain Corruption, keep them mad, afraid, ignorant, dependent, subservient and all the politicians suck your cock, certainly in the case of the bastardized fascist fake Left because they too believe people are property, to be and do what the State requires. They are funny, aren't they. They babble about equality and demand slavery. We are equal in rights. That absolutely petrifies you, doesn't it, the mere idea someone can address you as a fellow human being not an overlord. Can say things to you you do not wish to hear. Or of course ignore you.

They are repulsive. I am repelled. I trust I have made that clear, woodentops whose sole criterion for judging an idea is whether Master permits it, who would burn all the books if they knew what they contained, a cancer in the University, tumour cells replacing healthy tissue.

I have to say one of the areas in which I am wholly lacking in knowledge is the law governing the keeping of dangerous animals but it would seem to me likely, whether one is the Master of Longleat or a fan of poisonous snakes, that the law demands they be securely contained that they pose no threat to others. You wish your dangerous animals at liberty to molest others and politicians concur. That has to be funny. When others do not even wish to contain the savage beast but merely to comment on its bestiality you cry 'They must not be hurt!' and politicians, who are either fools or evil, rush to assist and to attempt to enforce silence but what is the hurt but the existence of other human beings who are not like them.

You really believe you are set on high to dictate to others, that you are some kind of superior life-form endowed with rights particularly over me, either born to or given by God the power to dictate reality.

Hey it's the Wizard of Oz.

This ain't Kansas, bubba.

Keep them afraid, keep them animals, keep them impotent, incontinent, keep them terrified of words, monkey cannot cope with words, keep them hating and fearing human freedom, keep them enslaved, keep them convinced everyone is the property of their master. Keep them believing a psychotic frightened little monkey speaks for God, his will is God's will, keep them incapable of question, keep them obedient, keep them intellectually incapable because if a cowardly thug represents God, then God is a cowardly thug.

Keep them FRIGHTENED. Keep them hating freedom. Keep them shit and then they'll hate the freedom to say they're shit. Keep them frightened of words. How can words hurt control change you? You change you. Or rather obviously not. HATE FREEDOM hate no control, hate no-one kneel HATE IT. Frightens little monkey.

Try going down to Yasgur's Farm, man. Perfect love casts out fear.

What happens when people stop sucking your cock? Apart from your need for a hand-job of course.

What are you, apart from robe, gown, status, power. Have you a heart? Have you a mind? Are you anything besides a large baboon who hits people? When people are free to ignore you. Set moral example, persuade with reason. Why are you right? You cannot. Thus you think you need not, convince yourself you have Truth. You are morally superior. You ordain. The slave-sluts of course are utterly convinced of their intellectual superiority. They have Truth. Therefore I am lying. Convinced of their moral superiority, for they are obedient and their minds are dead. They do not cannot will not question. It terrifies. Cannot question Truth.

Animals are obedient. I am a human being.

Your Truth is a load of intellectually and morally indefensible ape-shit.

It is not demonstrable. It cannot therefore be binding. Anyone who does not have cunt-for-brains can see that. It exists only in your head. Other realities exist only in the heads of others. Both cannot be binding. Hundreds, thousands, millions of alternatives cannot all be binding.

If you want trouble, you can have trouble, but it should be amusing trouble. Black Sabbath, I think. Or how about a few love-ins? If you and the rabble of degraded slave-vermin you control still don't get the point, we can up the ante and depict both slaves and masters in bondage gear. Nothing like Photoshopping a few priests, rabbis and mullahs to keep the joint jumping. If you have any shred of sanity in you, you will get the point.

I would, however, point out that there are people ready to defend England who are not as nice as I am and would consider the rock-concert followed stringing up the Queen's enemies rather than preceded it.

You know something, fucktards? When I'm feeling low, the thought of the sleazy offal of medicine failing to explain to the civilized world the evil of my thought really cheers me up. The doctors! The nurses! The biochemists!

And:

...they are going to tell the whole country how they think a woman who hikes and climbs is a freak, how a woman who claims she is an intellectual is a freak, a sort of pretend-man, how silly it is, not like being a nurse, which is so suitable, and they are going to tell the entire country why it doesn't matter that my spinal fusion has been repeatedly assaulted, why my body is their property, why I obviously deserve to be crippled as punishment. Against a backdrop of the Highlands we shall hear all about how perverted it is for a woman to be able to use a compass and read a map and how trivial and ridiculous it is to object to being stripped of these nasty little pleasures. The cost to the NHS of obesity should fit in somewhere.

And

And after a very long while they will get around to telling me what I'm being punished for since here in the world of Josef K no-one speaks

<http://www.dillsplace.com/just-call-me-serafina-pekkala-or-possibly-lady-godiva.html>

Meanwhile of course the filth continues untouched, unabated. I'm sure they lie and whine and sleaze about the virtues of accountability, oh of course, Minister. Governments come, governments go, Labour will undoubtedly be more amenable to desecration. Equally they doubtless sleaze and slobber and whine that they really care about what is happening to me, stinking evil vermin that they are.

And they appear to be believed. How fucking funny is that?

What does Medicine contribute to the intellectual life of the University, of the country? Our trusted health professionals who are enthusiastic accomplices to attempted murder, to crippling me, to attempting to destroy me, who conspire to pervert the course of justice, conspire to overthrow democracy, give aid and comfort to the Queen's enemies and in short are the Queen's enemies are walking rot, walking disease.

Well, of course they don't want anyone to know. On the other hand, anyone who wants an NHS not a bloody sewer must surely realize everyone has to know.

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Most of this is actually of course summarized in [PANTHER: THE MANUAL](#). Even doctors can manage 66 pages of A5.

What of course they can't manage is explaining their refusal to speak and reason, their rejection of PANTHER.

The pitiful and disgusting animals, the wordless mindless thugs, these ludicrous and ignorant deadheads, who hit and do not speak, the dirt, the filth of medicine, the squalid foul repellent offal of medicine who check nothing, who are slave-animals, to whom reality is whatever their master tells them it is, and good whatever their master says it is, who crippled me because they were told to and laughed about it, the apes, the savages, the barbarians, the philistines of medicine, the intellectually and morally void offal of medicine, can do nothing about me, nothing to change me, except try destroy me.

That is what MI5 is supporting. They're pretty funny too. Ah well, the contempt and derision of every writer, every artist, every historian, every linguist, every classicist, every philosopher in the country may change their minds too.

It does not appear to occur to anyone that medicine is vulnerable. I realize one of the many delusions of doctors is that they constitute the entirety of the University, but I see no reason why anyone should share that delusion. After all, it's not just anyone who has crippled me, is it, any more than it was just anyone who half-killed me at the Royal Free. No, no, it was our trusted health professionals, whose complete corruption must at all cost remain untouched.

I have just a couple of questions. Who said nothing may be said? Why does anyone pay any attention to that person or those persons? Which degraded animals gave five seconds' attention to cowards who lie

behind closed doors to manipulate injury to a woman where she is medically vulnerable? This has happened to me twice at the hands of the vermin of medicine and that is twice too often. Which bags of infected shit expect me to cower and fall on my knees in response? Who the name of Christ do these people think they are?

Lots of love

Serafina Pekkala

You might also like to read about Mrs Coulter

<http://www.dillsplace.com/culluket-kastanessen-and-of-course-coulter.html>