

'SO YOU THINK YOU CAN LOVE ME AND SPIT IN MY EYE/SO YOU THINK YOU CAN LOVE ME AND LEAVE ME TO DIE!'

To keep things simple, an absolutely criminal management crippled me with malice aforethought, knowing I had had major spinal surgery.

To continue to keep things simple, whatever Bleagh's actual role, bearing in mind that the actions of his government, which are a lot of evidence, clearly demonstrate the creature's natural fascism and contempt for personal ownership, he as head of the elected government responsible for NHS hospitals and called upon to deal with said criminal management is where the buck stops. No-one else is relevant, no matter how diligently cocks are sucked and payments are received. The Duke of This, Cardinal That, Prince The Other, the CEO of Megaconglomerates International, such people have no position in the government of the country.

Indeed, to keep things simple, why is any shred of power given to people ignorant of democracy?

I asked for help. I got kicked in the face. I asked for help again anyway when subsequent to the vermin who called themselves 'Her Majesty's Government' I both lost my mobility and collapsed into debt. To be exact I screamed. No-one of course paid the faintest attention. I bear all these things in mind. I do understand perfectly, you know, that I am being left to sink beneath social, financial and physical hardship.

Of course on no account must the facts of the matter be gathered and displayed publicly. That would never do. Lies couldn't rule any more.

As to what other dirty nonsense they doubtless whine, that I am content, that I am grateful to have got off with being half-killed, crippled and having my life wrecked a punishment for my non-existent crimes, that I am entirely happy, granddaughter of Labour public servants on both sides that I am, with having lost the ability to walk properly consequent upon sustained physical abuse by public sector management, that I just accept it as how things are, that I accept total corruption, that God loves a trier.. Ducky, mine are the norms of the free world, in which UCH is sited, though appears not to know it, you are trier, that you have an army of slaves as stupid, mad and brutish as you are doesn't change that, an army of bags of walking infected shit. Not one person is willing to be tainted with support for freedom and democracy, for reason, for intellect, for the establishing of fact; on the contrary it is universally upheld that fact must be suppressed, lies must rule. These are sick people, cowards made up of lies and fear and so of course ego, the mad arrogance of the ape that doesn't think it has to inform itself because it knows that typifies medicine and nursing.

How many of these creatures are actually bondage freaks is of course one of the many things they do not wish widely known. Hey, freakoid baboons, did you get all hot and wet and sticky between the legs at the thought of my spinal fusion in your power. See also of course <http://www.dillsplace.com/extract-from-the-anile-heir-including-lattic.html>

Encore une fois, alors, Fiver is in the Death Warren. Lays back ears. This is sick, Hazel, there's something wrong, Hazel, it's all death, death, death, Hazel!

Don't be ridiculous, dear, these are doctors and nurses, they want only the best for everyone. Good gracious, they're almost holy!

Ah, like the doctors and nurses at Bolvangar. They want sickness, they want submission, they want their dirty little world of lies and work to maintain it, to ensure that no chink of light penetrates it, no scrap of reality penetrate a world that exists only in their heads.

They're my betters, you see. They are set above me to command, these dirty sick, deformed, psychotic animals. Sure, I've got 'betters'. Jesus, Shakespeare, Rumi, Milton, to name a few, people who also weren't dirty sick wordless mindless animals.

So doctors and nurses don't want the world to know what filth are, what real bags of disgusting diseased filth they are, servile, ignorant, stupid, greasy disgusting diseased filth of course, you can imagine the layers of obsequiousness, of wringing hands, falling on knees, backing from the room in a crouch, falling over their disgusting foul degraded selves to abandon all integrity, all morality, all principle, all reason. They can never get out of this, only skulk and hide like the cowardly vermin they are.

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. 'S'OK. PANTHER continues to exist and it is entirely evident for what the assorted filth of medicine, nursing and politics stand, entirely clear that I am surrounded by almost inexpressible evil, creatures themselves slave-filth who assume I must be made slave-filth too, because being slave-filth is morally and intellectually superior. I shall be filled with my master's will and know Troof and the joy of submission and the virtue of obedience. Not surprisingly it ain't gonna happen. Still, the state of play is indeed evident. Some sexually and otherwise sick baboon demands my obedience and every single stinking corrupt dirty evil slobbering cock-sucking grovelling ape-slave backs him, every single fascist fifth-columnist, every single traitor to whom the liberty of the individual is meaningless and we are all property, pus-filled vermin who know only two positions: prostrate and crawling. The wordless, mindless, heartless cowardly ape just has to continue to dribble 'it is not acceptable', 'it cannot be permitted' and the woodentop mechanics tremble and chorus 'it is not acceptable', 'it cannot be permitted'. The moral and intellectual dereliction of the ape, its cowardice, its sheer ludicrousness, means nothing to them. I make Master angry. I upset Master. That is wicked. Of course I should be punished. Master must not be upset. I said they were funny.

Nothing in my early life of course prepared me consciously for the obscenity of this, the precise obscenity of 'health professionals' who think it's OK for the slave-girl to be abused where she is medically vulnerable and to lose her mobility; she should have known better than to offend her master. It is inconceivable to them that I am separate, distinct, equal. That's their problem. Fortunately there are other dimensions to life. The kewlest kittens go through the Light.



PANTHER: the argument

PANTHER is a commitment to free, modern, secular societies, the keynote of which is individual sovereignty, and a decision to straighten out the strange fascist, theocratic, patriarchal creature that claims to be the Left.

PANTHER wishes to establish a broad Left front as a force against the growing political

power of religion

PANTHER is not intended as a political party. You may be on the left of the CP or the right of the Labour Party. We may disagree on a thousand subjects from the existence of God to the management of the economy but we are united in our determination to live in the C21st not the C12th. You may be a Muslim secularist, a liberal Catholic, a Communist, a Sikh, Mr or Ms Agnostic or a hard-line atheist. You may take your beliefs from many sources. Britons today may be of mixed race, mixed belief-systems, mixed faith or no faith at all. People explore themselves and the world of ideas around them. Dinosaurs abound, insisting we are little blocks of identikit people.

The enemy of the human race is unfettered, unaccountable power. Whether it is the power of Salafists, the Politburo or the City of London is secondary.

It is individual sovereignty, the rejection of the proposition one human has rights over the mind and body of another, that blocks the path to the Gulag Archipelago, not vague notions that we are the caring sharing Left and we do not oppress others. I have fellow-travellers gung-ho for Stalin among my ancestors. We can and must learn from our mistakes.

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 new Left 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.

The hostility the Enlightenment evokes in the orthodox religious is essentially due to the loss of power. Instead of the self-appointed representatives of God set on high above us all to dictate what we may think, what we may do, how we may be, we became equal in rights. Power was transferred to the governed who gave power to the governing, fellow, fallible human beings who were accountable for how they exercised the power given them and could be dislodged and dismissed if they abused it.

I own me. Who else can? Slavery has been abolished. I decide what I read. I decide what I think about it. I decide what I say or write, as I decide what I wear and with whom I shall make love.

<http://www.dillsplace.com/panther-the-argument.html>

The absolute rejection of this by the so-called Labour Party does rather tell me everything I need to know – or indeed everything I didn't need to know.

Religion of course is a way, but only a way, not the only way, to connect with your true self, the fount of your being and equally a way, only a way, not the only way of severing people from their true selves, killing them mentally. There has never been any doubt which side the 'Holy Church' is on.

Perhaps in the end people should just be asked to fill in the blanks:

What is the word for someone who makes an Englishwoman subject to a fascist foreign power,

which by its arbitrary and unaccountable nature and thus its rejection of democracy is by definition hostile?

Or we could narrow it down:

What is the word for people who make an Englishwoman subject to IRA supporters and other haters of England?

What is the word for people who make an Englishwoman subject to IRA supporters and other haters of England on the grounds that she is supposed to be a Jew?

What is the word for people dead from the neck up who question nothing, check nothing, who are wholly intellectually incurious, who accept anything?

The next one's a bit harder:

What is the word for people dead from the neck up who question nothing, check nothing, who are wholly intellectually incurious, who accept anything, no matter how evidently intellectually or morally degraded, even if they are senior members of the medical and nursing professions?

But after all, there's always an easy one:

What is the word for doctors and nurses who creep around behind closed doors to engineer injury to a woman where she is medically vulnerable?

What is the word for doctors and nurses who stood around pretending nothing was happening while I was being physically abused, who pretended nothing was happening when I stopped being able to walk properly, who continue to pretend nothing has happened, and no, it's not a game, a play where the 'corpses' get up at the end of the performance and everyone lives happily ever after, it is total depravity and degradation.

What is the word for people who pretend to be concerned and wring their hands and pretend to lament that 'nothing can be done' when democracy can be done, accountability can be done, transparency can be done, facts can be done, reason can be done, professional ethics can be done, equality of rights can be done

What is the word for people who pretend to be concerned and wring their hands and pretend to lament that 'nothing can be done' when democracy can be done, accountability can be done, transparency can be done, facts can be done, reason can be done, professional ethics can be done, equality of rights can be done, people who shrink away from that which can be done because Master wouldn't like it, who will accept anything, so long as there is no freedom and democracy, people who instantly abandon every check and balance the free world has created to contain and cage the psychopath, the fascist, because the psychopath, the fascist, doesn't approve of them?

What is the word for the people who are leaving me, they hope, to go under, to sink under the weight of penury and disability, to be smashed by the life they have wrecked?

Then there are other sorts of questions, questions of the Roman Catholic Church's claim to sole ownership and interpretation of the legacy of a young rabbi who met an unfortunate end. Liberty is a function of love. Control is a function of self-will. This too is a non-question but it only as with Islam requires screaming armies of the severed to twist the arms of politicians and make out these people have some significance in the civilized world and it is not asked or not yet asked why these

creatures are brought up to be unfit for the company of civilized people, to be less than human, to be unable to cope with words, ideas, feelings.

And then there is the question, the ultimate question or rather questions, who is the sexually and otherwise grossly sick baboon who has commanded no-one may speak, no-one may acknowledge what has happened to me, no-one may acknowledge anything untoward has happened, and why the fuck anyone pays him the slightest attention.

Very good. The canary in the coal-mine has sung.

Essentials

Lenin and Jesus were both highly intelligent men. If we imagine that in the after-life Lenin taught Jesus the necessity of reason and Jesus taught Lenin the necessity of love, the resulting synthesis would be my world-view, and that of my novel, [The Anile Heir](#); so disliked by the self-appointed custodians of the thought of both. What my world-view is not is that seedy neo-fascist monstrosity 'Christian socialism' so beloved of sections of the Labour Party.

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 itzy-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 anatomy of corruption indeed is readily dissected.

Believe what they're told and think themselves intellectually superior to those who question because what they have been told 'must be' the truth so any divergence from it is lies. Do what they're told - that one's easy once they've been fed lies - and think themselves morally superior because virtue lies in obedience. Stripped of all individual psychological processes, whether those of the mind or those of the heart. Reality is whatever Master says it is. The Good is whatever Master says it is. Master knows best.

Do anything, tolerate anything because challenge

to authority is 'evil'. To be organic, to be real, to be that arising from oneself, the activities of one's own heart and mind, is evil.

You gotta believe what you're told, regardless of whether it's garbage.

You gotta do what you're told, regardless of whether it's evil.

They have believed what they were told and followed regulayshuns and proseedyures. It is inconceivable to them they have done anything wrong.

Sleazy, servile, dishonest, cowardly, deluded, psychotic, feral and of course sexist or in short evil reptilian kitten-eaters. In short the perfect citizens of a slave-society, a totalitarian state.

[Dill: "Is this what's called a propaganda war, Dad?" Mitch: "No, I should not say that. This is what's called wiping excrement off the sole of one's boot."](#)

So. I am 57, a distinctly battered 57, a distinctly materially vulnerable 57, but nonetheless barely older than was [Mrs Coulter](#) when she completed the London Marathon. It would seem to me there is plenty of time in which to achieve yet.