



Reading and Writing  
By Daniel Burns

I find myself having to explain a book I wrote while on a schizophrenic break. I have been reaching out to friends and family to read a draft version. Some of the feedback was very interesting; a friend of mine got mad at me and said I was going to dismiss my entire manuscript as schizophrenic break. I do not. It is a journey through my life like an introduction into my life and thoughts. The perceived reality of someone. I had my first schizophrenic break when I was nineteen, it was at a club in Winsor, Ontario. I was in the bathroom and I was talking to this guy and I thought I was Phil Anselmo the lead singer of Pantera. People said we looked alike with the shaved head and all. You have to try to understand this. I really thought I was him. Really truly believe I was him. It haunted me for years. I would think of it and be like that was wrong people don't think that way. So, I knew something was wrong at the age of 19. I lived with it. Sometimes I would see places to sleep because I knew I was going to end up in the gutter. I was living on borrowed time. One day everything was going to go away and most of it did. I lost everything except my clothes, a suit case of stuff and my artwork. But half of the art molded because I had to keep them under a tarp outside for a winter in Seattle. I was living with my brother because the money had run out he took me in. I had 2 conditions go to the mental and physical doctor. I weighed 157 pounds, probably from all the walking, and not eating anything but peanut butter and jelly sandwiches toasted and angel hair pasta with diced ham. I can look back and see about 10ish schizophrenic breaks in my adult life. The second to last one lasted 6 months, which is when I wrote a manuscript. I would go to the library every day and would write for hours. The time is during the election run-up of 2008. It is the run-up to the 2012 election right now. It has been an interesting journey in life. When you are told that you have schizophrenia it does something to you. I do not have clear picture myself I can tell you what I did to recover? First I slept for six months. I was getting over living in a dream world and thinking about all the bad things I had done in my life. I started on 2 milligrams of risperidone went up to 5 now I am at 3mg. I am lucky that the first medicine they prescribed to me was the one that worked. But I had to take the red pill. I had to by into that I was not seeing things clearly. It attacked my very being. The whole illusion was gone.

I wonder what it would have been like if I was on the streets. If it happens again I will have too. My brother just had a baby, a little Lark. She is great you should see her smile when she stands on her legs. She had to wear a leg brace that would not let her extend her legs for 2 months, it was that or hip surgery when she was older. She is great. New life into the family. So, I won't be able to live there. With some help I have an apartment that I pay over market value for the security of having my rent be 1/3 of my pay just in case something major happens and I lose my job. I have to plan for these things now. I don't think I can live here for free. It is a nice place. It does not have the old school charm that I love about Seattle.

Well my rent is now a dollar a month because I have no income. I quietly freaked out at work and quit my job. My old boss still asks a friend of mine why I quit she does not understand even though I explained it to her. I was there for 2 and a half years and worked my way up from phone interviewer (ask surveys over the phone), to supervisor of the focus department, to project manager of the focus department. My life was starting to look normal. Had a good stable job, my own apartment, a girlfriend who I love and she loves me. Now I am looking for work but everything else is the same. I have had everything challenged to recover from the 6 month break. The biggest things I had to

work on were my affect and my conversation skills. I rarely talked. I could not I was in shock. It is a lot like puberty recovering from a schizophrenic break. You are questioning your whole being and the meds are messing with brain chemistry. One thing that is different is that you have a person before the break that is the ideal to work up to. For me I am just starting to reach my potential. I am doing art again after about a 3 year break. I had a show in January of 2013 at this little café in West Seattle. It went well, I like getting feedback about my paintings. I enjoy talking about my art. Most people I have talked to seem to genuinely enjoy talking about art with me. I have another show in a year so I need to keep producing to get ready for that show. It is big, you can fit 20 painting in the restaurant. So I need to get to work on that, I would also like to have some smaller shows before that. When people ask me how I am doing, to truthfully answer I am likely to respond with I don't know. Because I am still reeling from the 6 month schizophrenic break and it has been 4 years. But back to the book. It is unedited so it maybe a little raw in areas but ultimately it is a renaissance story set in modern times. I hope you find the story interesting. If you know anyone who would be interested in reading it please give them a copy or forward it to them. Thanks.

Others can hear my thoughts ...

I have an immediate family, my parents are still married after 34 years this is not easy to do in today's day and age. I have been thinking about the communication style that they use to keep the relationship together. My brother lives in Seattle also, we used to live 6 blocks from each other on 16<sup>th</sup> Ave, now I live across town. We have hopped across the country. He moved from Detroit to Las Vegas, I moved to Las Vegas, then I moved to Seattle and then he moved to Seattle. It is nice having family in the same area.

My parents met in a bar when my mom was 20 and my dad 26, as the story goes they got engaged and then found out that my mom was pregnant with my brother. Shot gun wedding after that, my brother was born in April and they were married in September. I can along a quick 18 months later in November. I have had my ups and down with my parents, since resigning from the last job, I seem to have a more rocky relationship with them. After I resigned, my mom flew to Seattle even though they had plans to head out here 3 weeks later. My brother and mom tried to talk me into visiting a professional or going to the hospital, I drew the conclusion that they wanted me to go on mood changing drugs. I wouldn't have any of it. I asked them to think of different solutions and they were stuck in the same mind set. A mind set that I cannot endorse. When my parents can out after my moms initial visit, they surprised me by inviting 2 professionals to my homes for some type of mental examination. The problem was that the professionals said that they could consider that I had been read my Miranda rights. At the time it ackoured to me that these others could take me away and put me in an inistution. I have since talked to my mom about this course of action. The first conversation did not go well, basically I yelled at her for trying to institutionalize me. She explained later that that was not her intent. But... This is a huge but... they called someone that could take away my freedom, lock me in a room, and force me to take drugs, all the things that I told her the first time that I did not want. I do not want some made up label to be prescribed to me, humans create so many labels in the first place I should not be given another. I have been trying to open the first part on this book but I am not able to, I wonder why?

Back to my family, they have names: I am still deciding if I am going to name individual names but I will name corporations, if it is an Inc. it is a corporate entity and have been give too much power in our society. The label Inc. gives the corporation the rights to do dam near any this except fraud and cohersion. By the way, I went to business school to find out all this about corporations.

Corporate charter give unlimited right to individuals who are running the corporation, the argument goes that if they have to be held accountable for their actions then they wouldn't be in business. Now you know why the consumer is getting Fucked by the corporations today. There is no accountability; they are using your money for upward wealth redistribution. Shareholder beware, by the way do you have a business degree so you can read our balance sheet or annual report, no, great the company is in fine financial position, give me your money.

Boards of directors supposedly are the safe guard against this type of practice, but the problem is that the board can sit on the board of other companies, including the competitor. The problem is that if you sit on the board of one company and you have helped create a vision for that company and sit on the board of another company, competitor or not, it would be coherision. Why? You have inside information to the running of another company; you know the vision going in to the future. Since you are on both boards you have defacto coherision. Wonder how the problems of the US economy rear its ugly head at the same time?

Do a little research and you will find out that a surprising a lot of fortune 500 companies are all interlocked by the board of directors, it is not the same board for every company but the way that it all interconnects it like the Kevin Bacon game. It is a math problem. 12 board of directors all sitting on one board, all 12 sit on board for other companies, which most do, 70,000 USD for one board meeting a year. Say you are on the board for 6 companies which you have influence over. The other 11 are on 6 boards also how many companies does the original 12 hold power with? 727, this is the max amount starting with 12 people only. A vin diagram will give the exact amount. Since I am at the library and others are reacting to what I am writing as I write it, I have a problem, how can I go and research the right formula to use? I can't this is the problem of having others in my mind, on my computer in real time. I don't get the chance to write ideas down and then explore them. The concept is strong but I am not able to support it in real time. Beside the others reaction still wants to be live that the economy/business in the US is not corrupt, it is but they think that they can fix it by what? Flooding 700 billion dollars into the system, to be looted away. We are hiring the same people that were working at the banks to solve this problem, if the bank created the problem how come we have to fix it? With their people using our money. This is going to have major impacts on our lives as a whole, not for the better, what happens at the end of this quarter? Do we inject 700 more billion into the system? China and other countries are going to stop buying our debt. The argument is that China takes the long view in Marxist philosophy, that to achieve a true communism the society must do thought a capitalist period to find the error of communism and capitalism, Marx wrote that this transformation would take 5000 years. SO if you take the long vision you could keep on buying the securities with out any panic, the problem is bankruptcy. Countries like the US do not go bankrupt is bullshit. After this bill is spent, which it was before it was approved, 700 billion is gone, now we are going to figure out how to spend the 700 billion again, the guy next to me says that we are going to spend it 3 times. Well he whispered it after I wrote that line down. What does that do to our debt, how many hour will have to be worked to keep up with this growing debt, will our children be slaves to bring this debt down, I will write how this is happening today. Jails produce products for private companies and the inmates get paid less than minimum wage. I know you are thinking that they are inmates and should pay their own way not be a burden on society. Two things to that:

First: If they were on the outside they would be paid a hold hell of a lot more for the same job.

Second: Instutionally we are putting "less fortunate people in jail" Less fortunate people because they have a darker skin color?, born in a wrong city?, by the way the US armed forces is something like 80% people with darker skin, where are they on the T.V. Behind

the masks that our troops have to wear now. Others in the world call them “Ninja Turtles” because they look like... Ninja turtles.

We are doing more than this I will get into I t later when I edit the entire document in to book form.

I know I am getting political and a little businessy in this entry but... this is what I think about does it have an impact in solving the problem that others can hear my thoughts? I don't know.

Are these the thoughts that turned on this thought projection? Meaning the above.

Was I born this way?

Was it moving to Seattle that started this? IS the wireless city Seattle was supposed to be in 2000 really the wireless to hear thoughts, particularly mine?

How do you test this?

If I just start talking about this and have one part wrong they will exploit it, and do the best they can to discredit me.

So when did it start?

I noticed it a lot when I started working in an office but I started to notice it when I was at school. I was listening to a presentation and started realizing that the girl talking was hot, and that she new that I was thinking it, so that was when I started thinking the same thing over and over again, I started doing that at the office, also,copy,paste,copy,paste,cut,copy,paste, this is when I was first thinking that I was talking aloud or mumbling. I asked a coworker and he said it ozzed out my face, this is the same coworker that I had a “conversation” with later on, by the way after I wrote ozzed out my face a women walking down the stairs said “ya” how in the fuck did she know what I was writing, she proved that she heard something and wanted to misdirect me. See how hard it is to trust others? This happens everyday, someone answering my thoughts with a misdirection, which just gives more support, evidence, to my claim.

This could be the Dan show, similar to the Truman show but is that a misdirection also, Now you are starting to see a little on how I think... Remember this.

Someone could tell me the answer right now but they would have to support it with facts, this is because of mistrust. I don't know when this started, so everyone who did not say anything to me is suspect, why, I would tell you if you are talking aloud or if I think something is going on like I hear your thoughts, others stare at me enough that they could say something, they take picture of me on the street, and do not like it when I look at the camera, it is almost that they have to get candid shots for some reason, which I do not know. Same thing goes for the text messaging, ever been walking down the street and have someone who you don't know start texting looking at you, then have that happen to you every day around 5 times daily, you start to wonder what is going on.

That reminds me of one of the first times that I realized that something was going on, professional photographers were trying to get me in shots. I was walking up the harbor steps toward the SAM and some photographer tried to get a shot of me, I turned my head not to let him get my face. He was pissed/disappointed/confused. This same thing happened at the same place 3 or 4 more times, I don't remember if the photographer was the same. Most of the time they got a good shot of the back of my head.

This also happened to me when I went to see the CEO of the largest software company speak. It was a USToday interview and he made some comments that sounded like a movie I have scene, then he started paying attention to me more than he should have, so much, that one of the reporters in front of me turned around to look at me, the photographer at the event tried to get a picture of me, but I gave him the statue face as he was snapping the picture, you should have scene his face when he looked at the digital screen on the camera and realized that I was looking right at the camera, maybe it turned blurry, I haven't scene the picture, but his face was complete confusion and hurt. Why, didn't they come talk to me instead of snapping picture on the qt. Like they were spying on me, this happened also at the Olympic sculpture park.

I was walking home and a photographer took 2 pictures of me, I asked to see them instead of walking by, he got apprehensive before he showed me the shots, what was interesting was that it looked like to irredence beings were behind me, one a lady the other a man. The lady was over my right shoulder and the man was on the left. This was not the first time I had seen a illuminsant being. The first time I had been living at 821 16<sup>th</sup> Ave for around 2 months and was moving my room around and looked in my mirror and sway a being outside my window, the being was not scary in any means but shocking to me, if memory serves me correct their was some other weird that night, loud noises coming from Seattle's direction, lightening, something else also but I can't remember at this time. This was before I started on my over unity experiments.

I thought ghost, maybe alien, did not think that it was my wings. I have had a ghost follow me around since one night after staying at an x-girlfriends apartment. She invited me down for a party, we stopped at the haunted floor in the hotel, it just happens some times like in the movies when the elevsstor stopps at the abandoned floor, well that happened to us. We did not examine the floor, the doors opened on I just remember a long hallway with fabrick hanging out the doors, and a bunch of paper laing around the doors. She told me the floor was haunted I laughed, and crashed at her apartment, woke in the morning to my car being broken into, the thieves did not take anything of material value, but took personal things. I really thught it was weird, the kicker box in the back would have got plenty of money the stero was not great but could be yanked out easily, but hey took my painters cloths, I don't remember the rest, but it was weird, I wanted to write my boots and coat but I should have been wearing them, it was personal stuff. At first I thought it was her new boyfriend acting all stupid but he next day at home I felt the ghost. It wasn't a scary feeling I could just tell something was their that wasn't before, I was moving out of the house the next day and thought I lost the ghost. It follows me from place to place. Took a while to find me in Vegas, I thought I lost is originally when I moved to Seattle, I remember thinking that I lost the ghost. The being at the window was the first time that I saw the being. Now looking back I realized that I felt it when I lived

at 1421 15<sup>th</sup> Ave, Seattle, I have come to accept this ghost in my life, even though I don't understand where or how it came about. The picture that I asked for had 2 beings and not one, and they had features, how come no one says that I have being following me, I can't see them, I look in the mirror and I only see me. These beings change color I think, based on others reactions, I think they go away when I sit down on a couch or some thing with my back fully covered, I have been practicing spreading my wings, which are the beings, I don't know if this does anything. I can now float in water. When I was never able to before, I wonder what is happening to me.

I have to believe that others know but are not telling me for some reason; it has to be good that reason. My hunch is that private corporations are following me around and harassing or threaten others that talk to me, or maybe the government, maybe both. The wind said wrong. Is it really wrong or is it misdirection from the truth the wind saying "wrong"

Maybe all this surveillance has made the electrical current reverse and project

Maybe this city is designed to loot brains

Maybe all the above is correct

Maybe one of the over unity devices did something

Maybe I am the test subject for some experiment

Maybe I was taken to another planet and this is just a replica of earth

Maybe I am from another planet

Maybe

Maybe

Maybe

That is all I can write about solutions until I get more evidence.

Maybe all the people around are all actor and change to create the illusion that more people exist than really exist. Maybe those actors can shape shift.

I wanted to write this one because it is one of the theories I thought of years ago, Coma Theory, someone is in a coma, they create a reality to live in with their entire brain but really they are in a coma and don't know it. This is much like the internet, second life or reality TV, or anything that takes you away from your real reality. When I first explained Coma Theory, I thought that if the being woke from the coma they would awaken to a very different world than the coma world.

To expand on that theory...what if everyone is in a coma and the worlds come together in space by the electricity that is created by the brain. Like Matrix the movie. I may expand on this idea, I will think about it.

These are the things that are going through my mind.

When I first accepted that thought projection was possible and that I was projection thoughts, I haven't completely accepted this, it is contrary to most things I have been taught, even though I believe that others are hearing my thoughts.



not the same companies but different ones, that would be This is one of the reasons. The board of directors hold power over the CEO. Now, the CEO can get their way but they have to do it with the o.k. of the board of directors.

“The most beautiful gift we can give each other is the truth.”

I was given a plack with this saying on it many moons ago. Katherine gave it to me, She has had a influence on my life, she was the girl I dated when I first stopped drinking. I have stories about her, one I ended with the poetic license that she was the mother of my child. I do not have any children. I have written other stories with a daughter involved this is because I am exploring what it may be like to have kids. During the time with Katherine I was a loose father figure to her daughter Daisy. Great kid, we di visit Chucky Cheese more than our fair share, one of these excursions I was told by a person working their that I was a good dad. I keep that close to my heart. It was a sentence, nothing more nothing less, but it is something I hold dear.

About six years ago I told my parents a that I was going to be the president of the United States of America, is this when I was activated? I do not know. I still want to be president because I think I can help, I have a checkered past, which is supposedly something to hold against me. The problem lies that we all do things that are stupid in out lives and the politios are covering theirs up. My second cousin decided in high school that he was going to be president and joined the young republicans, I learned a lot from hearing the relatives talk about his aspirations. The first thing I learned is that poltics was all perceptions, he had to “keep his nose clean” so to speak. Activities were monitored to give the correct impression, he was the one in the family that was supposed to be the president, not me.

I still havethe dream of being president at this time I am watching and waiting. The problems of this country are more numours than I original thaught.

September 11, 2001 had a profound inpact on me. I was in Bellingham, Washington visiting my girlfriend when we were awoke by her mom after the first plane hit. We ran to the TV and turned it on about 15-20 min before the second plane hit. She said that it had to be Al kuida and Bin Laden before the announcers, and I said that it was our government. I have since seen videos and documents that explained how the government could have done the terrorist attacks. For what end...

To cover up the shady dealings in business. The big buildings were the misdirection for the small building, building 7. The big buildings had gold under them 180 billion dollars at that time, of Kuwaiti gold. What is the market price of gold today, years later. It has almost quadrupled in price.

Building 7 was temporary storage for the SEC, Seceret Service, and FBI. There could have been more. How do you destroy the evidence that would bring down the stock market that was inflated during the Clinton years. By the way look up the Iraqi

liberation act of 1998. Money was put aside by Bill Clinton to train our troops for desert war fare in Iraq. This is 3 years prior to invading Iraq the second time.

The shady dealings, possibly illegal, by insider trading, were demolished by the sudden collapse of building 7. I know the building burnt from the inside out and made it fall, do you really believe that bullshit? Historical evidence states that steel buildings do not fall in the fashion that building 7 fell. When I was living in Las Vegas I was able to see the implosion of the Aladin casino, look very similar to the collapse of building 7. The question is if “they” got rid of the evidence why is the stock market in turmoil right now. Two reasons: They got rid of the evidence but not the actions and repercussions from the shady dealings.

They got comfortable in business as usual, what do you mean? The insiders new what happened and instead of looking at the faulty business models they kept on doing the same thing hoping that the problem would go away like it did during the attacks.

Enron discovery started on September 11 as a side fact. “The Smartest Guys in the Room” describes the happenings of Enron, pay attention to what they don’t want you to pay attention too. The story of Enron is fascinating and the model used by Enron is widely used in the United States today. A big one is with oil refineries, they are using the same model to inflate the price of oil, besides the profit, they keep us in check with worrying and fear. How are you going to get to your job that is 10-15 miles away? Cars are a very mysterious thing, others love their cars more than, I want to write life itself, but that is not correct. They see a car as freedom, agoung other things. Now the revers is happening they are seeing a car as something holding them down. I understand the car owners mentality, I used to be a car owner my self. I would not have been able to live the life I have with out a car. Enough about cars. By the way, who did kill the electric car in the 70’s?

I want to know the truth, no matter how ugly it is, we cannot fix the problem if others are hiding information from us. My platform originall has changed a little as I have gained more information about what is going on in our world. The first problem is career politicians, politics are the name of the game now, not the will of the people. How do you stop them? I would say don’t vote for someone that has been in office before and I mean ever in office before, but this seem extream. Some of our elected officials have us in mind, how are we to distinguish who they are?

Are elections rigged in this country? The electronic voting machines are defiantly contested, we have police stopping others from voting, we have gerrymandering to win districts, and most of our politions have been in office for years and years. Even if we are able to vote someone out of office they get a job with the lobby or a PAC and are still influincing policy. You know how, they have something on everyone, it might not be the same for all but something, maybe in college you inhaled or a friend told you to buy stock in their company or you cheated on your partner or maybe they know how to frame everything so it appears to be bad. This would keep the status quo going. The problem is that the status quo is killing what America is... not saying that the framer of the constution were the best people in the world they were bigots, and made a document that would keep the elite in power. They tried not to, I will give them credit for that, but they did not have all the information and were not able to see where society was heading into the future. They did see some problems, I like to quote George Washington, about term

limits, he said that career politicians would be the death of this country. This prediction is coming true.

How much do we pay our elected officials? But all of them seem to be millionaires. How does that happen? Where is their money coming from? The lobby to start then they take the money from the lobbyist and invest it into corporation that will receive federal funds and the stock goes up, this is a direct subsidy to a corporation and to their pocket. The stock market jumped on rumors that the government was going to inject 700 billion in to it, what companies stock went up due to this? The companies that had received the funds in the past, I suppose. Then the stock market went down because they were able to read what companies were going to get the funds and found out that the companies changed and that most of the money were going to a select few companies, namely the banks. The truth hurts, especially if you thought that they were honorable. Now we see a system collapsing around us. We are trying to fix the problem without addressing the problem. What is the problem?

Power.

The consolidation of power to be exact. We want to believe that it is money but if you have so much money it stops being money. The power elite count on you believing that it is money. For a majority of us it is money but not them. If you have 100 million dollars, what type of life do you live? Bill Gates is rumored to have so much money that he could drop a 100 bill and it would cost him money to pick it up. Now this is one of the richest known person in the world. What about the people who have more money that we have never heard of...

Set up a dummy corporation, keep the money hidden through different international banks, invest it with drug dealers, how much money does the largest drug dealer in the world have? It is hidden pretty well, besides who is that person?

It is not money for money sake. Power is the key, power to influence lives. Power is very addictive.

How do you solve this? Take the people with power and get rid of their power. I was not so extreme as I am now. Before I thought I could help the system by working within the system, not completely but I realized that others in power would not voluntarily give up their power. This was a driving force that I kept in mind, how do the powerful think.

I thought that creating a win win for the have nots and the power elite was the answer. Now I am not thinking that, the way that the power elites are grabbing for power now shows that that system is breaking down. This time we are seeing this clearly. The system is going to break down more, I am sorry to say it but it is going too.

They are not addressing the problem, the power system, meaning how they do business and rule over the world. The lies of the past are starting to come forth. Of course the 6 media giants in the United States are not reporting this, they are using redorick, to keep us confused but the look on others faces says that they now know we are getting lied to by the power elites.

There is a good chance that you do not know power elite. They are their living among us. They are not flashy, some are but some aren't. The ones that aren't flash probably have more power than the others. Do I know them by name? I am not sure. The lies that I have been told my entire life have been designed to confuse me. They aren't necessarily outright lies, they are half truths, and that is more harmful than an outright lie. They are able to support a half truth easier than a lie. A lie can be proved right or wrong but a half

truth is always a half truth, they exclude the important information and concentrate on the half truth, you can pass a lie detector test this way.

How do I know this stuff? I have been watching others for a long time now. I have seen my childhood friends become, Marines, Secret Service Agents, and Homeland security officers. One friend who I had to send money to get him home from Army boot camp due to the discharge cannot conform to military way of life, became a police officer, then want to advance his career, applied to homeland security, they came and interviewed me at my house to see if he was a good person for homeland security. Imagine my surprise having a homeland security officer in my home, I laughed about it then but now I suppose that it is no laughing matter. They person I am writing about has a business card with DEA on it, my parents gave it to me. I like him. We for some reason have gotten along all these years even though he is an asshole. I like him because he is an asshole. I wouldn't want to be arrested by him or any thing like that but out of uniform is a different story. The last time I talked to him he was going to make a drug deal. Remember DEA

Another childhood friend entered the marines and became a city cop, and is now with the uniformed division of the Secret Service. At first he protected the white house now he is an instructor. He said Bill Clinton treated the Secret Service like shit and that George Bush treats them well. He live in a large house, I have only scene pictures, in some suburb of DC. He travels around during election years and is having trouble adopting kids.

Another childhood friend entered the marines a couple of months later, got out joined a fraternity, and I talk to regularly, this is my brother. Even though we did not get along that great when we were kids, he was my friend by the time he went into the marines. I could fill in some blanks here from feelings I get, during boot camp is when my brother and childhood friends were inducted to the military industrial complex system. This is when they were "gotten too". No proof of this, it is a feeling, marines are known as "devil dogs". I have thought of joining the armed forces at different times of my life.

The president of the United States of America is the leader of the armed forces provided that the join chiefs of staff want to do what the president says. September 11 was a coop of sorts, possibly to weed out any dissenting opinion in government agencies and to clamp down on the citizens of this country and the world. Or scare the shit out of the other who were thinking that something is wrong, basically in a power play you could say "We were able to get away with September 11, and the other terrorist attacks around the world" this is the power card in a game that the power elites are playing. Are the terrorist attacks linked throught the power elites, I do not know. Was it we can clamp down on our country and then the other say well we can clamp down of our country, possibly. This all depends on the amount of power elites we have.

Are we talking 12 or is their more or less. I am thinking less. But they are families that make it more. Think mob. Everyone seems to dislike godfather 3. Watch it again thinking about the power elite in the world, religions have a bunch of power. Ever scene the Vatican and all the hidden thing under it, they were able to take all the marble off the coliseum and use it to cover the Vatican, this is not just money.

Money is the misdirection in capitalism. Power is the real tangible profit for the power elite.

How come others hear my thoughts? Others are trying to communicate with me but the moris code is not working. At this time I believe that:

1 knock means “yes”

2 knock means “no”

3 knocks means “maybe”

The sniffeling and caughing are the way to portray the knocks, is their more to this communication than I know? I have to assume “yes”. Do I take everything literally? Who do I trust to give me the right communication? I have to go with my gut feeling on this one.

Is the computer phone a microphone? Yes it is but is the microphone in use, I don't know. Does the computer phone tap into the electricity that my body produces? Does this have anything to do with the phone? After I got the phone was when I started to realize things, is this the coincidence? Or is it part of the larger puzzle. I feel that I have pieces of the puzzle but do not know how to put them together, so of the pieces may not even apply to this puzzle. Hard to determine which is which.

Is my art work part of this puzzle? For some reason I think it is... something to do with one of the power elite families. I had some art parties a couple of years ago, and it came up again last night, who were at those parties?

My brother explained that I should have talked to more people, and them said that I was drunk, this is false. I went on the seat of my pants that day, felt through my emotions, and reacted the way I did. The party was about exposure to artist, not me. The artist did get a lot of exposure and many of them have shows in galleries since the events. Other things happened at the events that I have recently found out, drugs, and serving booze to minors. I do not condone this behavior, I asked the bartender to card everyone before drinks were served to them, and drugs on the other hand I did not know about. I was going through my pictures after this whole catalyst started and noticed something that I did not notice before, pictures that seemed to point to the documented parts of the party. Meaning others looking a certain way to action that was going on outside the picture frame. I do not know what was out of the frame.

I stand by not talking to a lot of others at those parties, even if it did seem rude. I will apologize that anyone felt I was rude, I am sorry if I hurt your feelings. But that is it. Do you meet the owner of the SAM when you go? Do you feel entitled to me? What? Do you not feel cool because I did not talk to you? Or could you have gone to work the next day and brag that you met me?

You should have gone to work the next day and said... I am not going to put word in your mouth. What I would have liked was to bring exposure to the artist at the party, that means talk about their art, their thought, their technique, not mine.

My art work is called cave painting. I use household items, art store items and hardware store items. I like to produce texture in the paintings, I try to achieve this by using different sheens against each other and for each other. This creates mixed medium art. Not mixed media art even though I do that also. I do not hesitate to combine water colour paint with ink, or acrylic. I tend to use water soluble materials because smell and I hope no toxicity. I will use brushes, hands, markers, and anything else around to achieve the desired effect. I do not know what a painting will look like when I am done. I paint until it looks familiar. Sometimes this is after hour of painting some times this is after 3 months of painting.

Plastic wrap paintings are different. The first one I did transformed into the painting that is now know as “the sun”. It originally was going to be an experiment to get me painting realistic again. As the painting progressed I realized that I did not want to paint realistic at that time, I have considered painting realistic again lately but I feel that I have too much emotion to let out into my paintings.

Plastic wrap (cellophane)

The plastic wrap paintings use a lot of paint to achieve the desired result, a multi layered, texture full, glossy/flat finish. Basically reflect water but not look like real water, I plan on creating 4 more plastic wrap paintings to complete the series. Will I make more after that I don't know.

Their are 4 now. The Sun,

“The eclipse (Small the Sun)”

“400,000 people were e-vac from San diego because of fire (San Diego for short)

“The Tree” ( I am not certain that this painting is done yet)

This is one thing about my art work, I do not want to be pigeon holed into one style. That is boring. I like to experiment, some work well others not so well.

Reconstructions

This started when I bought a frame for a painting at Goodwill. I did not look at the picture in the frame, I was planning on using the back of the image for canvas. As I was pulling off the frame from the print, I noticed that the print was faded. This is when I thought of how paintings were restored. Then I realized that I did not have to use the back as a canvas, I could use the front. I stayed in between the lines for a while then realize that something was missing so I added a city in the distance, I left the trees the original print (someone described them as purple) the trees without leaves are oil pastel, and I decided to sign/print my name under the original artist name. The painting called Owens Valley is signed by me on the back with the inscription; Owens Valley was retouched in 2007, if fades again please retouch.

I had not thought of doing more reconstructions until I was at value village this time and saw a relief of Da Vinci Last Supper. The relief was falling apart the wood was showing from behind, the plastic/metal was breaking off, (I have never been able to distinguish if it is plastic or metal could be pewter). I had a brochure from the original painting in Milan, Italy, of the reconstruction of that painting, I thought about it for a bit then started

to reconstruct the cloths before doing the faces, sometime during the painting I decided that the faces were not to be detailed due to the fact that the painting in Italy was getting the faces done first. I place a candle in front of the painting to complete the image.

The next reconstruction was either Made in China or the Breakers which I renamed the Sea monster due to the waves creating a sea monster in the bottom front of the picture frame. The breakers was given to me by an old roommate, and then I left it to the house at 821 16<sup>th</sup> Ave, when I found out that the house was to be abandoned I went and got some stuff, the painting was one the things I grabbed. The others were my rollerblades and a movie called Deconstructing OZ, I helped out a friend by playing a part in that film. The breakers was hard at first to reconstruct with the correct feel, after I did the sky, the water was my main concern, basically it went like this, do the water, do the sky, back to the water, do the breakers, and then touch up the water again.

Anne Goedes- is a result of Da Vinci I looked for pop icon posters and that is the one that was at goodwill in the scale and price I was looking for.

I have been asking myself what the United States Flag stands for today, and the result is Made in China reconstruction. This title was not the original title of the piece. Again a Value Village purchase, to let you know I have other flags in my kitchen that I have not reconstructed. I was playing around with dollar bills and the United States Flag for about a week or two before I found the canvas that would be Made in China. It is a 4<sup>th</sup> of July decoration that plugs in, the wax that I had been playing around with filled in the stars and stripes, as I was filling in the stripes I realized that at the bottom of the flag was a area that the wax did not move the same, this is when I started digging into the wax, and saw the label Made in China. I cleaned the wax off from the label and coloured in the Made in China so it would stick out more. You still have to look to find the label. When you plug the flag in you will see a fence highlighted in the stripes, the flag has 54 stars, for no particular reason besides that we may have more states in the future.

Besides Made in China the reconstructions are painted with marker pigment, and the birds in the breakers are whiteout painted blue with marker pigment and the oil pastel in Owen Valley.

My installation called The Savage Garden based off Anne Rices Lestat stating that the world is a savage garden she goes into more detail read the books. I don't know if I made the connection before or after the title was given. The mirror and the words The Savage Garden are the cover to a walk in graphic novel. When the viewer looks into the mirror (as the ones on the floor also) it puts the viewer into the story as an observer. But you may choose to enter the story as more than a viewer or observer.

The story begins is behind you, you can see it in the mirror as you walk into the room. We start with a sunny day, then nuclear war, the cities are sticks, characters are introduced and then the Eagle and Indian are fighting with swords "words" for the feather. After the Eagle wins the fight and cuts the feather from the Indians headdress the crazy guy takes the feather from the Eagles rejoicing feet.

"The eagle was watching" starts the story of the crazy guy. The crazy guy tells all the others that have fled underground that he is going to get the feather and have them live above ground again. After the crazy guy takes the feather he goes to the top of the world,

sees the Eagle and falls to the door at the bottom of the top of the world, when the crazy guy opens the door at the bottom to the top of the world and the eagle is there, the chase begins (have to skip over the cover or realize that this is the savage garden happening all around you) the crazy guy then leads the Eagle to the mountains where the Indian awaits to trap the Eagle, the Indian cuts off the Eagles feather and the Eagle crashes, the Indian and the Crazy Guy hold the Eagle at the bottom of the top of the world.

The time frame is after a nuclear war where the sky is different colors, and a back ground noise of high powered fans is heard with the occasional see gull. Its kinda spooky. The setting is the crazy guys cave. He is painting his story, in his cave, with his bed so to speak, with his lantern, which smells and puts off a lot of smoke.

## Second edition

The Eagle has escaped from the Crazy guy and the Indian and the crazy guy is telling the story.

The lion is introduced in this edition of the savage garden; a portrait of the lion is under where the crazy guy falls to the door at the bottom at the top of the world. Above the nuclear war tells the story of how the lion was discovered, how the read moose was discovered and the creepers were discovered. On the ceiling the read moose is attacking the moon city run by the mayor of the moon city Tor-nae-toe. Moon base is getting pretty beat up but where is the fire? No fire without oxygen. Star wars has malfunctioned and is sending laser burst all over the sky.

The Savage garden started as a comic strip on the wall after the war and expanded into the walk in graphic novel it is now today. I still have ideas to expand the story. There are about 15 more characters now and the read moose background is drawn but not painted.

I am going to answer the question that others told me others were asking the most, Why duct tape? If you look in the frame with the end of the "sword" fight the top left corner says "Everyone had duct tape" I will further that now, why did everyone have duct tape? Because duct tape is supposed to be in your emergency kit for chemical biological weapons, why did everyone have it? The duct tape does not work to hold plastic sheeting to your windows, they found out the hard way. I found this out by testing it when I made my emergency kit. It stayed for a day. I had to use thumb tacks to hold the tape on the walls. More thumb tacks for the stars in the sky, and the ceiling is linen for 3 of the tables from the first installation. The moon is made from pumice paint, the second installation was pretty tough, I had a lot if issues with an xgirlfriend to work out. I played Elliot Smith constantly, and broke the CDs at the end of that installment. Only took about 3 or 4 day though. The chase is based on a Atari game that is why the game controller (the crazy guy found it when scavenging)

I am trying to think of any more questions? The sound comes from behind the mirror. The crazy guy is a scavenger above ground, finds miscellaneous things and brings them



to his cave. The cave is your apartment, house, room, your shelter, like back in the day, cave people. Hence Cave painting.

I did my best to become each character in the story, tried to think like they would, in those circumstances, the Indian looks like me by coincidence, or all the characters are part of my personality.

A friend and roommate's brother drew with color pencil when the crazy guy saw the eagle from the top of the world.

A friend of a friend drew on the globe (I always forget his name, good guy) The drawing on the globe started, by him marking where he had visited on the globe and then moved to my idea of drawing what the globe would look like after a nuclear war. Basically, areas would be unfit to live.

I had been inviting others to help me with the installation the above are the only 2 that took me up. I enjoy doing art work with others, the first time that someone else drew on the same surface that I was painting, I was shocked. But it opened my mind to collaboration in painting, and possibly influenced reconstructions. I don't have many paintings that others have drawn or painted on, I was always trying to get others to do art.

I almost forgot that I created a video on a roommate's video camera of The Savage Garden, the battery died before I was able to finish the story and I have not seen the finished video.

The note cards (now missing)

The crazy guy from the Savage Garden became my totem. I am not sure how the symbol just did, after giving out the card for a year I started drawing in bars around Seattle, I would draw in notebooks and give the drawings away. I would ask others to fill out a card then place it in a container, this project grew the entire time, at first it was write your number on the card, then draw on the card. I miss those cards. I don't know what happened to them. One morning I woke up after drinking heavily the night before and not remembering much, except the last bar I was at, was it the last bar I don't know. I didn't have my glasses or the cards, or the markers, my phone was missing but I still had my wallet.

Compositions in the Hall (Basement of UDUB art School)

I had just started at the Foster School of Business at the University of Washington and a roommate told me about a café at the bottom of the art school. I went to check it out and saw a pile of stuff marked free. I looked through it and found some things I could use and kept on my way. After I turned the corner, I saw some metal "L"s that was about 5 inches long. I arranged them to create a triangle. The next day I went back with some bags to get the free stuff and decided to arrange the metal "L" again. But this time someone commented on me doing it, they used the term everyday and that is when I decided that I would rearrange the metal "L" every day that quarter. Took about five or ten minutes to do each one, some times I would think of things in advance some times I had to experiment, it was an experiment in creating a new arrangement everyday. Sometimes others would comment on the arrangement and I would invite them to create one. I think there was 7 I did not arrange. I had a loose rule that if someone else arranged then I would leave it for a day. I did for all except one. A cool little house someone had built. Playing with the metal "L" that day were the only thing that kept me sane. Sorry I did not leave

the house you it was really cool. Some time during the arrangement pieces would show up and some would vanish I would work with the materials that were their, I did not introduce anything to the stuff laying around on top of the low lockers.

I have shown at art in the park at occidental park twice. One time I borrowed a tent from the UDUB the second time I threw the stuff on the ground. I tend not to sign my work until I give it away. This started when I was moving out of my apartment in Downtown Detroit. Others came over just to hang and someone stumbled into my art stuff, as others said I want that one I would sign it on the back and give it to them. I think signing on the front hurts the composition and ultimately the painting. I high school I was exploring with different signatures none of them stuck. "Lo" which is short for Love before that I actually signed some Love, Burns were some, I am missing some other names I would sign them. During this time I think I signed on the front, probably bottom right hand corner, if at all. I just saw one signed from 10 years ago it looked like Bums, I signed and printed my name on the back of that one.

There is another series out their that is faces and bodies. I was experimenting with different types of paint, namely craft paint, and hanging cut sheets on the wall for canvas. First I would wet the sheet down then tack it to the wall and then paint it while wet. During an art history class my professor described a finished product by an artist that they could not find out how the artist painted it, well the artist did it the same as above. They would create a frame, then dip the canvas in linseed oil or turpentine then would put the canvas on the frame while the canvas was still soaking wet and then paint the painting. This infuses the paint to the canvas. Basically, if you gesso a canvas the canvas is loosely part of the painting if at all but with this technique the canvas is part of the painting, the paint and canvas is infused together. One does not exist without the other. I think of the band Pearl Jam, sheets of empty canvas under sheets of paint. (Get right words)Not with this technique.

In my younger years I played with Shadow boxes. They are fun to work with I would use drawers, or create boxes, sometimes glass, pictures, mirrors, wood, playing card, my own drawings, my own paintings,

One of my shadow boxes was given to the principal of my school by my art teacher she said it was good PR. But... one other painting/relief/shadow box was taken from that school, I do not know what happen to it. The last time I saw it was in the forer of the school. Was it given to another by another for my benefit? I do not know. All I know is it is gone. It is one of the stations of the cross. The image of Jesus is on the upper left hand side created with water based mediums with a little oil mixed in the crown is made with rusty nails the back ground is on black waxed paper with the out line of Jerusalem created in a mixture of colour pencil. Oil pastel and something else, the waxed paper is not attached to the foamcore backing. The waxed paper is wrapped around and then taped to itself, kinda like a pocket.

I have had other paintings go missing, one in Seattle, a 4by4 press board painting with a blue back ground two figures one looking directly up so you can only see her neck and the bottom of her chin, then that colour goes down to create her torso, the other fugure you can only see the top of his head, a big mess of yellow, in tempra paint, it flakes off if

not careful, the rest of the painting is in acrylic paint, the writing in the back ground is unledgable, even to me, I was wasted by the time this painting was finished and do not remember what it says. It is about the girl in the painting with me. The painting really happened, the drawing is called ODB and GENI. 3 other paintings were influence by Geni.

One painting I tossed into the bushes in Dicks Drive in On Lower Queen Anne. Another wasted evening that I lost control of pretty much all my senses, I was looking for a non existent bag, which ended up being the painting I was so pissed that I through the painting into the bushes, when I went back the next day or two it was gone. I figure someone is using it as a blanket right now. At least I hope they are with the other options being in the trash or someone making money off it. If it is hanging on a wall cool, I would like to know what happened to that painting, The sun, the mountains, the water, that looks half completed at the bottom, but that is the finished painting. I just realized that I name painting some paintings the same thing; it is what is in the picture frame.

More paints more stories. To be continued...

I also love plants. At the house that the installation was made I created a sunroom, well the room was their but I filled it with plant life. I was experimenting with different types of light on plants during this time. Heat was also part of the experiment. The year before I was taking care of the raised beds in the back yard. When I moved into that house the back yard was trashed, blackberry covered half the yard, my brother just called me, I used the new fangled technology to "text" him back. I am in a cell phone free area of the library. Aren't all libarys cell phone free or is it really free if I texted him back. Actually this is not new, the text messaging started with pagers back in the day. Remember texting others? It was entering 07734, and when you turned the pager over it says "Hello", just a thought that I had a couple of months ago about this technology.

I don't want write a lot today just wanted to add the parts I did.

Business School was interesting. I attended Seattle Central Community College and then was accepted to the now named Foster Schol of Business at the University of Washington. Two things about business school that must be addressed, during my first corporate finance class, first assignment, I noticed that if you take historical data for GDP, could have been the stock market, add a trend line to the data and then apply the business cycle to the data, you will see that a huge economic downturn would be seen in 2009-2010 I don't remember the exact date. As a result of this observation I was ignored. The teacher had been studying this information for her whole life how was some first years business student going to poke holes in her lifes work?

Anouther time that I have to mention is International Business and currency valuation. When we were learning about currency valuation/comparison, I noticed that the theory

did not seem right, I found an article on the internet that explained on how the USD could fall, I took that article and gave it to the professor and explained what the article said, this is the part that is of concern, the professor said "that cannot happen" this was before the USD really started to fall. The word cannot is the problem, he had a closed mind, all of his teaching said that it could not happen, but it is. He could have used probably or something to that extent but it was a cannot. This really disturbed me, to the extent that I wrote a paper that described on what would happen if the petro Euro became the dominant oil trading currency instead of the petro USD. I will have to insert that paper here. Writing this paper was not the assignment assigned to the class, I defied the assignment to write this paper, it says so in the notes from the teacher, I went to school to learn knowledge not learn how to get good grades. With that said I did not get straight "A"s in school, it wasn't and is not the reason I went to school.

A former coworker noticed that her son was different after going to grade school, I was lucky enough to have parents that did not stress getting all As. This sounds counter intuitive but it is not, it gave me the freedom to learn, not learn what was going to be on the test but to gain actual knowledge. I have taken that with me my entire life. I knock on my parents for some aspects on how I was raised and what they have done but they have also done some great things to help me, even if it was unintentional.

True knowledge is not the grade, we want to say it is due to standardize testing, the result is that we are all learning the same thing, ie teaching to the test, which by the way is set by the federal government for dollars, so we are teaching for dollars not knowledge.

You can hear the teachers protesting teaching to the test but if they don't they loose Federal funding and that effects their lives and teaching style. This is a hot topic amound educators and their will be dissent to the observations above. My education plat form is in process. It starts like this: reverse the funding of schools. This mean that the Fed has to up keep all the schools and that the state is responsible for the education. Now. With that wrote the Fed must be watched. Here is how I see it going to get all of our schools in the same condition. First, create a system where the community cleans up the school, how is this achieved? By hiring locals to paint, repair the facilities, not a huge corporation bidding for the job or given the job. This will reduce overhead and build communities.

Why reduce over head, it circumvents the lobby. This is when I need to tell you about the cost benefit anaylis, this is on of the reasons that the lobby has the power it does. Say you are a huge corporation and you hear that the all the schools in the United States are going to be painted and that the government is going to award a contract to a huge corporation. The contract is worth 1 billion dollars. Your cost benefit anaylis is this how much money can I spend lobbying the government for the contract and still create a profit? This si a simplified version. The case of car recalls was how I was taught this concept, this is a little more complicated bear with me. You have a defect in the gas tank of the new car that you have spent "x" dollars on to design and market. TYou know that people will be killed in a rear end collision but the probability of them dying is 50/50 and then the probability that the family suing is less than that, and if they do sue then you know that you will have to pay out "X" amount of dollars.

Then you take the probability of rearend collisions world wide and apply that to your calculation from above, if your benefit(profit) is higher than your cost(expenses) than you go into production of the car. Now a true cost benefit anayysis is going to include lawyer fees, and is going to take in account settlement in court. The case that we used the court

awarded the plaintiff ( the people who died families) 270 million dollars, after the corporation appealed the fine was reduced to 27 million.

During business school I had an option in Entrepreneurship, and a minor in political science, why?

I enjoy business, and I say how the way we are doing business now is wrong. I took political science class because I knew that the government was effecting business. Little did I know at the beginning of my education.

I have been business minded for a while even before college, but I needed to learn more about the subjects, to be exact I need to learn how they were doing it.

Another concept is GAAP. Which means Generally Accepted Accounting Principles, this is the guidelines for the way that business produces a profit; the SEC is supposed to look after these guiding principals but not really. The financial markets are supposed to be the safe guard against manipulation of GAAP. The problem arises when you have others that need the profit for their profit safe guarding the principals.

another is EBIT, Earnings before Interest and Taxes. Tax lawyers make a lot of money. Where do they fit on the balance sheet? Are they in the cost (credit) column before EBIT or are they after. Why does interest come after earnings, we can see now how interest for and against can add up quickly.

The radio keeps on saying that we are in a financial crisis, and that the credit markets are affected, which is affecting the stock market and earnings but credit and interest comes after earnings, What numbers are they using?

I get this feeling that others need the answer to the question “why” . We need to know how to figure out why? How does the picture come together. To give you a teaser “debit cards” When society went to debit cards, banks changed the model from creating profit from interest to creating profit on fees. This is how it works, ever try to get the bank to not let your account go into the negative? I have they told me “no” and offered me an account safe guard. That was keep “x” amount of dollars in this account and we will charge you less for not doing our job. Remember floating a check? Remember that checks would bounce if there was not funds in the account to cover the amount of the check, with debit cards you can bounce checks left and right, and the bank then charges you a fee to cover the loss and you didn't have the money in the first place. Seems like bleeding a stuffed pig to me. Debit card and credit cards have also taught us how to live beyond our means. This has been achieved by letting you go over your limit, ie letting you bounce your check then charging you for it, money you don't have, then charging you of letting you over charge your account. This last charge is an higher interest rate. If you pay your minimum balance on your credit card every month, you will never pay off that debt. This is something else that the credit card do, they want you in debt, this keeps you at their mercy, keeps you working hard, and spending harder.

The thought accored to me that I am painting a picture that appears to be doom and gloom. The picture is one of hope. That someone is saying the things that everyone else

knows but can't say for what ever reason. If we don't know where it is broken how do you fix it? Give the companies 700 billion dollars, the broken cup still leaks.

SO where do we go from here,

Consumer put your credit/debit cards in the drawer and forget about them.

Credit card companies cut all interest rates in half. I have had a stated in the past we can loose that debt, and I still think we can the problem lies in the change to a better system.

I have heard a rumor that credit card companies are going to double the minimum payment on all credit cards, this will spread more fear and helplessness. The rumor is on a credit negotiation commercial. These are the "factors" I talked about earlier.

State building.

I got confused in political science when the other counties of the world were to now be called "states". Not countries but states. Hard to talk about states rights when countries are called states also. How about this on the state has negotiated a deal with the state.

This could mean, Florida negotiated a deal with Texas or could mean that China negotiated a deal with Iran.

I live in Washington State in the United States of America. I keep on thinking about this book I read for "war" class, it is call international conflict, the book is called Man, the State and War. What does this title imply?

I don't understand why we would stop calling other sovereign nations/countries. Unless we are getting ready for other countries to be states and the one world government the head of state. Maybe that is why we are having a global finicial crisis right now. The unprecedented cooperation between 6 central banks is a move toward one world government, so is NAFTA, so is the World Bank, so is the IMF. Just to name a few. Do you want a one world government?

Is this all misdirection for something big, I mean big. The physicis says that the gamma rays being sent to earth are changing our atmosphere, the astromer says what if a big ass metor is coming, the scifi writes asks where are the extraterristials, the artist asks where is the creativity, the historians say it is going to be 2012 soon. I say what if it is all the above.

Is the world changing in ways that we cannot predict? Yes

Do we need to change our thought process? Yes

I read a book lately around 1000 pages it describes some of the things going on in our world right now. What sticks in my mind is the saying "Check your premises" this is what I have been doing. I need to make sure the premises that our society was build no actually exist, I am finding that a surprising a lot of the premises or assumptions if you prefer are not what they appear to be.

Now should I ask is all this misdirection to have us start looking at the premises (optimistic) or misdirection from the premises which are wrong (pessimistic) but realistic.

Check your premises others, you want to say wrong a lot. That is the symptom that your premises are flawed. True strength and truth does not need to tell others they are wrong it needs only to state the truth.

In today's society the truth sucks!

I am taking a break.

No, I have to say this we have been telling the decision makers "yes" for so long they are starting to believe their own bullshit. In business you need others to say that is not right, in an article I read, I have tried to paraphrase but it is not right, I will look up the phrase. Basically it says you need one around you to be the dissent voice, this voice checks your power and ego. This helps you make better decisions.

Is this why I get the wrong from the wind?

See you in a bit computer. I keep on thinking of things to write, when I write I do my best to write to one person, if you try to write to everyone than it gets jumbled. I have written letters in the past to my Aunt, one I sent and one I was not going to send but needed to get some thoughts off my chest. Some times I have written with girlfriends in mind.

Who am I writing to now? I don't have a name or even a physical form, it is like the spirit of the country, a feeling, a concienious that I have not been able to but a form to, I just thought of "god" since I believe that all life is "god" I guess I am writing to everyone. Maybe I will explore "god" when I get back.

New day, thought about writing a lot of thing asI walked to the library to write but I am going to write about the original thought, ART.

Photos have been a hobby of mine for a while now, itook a black and white photography class in High School. Now, I take digital pictures. You can tell my photos be the angle on which they are taken. I will tilt the camera so that the photos when displayed with the bottom straight, the sublect matter will be slanting. I am fanicinated with buildings and the cranes that create them. I have taken aunch of photos of buildings under construction and the tools that are used to create the buildings. Lately, all the photos have been on two different phones, one that I was forced to get, and the other the one I retired when I got the new "computer phone" a.k.a Smart phone. I have shot my shoes and feet many times sometimes on purpose sometimes not, but the shoes and the bottom of my pant cuffs tend to be showing with the ground in front of me. I use the phone now because the digital camera I had fell off a towel rack while a xgirlfriend of mine and myself we posing of a photo. I still have the phone it is in pieces, after it broke I took it abart to originally try to fix it and then all the computer parts were intresting to look at, I am going to use that camera in some art in the future.

I purchased that camera for my trip to Italy. I was deferred entrance in to the University of Washington, so I tool my education into my own hands. A not so side note, When I lived in Vegas I saw the replicated verson of Michelangos David about 3 or 4 times a week, I worked in the forum shops, Planet Hollywood to be exact, and I never thought I would be in Italy to see the real sculpture. It is amazing, I don't know if it is the room

they display the sculpture in or that sculpture itself, they have another replica on Michelangelo's Plaza overlooking Florence, it has bird droppings all over that one and the smogging the city is deterring the finish. I visited that lookout twice, once by myself and another time with fellow travelers. The photos are on a disk that was lost, left behind by accident in Verona, Italy. The disk had a 2 part movie that I created when I got stuck in a thunder and lightning storm, when I viewed it after I was reminded of the movie The Blair witch project. I was very dramatic with visions of death and life, said it found I love my my and dad and brother, the whole experience was extraordinary, I went into a church not expecting a mass and all these others were in there, the place had an overwhelming smell of incense, I was drenched, I was under a bridge for a while, I move to different areas of the city that were close to the river that cuts Verona in half. I would like to see that video again, on that same disk were pictures from, Florence, Pisa, Verona, Milian, Cinco Terra, I went to Venice after that, so no pictures of Venice. I have those pictures at home, didn't take many photos in Venice. I have pictures from Rome, Siena and Prugia at the house and the trips in between. Most of are of architecture and sculptures, I tend not to take photos of people. But I have. Some times I wonder who some of the random people are in the photos, what their lives are like, and have I met them on my travels. On the missing disk is photos of a rock castle in Montorosa? Cinco Terra, it is a rock beach on the Mediterian, I believe the picture was taken on or around the first of November, why a picture of the rock castle? One of of my travel mates suggested taking a photo of it, I wasn't going to. Why write about a photo of a rock castle and if I was going to take a photo of it, I build the rock castle. I tend to make sand castles on beaches, well this beach did not have any sand, so rocks. The cinco terra is 5 cities connectd by a trail, built into the side of a mountain with rocks supporting terraces of vegetables and olive trees. Fresh olives are nothing like the ones I have eaten, they are had and bitter. They are in a national park in the Northish West of Italy, I was shocked that the temperature was what it was at that time of year. The rock castle was inspired by the designs of the previous Italian cities I had visited. The duemo in the center and walls around the city with a central gate, I wonder if the city I built still stands. I remember a kyaker in the water staring at the rock castle, I wonder what he was thinking. Some families were on the beach also, and of course my travel mates, a couple from Australia, a girl from Australia, and to my surprise a girl who lived in Seattle. She had just broken up with her boyfriend and was moving to NewYork, she had visited a French monestary for 2 weeks before I met her, she climed the wall holding the mountain back and sat in the lotus position most of time I was building the rock castle. I have her email haven't emailed her, we were together on my 30<sup>th</sup> birthday in Venice.

The photos are missing from that part of my trip, I called the store where I downloaded them off my camera but they saidthey did not have the disk, I was in Venice when I called or I would have gone to the store a got the disk. I wonder where they went.

I took some intresting shots during that trip the camera sometimes had a mind of its own. It wouldn't take some picture, I had to play with te memory card slot to get it to work. I would change the apature of the camera, I would use different shutter speeds, experimented with angles and composition, would take a dark picture of something then a light picture, I would get reflection shots. I have some of those of my travel mates when we got on the wrong train to Sienna and ended up in Naples for an hour or so. Then the 3 or 4 hour ride back on the train.



To my surprise one of my photos turned up on a power point deck for Microsoft. It is an image of the Colosume, how can you tell it is my photo, I placed the camera on a pilliar across the street a little down from the subway opening and gift cart. The angle is perverse, but that is not how you can tell it is my photo. You can tell by the bus that went throught the picture at the time the photo was taken. The shutter speed was on a low setting, this is why I set it on the pillar for the photo, and as I took the photo using the camera, a buss went by and violia, streaks of light throught the picture plane starting from the right corner moving to the left side, I have more picture from that night using the exact same tenique, unmarked white busses were traveling around then, I also have photos from the Circus Maximous from that night, I played with the color on some of them, some are blurry from the aperture setting. I wonder how they got my photo? I think that when I started my last job they insalled software on my personal computer and then issued me a work computer. This is when they grabbed it. Unless others have been looking at my photos without my knowledge. This was the beginning of the catalyst that lead me to resign from that job and realize that others were hearing my thoughts and using my art and ideas without my authorization or knowledge for that matter. Some of the things that also lead to the resignation from that company is that they were reading my journal and reading stories, letters, and misc thoughts I had typed down. A former coworker asked me to join her writing group and write about "blackouts", this is a madeup story about a presidential advisor that was in jail because they had accused him of assinating the president. The quick details are, Las Vegas was whipped off the map, Detroit was a biohazard site in quaranteen, my parents who life in Detroit thought I was dead I was looking after my daughter who has extra powers as I do in the story, (earlier I wrote how I am exploring what it is like to have a child this is one of those cases), I watched them through satellite transmissions, noone knew I had a daughter in the story, lasers would fry you if you went outside with a temapature with out calling the government before, the gamma rays from the sun possibly were going to affect Seattle I had a conversation with my brother in the story about how hard it is to write dialogue. I started on weekend and low and behold she and another coworker were talking about my story on Monday. These are just 2 reasons why I resigned from the firm I have a host of more. I will remember that day June 23, 2008 the day I resigned from... I am not going to name the company right now, I am still waiting for an appolgy. By the way I have never had I crash on a BMX bike that scraped my face and kept me from working. I would have still worked.

This is a good time to let you know that I sence things, I don't know if it is a extra sence or if my obersations pick up other things, the BMX bike accident, I picked up from a conversation with my brother. I wonder what other lies they are saying about me. I would like to know them so I can tell which is lies and what is the truth.

One day I got a call from a friend at the time, not any more, saying that their was a job opening at the firm he worked at, they were looking for a UDUB businees school grad, I played the game and created a PDF with my resume online, and sent it off to them, I was called latter on by the guy who asked me to send it and now know that others were listening to that conversation by the way he reacted when I said the "F" word in our conversation. I believe that their were 5 others listen to that personal phone call. I went in

for an interview and was hired the next day, it almost felt like someone put the call out that if anyone knew me hire me. This I cannot support completely but this is what I sense. If what I sense is true then... we got some problems, this is why I want an apology from more than one person. The person that I am sensing is involved I first realized they recognized me when they gave an interview and I went to watch, I also recognized them from when I was painting a painting, they showed up late, and then after I resigned from the job I saw them again at a restaurant/bar where I ate with my family, this last case stick out because they covered their face so that I would not recognize them. I just want the truth and this whole mess can be figured out.

On the 4<sup>th</sup> of July, 2007 I got inspiration to paint the fireworks. I was at work and thought of this idea to use that days newspaper for the canvas and then paint the fireworks while they were going on. I stopped by wallgreens and picked up 4 containers of kids paint, and a New York Times, I wanted the Washington Post by this town only carries it on the weekend and only at one news stand. To my surprise the New York Times had the declaration of independence printed in it. I thumb tacked a sheet to the back of another painting glued the paper on with blue paint and glue, let it dry, I was worried that it wasn't going to dry in time to move outside to paint. During this drying time I placed duct tape over the kids paints mouths to make the holes smaller for more control over the paint, Guy who lives in the building gave me a bunch of rubber bands to keep the duct tape on and he also helped me carry the canvas out to the street, I leaned it against a telephone pole and used rope to tie it up. This is the funny part, I forgot that the fireworks for the 4<sup>th</sup> were at Murtle Edwards and not the Space Needle, I was lucky, you can see Murtle Edwards fireworks from the place I set up the canvas, well only the top 2/3s a building was blocking the rest. I had a blast painting this, painting. The duct tape created gysers and it was like I was in the fireworks themselves, I was it was paint fireworks, I painted as fast as I could to capture the fireworks in motion, I lagged, it took me about 5 minutes after the finally to finish the painting, by that time the first people were leaving the event. I moved the painting supplies off the sidewalk and pushed the drop cloth closer to the canvas so that others would not have to walk on wet paint, I chose kids paint because it washes off, at least the label says so, I was a little worried that someone would rub up against the painting and get paint on their cloths, the next day I brought the painting inside and put a coating of glue over the entire thing, I lost a little contrast when I did this, I was relieved to see that there was no marks in the paint from someone accidentally rubbing against it. The other side of the canvas from was SEA-AT-LL (large), I painted another painting on that side it is there but you have to take off the other canvas, plastic drop cloths protect it. The story of SEA-AT-LL (large) is interesting, it is the first time I made paint out of markers. I placed markers in rubbing alcohol to dissolve the pigment and used that as the sky which was applied at the end of the painting. The canvas is a sheet that I possibly stapled to a frame from another project, then I drew the cityscape in charcoal, and started with the markers, I remember this painting because my neighbor at the time made comment that I was going back to the traditional painting, I said "no". But to his credit it looked like how you would start a traditional painting. The next day or so my neighbor had friends over and as they were leaving one made a comment about me using a little brush, I said no I was using a sharpie marker, she chuckled in disbelief and my neighbor then proceeded to watch me from his deck. This

painting was designed to hang outside covering the garbage on the side of the porch of 821 16<sup>th</sup> Ave, since I was hanging it outside, I painted it outside, a driver from some delivery service talked to me about it and said he would check it out when I was done, after it was done I had second thoughts about hanging the painting outside and called someone I hadn't talked to for a while to ask his opinion, I was pretty drunk and don't remember the whole conversation but the outcome was hang the painting where it was intended. It has survived parties, wind storms, and a bunch of other things with a little discoloration and a couple of cigarette burns, remember the life of a painting.

The painting that is missing and I don't know where was started and finished using some of the acrylic paint I used to paint, SEA-AT-LL (large) the plane is in the painting because she suggested it. Now, permanent marker or alcohol soluble, what I did was colour in the buildings with permanent markers and paint markers while I waited for the marker pigment to dissolve in the rubbing alcohol, after the buildings the painting was almost done I poured the alcohol paint on the top of the frame to create the sky. This turned the sky blue and made the buildings melt. How I poured the paint has a lot to do with the feeling of the picture, the canvas is 6-7ish and as I was pouring the paint I could see where the canvas was getting wet, I applied the paint at different close intervals, to watch how the solution dissolved the buildings, I needed to pour more on the big building due to the different dissolving rate on no sharpie sheet to sharpie sheet, when the buildings in the bottom of the frame had 2 or 3 inches of alcohol on them I stopped and painted the other picture. The whole area stunk of rubbing alcohol, it was at night I had a light attached to the fence of that side of the house, the girl got embarrassed that I put the second painting in front of the house leaning on the step ladder I used to reach the top of the painting. I took it in after that, now to think about it, I am surprised that she would mind that the painting was out front, she would drive around Seattle with her bra on, did it with me once maybe twice. She was a cock tail waitress at the restaurant I worked at we would go to bars every once and a while, her id was from Guam, as is she, we got some shit about that id. She looked pretty young, but was over 21.

Want to write more but the library is closing.

Next day,

The American public is polarized by the two party system. The two party system is designed to polarize the American public, it makes you choose the lesser of two evils. In my election class the professor did so research that stated that four parties are the correct number of parties for America right now. Only now, we need to remember that society grows and learns.

Why four parties? The moderates, I know this is a bad word but this is the reason, ever find your self not identifying with an entire parties platform, you are then a moderate. If you read what the democrats have to say and accept most but then read what the republicans have to say and identify with a couple of things this is the definition of a moderate. You may identify with the republican party more or identify with the democratic party more why do you have to accept the things you do not like. You shouldn't, this makes us dislike ourselves. Hurts our self esteem. Why? You are forced to vote for something you do not like, if you vote at all. I have never voted because of this

principle. SO what do you do? Create two parties that encompass that moderate view. The United States of America has something like 200 registered parties, but we are told to only vote for two of them. The two new parties will consist of a mix of the two major parties views, this is the start not then end. We will need to examine the political process as these two parties are elected. This will take some doing the entire system is set for two parties and the addition of more throughs cogs in the political machine, this si good. We will actually respect our vote instead of thinking I really did not like that person but I disliked the other more, that is not voting. Can you understand what it will feel like to cast a vote that you believe in? The feeling should be great, and empowering to all that vote, you want others to vote, then give them something to vote for. Polititios don't want you to vote, I know they spend millions of dollars telling you to vote but they really don't want you to, why? You are not in their target demographics, you don't have the power as a single vote to get them elected, the ads are to upset you to not voting and keep you down. This is hard to believe after everything we have been taught, believe it.

I know Bono is out there saying cast your vote, this si again a catch 22. You vote for something you don't believe in, compromise your values, or you don't vote and everyone yells at you and say that you are not doing your civic duty. I call bullshit.

The wind is saying wrong again, check your premise.

Voting in this country was started to keep the capatalist in power, the entire system is set to do so, we are watch some of that deteriorate now? Acctually we are not we are seeing capatialism working, what?!?! Remember capatailism by the definition is to get the economic power in a select fews hands, think about Washington Mutual and who owns them now and how much did it cost them, pennies on the dollar, for that capital. We are told that it is the subprime morgages that did WAMU in, well if you listen to the Federal Reserve we know where those morgages are, they are mixed up in synthetic assets that no one know the value of. These assets are supposed to be dropping in value due to the default of morgages, I don't see a lot of people getting kicked out of their homes in Washington do you? I think that the data is now hidden by this consuldaton, it is mixed in with JP Morgan and Chase assets now.

They are being good capitalists by fucking the American public and the world. This has been warned about in many writing in history. (Find writers besides George Washington, FDR, Carl Marx, and Jimmy Carter)

The political machine is going to attack you and drive you senceless, make you distrust yourself, use this power against them by knowing your own views and owning them.

Remember when someone said it is wrong you are on the right tract. Why? They have not checked their premise. Their premise is that the political actually are trying to do good for the constituents, meaning the people that can put them in power most likely not you.

I live in Seattle Washington and you will not believe the consuldaton of power in this area. I did some research into the top CEOs in the country and I was shocked to find out that many of them live here. So when I here wrong, I know who is influencing it. I will

use my brother as an example, he works for a hotel in the area, large corporations hold event at that hotel, if they stopped those events he would be out of a job, that is how the influence happens. It is subconscious. This is what marketing is all about. The best rule in marketing is to let your market put the pieces together.

I am going to use Microsoft for this example because they took my idea. Microsoft has a search engine and product family called "live" now this word reads different ways, they have been promoting "live" until 3 or four months ago, now they are promoting "live". What is the difference? In the commercial they do not say the word "live" they write "Live the moment" this is contrary to the old marketing of "You are live on TV". Same word but different pronunciations, why do I know that it is my idea and not some marketing person over at Microsoft? I was at the last job and the owner of the company walked into the room and looked directly at me and said "Is it "live" or is it "live". Well you see about 2 weeks prior to that I sent an email to a friend of mine explaining this concept. How did he know it? Spying on me? Reading my thoughts? This is called corporate espionage, I never thought my ideas warranted this type of attention. Due to this espionage I now understand the effect of my ideas, doom on you Microsoft.

You should have told me the truth. At the time I was ready to work up the corporate letter and discuss all of my ideas, I was waiting for others that actually understood those ideas, most of the time I have felt that I am talking over others heads and have to give them lessons first, I am doing that in this book, with vocabulary words, the language of business, marketing and economics. I don't understand why they did not say Why don't you come work for us. Actually I do, it is called power. If they came to me, in their views they would have been giving me power, the problem is that I would have seen it as them having more power if they would have been straight up. They would have had the power to ask, this is a huge power. But instead they choose to manipulate.

I think this is one of the reasons why you can hear my thoughts. I support this by a girl I used to date, she moved out of the area for 2 years after we stopped seeing each other, she just vanished one day. During that time I was doing all kinds of things, least of attending the University of Washington, I achieved my degree and learned a whole hell of a lot in the process, I made observations, created plans, all of which were in hard or soft copy, I wanted the school to talk about me, this was part of the presidential plan. Start the dialogue in the Universities.

I ran into my ex girl friend while she was sitting having coffee, the conversation started fine, little stressed due to history but the first time that I started thinking things to her her face changed and said so it is true. She smiled we chatted a little more, I bought her cigarettes with her money and warned her that cigarettes will kill you and that paper money has cocaine on it. Then we continued on our separate ways.

I have often wondered when this thought projection started, this evidence points to a time to 2-3 years ago. Large window, but smaller than my entire life. Now the argument is that others could always hear my thought but since I know that now, I think to them, that could be the change in her face.

After a heavy bout of drinking I thought that maybe something had happened to me while in a black out, this was the same blackout when I lost the index cards, glasses, and

phone. It really bothered me that my wallet was still on my person, that doesn't make sense. If I got rolled that would have been one of the things taken. Am I one to something, I don't know.

Now if other could hear my thought my entire life than it would mean that everyone I have known my entire life would have to be in on not letting me know, this is where the distrust comes in. I am working on that, maybe at times in my life I have broadcasted louder than others, this would explain why now I am able to tell, when before I was not able to tell but suspected something was up. Has it been a small amount and then someone built an amplifier to hear the thoughts better, or examine them better.

I have an internal dialogue going, I don't know when this dialogue started, I don't think I always thought like this, 2 or 3 xmass ago I was sitting at a table and thought of an idea, it wasn't linear like this dialogue, it was like throughing a rock in the water and watching the ripples go out, but it was in reverse, like watch a movie in reverse. Kurt Vonegut wrote about this in Slater House 5. I have stated in the past that I was sorry he was dead because I thought he was the only person to understand my writing, I was wrong.

Other writer I admire is Heinlan?, doesn't matter if I spell the name right his wife supposedly wrote "Stranger in a Strange Land" The two authors have something in common besides the scifi genera, and the terrestrial world they both write about a alien race controlling humans to meet the aliens races goals, that would blow free will out of the water if it were true. Is this alien race "god"? I believe that they were exploring their mortality the awnser to the question why are we all here and what is the meaning of life.

The meaning of life is to live. Still not ready to write about god but religion is for the birds, it has some redeeming qualities, like bringing others together and creating community but it teaches hate and guilt. I don't know of any religion that does not use guilt to control the masses, and gain power.

It is Sunday so I am going to leave this alone for now.

Maybe it is the right day to write about it now that I think about it. I went to a catholic school due to the public schools in my area being war zones. I have spent many years trying to shead this education about this religion and their views of god. I have a theory written down at home that ties all the religions of the world together, but since the religions teach hate and guilt they don't want to accept that we all stem from the same.

Shit man, I am writing about the things you are never supposed to talk about in polite company. This needs to change, we need to start talking about these things, real talk not the lib service that I have heard up till now. This mean we will have to communicate, not yell at each others or call each other names I mean real communication, it is hard, I know it is really hard to communicate with me and others have a hard time communicating with me. Some others I just get along with for no good reason besides we get along.

So the thoughts, am I some victim of corporate espionage or did they capatailise on the fact that others can hear my thoughts, I don't know. I do know that I have a host of facts, with the conclusion that I have been a victim. I saw a video of me at a large gathering of others, it was me looking at the computer, the thing was that it was from the computer

point of view and the presenter looked guilty as hell when he put that video up. The disk that was produced before the event does not have my video on it, I checked, this is when I started feeling self-conscious because everyone appeared to be staring at me. By the way they were. One of the presenters could not even finish her presentation while I was looking at her, I had to put my head down so that she could finish, I couldn't believe it, I now do. This was early in the day and supposedly the others looking at me was progressing, the speakers were talking to me, I know a good speaker should make everyone in the audience feel like they are talking to them but when other turn around and look at you that shows that the speaker is talking to one area. This happened at a conference while I was at school also, I thought it was weird and the classmate I was with turned to me and gave this look like who am I sitting next to and why is the speaker staring at him, this was a conference at the Sheraton in Seattle called Entrepreneurship university.

Back to thoughts, I don't have enough information to prove that others are hearing my thought, I believe it now, and think drinking alcohol and doing drugs stops my thoughts from reaching others, but I am not sure about this.

Premise that this is the Dan Movie show, doesn't feel completely right, but it has something to do with all of this, reality TV, how do you get the most real, don't tell the stars that they are on the show, this has huge implications of privacy rights, and royalties. SO would the Dan Movie Show, I write movie because someone in the past stated that this would be part of the movie. This with no prompting about movies or anything like that.

When I turned 18 all rights should have been transferred to me, meaning any decisions my legal guardians made were null and void, the contract would have had to been authorized by me. I am 32 will be 33 in a month, that will be 15 years of combined royalties and invasion of privacy. I should be a billionaire. But I am worried on how I am going to make next months rent, I will not live of the streets. I will burn this entire world before I live on the street. Lets reverse the situation. Everyone else has to live on the street and I get to live in my studio apartment. Why don't you want to live on the street?

Why did cave people live in caves? So before the studio audience texts the job I can or can not work think about this, or producer or director or decision maker. I have applied for jobs and sent out resumes to plenty of companies, I will be attending a career fair this week and then applying for unemployment. So all of you who have been using my benefits you better be ready to starve.

Monday.

I was going to write about my childhood today and still might but first I have to address a pressing need, that is keeping my studio apartment at 229 1<sup>st</sup> Ave North #103. I do not expect you to live in the streets, you should not expect me to either. Some idiot suggested I live in a church yesterday, are you crazy, first thing first where would I cook my own food, since leaving the restaurant industry I have been cooking at my home and enjoying

it. Where would I do art? I am not going to start graffiti the walls of buildings. Bukowski says that you do not choose writing as a career it chooses you. This applies to all of my artwork. I do not choose to do it, I am compelled to create. With that said,

My consulting fee is based on 3 factors, the average hourly wage I made while waiting on tables, the consulting fee that a former boss charged fortune 500 companies, and a former supervisors boyfriends hourly wage for consulting.

Average hourly wage waiting on tables= \$35.00

Fortune 500 consultation = \$150.00

Supervisors boyfriend consulting wage= \$12,000.00 (I want to know who this is, all I have is a first name if it is real, where he lives, and that he is divorced and their son plays soccer and that he is dating my former supervisor.) Lets guess and say Carl Rove

My fee is hourly. I talk fast and think faster anyone, person or entity, that has used my ideas owe me this fee, I will take money orders and hard currency. I expect that I will be paid by the end of my waiting week for unemployment benefits. I will be applying for them if I do not get offered a job I want.

If you used my ideas and did not pay attention or I was too fast and you bloched it up, you still owe me the fee. If you are using my name for any benefit you owe me this fee, if you say I work for you owe me this fee. At this time I am unemployed. Any others, company or entity that says I work for them is not paying me, how is that for the exchange of goods and services. There is no exchange happening here. This is called stealing.

I went to business school to make a living, some in my situation have gone to art school to make a living off art, I did not. I went to school, business school. Art is not my business. If it was it would ruin my art. Human capital, to work in business not sell art, you are sadly mistaken if you thought I was going to sell my visual artwork. I have always wanted to publish a book, publish my poems and short stories, I have no problems selling my photos or written word but when it comes to visual art I have created myself, that is different. Photos are images of the world around, basically I take pictures of the world around and since that is open for everyone to do, I can charge for the pictures. It is not selling my soul. The description of why I do not sell visual art is not going to be in this section, it undermines the reason.

I will expect a 1099 at the end of the year, or with the payment of the fee, I will also expect to have a description of how you used my consultation, and I need the end of the description to say sorry if this caused any inconvenience to you. I know some of the others that have used this information, well to say it more accurately, I see the ideas in practice. I have noticed particular things after I have had conversations with others. Since it is a presidential election year and I have been thinking about that I have kept track of the ideas that have been used in this election. I am not going to call out anyone at this time, I am going to leave the choice to them. They can choose to be honest and acknowledge the ideas used and pay up.

We will let you decide the fee based on the numbers above, this appeals to your honesty and integrity. We need to start the change now for honesty and integrity in business and



government, I am counting on you to make those changes, and I offer my consultation business as the instrument of that change.

If you are not honest and your integrity lacks then I wonder how you sleep at night.

I was born in Royal Oak MI at least that is what my birth certificate says. My parents are still married and I salute them for it, they married for love, and because of this they are able to overcome obstacles that others have not been able to. As the story goes my mother's father threw a fit that she was marrying my dad. I don't know all the details why he was mad but my dad was a Detroit cop and my mom was raised in the burbs and was 6 years younger. My grandfather worked for Detroit Edison, and I don't know the rest of the details, besides that my mom's brother also got involved in Detroit Edison.

I don't remember much of my childhood, at least that is what I think based on experience. I cried a lot when I was a baby according to my parents and was a happy kid for the most part before grade school. I am trying to describe before grade school but I draw a blank, my mom stayed at home I think at this time, or worked at a liquor store.

The neighborhood that I grew up in was nice we didn't lock our door till I was 8ish, it was after my mom was held up at the liquor store when we started locking the doors. This is what I have been told.

We lived down the block from a family that I consider my relatives, we would spend time over their the parents would .

I am going to hear Alice Speak about Warren Buffet at noon today. During my research for CEO summit I had Warren Buffet on the list. On Wikipedia an entry started that Warren Buffet, Bill Gates and Paul Allen play bridge together at least 2 times a week, sometimes in person sometimes over the internet, well one of the internet, might be corpnet. In the game bridge to play their has to be four players, I don't know the rules of bridge and had to look up this little tidbit of information. I asked my grandfather about it at my cousin's wedding and he said that was easy, the fourth is the dummy hand, and he said that the dummy hand was the American public, go ask grandpa Pete. We talked for a minute and after I said that I don't read the USA Today he shut me off, basically stopped talking about business, so to speak. My grandfather has a lot in common with Warren Buffet, same age bracket, his second wife was highly contested by his three kids, knows bridge, and travels in the same social circle. Lately, I have wondered if they know each other. I don't know if I have divulged my mother's maiden name yet it is Peterson.

Beverly Peterson was her mom, her maiden name was Kavanaugh, that name is around. My grandmother is dead, she died the day after my 8<sup>th</sup> Birthday, my birthday is November 13, 1975. There is a mystery around her death even though it was deemed suicide, the story goes like this, she sat in the garage with the car running stuck a nose in the tailpipe of the car and then proceeded to sit in the car, I recently was told she had a mirror in the car with her. This was all the day after my birthday, due to this timing I have wondered what happened in the events leading up to that and what happened on my Birthday. Here are the questionable facts, my parents have changed the story of how it happened, where they were, how my brother and I were taken care of, and a card that was dated before my grandmother's death. I have been told that my step-grandmother's daughter

for a card that was given to my step grandmother had a date that predated my grandmothers death, the card was given by my grandfather. I love my step grandmother, she is great, She has been very accepting towards me and very loving, what I don't know I don't know. I have also been told that the death of her first husband is questionable, he went out fishing on day and then found dead, I don't remember the rest of the particulars. He was a higher up in the military of the United States of America.

The untimely death of my grandmother has weighed on me for a while, my cousin the one who got married, where I talked to my grandfather, also has questions about our grandmothers untimely death, her birthday in later in November. We talked about it the night before the wedding, it is hard talking about this subject.

What do I remember about the day my grandmother died, I was playing hockey at a rink that had blue and red slushies, I remember the slushies funny the details that you remember, my aunt (who is not blood aunt) came and picked us up, I vaguely remember a commotion in the stands while I was practicing hockey. My father left for hunting on my birthday for years and the story has now changed that he was at home. I remember being taken to my aunts house, which is right down the street for where I grew up, 4 houses not including mine to stage left from my front door. I grew up at 8137 Beaverland, Detroit, Michigan, 48239. I painted a mural on the wall of my room, it is of a castle and stars.

One day I went in my room and drew the castle on my wall in permanent marker and then my parents gave me paints to paint it, I might have gotten those paint on my 8<sup>th</sup> Birthday, they were oil and acrylic paints. I have wondered if the painting is dry to this day, the blue for the sky ran out while I was painting the mural and I used W-D40 to extend the paint, I just sprayed the oil on the wall and extended the blue, I used a tube of paint to create the stars no brushes I just pushed out the paint a little and knocked it to the wall. This is the only mural I have done in my life, the rest which look like murals are on sheets that can be removed from the wall. I have a picture of that mural at home, I signed "LO" in cursive, at the bottom of the castle there is a sorta blank space, this is where I attached a light, I created a shade using an old shoe box. In the picture you can see the unicorn blanket that I was given on some birthday, I used to collect unicorns, I was given a bunch of gifts with unicorns on them, I have another picture of me holding a unicorn poster with my fathers father on the left and Uncle (not blood, lived 4 houses down) on the right, they both have pitcular faces, my brother is in the front of the image looking at the poster and he has a face that says he really like the poster. That blanket was used by me until it was pretty much threads, I don't remember what happened to it, it was soft.

Time to go listen about Buffet, my question is who really is the fourth when these guy get together to play bridge, was my grandfather right in saying the American public is the dummy hand. This fourth is a key to looking into the mind set of the other three players. If the "dummy hand" is the American public that means that we are pretty smart to be playing bridge with those three.

Just got back to the library, after having lunch at home. The Buffett talk was interesting, the answer was not given not even addressed, but I learned a lot, the two things I need to mention at this time is Warren Buffett dislikes Berkshire Hathaway and wishes he never heard the name. The other is that he is linked to the government through his father the congress man, abundance of other things but they will wait.

I realized after looking at a picture of the castle mural is that I have done more murals than that, I got this idea about a party where others could paint on the walls in the basement of 821 v 16<sup>th</sup> Ave. Everyone seemed to enjoy the act of painting except one of the birthday boys, a former roommate. He was into until he say that others like the idea. Those walls were painted by another roommate, he left his name on the North wall. In the same house I created two other murals, well kinda they were on glass, the glass door to my art area aand the window in the art area. Well, I did art all over that house but the primary area after the savage garden was the upstairs sunroom. The door has The savage garden written on bothsides to creat the back cover of the walkin graphic novel, this was originally going to be the cover but I placed a letter that made it hard to read. The other glass mural was the view out of the window of the room. What I did was make a mark on the ground closed one eye and drew the view on the window in marker, after a wjile of filling in the outline the sun started going down and I placed a light outside shining in, That was scary, hanging from the window to place the light to mimic the sun, I needed light outside to create the feeling, I used acrylic and some other materials, the blue sky was marker that then had water marks on it, the trees were textured, the buildings were painted then gone over with in an outline. I closed the window shade and thepainting was their the light shining through made the painting on the shade, kinda like a picture negative, the paint on the window being the negative and then when you shine light through it on a screen the image appears. I was told that this painting wasscraped off by one of the next others that lived in the room, I don't know I was living their at thetime and have not checked the window. During the time between living at 821 16<sup>th</sup> Ave and 229 1<sup>st</sup> ave North #103 I lived with my brother. We both say the living conditions diminishing in that house and decided that I need somewhere to go, it was a pretty pronto move, I left most of my things in the basement under the kitchen of that house, then I went and got them when I moved into 229 1<sup>st</sup> Ave. North. I have this chair that my neighbor gave me, it is pretty cool, I don't know if how I gott he chair is that cool though. My neighbor knocked on my door and asked me if I needed/wanted a chair and all I would have to do is come over her house an grab it. So, I did. As we were carrying the chair back, I had the chair, she had the ottoman, she explained the her son like the chair but since it was hers she wanted to get rid of it, she was sick of it, were her exact words. This chair that I did not know at the time is a famous chair, it also sits in the Museum of Modern art in New York, it is a Herman Miller, Ames Lounge chair. Imaging my surprise to find out the chair is famous. There is one thing about the chair that is piticular, it has 4 legs for stabilization, the images I have scen of this type of chair the chair has 5 legs for stabilization. I have reason to believe one of 2 things, one, it is a old knock off of the chair or it is one of the originals create by Herman Miller himself. I don't know how to find out.

The table in my studio is hand made by another in the building, it was created using a 4x8 piece of plywood and one two by four. It is one of the assignments at the University of Washigton Aritecture school, the table is cool. The creator of the table has a minature of it in his apartment, his girlfriend didn't like his table that is why it came to me, I have his old couch also, they got new furniture. I purchased 3 tackel boxes worth of art supplies from a guy I used to work with at the crabpot, he later gave me the desk and the black table which the now dead tree sits on. The tree was alive for about 2 or three years after I got it, the next door neighbor that gave me the chair also gave me the tree, she said it was

dying in her home. She has a green thumb and supplied the flowers from her garden for a garden party. An artist at the even offered to come over early and arang the flowers, she did a great job, Thanks!

I have a table from goodwill and a greenhouse from Bartell drugs, and a music holder from a church sale up the way. The rug is from Cost Plus and cost more than I intended for a rug but it is like walking on grass, and lying in a field. The chest of drawers was given to me by my brother and his girlfriend, they said they needed the room.

The mirror. After I resigned from my last job I let a new neighbor in my home, she walked through and started naming things she wanted, I thought it was rude and it confused me. Why rude? The mirror has been in my family for a while I have painted it something like 5 times, it was left behind for me when my brother moved to Las Vegas, he also left me a necklace made out of grenade pins. Remember he is a marine.

I now have a big box labled up behind the sofa it contains the painting “the sun” I was going to send it to Melinda Gates to prove who I was as a jester to start the dialogue with me and I wrote her a note explaing this, I was not able to afford to send the painting, so I sent a smaller painting with similar subject matter. At this time I knew something was going on, didn’t know what and had a feeling that others were impersonating me so I licked the painting. The sun smeared a little, it is created with water based ink. I figured any of the imposters would not lick a painting, but since I created it and can create more this would establish who I was and that I was willing to discuss what was and is going on, I also though about sending my card but I like to give those to others in person, I haven’t received any answer from her, not even a form letter.

But the story thickens, this tends to be the case in my life. I went to a new art store maybe a month after that, and the associate in the store took me to the shalack based inks and started describing how they don’t smear if you lick them, it was her tone a nd her manner that gave this away. I also saw others that I have reconized from the art scen in seattle that day in the art store. Anther thickening agent is the last art walk that I went to an loft areas that I have never visited was open, it was a nice building, in the same building different entrance I went into a gallery and asked an artist about her work, she then took the medium she used and put it on the fleshy part of her hand and then to my surprise asked me to lick it. As I was walking out of the gallery I said something to the extent of ,you got to prove who you are, remember there are imposters out their.

I do not endorce any of these imposters. I have not given any rights to use my name or likeness to anyone. I do not condone this type of behavior, expecially if they are using my name or likeness to further themselves. This would be different if they told me. But they have not and I need to know what I am supposedly endorcing.

When I worked at All Star Café in Las Vegas I signed a release say that they could use my likeness, since All Star Café is owned buy Planethollywood and they layed me off that means that they have no rights to use my likeness and if they are pay up. The address is above. If they sold that release with out my consent that is unlawful and I will see them in jail, and they have to pay up also.

I applied for unemployment yesterday, funny thing was that 24 companies show up that I had worked for them, the small print at the top of the page said that some companies would be included in the list of my employers for my protection. Bunch of intresting

things, first had to use my social security number to get access and due to this why the extra companies listed, and why wasn't my last job on the list and why wasn't planet Hollywood on the list? I will get to the bottom of this.

My childhood art started by tracing different animals, I did create thing before that but I only remember my first book, which is interesting because it used to be in the memory book my mom created when I graduated from high school but when I asked her to bring this book out to Seattle the book was missing. It was about a kid and a kite, I had some drawings, the kid got flown to different lands or something like that, I remember the cover of a skinny, straight kid holding a kite and a image in the middle to end of the kite pulling the kid through the air.

Another Uncle not blood asked me once if "this was my master piece" he suggested my entire room, just we now know where the influence for installations came from, just kidding but that had an impact on my life one of those little things that you carry with you. I am one of the godfathers to his daughters baby girl, my brother is the other. I don't think they let us legally sign the papers, but I am a godfather to little Taylor, she is not so little anymore. I haven't seen any of them in years. Taylors mother and I made out once but never got together past that, she lived in Lincoln, Nebraska, I lived in Detroit, Michigan. After I wrote Taylors name the wind got a little different, almost like this is the daughter that others say I have, this is not true. She is my goddaughter not my biological daughter. I was walking down Broadway awhile back and this girl tapped another girl on the shoulder and said "There is your dad". I thought it might be a cut into how old I am but I thought "I wonder" I lost my virginity when I was 18, I am now 32, so any child of mine would have to be under 14. Taylor is older than that. This was when I was thinking about father hood and children, I wonder who that girl is and why her friend called me her dad. At first I thought it could be Katherines daughter Daisy, but why would she think of me as her dad. Unless Katherine told her I was, which I am not.

Katherine tried to extort money out of me for drugs. She did this multiple ways, first faked a pregnancy test, ladies you know about the faking don't you, there are multiple things in a bathroom medicine cabinet that will give a false positive, the second time Katherine succeeded in extorting money from me was my bike. After I was hit by a car on the only mountain bike I liked, Katherine and I went and bought a new bike. I should say this I bought the bike and she accompanied me. She was the one who went with me to the dealership after I got ran over by one of their workers, I did not press the issue. I went and bought a new bike. Well she had the bike when we broke up and I paid her \$300.00 to get it back. Katherine is an interesting character, she helped me get sober the first time I stopped drinking, she had gone through rehab and would listen. She was a cocaine, heroin, alcohol addict, trying to stop but unsuccessfully. I met her at a park one time and she said she was sober but later acknowledged that she was wasted, this was in our first week of dating. She was/maybe still is a fetish model, this is when I first heard of internet porn. She would do fetish shots of her walking up the stairs and other miscellaneous poses. I never saw the pictures, I did have a picture of her, her girlfriend, and daisy at one time, I don't know where it went. My friends at the time disapproved and made me pay hell for it. The day we broke up, she came to my house with I love Dan Burns spray painted in gold to the roof of her blue car, that was enough. I have written about her before, our first date to Canada and driving through two trucks on the freeway

and Purple world, at the end of that story I wrote that she was the mother of my child I put that their for flair, I explained that earlier. Katherine and I were in a car wreck together, I wrote about that also, it was scary, I tried my best at not laughing as she freaked out next to me, freaked out? Kicking the front of the car getting in the car kicking the radio out and eventually the review mirror, she was saying something over and over again, at the time I don't remember what, but she did remember to let me know that she stopped her bipolar/scisofrantic medicine and said it was for me. Katherine has had an impact on my life she is the one who gave me the plak that says "The most beautiful gift we can give each other is the truth"

I can write about exgirlfriends for ever, dated a vampire for a short period of time, something like 2 or 3 weeks. She owner and pet store and have bite marks tattooed to her neck and a bar code tattooed to her fore arm, she said the barcode is of Marborlo Lights. She was a vambire because was in a club that would take red wine and drop one drop of their blood into the wine then pass the cup around and drink it, now you know why that relationship did not last that long, besides she lived about an hour away from me in I believe it was NorthVille Michigan, pretty close to a mall, one of our dates was to the mall that is when she met my friends and they were like no way! I remember them giggling on the way home, talking shit. The friends are married now and have 2 kids together. I was with them on their first date to a coffee shop in Ferndale, MI, I was 15 or something like that, I can't rember the coffee shops name it was one of the first "alternative coffee shops that I had gone to" I didn't drink coffee, I would visit one of them at the coffee house he later worked at and order raspery steamed milk. I painted him at that coffee shop, the painting is on 4 pains of glass set in a wooden frame, I have no idea where that painting is, probably destroyed.

Most of the crazy as others may put it, exgirlfriends came after dating Denise. We started dating when I was 15, she was 16, she drove, got into a car accident in the parking lot of Andonis on telegraph road, inbetween Cherry Hill and Ford. We broke up when I was 18 and then proceeded to kepp the relationship going for 2 years more. I gave her unconvential wedding rings twice once was a puzzle ring and the other was diamonds and rubies. I had my own puzzle ring, I don't know what happened to any of those rings, I know that I have a necklace that was described as us intertwined, I know I keep thing for a while. Some things just slip through my fingers and get lost and others tend to hang aaround. I have a gift from my brother from when I was 19 it is an insence burner and a candle holder.

What else do I have from my child hood? I am not sure, this question has arose due to not knowing how long others have heard my thoughts, is something from my childhood doing this? The wind says bull.

My bro called a bit ago and I don't like talking on the phone in public places, besides this si a library shouldn't talk on phones in here.

Other files from thumb drive for reading and writing

I just got out of jail. The first breath that I took when I walked out of the building was a breath of life. Imagine being in a 6 feet by 9 foot room with the lights on, all the time. I could not tell what time it was, the white walls can be crushing. It all started like this...

It was my day off, was planning on hanging out with myself. I went to value village to get frames for photos that I took. Stopped by the liquor store for a pint of gin for gin and tonics and was told at the store that they don't sell pints, I bought a fifth I made a joke that they wanted people to get drunker, the cashier and I had a good laugh at that one.

The phone rang...

It was bryan asking me if I wanted to go to a show that night. I said no. I had this feeling that something bad was going to happen, little did I know. The show was at the Show box in Seattle, Washington. I had never been to a show at that venue so I decided that I would go. By the time bryan and his cousin showed up at my studio, I was Drunk, yes, drunk with a capital D. I had been working on framing the pictures and having some G and T's. I set a limit on the amount I would drink and passed that limit by quite a lot.

Off into the public.

We went to the Alibi room and, this is where the night gets fuzzy for a bit. It come into great focus later on. I know that I had a marker in my bag, I don't know how I got the marker all over my hands. Washed it off and we walked across the street to the show. The minute I walked into the show box I was cut off, my stamp got a big X over it, by this guy, lets call him "Shorty". I dicided to go for a smoke outside, after finishing that I walked into the bar connected to the venue ordered a drink and some beers, tried to walk into the concert area where shorty showed up and kicked me out and said that he would let me know when I could come back in. I started to hang out in front of the club talking to people and having people fill out index cards,

Then walking down the street,

Then some guy on a phone saying that he knew the owner of the car.

The car...

I was writing on the back widow of a car with a marker I have been told but have not been scene any evidence against me, the attorney later had what he call pictures on a disk, I have not scene those pictures and I believe that he has not scene them because he brought up spray paint and I don't spray paint.

I said I was leaving, he gave me a shove and then got me on the ground. As we were on the ground shorty walked up, and said O its you, not surprised. I don't remember the exact wording.

Police.

Hand cuffed.

Pockets searched.

Put in the back of the police car. The first thing I noticed was the seats, the entire back seat was made out of hard plastic. Easier to clean? Easier to move people. The conversation was about what station I was going to, I don't know if I told this officer that my father was a police officer. We walked into the station, no one was around, it looked like a Ghost town my thought was must not be a busy night. After that had to get checked in, I told the person checking me in that I was a cops kid, and was ignored. After processing had to strip and give over my clothes and change into a red out fit.

They gave me under shorts, socks, sandals and a 2 piece out fit with a pocket on the left side, property slip into the pocket and off to a tank. I was in with about 6 people at that time. The room was a mess. I started to clean it, asked the other if they wanted to help, picked up the large trash pieces then sat down, with my leg up inbetween the shitter and the general area. We ended up moving to the tank over after that because they cleaned the tank I was in. One guy was pacing in the shitter area. The guy across the way was looking at me in a strange way, I did not take notice of the other people in the room. Every once in a while they would call a name and that person would leave the tank. Finally my name was called, I walked out to a window, where I gave my personal information to an officer I also told them that I was a cops kid, they warned me that I could not let the other inmates know this, I thought in my brain no shit, I wanted some protection. I knew what was going to happen, so I made it happen in my way. I grabbed the Inmate Information book.

I was escorted to another holding cell where my friend that was giving me looks before was sitting at the door, as I walked in the entire cell shifted so that the corner seat opened up for little old me. I sat down, grabbed the book and started reading out loud. I whisper said I should stop, I did not, I got about a half sentence from there and the person next to me got up with a grin on his face. And turned around and landed a bunch right on my mouth and kept hitting me. After that first hit I had my block up. He did not land any more punches. Then he was stopped by the police and taken away. I was cut on my lip from that first punch. I said 2 things before I was separated from the group, nonviolence and I took it like a man though. I was interviewed and was put in the cell next door by myself where I was given some thing to spit my blood into. After a bit I was fingerprinted (which was all done on a computer, I would put my fingers on lighted glass and my prints would show up on the screen the operator would hit a button and the picture was taken ) and had my picture taken, I smiled, with toilet paper in my mouth to soop up the bleeding. Who are the police in the story?

I did not want to go to the hospital but you don't have any choice when you are in custody. Walk through the metal detector twice. Get asked more questions at the counter, meanwhile the lutenet is in my field of vision, I can't make out his face because I don't have my glasses on, I can tell by his shirt, lutenets wear white, he was talking to another person while looking at me, I could not make out them they were in PO uniform.

Off to the hospital...



Told to sit in the green chair, 2 police officers waiting by the door. As I was sitting in the chair a hospital worker walked by and said /asked” So you are and artist” I said How do you know that! My brother said that it was on my report. I had to sign a sheet of paper, after I went through it and under lined things that I felt at the time were N/A I wonder today if I crossed out some thing that would hurt me in the future.

Escorted to a bed, that was the 3 bed in the hall a passed my hands over the first to beds and thought them healthy. Then I was chained to the bed, the right arm was held to the bed by a cuff that was on the bed, so was the left foot, you probably have seen it in the movies. The other sides were attached with regular cuffs. I do not like hospitals. I feel all the other peoples feelings thoughts. So there I am cuffed to a bed, waiting. On officer put a blanket on me, I thanked him. I had to start yoga breathing techniques. I kept hearing beeps and they they would go away. I saw on man getting weeled away and he was dead. So I concentrated my thought to making people feel better survive. I gave my energy to the entire hospital. Waiting, waiting.

I got checked out by a orderly/doctor? For prelim. I asked the police what would happen after this he said back to jail. A doctor came over with a student and informed me that the student would be stitching me up, that is when I heard a voice say give him some super glue. I looked up and 2 officers were in the room next to the hall I was located. The DOC said they would check if they could and then came back and said they couldn't. I was asked about getting numbed up, I said no. The drug was not novicane. In my experience, it hurts more to get numbed then it does to get the stiches. This was the 10 time I had stiches in my face. I played hockey for 14 years, have all my teeth though. The med student came over and said it was time I asked for a minute to meditate he said it would take a second to get ready. Then he told me he was going to cover my face, after he did that people walked up, I said high to the 3 observers and the forth that I could not sense let me know that he was at my feet. Stiches only hurt when they are tying them off. After the second stitch the medical student asked me if I wanted another, I gave him this response” You are the doctor you tell me! So he said your getting another one. As I was leaving I had to look back to find out where all those beeps were going, to the best of my vision I saw an elevator.

Back where I started...

Jail.

I was given a blanket, cup, and escorted to solitary confinement. Turned the air mattress the other way on the slab of concrete, then made my bed, and laid down. The bright lights glaring down on me. Then a little reprieve, they turned down a notch. Notch? As bright as your kitchen with all the lights on. I fell asleep.

Bright lights.

They turned on the lights again, they are as bright as the sun, what time is it? Breakfast was served. They opened a little door in the big door and slid a plate through, a little piece of sausage, cheerios some milk, I grabbed the milk and left the rest. Laid back down and put my towel over my head. After a bit, time does not exist in this type of environment, I looked out the small window to the outside and saw the sun rise. I wonder what time breakfast is served? I am laying there and here a mumbled Burns want outside time, I just lay there and said no. Lunch time the slit in the door opened with a slam and a brown bag is placed there. I grab the bag as fast as possible. Look through it for the bloney sandwich with mustard, some nuts, and cookies. A little packet of cool aid that said it was fortified to have nutrients like milk. I drank that. I started thinking about what was told to me the night before, hearing at 10 a.m. out by 2 p.m. I gave a call on the intercom and did not get through, but after sometime I got a Burns what do you want? I told the voice that I had a hearing at 10 a.m., the voice told me that they would come and get me when the court wanted to talk to me. I was disappointed. I started thinking and grabbed my inmate information book. What did I learn. That I was only allowed out of my cell 3 hours a week. I could make phone calls when I had out time. NO one knew that I was in jail no one on the outside trying to get me bail. I waited a little more and gave the voice a call to find out when I had out time, I heard some shuffling of paper and the voice said Friday night at 6 pm, I was arrested on Wed night, that meant it was Thursday, and I could not make any phone call for another day. I started wondering about my rights as a U.S. citizen. I did not know what I was charged with and was not able to make a phone call, my mind wandered to the people at Guantanamo Bay and the other prison camps the U.S. has across the world.

I also learned in the book the people could only be realized mon-Friday 630a.m. to 1030 pm. I shit a brick, I was going to be in this cell for the weekend. If I got a hold of my brother on Friday it would be too late to post bail to get me out before the weekend. That is when I started to really feel the walls closing in. I went through this cycle of claustrophobia and then reserve, and finally acceptance.

Then the voice spoke,

You ready to see the judge.

I bounced out of my bed.

I was cuffed again and was explained that I was considered dangerous and had to have my cuffs on at all time outside the cell. I asked what time it was 230 p.m. I would have never guessed that I thought it was 4pm or 5. The guard asked me why I was in solitary. I explained that I was reading out loud some told me to stop and they someone made me stop. We had to take the elevator down, the guard said that it was unusual to take this trip. I was told to wait on the wall, I could see the court room through a little window. The guy across from me asked about my cuffs and I told him solitary, he explained that he had been in the hole before, it felt like he was giving me a little respect. He had been waiting since 9 a.m. I went to see the judge before he did. Then another guy was placed next to me and was explaining that his girl set him up and that he was looking at another

18 months, he knew the guy who was walking by you was just found guilty, I don't know for what or how long but he had really bad dandruff and his face was flaking skin.

I was then interviewed by a screener. He said that if I plead guilty the I would go to jail for 1 year and charged 5000. I said get me out of hear. He told me to plea not guilty. And that these cases get down to a mistameanor and I have pay the owner of the car damages. We will see what happens. He asked me questions about what happen the night before I told him to the best of my knowledge. He asked if I had been drinking, I sais yes, he said keep that between me him and the post. He wanted to know where I worked, how long in the area, any relatives, I let him know that I just graduated from the University of Washington. I then was told that I was going to have a public defender.

Hearing. I noticed a woman across the room felt her presence looking at me since still don't have my glasses.

My screener awnsered not guilty plea. The proscuter went for bail of 250, my screener had to interrupt the judge to get his say in. He told the judge the info that I had given him but forgot the university, this engaged me with the judge.

What school did you graduate from?

The University of Washington Business school.

Do you have a job yet?

No I have applied at the Seattle Art Museum.

You can kiss that good buy.

You are realized on PR

Relief

My screener look at me with a smile, I couldn't smile at the time. I was then put in the hall again, then brought back intp the court room to fill out paper work. Hard to do with cuffs on behind your back. The guard looked me in the eyes for a bit and said I am not going to get any problems from you I said no sir, he gave me another look, and took them off. The woman from across the room was the person I had to fill paper work out with, she had this look of , I cant read it, almost spypathy combined with question. All paper work goes into the pocket in my prision garb. Back to solidarty. I asked how long it will take and the guard let me know about 5 hours, he added that if I was not out by 730 then I should use the intercom.

Waiting, waiting.

Finally I heard a voice I am hear for a realize. Burns ready to go. I did not get cuffed when I walked out of solidatary, got about 20 feet and got cuffed again because a trustee was still there. The guard did not expect anyone to be on guard at that time. As I walked by 3 inmates one gave me a nood. Down to processing. The finger printed me again. I was told that they had to wait for everyone else to be out to let me get processed. I was the only person in the relies area. Untill one woman was brought into the room next to mine. I was then lead to get my property. My bus pass and nipple ring was missing but everything else was there, my bag, wallet, glasses, cash, pants, shirt, flip- flops, bag with

my art portfolio. After I changed I had to wait again, I was worried that they forgot about me. I was escorted to a door a asked to what one and the guard said the one with the lit exit sign. Exit, Exit that word weighted on my mind. I had to go through 2 doors and then out I walked out by a bank of windows with people behind them one window had a pretty woman talking to the person on the other side of the window. I see the metal detector that has to be the way out, it is not clearly marked, I see a sign the says this way to exit. Walk out the door. I just got out of jail.

One week later

My face is almost healed.

I have grown a beard in the last week to cover up the swelling. It hurt to smile. The 3 stitches that I have in my mouth have not dissolved the way they were supposed to but then again it has only been a week. I am going to shave my beard to day. I wonder what my face will look like. Yes, vanity. I was deformed for a week there. I smiled and only half my face would move. People treat you differently. Nicer? Apathy? Splpathy/ I think that everyone saw me getting arrested, it is embarrassing more than anything else. Getting cuffed, and taken away in the car with all the lights.

Talked to my public defender on the phone, he is a senior lawyer. He put me on hold to awnser questions from another lawyer going in to court. When he got back he told me that we will treat this case like movie stars treat case when they bunch someone in the face. You plead it down to a mistomener and pay damages to the person. I had to ask at that time I drew on a car with a marker, it will wipe right off. He had to look in my file to see what was going on. Here is the catch, when the guy on the phone tackled me, we hit a garbage can that then in turn hit the car. This is hard for me to buy. But, I was not lucid. If memory serves me correct the garbage cans were on the down slope of the incline and we were above the garbage cans. The car was about the garbage cans. Now, if the back quarter panel was injured by that act then I can buy it, but if the door was hurt then I don't buy it.

a.k.a Saniel Thomas Burns

It would look like a typo. Because the s is next to the key d but a couple of days ago I searched Daniel Burns in the King County Court system and did not find anything. My a.k.a. came up when I put in my case number. But today I looked up my name and found it, with my charges. It is funny, weird, to look at my name on the court pages some where I really never wanted to be.

But...

I have been challenging authority for a long time now. I have said to people call the police. Did I really think that I could get away with it because my father is a cop. Not really. I have always wanted to go to jail as an inmate. You must think that I am crazy. I

wanted to learn how it all works. See what it is like, to have your freedoms taken away. I know now, it was for only a little while. I know I would act differently if I was going away for awhile. If I get the book thrown at me then I will be in jail for a year. I don't want that to happen, I have other things to do. Reporters have done it to get the scoop. Police have done it to infiltrate criminal organizations; people have done it because they committed a crime. My crime was reading and writing. Writing on a rear windshield against the norms in society and reading aloud, breaking the norms of inmates. Reminds me of a story. I used to live in this 4 story, 7 bedroom house. Had 3 roommates. It was one persons birthday and it went late, really late. Next day in the backyard having a BBQ a neighbor come in the yard, telling us that we went to late, he understood going late ( I know this because he is a rockstar, the head man for -----) and that he loves Elton John but not blaring at 4a.m., by the way he was dressed like Elton John. After he left, the thought accored to me that the rock star who lives next store, told us that we party harder than rockstars. It that can put that part of my life in perspective, Kinda more to come on that.

Tina sujessted that the bouncer from the club knew that if I went to jail then I would get beat up. It is possible. Tina has seen me be a complete asshole when I am drunk, more than once. Bryan called me out of control that night, and that we think of a club to start. Like a reading club or discussion group. Blogs are away of doing this but you don't see people face to face and that is the whole point. So, my idea is the there is a scavenger hunt, that leads to a discussion group. In fact you create the discussion while on the scavenge hunt. How do you keep the booze out of if is the hardest problem.

I just did the first edit for a writing sample I will be including in a job application. We need to explore why others do not want to be called people. In the constitution "We the People" leaves out a lot of people. I guess that is why the others don't like being called people, unless they are aliens? We admend this constitution with double negatives that create canfusion not clarity. Have you tried to read that document? It is difficult to say the least. Why don't we rewrite it with the admendment written in t othe main document, the founders considered this document living and needing to be changed, hell they wrote it under slavery, women did not have rights, others were not treated equally, it is an exclusatory document. How would we start rewriting it. Put the document on a Wiki and others can start changing it, this would be the test to see, if others understand it, what happens to the double negatives, and a good sounding board for the voice of all the people (others), this will also let us know who feel left out, if it is for the people by the people shouldn't we know what all the people (others) really want.

I have to concentrate on keeping a roof over my head, I am applying for some "think tank" positions where writing samples are a prerequisite, I am also applying for nonprofit jobs.

I need to address the unfairness of others hearing my thoughts in a business stetting, I know I have gone into it a little earlier but I need to emphasise this, I am an entrepreaurer and planned on creating wealth using my ideas, it a firm is going to hire me to take my thoughts to create wealth for themselves and not let me in on "their dirty little secret" I

am not even say pay me more but some ideas I have are for me to build out and create the business, to have income to keep my apartment go out on a date, shit let alone go out and have coffee at a coffee house, so how is the business going to know what thoughts I am going to build out and what thoughts they are able to build out? I would talk about them. Now, if I am supposed to shut up, not talk, and I am wrong according to some of you, maybe I will walk down the street with tape over my mouth with can you here me know written on it.

Again, I have been taught life is not fair, right, well that is about to change.

You pompous asshole, I am work hard to give you solutions to **the problems that you created** and all I get is ugly words through at me. Come on.

So my first job on the book was when I was 15 years old, had to get a special permit to work at that age, it was at Moms Fruit and Deli, it is now out of business. My mom used to shop their and job to know the owner and their I was. I had a bunch of duties, least which was stamp down the garbage and sort the recycling. In Michigan there is a complsulary recycling, I did not even know to call it recycling.

Again you pompous assholes. LISTEN TO THE STORY. Maybe this is the problem with a lot of adults, we try to tell you what is wrong but you don't listen, just call us names. Or tell us we are wrong, just what you pompous asshole if you were so right we wouldn't have the economy falling out underneath us, we wouldn't have the population of drugs, legal or illegal, we wouldn't be in wars all over the globe, we wouldn't have smaller others hating your guts!

The type of recycling is call a deposit on the cans and bottles, it is 10 cents. This is how it works, when you by a deposited product the store charges you 10 cents more, then when you are done with the bottle you bring it back and they give you the 10 cents back. At Moms fruit and Deli on Joy Road in MI one of my duties was to sort the deposits to the distributors that the can came from, I don't know where they went after that. LOOK ON THE BOTTLE THEY HAVE !) CENT DEPOSIT FOR MI AND % CENT DEPOSIT FOR OTHER STATES.

This is really starting to bother me you pompus assholes.

Just makes the younger generation angeryier. Watch your thoughts or little billy or Susie is going t o do you in. We taught generation "X" to internalize all their problems and about a third of them kill them selves off before they graduated for High school. They are killing themselves again, this "X" generation seems to be some sorta experiment for the power elite. Who are these others that taught us to hate ourselves? Did we know they were setting us up for failure? Killing your self is not the answer.

How do I know? Others have been telling me to kill myself for years, the last one told me to stab myself in the neck. When I would do workback for Microsoft I was told to label the deadline the drop dead, what kinda shit is that? One more thing against the company I worked for besides when ever I would bring this "dropdead" up to others they looked at me like I was crazy but that is what I was taught to do. Hell I tried to make it more upbeat by adding lets go have beers for the drop dead. I have been thinking about this generation "X". Why are so many of them killing themselves off! I am a member of this generation and these are my thoughts and point to a huge discrempacy in what is taught and what is praticed,

Again,

Baby Boomers watch out we are sick of being belittled, berated, if you will. SO generation "x" has some collective action problems. Here is the solution, want to watch social security go down faster, so it affect our grand parent and parents, want all of us to take unemployment and take all the money out of your system, or just that we are killing ourselves and that skews you in the long run, not enough others putting money in the system to support the system you created, and won't admit that it is broken. No amount of money will fix it, you tried that with your kid, through money at them and it will fix them, guess what, made more problems.

I am working on a real solution not your bandaid solution besides parent of generation "x" you think your grandkids are going to forget that you stuck them with all the problem, when they were seen before they were born, this goes for the way we are raising kids now, we are trying to fix a system that the parents broke and refuse to understand it, they play dumb, and say it is your world now, but in essence by saying that it is not we are in the remnants of your dying world not ours, don't take me wrong we have made mistakes also but look who is on wall street, who is in power in Washington, who is "holding the power" so it is time for you elders that are suppose to be wiser and smarter to actually realize how smart you can be by admitting that you have made mistakes and opening up to new ideas not the ones driving us out of our houses, and the food off our table. The elder generation is now making me sick with the lies and manipulation. It would be nice to see a headline "Sorry we fucked it up for the younger generation, we are now listening to you and putting our pompous bullshit aside, we not understand that Mancure Olson, Paul Heyne, and all those other economist were setting us up for failure.

How were you raised? Buy the swift hand of your parent or what? It is tough I tell you watching all this fall around you after you have been giving warnings for years. It is the pompous asshole that thinks throwing money at the problem is going to solve our problems, look at the interest rate hike, the tax payer gave the Banks 700 billion to stop others from getting through out of their houses but then what happens they raise the rates on us to make it even harder to stay in our houses. If you can't make a mortgage payment at 6.5% you can't make a mortgage payment at 7.5%. Others are saying wrong right now, are you stupid others, this is simple math.

$$\$100 * 1.065 = 106.5$$

$$\$100 * 1.075 = 107.5$$

It is as simple as that, if you raise rate then the amount due is raised, and then the others that could not afford the 6.5% can't afford the 7.5%. Sure use your tables with the adjustable ARM and the amortizations, simple interest or your compound interest it still states that you have to pay more on your mortgage.

Here is one you can understand. Your credit card debt: if you have 6.5% rate on your credit card and the company raises it to 7.5% do you have to pay more money? DUH

We all got duped. We have to get over that. Don't let them keep on pulling the wool over your eyes, for your sake, for your childrens sake, for your childrens childrens sake, take the power back.

I am writing on how to get over being duped, it hurts my feelings also. It feels like all lies, and it is. Housing bubble, how many of those have we had? Too many to count, states losing money how many have we had?, how many war, how many dead, how much do you hate yourself, how afraid are you of yourself from all this stuff that was taught to you, stop the cycle. Circles supposedly never end. The circles need to end, this cycle of spipping lowere and lower, hating yourself more and more has got to end, hating yourself means you are going to hate others because you will see reflections of you in them, it is horrible. You want to know what they are doing and how they are doing it. I am telling you. Put aside your preconceived notions, they are hurting you. All the assumptions they taught you in school are questionable, and should be questioned.

We are taught that no question is a bad question, the question that they want us to believe is bad is the one they cant answer, if you ask a question the teacher cannot answer that is considered the bad question. How many teacher do you know that say I will get back to you on that, or have the class look into your ideas, or like me "Say that can't happen" that can't happen is not an answer.

Murphys Law Anything that can happen will happen at the least convient time.

Even if you don't think it will happen, it does, this modern thought I think of as khaus, entropy if you will, the nature of khaus is that is is perdictible, based on Galeilos theory of the clockwork universe and he was killed for the thoughts, and couldn't publish till he was dead, his true thought that is, you know why the pompous asshole would not get over themselves, so they killed anyone who got in the way. This was the church by the way.

As for clock work universe, the planets go in a elipse, not in circles, this means that the unitified forces are not constant, relativity is not constant, why ellipses? Why not circles? If the universe went as ac lock right? This what I am talking about saying NO, or your wrong or any of the ugly word due to igornance, and not respecting others.

So let s take darkmatter, this was proven by sending 3 probes from the earth at the same time and guess what they all slowed down at the same rate, so much for an object in motion tends to stay in motion, something is out their in the suppose vacuum of space, does our atmosphere keep it out, no.

The distance between of moclules and all the others misc this in our bodies have something in that area, the latest term is dark matter, also know as grey matter, this matter not detected by the human eye is everywhere. It explains why we are only at the beginning of our mathematical, journey.

Physis is the language of the gods, at least it tries to be, we want to understand god, so why not try tio talk to god, that is physics. Math was is the language that "god" smashed in the tower of babble. At this time it is the only language that is transferable from country to country and everyone can read it, the numbers are said a different way but they mean the same thing, 1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9, and so forth. What di achient civalizations figure out? I will tell you one thing, they didn't have man made power (electricity) everywhere impeading the experiments in their mathimatics.



SO where does this installment bring us, love peace patience as the other sneezed, I just got a FUCK OFF from that other, shit I gave him a “blessing” just used different word other than “Bless you”

SO where does this instalment bring us, to forward.

Over the weekend I talked to a friend and started thinking about Forward thinking and iter stillness, this transformed into this, Inner stillness to get over fear and anger, not for babies, life is beautiful, forward thinking for where do we go from here.

We fucked it up we are going to fix it, we don't have the choice any more. Hell is not going to reign on this planet, mark my words. October 20, 2008.

TO look forward I in need to look at my past. After I quit and was fired from Moms Fruit and Deli, I went next door to hopes fish and chip and sat down with my mom and dad for dinner, idont remember the piticulars why the job ended but I do remember theat the owner was yelling at me and I also raised my voice. The owner of that fruit and deli was tempermental to say the least, I work their with a guy in my brothers class and divine Child high school, I don't remember his name. After Moms, I started painting houses during the summer and worked at Sax Fifth Avenue in the receiving department, my home room teacher in 12 grade also work at this Sax fifth Ave, My mom worked their while I worked their and my brother had a job their before I started working at SAKs. He was more of a mantiance guy then working in receiving, he also work in the cosmetics area, I only did that 2 or 3 times, I also worked in lungeray department for shift or two. This was during the holiday season when gift wrapping at the stores was just starting to take off. The mall did not have a gift wrapping station yet, I mostly worked in the receiving department. # trucks a week regular Monday, Wedness, Friday, and during busy times one on Saturday. I worked from 3 till close on those days and Sat at 7 a.m. We would finish the Friday truck on Sat morning. One of the delivery driver wore shorts year round, even in the freezing cold of Michigan winters. When walking into the receiving department was one of the first manaquins with cameras in its eyes, how do I know the security department let us know. Receiving and security were located in different spots but when security needed to get off the floor, they would visit us. During that time SAKS went to clear pursases to bring your belongings in, associates had to have thios clear purse to take their belongings on the floor, but their was a storage are for your coats and stuff across the hallway from security.

I was also painting houses for upper class area around Detroit, the burbs. We had a unwritten contract to paint houses in the neighbor hood called The Hills of Lone Pine. The older houses in the area were stained to let the wood grain show throught, even though we warned them that the wood would turn black after multiple paintings. The other houses were painted with an opaque stain. We started putting muricide into the paint for some of the houses that were in woody areas. One of the houses had a KOI pond as you were walking to the front door, the pond was below about 10 or 15 feet, this is when I learned that KOI hibernate. They will feed until a piticular temp then will find the lowest area of the pond and hibernate, this house also had a view of the marsh lands behind it, I remember because the fountains in the marsh land. I liked that job, sometimes

we would go fishing in one of the lakes in the middle of the community. We hardly say anyone else. I caught a bass in that lake, it was a fight, I ended up running in land to drag the bass on to the ground. I day the owner of the company pointed out a house and let us know that that house had a party the night before with all rented stuff, we were watching them take the things out. He also stated that the owners of that house could not afford to live in that neighbor hood. Anouther family had some kids in high school and family made a deal, if you did not drink in high school you would get paid \$25,000 after graduating, at that time one had drank the other had not. What else is their to say about those days we would power wash the house one day let the wood dray and then would then paint or stain the outside. In other areas, I have painted the interior for a underground pool. This was interesting, we had up scaffolding, we were spraying this area. The pool was bare and when we finish they were going to spray some sorta coating in the pool, this si what holds the water. I believe that it was going to be about 2 or 3 inches thick, they had these things around the pool for the debth the spray need to be. We were working on the garage and shutters of this one house and the owner of the house started telling us a story, it started like this,

Ever heard of the Red Hot Chili Peppers,

We were into tham at the time and said “yes”. Well, he son called he one day and let her know that a drummer in a band just died and he had try outs for this band, guess what the bands name is the Red Hot Chili Peppers. She then started talking that he did not do good in High School and that the teachers gave him hell but now I guess after 25 thirty years, they are eating their word, she said at the time they were eating their word, but still had this thing against him. He got the job and in the drummer for the Red Hot Chili Peppers, look where the drummers is from, yes that says Michigan” Me I am from Michigan, fight like a brave. Just a little from the Uplift Mofa Party Plan.

Anouther house I got to work in was Aritha Franklins, we went over their for some reason if was during the holidays and their were packages everywhere for charities that she supported, I never met her, her manager was at the house at the time. Painting houses ended badly when I was left alone to paint a huge house, the owner went on Vacation and I don’t remember if the other worker was supposed to be their or not, painting that house was the first time I ever got a request played on the radio, it was “Herione” by the Velvet Underground. The DJ said they would try to play it when I taked to him on the phone and then said something on how this long song did not get played very often but it was cool. I smoked abunch while painting houses and put the butts in my pocket, it stank.

While painting houses I also worked for UPS for 2 weeks it sucks, I would go to be at 7 at night wake up at 2 am to be at work at 3, then would go painting houses till 5 or so then sleep, that schedule was not good.

During my painting houses days I got involved with the service industry. I started at a restaurant in Royal Oak, MI called, Mongolian Barbeque it has been changed to BD;s Mongolial Barbeque due to that you cant copy right a generic name as Mongolial Barbeque. By the time I let that restaurant to move to Vegas they had expanded to something like 7 stores and were working on the franchising rights for 10 more. Me I started their when the flagship location, which is now moved, was one floor, we had waiting lines 4 hours long. What I liked about this restaurant was cross training. You started in the kitchen stocking the buffet, then you would prep the food, host (which was also bussing), you had to dishwash, had to cut meat, it fostered a team atmosphere. After

a while you could become a server or bartender, those were the positions that made the most money. Except if you were a good chef. At Mongolian barbeque everything is raw and you compose your meal in a bowl then bring it to the chefs and they cook it in front of you on a 700 degree grill. I cooked a lot, so did others, at the beginning the senior person had their back to the front door, why the smoke from all the cooking would drift to the other side. I did not mind either side. During this time I always smelled like Mongolian Barbeque, I had my boots that I would wear behind the grill and then out on the town. They were jungle boots. I also wore a couple of hats, one was Micky Mouse and also a made in Detroit Kangaroo. I might have had other hats but I don't remember them. During that time at Mongolian Barbeque I lived in my Grand parents house after they got put in a "rest Home" my brother lived up stairs in their old room, and I lived in the basement. We had some crazy times over at that house. One day I walked out of the house to see my car pushed down the block 3 houses with the tires punctured, Only one was completely dead. I ended up wrapping that car around a telephone pole on the eastside of Detroit, about 7 or 8 block from where I used to live.

After moving to Vegas the Mongolian Barbeque corporate visited me once at All Star Café they were scouting to see if Vegas could support that type of restaurant, I gave them my 2 cents, not close to the strip but the suburbs might be an ok place, I doubted the idea because the heat from the grill and the smell. The corporate guys were managers when I worked at Mongolian Barbeque, for all you doubters, one quit drinking after drinking at my 21 birthday party, the other had my same name but went by DANO, which I dislike being called, and the other was the owner of the company, he is a JR.

I moved plenty when I worked in that restaurant, by others would come find me at the restaurant. I wasn't hiding, I was there for everyone to see in one of the busiest restaurants in Royal Oak. I liked to cook and took the closing duty of scrubbing the grill most of the time, others hated doing it, but I really didn't care. I used the dust from a grill brick and used it as the road in a painting that I created, that was the first painting with angular mountains, it is not signed. The person I gave it to asked me where it was signed after he and his friend took part of the night to find my signature, I just thought of a reason why I might not have signed it, I gave it to him the night after I finished the painting and did not turn it over to sign it because the front was wet. The reason why this painting was painted was because the person who I gave it to, he suggested painting a hitch hiker (traveler) while we were working in the grill one night, could have been at the bar though, so I painted mountains with a road (done last) using tape for straight lines, and made the traveler with colour pencil. The comment I got when I gave it to him was that the traveler was the cleanest traveler he had seen.

Mongolian BBQ had a bunch of other workers there and we became close friends, it was large enough to have clicks after the expansion that is, but I tend to like to travel between clicks.

I talked a lot on the grill and had others that I got along with better but I have gotten along with the others that were considered outsiders. One was a postal worker taking a break the other was a religious guy, (19 or so married, kid) He invited me to a play that his church put on and I went, it was an old story retold to "fit" modern times, I remember these boxes growing on stage, not the rest of the story though.

The other guy others didn't like because he wore white socks pulled up while wearing shorts, and he had a kooky sense of humor, we would laugh the night away.

During this time I was a club kid. I worked painting during the day, restaurant at night, then would go out dancing. We hit all the "right spots" On Monday we would go to Alvins close to wane state university, on Tuesday we would go to Industry for 80 night or Canada, Wednesday was Some time Saint Andrews Hall aka the shelter, Thursday were Canada or Industry, Fridays were city club, sat was the state theater for club x and then to city club on Sunday, who knows. Now this wasn't everyweek, we would sometimes go to raves, and not the club , sometimes we would go to a bar instead, sometimes I would go to a bar instead, but usually I was at the bar before we went to the club. Clubs and dance culture have been a large part of my life. I ended up running them in Seattle.

In Michigan you were aloud in some bars/clubs when you were 18. You would get a "x" on your hand if you were under 21. Most the time though I looked old enough to get a drink if I wanted but I usually showed up after I had been drinking.

The first time I went to a dance club I was 15 or 16. I went wit ha friend who I met he owner of the club, we went in throught the back entrance past security and the bathrooms. This club the back entrance was achieve by walking throught the front entrance of the hotel, the front entrance to the club was through the wooden fence past the pool to the unmarked door, when you opened the unmarked door their was the sign "Leland House City Club" walk up the stair 2 or 3 flights, either see the line or pick and choose the right door, I have walked right past it a couple of times. Inside is painted black, and then using whit paint the end of the world is depicted in cartoon form, the bar was on the left the bathrooms on the right, walk pas tthose to a large hall going to the left and then on the right is the dance floor, in the back of the dance floor is a raised area where you could have some drinks. I tended to dance where ever the most space was, usually next to the speaker, it was so loud others couldn't be that close I guess. We had nicknames for some of the others at the club. For a while I would go down with 2 of my female friends and they liked "tall and skinny" one had a crush on this one guy and we called him tall and skinny. This nick name game went back to high school where I call so of the girls I dated nick names so that others could not tell who I was talking about. MD became the doctor, NIRE was one, and a couple of others that I don't remember. The two I used to go to city club with were in model United Nations Club with me, that is how we became friends. I would also hang around and meet others, I started dating a gril that I met their again, lost my virginity in the parking lot of that club. I have scince benn back and that area looks nicer, the parking lot os paved now, the pool is gone, and metal fence has now been erected, the privacy fence is mended. This si also the same parking lot where my car got broken into and my personal effects were taken.

I like to dance and when I dance it tends to be big, I use my arms and legs. This is how my style developed, I learned how to dance from my mom go in a box, then I worked in a fot work routine from the 80's, then I was taught to keep this beat, right, left,right, right,left,right,left,left, repeat. I remember learning that beat, we were on the second floor of Saint Andrews and on the balcony level on the floor and an old friend of my taught me this beat, he said he was sick of watching my off beat dancing.

Fridays were huge for my club scen. We went to Saint Andrews Hall and that was called three floors of fun, the basement where I spent 2/3 my time was alternative/punk, the middle floor was hip-hop and the top floor was house music. This was when most electronic mucic was called house music, yes their was jungle and ambient but now of this categorical electronic music.

Raves were interesting, most were in forgotten about warehouse spaces, one was at the Michigan State Fair ground, knew the promoter for that one, they also had a rave at the old train station but it was shut down before we got there, we went to after hours clubs. Club Kid is the generalization- but in my case a lot less drugs.

The red door, was an after hour club, the bank another, one of grand boulevard, and some more that I don't know names you just go there and you could get drinks after 2. Some bars were notorious for the after hour scene. They would stay open after 2 but not serve drinks, that is unless you knew the "special" word. They would hand you a drink that looked like juice but had some booze in it. I have never seen that many drugs, I know there have been drugs at some of these events by myself did not see them. At one rave a girl that I used to date told me the last rave at that spot was broken up by the police and there was so many drugs on the floor they filled up 2 or 3 garbage cans full of drugs, I heard this same story in Vegas so, I wonder if it is urban legend. That was a fun rave, they had a bunch of conceptual and visual artists in the halls leading into the dance floor, the dance floor was not packed, the ambient room was, that ex-girlfriend told me the music was "ambient" and I went out and got a CD it is one of my favorite CDs to this day. I had to replace that CD about a year ago, the music is the same but not, maybe it is the act of looking at this candle wax covered CD that got me in the right mind set. The first time I listened to that CD I took a bath in the apartment in Royal Oak that has been destroyed. Many memories.

My life changed after I jumped out of a moving car, and caused all kinds of hurt one day into the night drinking session.

I stopped drinking for 21 and a half to 26ish. I moved in with my parents for a month or 2 while I got my stuff back together, this was a conscious choice, kinda. About a month before I stopped drinking I had a trip to Accupucko planned and then the car wreck and the next car stolen then the next car clutch burnt out and went missing, I was going to use the money for vacation to get another apartment but my parents suggested staying with them for a bit, I did, went to Accupucko, came back stopped drinking and then moved to Ferndale, MI off of 9 mile. My brother lived in the house and moved in with his girlfriend to save money to move to Vegas and I took his spot in the house. Not really his spot, the other room mates moved rooms and I had the small one in the back of the house, yes the room with the guy from Americas most Wanted, I moved into that room after he moved out. No one had any idea that this Doug character was wanted for anything. I cleaned up that house after running into many obstacles, the power turned off, due to the previous tenants not paying the bill and turning the power back on after it was shut. I was living in the house when they cut the line at the pole, I remember that everyone crowded into my room because I had candles, it was warming. After that room I moved into the room next door when another went to LA to be an actor. He gave the rest of the roommates nosehair clippers and said it was time to start grooming. I still use that nosehair clipper. After doing some work in the front yard, not the work that can be seen today that was done by the roommates after, particularly the guy that got his ex-wife's names tattooed over after they got a divorce and a guy that lived there when I did. I put up blue drapes and painted the mirror blue to match and looked around for sconces to go on either side of the mirror. This is when I found out what a sconce is, went to countless antique places to get them but I did not know what to call them, finally found out and that made search for them easier. I got this deal for them from an antique dealer on 12 mile

road, I think it was 25 bucks for each, I might have painted them to match the mirror, but I don't think so.

One day my brother called and said that I should move to Vegas, so 2 friends of mine headed out there to check it out. We surprised him and brought a TV with a video cassette player imbedded. That trip was interesting, we won a lot of money, I lost a lot of money, and they partied the entire night. I found out about dress codes at his point, I was not let into the club because I had on baggy jeans and possibly tennis shoes. They hailed a limo and took us to the strip club. Me I was broke, I pressed my luck after we won and I lost the winnings, they were playing the \$5 slots and I was playing the \$100.

I then had a decision, I had enough money to go back to school or move, I moved. At the time I had a red Taurus (Topas) the cheap one, I don't remember where that car came from, but I do remember that while we were driving back with the kegs for my going away party the breaks went out and had to stop the car by placing our feet on the pavement "Fred Flintstone" style. That was a scary trip, I am sorry it was to get the tapper for the kegs not the kegs themselves, I was with the guy that coined the term "3 stoners and a xdrunk".

Move to Vegas was achieved by renting a van from Budget rent a car, I loaded that thing myself, dresser and all, then the roommates came out and said bye and I drove to my parent house to pick up my mom. She made the cross country trip with me, we drove fast and hard and showed up in Vegas a day before we were supposed to. We had to call my bro and give him some warning. After minimal searching I found a one bedroom apartment on Tamurus street a little down for 7-11, the number was 206 and the front door faced the street. I painted the large faces in this apartment, mostly while listening to Senade Occorner, I also got my first computer while living in this apartment. It had a roman tub which I had never heard of, a walkin closet, the toilet was in a separate room from the sink and had a patio that I rarely used. I was into not locking doors then also and left the patio door open or rigged to open very easily. My couple of months in Vegas I found out about the water (which is supposedly fixed now), I left a glass of water on the counter and when I got home there was sediment at the bottom of the glass, a lot of sediment. This is when I started getting water from the windmill water dispenser, I would load down with gallons and gallons of water, and roller blade home. Started buying Blue Sparklets in the 2 gallon jug when I lived with Adar.

At some time in Vegas I started playing roller hockey with some friends that also worked at All Star café and Planet Hollywood. One guy was AV at All Star and waited tables at Planet, the other waited tables at both, and gave AV support at All Star, I think he only worked at All Star because his girlfriend worked there, but he is/was a huge sport fan. We started playing outside at this park off Flamingo, then we got a team together and played at the Chrystal Palace at the end of Flamingo. I wasn't an organizer, I just like to hang out with my friends and play hockey. Thursday was hockey day. We all took the day off work, one would pick us up, we would stop by the 7-11 and then go practice during the day, go look at sporting goods and then play the game on Thursday night. Vegas was not too difficult for me, I believe that it is because I did not drink or do drugs, period. I smoked cigarettes and gambled. Know how why it was easy to not do drugs or drink in Vegas? You get to see how fucked up everyone else is and you don't want to be that way. I was able to save some money during that time and then gave it to my girlfriend when she couldn't afford to live. We also spent some money on getting stuff on our first place

together. She bairy drank, even thought her mom and step dad like to ham it up, this si why she didn't like to drink. When ever she drank at the house she would have one or two stienlagers. She brought her cats to live with us, at first PY aka pywacket, this name is from an older movie about a witch. Then scout came to live with us, he was an outdoor cat but was getting old so we kept him inside.

In Vegas their seemed to be a cult flowing. I knew some witches, one who I have learned intresting thing from carried her totem everywhere, in witch speek it is her familiar, it was a stuffed animal. She told me that she had never been in front of a guy with out her makeup on, if she was with someone then she would wake up early and put on the make up before her partner woke. Anouther that studied mother earth became a good friend of mine, so good that when we started to progress towards the physical, she stopped it and said that she wanted to date me but if we dated she would cheat on me, due to the closeness. You would have to know her to understand, I haave some great poems written by her, one is signed by lusifer. That friend ship came to a close after we had a disagreement, then she went got engaged and pregnant, not in that order though, the last time I saw her she was "ready to burst" at the Stratosphere, she kinda looks like my neighbor now. We had a intresting nigh before all this happened. I gave her a massage but I did not touch her, it was like this energy was flowing between us, reaching down into her mussles, her being.

Adar came along shortly after that night, well she had been around but we then started to take it to a different level. We were friends for a couple of months, talking on the phone, chating on the internet hanging out when ever, then things progressed after playing a game that I had from my childhood. I decided that is was in our best interest not to have her move into my place but we should get a place we both had never live in, that would be ours. With the same apartment company we moved in a couple of blocks over on Hacienda. That place was 2 bed room 2 bath fire place padio, horces out back, roman tub pool, hot tub. The cats had their own bathroom, we turned the second bed room into the computer/den, we had 2 computers with our backs to each other, a TV in the closet and would watch movies. Had my art and others art hanging on the walls, one was controversial in her family. I got to know her at PlanetHollywood, Las Vegas. Keep these Planet Holllywoods straight, one in vegas, one in seattle and all star which is also owned by PlanetHollywood.

Adar and I move to Seattle, not together but seperatly, but as a couple. I moved 2 weeks before her, she took care of the details in Vegas, and got us packed, I flew to seattle and then she moved up here.

We found an apartment online while we live in vegas. We really never talked about moving to Seattle. When that subject di come up she hit me, and I screamed "FU" and went to sit on the patio.

In the past I have thought that Vegas relationships do not work out side Vegas, I still think so but it depends on the couple. Adar and I had a rule if you are going to be out past 4 am call, she broke that rule in Seattle. 4am in Vegas is when a lot of the bars close, it seemed reasonable at the time, in in a different city, 4am doesn't seem reasonable.

Now I am to Seattle in my story, when I was offered the job in Seattle I did not know where it was,I had too look it up on a map. Seems hard to believe with the grung era going on while I was growing up. I first heard "smeels like teen spirit" at the end of my

7<sup>th</sup> or 8<sup>th</sup> grade year. I told one of my friends that that band was going to be huge, and by the time the next school year started Nirvana was all the rage.

I played football with that friend, and just found out that he married his highschool sweet heart and has twins.

Me I will use this as a segway into my schooling. I transferred schools when I was going into the 7<sup>th</sup> grade, started at Divine Child Grade School, my home room class was also the history teachers class room.....

This is an historic election because we have the change to vote out the career politicians in the house of representatives. The corrupt voter machines are the problem here.

This is how we test the system.

Individual

1. Bring a pen and a 3 by 5 index card when going to vote
2. As you cast your vote fill out the index card with your vote this will be your voting receipt
3. Outside the voting centers have a table set up with a roll of butcher paper and cast your vote there also.

Why can this work, we need a receipt for our vote and also need to have a record of how we voted, this is the backup. The butcher paper is how you do it because it is one large piece of paper, we can tell if the votes have been messed with, can tell if areas have been scratched off or ripped off.

This will undermine the confidential voting in the United States, this undermining is what we need to move forward. Confidential voting leads to many ways of manipulation.

Count the votes on the butcher paper, the others that are running the voting areas will be able to input the votes into a system that will need to be designed. It is their but we need access to it. Basically we are creating a voting system that can be counted without the "powers" interfering, they will try, the voting areas will have guards, and all kinds of intimidating factors to persuade you not to cast your vote in a way that can actually be counted. Ignore them. They can't really do anything to you, if there are mass arrests they prove their guilt. They need us to behave in a predictable manner to keep their infrastructure intact.

I suggest voting for non career politicians for your representative. We will still have a certain number of career politicians that remain in office, this is good. We need to get the career politicians to keep the government running until we are able to get the entire group out. We do not want to shut down the government. The career politicians that are left in office will have to be watched. It is possible that they are going to be the most powerful of the old career politicians.

As this election draws closer we need to think about transition and what would happen if noninsiders are elected. The first thing they will do is try to cover their tracks, this means the amount of paper shredding will be enormous, we can't let that happen. Why, we need to know what they have been doing to hold them accountable for their actions.

I propose that starting November 3, no papers may be destroyed, the garbage/recycling will not be picked up, basically everything will have to be stored in the locations they reside. Then we can go through that information after they are out of office.



We will also need a copy of their hard drive as of the November 3. This will need to be stored with the papers and others will then have to look through all the information. We will run into security clearance problems, do you really want the government not being held accountable for their actions due to a security clearance?

Then we have the Senate, the Senate is designed so that you can only replace one third of the elected officials at a time, this keeps the “power” cycle moving. In Washington the pressures are strong to conform to the “power” system. The game goes like this, get something on someone else, and use your knowledge of exposing that “something” to the general public to knock your power away, hence not get elected or have the power elite look down on you because you can’t keep your secrets secrets. This game has been played for too long. We all have things in our past that appear to be bad to others, those were our choices and they make us who we have become and who we will be. Everyone has done something that the power elite can hold over you, they are using these wrong doings to keep the power in their hands. Come on, who is going to toss the first stone Remember that parable/story.

The Senate gave the power to the Federal Reserve for our money supply, it was then signed by the president who said that this was the demise of the United States of America, look at the old papers, you will see it, it is scary that a president said this, I have seen the papers on line and also quoted in text books.

We need to look at the Senate, they hold a lot of power. To move forward of getting the career politicians out of the Senate we will need to hold a special election. I suggest voting the career politicians out, some will be left, this is good we can see what they have been doing to our country. Power corrupts, I consider this a fact of life, it sucks. The powerful want to retain power it is like a drug, very addicting. The hard part is giving the power away, they are giving the power to a select few, we give them the power they consolidate the power and dish it out to a select few. We need to be powerful, we are the power in their power, sure they set systems up to take our power away, we need to set the systems up to get the power back. They are doing so many things with our power that are hurting us and the world that we live in/on. They are using our power against us. Time to take it back and use our power for ourselves, you sick because you live by Hanford, you sick because the power lines close to your house, you sick because the industrial pollution, you sick from the chemicals in our food,

We pay the corporate entities to make us sick, this is in the form of government, lobbyist and subsidies are hurting us physically.

The cost benefit analysis has what the corporate entities can charge off to the government: here is a sample: The Super Fund

In 2004, the Super Fund system, a Federal program aimed at cleaning-up major toxic environmental disasters typically caused by private companies, had \$1,258,000,000<sup>i</sup> in costs; 65%<sup>ii</sup> was paid by polluters, the rest was picked up by the 293,656,842<sup>iii</sup> citizens of the United States at \$2.79 dollars per person for a total of \$819,302,589.18 per year. And this is paying for the clean-up of a site that a company who declared a profit of \$36,000,000,000<sup>iv</sup> this year (Exxon/Mobile) made unfit to inhabit. All consumers pay in the form of taxes going to the governmental clean-up sites of polluting corporations.

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<sup>i</sup> Environmental Protection Agency

<sup>ii</sup> Environmental Protection Agency

<sup>iii</sup> Central Intelligence Agency

<sup>iv</sup> Exxon/Mobil Quarterly Report

The super fund has been designed to take the burden of the corporate entity for cleaning up their mess, they transfer the cost to us via the government.

This will hurt profits they argue, then figure out how to do it with out make us sick. Why are we giving money to a corporate entity that is producing a profit, we are giving them money to make us sick. Why arnt they paying for the cleanups? The looters, the system designed to loot the money that goes through it.

At the time I laughed because it was sad but remember the \$600.00 toilet seats, this is an example of upward wealth redistribution and a system that is looting the tax papers. All that money, just going up, where, the career politicians and the lobby and the corporate entity.

Why are we letting these corporate entities dictate how policy is created, why are we letting them push off their cast to us and make us sick. We are getting hit on two fronts here, mental health and physical health. Let alone the pocket book.

I transfer to Divine Child grade school, I am going to explain the life intertwined wit the policy, as this book progresses this will change in our society, I feel that having this information embedded, so to speak with other information, is a way around getting the important information taken out, it is all important but if you come across a part that seems to be missing it probably is, so take the above, I went back to the grade scholl but you will have to see if it flows, does it appear that something is missing, I feel that this needs to be woven together better, that will happen in due time.

I played football starting in the 7<sup>th</sup> garde, my parens decieded that it would be a good idea to get to know others that would be in my class before the classes started, this applies to my brother also, I think it was a great idea. I didn't walk into a place where I did not know any one, team was being built before I stepped foot in that new school. Everyone is not a sports player, does other activities go on during the summer where this could be applied, if someone has to enter a new school.

My math teacher had a teaching tool which was a big long stick, she hit others everyonce in a while but it was more for indimidation, she also had a can of beans that we were taught volume, circumpas with. She had been using that same can of beans for 15b or 20 years, she made jokes about if it opened up. We did all kinds of experiments in science class, this si where I learned the scientific method, create a hypothesis and tes the hypothesis type stuff. One experiment was breaking water down to H and O we used

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electrolysis, I still like to use electrolysis even though it uses a lot of power but I haven't measured the output but the explosion that can be created by the hydrogen maybe able to create more power than the electricity used to separate the molecules, this would be called "over unity" and modern science says that over unity is impossible, well take that modern science. Over unity is a hobby of mine, I have yet to create a true over unity device, but I have seen some. The one that makes me think the most is a kids toy. It is a vortex (cork screw if you will) leading down to a ferris wheel. The thing about vortices is that you increase velocity as you go through the vortex, this increase velocity is enough energy to push the ferris wheel to drop a marble from the top, this then repeats and the marble that goes through the vortex gains velocity then turns the ferris wheel and then the ferris wheel drops the next marble, and boom over unity. I say over unity because perpetual motion is a very vague concept. Of course nothing can move forever, it is the length of time we are looking at, 100,000 years versus 100 years versus 10 years. The solar system is a type of perpetual motion, the ocean and the moon of planet earth are also types of perpetual motion, but we should call them over unity. When did the tide start? Does it ever stop? Proof that over unity exists. Has the moon stopped going around the earth, has the earth stopped going around the sun, has the earth stopped spinning on its axes, proof of over unity.

Want to be energy dependant on oil for the rest of eternity, oil runs out. What about this stuff called nitrogen? The air in front of us is around 70% nitrogen, nitrogen vibrates like most molecules, if not all, remember the "grey matter" we don't know about that stuff, does it vibrate or does it fluctuate?

Why not nitrogen, why not over unity? The models can be changed so that we are able to live better. Here an example, install an over unity device in your home, you have power, if you have excess power, you sell it back to the power company, the power company then sell that power to others that can't have enough space for the device to service the power of that say factory, then the factory buys the power. This keeps the power companies in business so that all the others don't lose their jobs, we just have to look at the problems differently. This will be a win win solution and keeps the government money, hence our money, out of the mix, this is how we can help drive the new thought process.

What about cars? We have hydrogen fuel cell cars have they ever tried to use nitrogen? I know they are going to say that it is an inert gas, but it vibrates, lasers are very powerful and guess what they are made of? That's right nitrogen.

Not a huge fan of cars but they do have some uses in today's society.

Here's another one, how come the grates in streets do not suck in carbon monoxide, the water is supposed to be treated before it goes in to the system, if it isn't it should be with all the chemicals on the road. Something simple like the "ionizer air filter". Install these in the grates they attract the bad chemicals then the rain comes washes it to be sanitized. Then the street cleaners would just have to have a arm, so to speak, that wiles the chemicals away.

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A noninsider can't pick their cabinet or other advisors till they win the election, basically leaving 2 months to look at the candidates and pick the advisors. Why? The noninsider will not know who is the insider until they are elected, the insiders demure will change after a noninsider is elected. Their tells in poker terms will be more apparent. This 2 months between being elected and taking office is crucial. Say you pick your cabinet right now, get endorsed and all that jazz, then actually win, the advisors may renege on their promise. You lose, you will be used as a pawn to gain popularity, you win, and then select the advisors, that is when others will step up to the plate, the others that are afraid to actually be who they are, express their views. There is a good chance that the career politicians will step away from you, and most of the "real candidates" for advisors are caught in the same system we are snuffing out.

This maybe hard to believe, but if you are going to change a system that is meant to hurt you, then you have to do things differently, this means have them play their cards first. Besides if you pick your advisors now, they can be gotten to before the election or after, meaning moles, and using that information they have stored against you, against you. After an election where the candidate discloses their own "wrong doings" instead of the mud sling that goes on now, others will be able to disclose their "wrong doings" hence disarming the career politicians primary instrument of influence. Extortion.

I am off to lunch.....

Back from lunch....

Spent the lunch time thinking about the power card the career politicians will use against me, I know that some of this has been aired already by the way that others have treated me in spurts, their demure changes. The question is do I air it out right now, or is it in the story and as I complete the story their "power card" will be extinguished. The thing is that I don't know what their power card is, it could be anything. This approach is also used on others to get you to hate yourself. Do we all have things/actions that we are not proud of in our lives? I would have to believe yes. We are perfectly human, with means that we make mistakes, other feelings get hurt, we do not always know the consequences of our actions, we can try to visualize what those consequences are but again perfectly human means imperfect. Do I look at everything from every possible angle, do I think of multiple case scenarios while I make decisions, yes. Do I also use my instincts as a guide, yes. I trust them, I hope you do also. This power card is also known as guilt. Why? You know they have something on you but you don't know what it is you feel guilty for all the actions that are "wrong doings" There is a good chance they don't know what it is and that your secrets are your secrets. When I decided to do public service I knew I was going to have to clear my dirty laundry, in this story is my dirty laundry. Have I gotten to the least proud moments in my life, no, am I nervous about writing them, yes. Can I explain the situation I was in and the actions that resulted from that situation, yes. These "wrong doing" are what is used to attack a candidate's character, since I systematically stayed away from groups to keep my affiliations to a minimum, I have left my life to be attacked. DO I have a voting history? NO. Why, they will use it against me, besides if you know the system is designed to exploit that voting history, why?

Do I have a life history, sometimes I think it is completely full and other times not so full.

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Are they going to use every possible thing to discredit me? I have to believe they will. It is not easy writing about these things, some go to a professional to air their dirty laundry, I chose to write my autobiography.

I would like to take the time to say that the others that keep on saying wrong, I find that they are mistaken. What is wrong about writing my autobiography? What is wrong about giving amounts of my life to public service? What is this wrong? What is wrong about not spending my life in a system designed to corrupt the others in that system? I have a friend that aspires to be president of the United States also, she has chosen to take the traditional route. What does the traditional route mean to me? Mean networking and getting favors and giving favors to create a power class. Is she going to law school? Yes, did I have plans to attend law school, yes, still might. Does she have plans to work in a system designed to bring you to your knees and create the problems that we have now? Yes. Did I know this from the beginning? Yes. Did I know that to create real change I could not enter into the system, but circumvent the system, yes. Why? Power corrupts. If you are in the system for so long you start to play the game and you don't even know it, your objectivity is shot. I have this line that I have been pushing down the page as I write more, it is a good heart can get caught up in the whole Washington thing. What does this mean? This means that some others have good intentions, they work the system from the inside and they get crushed. Why? First thing to get any where in Washington you have to work for a senior elected official, and on top of that certain elected officials are better than other, basically you have to learn how they did it, and that way is the wrong way. How do you get on the Senate Banking committee? Work for someone on the committee see how they do it, and when they see that you are just like them they will endorse you. This means that they get the time to get the goods on you. Hey why don't you go visit my friend the lobbyist over at JPMorgan and Chase, this system is called plausible deniability. I will send you to do the dirty work so I don't really get my hands dirty, but then I got something on you. The senior senator did the same thing when they were junior Senators. This is the circle, the cycle that is killing this country, making the voice of others nothing. Only the voice of the government can be heard. I am going to use a bad word now, For the people, by the people. I changed that earlier to For the money by the money now I think of it For the government by the government, which could also be For the power by the power.

In a system designed to corrupt, stay in the system and be corrupted or stay out of the system and speak the truth to uncorrupt the system.

That is what I am doing, that is why I picked the highest elected office in the United States of America to contribute my service. This way we have a voice at the top and the bottom to create pressure in the system to fix the cycle of corruption.

We can do this, we can turn this country into what it is supposed to stand for, what we were taught it stands for, some hard work never hurt anyone. Trust your instincts, get rid of the fear and hate, and after we fix the cycle of corruption, we can truly strive to be a "free" society.

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My name is Dan Burns, you are listening to my thoughts, I wear a baseball hat with a "D" on it, please acknowledge face to face verbally.

I do not know how long others have been listening. I started to figure this out around 5 months ago and now am asking for face to face verbal acknowledgement. I do not want to be institutionalised, I would like to talk to others about others listening to my thoughts, we can work on figuring out where to go from here. I don't know if I have any extra abilities, or gift other than others listening to my thoughts. I watched the water show at the International Fountain yesterday from around 4ish to 5ish, I live right by Seattle Center, later yesterday a helicopter was circling around the Space Needle and the area that I was sitting, did something happen?

I paint and draw, write poems and short stories, I am now working on my AutoBiography, I am doing my best to give correct time lines and ages. Others have called me "jesus" at art walk last month some called me "god". This is a new development, in my search for answers. When I was little the priest at the parish/school I attended called me "holy", I was told that this is one of the reasons my brother and I transferred schools. I was told this priest has now been in Africa for 18ish years, I am not sure how to contact him to ask why he thought I was "holy". I am searching for answers, I need them. Please acknowledge that you are listening to my thoughts verbally and face to face. This labeling of "holy" has had impacts on my life. Recently as of 3 or 4 years ago I started exploring my childhood memories for answers. In the past I have not been able to remember particular events, I have done a sorta self hypnosis to recall these memories. The first time I was successful was at 821 16<sup>th</sup> Ave while sitting in a chair and a half in my bedroom. I do not know if the savage garden installation was created yet. What I don't know is if others see things that I see, do they feel things I feel? When I visualize something in my brain is visualization listen too "heard" "scene" by others?

I wonder if my paintings have effects on others and if they do what is it? Listening to thoughts do they broadcast my thought while the viewer is in front of them? I have used bodily fluids in my paintings, meaning spit, for the most part I use water based medium, and will clean the brush in my mouth after I have cleaned it with water, this is the way I keep the bristles together, I have also use spit to water down water based markers, I created a painting with my blood by accident, years ago. I was finger painting on a broken mirror and cut my finger, I used my blood to darken the trunk of the tree. I have never given my blood to a blood bank, why? I have always sensed that there was something in my blood, The first time I was asked to give blood was in high school, my girlfriend gave blood and passed out due to her weight, she lied to give her blood, she I believe is a practicing nurse in the Detroit Metro area, I don't know exactly where she is her name is Denise.

I hurt my hands while dishwashing at mongolian barbecue years ago and the doctor took 4 vials of my blood at that time, I was appalled, my mother was with me, she said when they were stitching my hands I flinched, it was the first time she saw me flinch in pain. It hurt. One scar is on my left hand the other on the ring finger of my right hand.

I need the acknowledgement that others are listening to my thoughts. What impact will this acknowledgement have? I am not certain. I do now that it will give others a chance to learn. I recently realized that when others speak to me they maybe heard by others. I am not sure of that or are they saying something to have me think about thus I am not sure.

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I wish I knew these answers, I need others to help me fill in the answers. On this learning adventure other input to get my brain thinking about other things is essential. Why? Because I don't know for sure when this started that would be a beginning point, at this time I am looking at my entire life to find clues to this, hence writing this autobiography. I have a feeling that it was from birth or shortly thereafter but I am not sure, others scream, or whisper "wrong" at me all the time. What is wrong? What question are you answering? That you can listen to my thoughts or that I am exploring this topic? I also get "no" a lot, again what are others saying "no" too. I get called names walking down the street, a lot of things point to others listening to my thoughts but no one is talking to me face to face confirming that they are listening to my thoughts. I have thought that "they" not sure who "they" exactly are have something on others and this is why others can not let me know. I don't know what "they" have on everyone, threat of death? Threat of my death? Is this threat the same for all others or is it different? This is a valid question and may be the answer. How to stop the threat? How do we diffuse this threat? Basically where do we go from here? Others are listening to my thoughts, I don't hear others thoughts clearly, others may not be able to acknowledge that they are listening to my thoughts due to some threat, others maybe able to hear others thoughts but this has been kept a secret from me, and possibly others. To what end? I do not know? I do know that if "they" have something on everyone it has to be big. Do we have to get something on them bigger? What am I missing? I have not watched/owned a TV for a while, is there something broadcasting that I don't know about? Did I miss something huge? Or do I know the huge and don't know how others react to the huge? Is it money? Is it the stock market and all this economic stuff? Is it threat of war?

I have seen a lot in my time, have lived a lot, known a bunch of others, and know information that I don't know how that information is relevant. Is it gangs of all types? Corporate gangs, street gangs, government gangs, military gangs, I don't know. I get this "they" will kill you every once and a while when I am thinking or writing, what are they going to kill me for? Telling the truth, getting the truth out about life. Does the unmarked white trucks have something to do with this threat? Or is everything segmented, are they threatening smaller others? Is the popping sound I have heard in the past have something to do with it? What is that popping sound? I heard it after others told me someone jumped off a bridge, then heard the popping sound for a month or so after, but haven't heard it lately, hear a lot of sirens now. It is hard putting these pieces together, can others write me a note? This goes back to if others can see through my eyes, but a bunch of signals go through my brain. Signals=stimulus=senses perception. Now am I into more than 5 senses is everyone, due to evolution, or due to me walking around? Do I mentally touch reach out to others?

If my blood has something to do with this what about the women I have had sex with? What does my other bodily fluids have to do with this or is it just my thoughts others are listening to? Why this is a question is because a friend of mine had cancer, she was moving home to be treated for a 6 or 7th time, on her last night in town we had sex, when I talked to her later she told me the cancer was gone. Now, I can take it that being with me did something or that she was lying to me about having cancer or not having cancer. I don't know what?

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Another thing I was just reminded about is others saying “Fuck you” to me, why is that? I really want to know, I could think of different instances that I have used that term. My brother used to use it as a term of endearing, until I was in a friend truck and he screamed it across 23 ave at me in the truck, he stopped after that, another time when not so enduring I said it to an old roommate as he was trying to push the moving and state of the house on me. I have since seen him but not talked to him. I like him, I like most others if not all. I would like to patch the relationship, an exgirlfriend of mine is friends with his girlfriend, possibly wife now, and she told me that in that scenero I was ruthless. I never knew that other would ever consider me ruthless. Her saying that and me thinking about it has been a discovery process for me. I am glad she used that word, I need her to point out that I was ruthless. Did I know that I go for the thought? Yes. But the word is what got me thinking, this is another reason why I need others in my life. I would have never used that word and explored its meaning in the context of my thought process. That same exgirlfriend answered a very confounding question I had, I was waiting on tables and a woman asked a question and then immediately turned her head like she had been slapped. Erin let me know that is was a reflex, that the woman had been told no for so long and loud that she had the reaction of being slapped in response to any question that a man would ask. It was this “no” loud. It really botherer me that someone would react that way, it took Erin to help me understand, I would have never known if I had not talked to her about it. Erin is beautiful, I don’t know what was going on behind my back and I have no evidence to support that anything unethical was going on. I sence things but again, I need concret evidence. Buy the way, smelling has a lot to do with my sencing. Erin open a lot of doors in my mind, I thank her for it and wish her the best. Like all relationships that end, they end for reasons, the good and the bad, the beautiful and the ugly, but hey end and you leave something behind and also gain something.

Now I have to go fill out my weekly claim for unemployment, I do not have enough money to keep my studio apartment. I paid first and last, so if I don’t get this unemployment check I will have to submit my notice for the last month, to pay that last month.

Others seem to think that me moving in with my parents or my brother is an option. At least that is how I take the “go home”.

My brother said I could move in with him if I took drugs, my parents had others visit me that could take away my freedom. Due to those actions by my family they are out of the mix, would you move in with someone that forced you to take drugs? Would you move in with someone that called others that could take away the freedom of walking around and force you to take drugs? I wager to guess that you would not stand for it. So here I am looking at the street as the last option if I do not get the unemployment check, which will not cover my entire rent, I have a little money left not enough to keep my studio apartment, but enough to feed myself in the coming weeks.

Please acknowledge that you are listening to my thought in a face to face conversation, I wear a baseball hat with a “D”.



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And how did I get to Seattle, Planet Hollywood moved me up here, it happened like this. I was working at The Official All Star Café and Planet Hollywood in Las Vegas, and the word came down that All Star was closing, the policies that were instated for transfer to Planet need clearing, I talked to the regional director about this and at the end of the conversation he ask what my plans were, this conversation took place on the loading dock for All Star Café, the MandM store, gameworks, and Coke store. I said I would like to move into management, I had been encouraged by the management from All Star Café, they started training me, first I became a trainer of servers, then a supervisor, then started doing inventory for the bar, this is when I learned a lot about New York New York Hotel Casino the person training me for inventory previously worked at New York New York. The regional director asked me to bring my resume in the next day but I had it in my bag, I gave it to him then, he asked around about me, then offered me a job either in Seattle or San Antino. Anouther supervisor from Las Vagas All Star was transferred to New York Planet Hollywood and a manager from Planet eventually went to San Antino.

When I started at Planet Hollywood Seattle the store was a wreck. They had been running with less managers than desired, the general manager, a floor manager and a merchandise manager, excutive chefthey had been using supervisors to fill in the missing shifts. Being new to management I went full force to clean up the restaurant, I needed to get some structure in the team members. At the time managers were flying through Planet Seattle, the team members did not trust that anyone would stay long enough to create structure. I let them know I had a contract to stay at that Planet Holywood for at least a year, this was a condition of the relocation, if I quit I would have to repay the relocation cost. This helped with the untrust that the team members had with the management. My first week was intresting, I had others shooting herion in the bathrooms and I saw what look like a drug deal going down by one of the servers, in the middle of the restaurant. What happened was this, an other walked up to the server and made this motion and then they went to the bathroom seperatly but at the same time. I did not see any exchange but went to that server and let him know that I was watching him and that what I thought might be going on better stop. That same week I found out that the floor manager was drinking at work, and was letting others drink at work. I was the new guy and was observing everything I could, when this became appearant, I was working later than scheduled, an event was going on, I decieded to clean out the sumpump room they were storing banquet equipment in that room, I wanted to get most of it out of their. The floor manager became agitated that I was still working, and wanted me to leave the premises, I did after cleaning about half the sumpump room. This was after I had smelt achol on breaths. The sumbpump room is/was located behing the employee break room. Team members cleaned the breakroom and painted it after a while of me being at the Seattle location. The drinking set up some serious problems at the Seattle store. The floor manager got drunk sexually assaulted a new team member and then proceed to talk sexual obsentivities to an team member that was leaving. The floor manager said to the new trainee, that she had more cushion for the pushion, two times in the middle of the kitchen and then proceeded to go to the break room and tell the team member that was leaving that he was sorry to see her leave because he had not tapped that ass yet. I did not witness these events, team members came to me and said something had to be done and that his actions were way past the line. Side note: this floor manager that was fired for sexual harassment

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was rumored to have a wife that was an executive at Microsoft and that she made enough money to support them and he worked to have something to do. I got statements from the team members, and had to fire the floor manager. Next, we had an assistant general manager come from Florida (Disney at one time) he moved up here with his girlfriend, I identified with some of the problems that he was having because I had moved to Seattle with my girlfriend also. I did not identify with the reasons he left Planet Hollywood Seattle. He was also charged with sexual harassment by a team member, got into a verbal fight with another team member about that team member's girlfriend, and was seen drinking at a bar with an underage team member. During this time the club was started. The beginning was house and trance music, the assistant general manager was in operation for the club for 2 weeks, I stayed till the club got going and then left, the general manager was there when I left. After watching the operation for the club being bad, I was brainstorming on how to make it run efficiently, this was when the assistant manager went back to Florida the reason was to improve the relationship with his girlfriend, was he running from the accusation of sexual harassment, I don't know. It appears to be so, the main team member that had accused him told us that she was going to have an abortion but never named him as the father, the other accusations were backed by numerous team members. He was drinking and buying drinks for an underage team member at the bar that the other team members hung out at, occasionally I would play pinball while I was waiting for the bus back to Takwillia. The bar was called Jerseys, it was two floors the team members would drink on the lower level, where an ex-Planet Hollywood team member was the bartender. This was next to club 700, the building has been ripped down and the new courthouse is in its place.

So now I had a club to familiarize myself with and design. We changed where the bars were located, moved computer screens, changed the lighting, put up signs telling where the bars were, ultimately redesigned the entire space for a night club. Those first few weeks were trying, I remember going outside and taking a picture of the huge line that had formed outside Planet, I was with a bartender, she ultimately recommended me for the job at the crab pot. One manager at Planet had already moved to the crab pot as management, I started working as a supervisor/server and then became a server only. I started hearing problems about the front door at the house and Trance nights, others were bribing the door people to get in, the door charge kept on going up and up, we had a contract with the promoters that had them keeping the profits from the door, yes, all of the profits from the door, the house kept the bar. In the contract the promoter was responsible for sound and lighting, security, and hitting a minimum number of others in the club. The capacity of Planet Hollywood when the club was going was 750. This calculation was done by the general manager using the equations from the fire marshal. It is based on entrances and exits, with a little floor space through in, the space that was Planet Hollywood had three different exits, not including the elevator. House and trance was pulling around 550-650 patrons for about 4 or 5 months then the number dropped to 450 the next 250 for a couple of weeks, we were not making the numbers. The same promotion team asked us to change to a different format of music, they called this format "soul". The general manager and I discussed this topic, he pointed out that another name for soul was hip-hop and that type of night would be controversial, we warned the promotion team that we did not want a hip-hop night, for a month or so we had a nice

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soul night, numbers were up, the bartenders did not complain about the patrons. The music format started to change gradually from souls to hip-hop, over this first month, we were getting used to the changes in the crowd, we started hearing complaints about the pricing of the drinks, and we were discussing changing security. We then were asked by the promotion team to have Friday nights also, we initially did not let them. We had other promoters submitting proposals we went with a house and trance team who wanted to have C89 broadcast the night live, they brought in red fabric to cover the diorama behind the DJ area, they left the fabric and we used it to create curtains to make the huge dining room area smaller. That promotion team consisted of a DJ that lives in the Harbor Steps and a Real Estate guy who brokered large rental spaces, he was the broker that tried to get the deal with the music concept Planet Hollywood was going to create next to the store on 6<sup>th</sup> Ave. This music venue was going to be named "Sound Republic" I was told that Planet Hollywood sunk over a million into the space before abandoning the concept, where was Sound Republic going to be, visit Fox Sports, that is the space. The tap room and American Apparel now have the space where Planet Hollywood Seattle used to reside, the dining area is the taproom and American Apparel is the old Planet merchandise area. Running up and down those steps will keep you on shape. The house and trance night on Fridays did not work, C89 would not broadcast live due to the young nature of the station, it was a high school station at the time, some of the DJs could not come to the club because they were not 21.

We started having troubles outside the club at close at this time we played slower music and pushed last call to 1:30 so that we did not have to push others out of the building, they could leave slower, we did have to get all patrons out of the building by 2 a.m. according to the law. KUBE 93 started broadcasting live on the Hot mix for Saturday nights and created a live broadcast for Friday night, this Friday was not entirely live, the DJ/MC would say that they were at Hollywood Nights, periodically throughout the evening. I never heard any of these broadcasts, I was working the event. By this time we had a PR person who handled the image of the club, to an extent, I was still the representative from Planet who talked to the police when they would shut down 6<sup>th</sup> Ave, they bicycle police from all over the city would meet at Planet around 1:30 ish. So time during the House and trance nights we had a Seattle Police man moonlighting at the club, sometime after we started hip-hop he then said he could not work the events any more, this is when we got two others to moonlight. SO the bicycle police were coming to the let out of the club every Friday and Saturday they started complaining to use that we needed to have better crowd control outside the club, we did their suggestions, we had a construction fence put up every night to keep others out of the street, we had security outside as everyone was walking out, some times the police would tell the security to go back inside, we had security pick up the flyers that were passed out after the club so that we did not have litter on the street, we did not let others have food outside after the club because the police wanted the street cleared. At one time someone started showing up with pizza in front of the club, we asked them not to come back. Some of the bouncers were buying pizza from that vendor we let them know not to, and started to give the bouncers food before the night started, not meals, just something to nibble on, usually 2 or 3 dozen chicken wings and some chicken tenders. Appetizers.

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I was all over the club during those days, I would stop up stairs to check with Planet Hollywood representative, he sweats a lot and was the liaison for Planet Hollywood to the security team, that was paid by the promoters. This representative upstairs at Hollywood night is no other than the others that called me for the job at Blue Rooster Marketing Inc, he was the office boy during the day at Planet and then watch the door at night for the clubs, and also assisted me in the counting of the money at the end of the night.

We had a scare one day, the rumor was that others were going to knock off the club that night, we kept some more security around, and closed the window to the office and did not let anyone in the office that night, the next day we found the secondary second floor entrance had been forced and security reported that they had chased off others. Any way we never got robbed, except for a manager about a month before the doors were closed for good at Planet Hollywood, Seattle. I came in around 3 p.m. which was my custom, took a look in the safe and we were missing money. We had an interim General Manager that was friends with the owner of the whole Planet Hollywood chain, his name is Robert Earl, the person also started the concept Hard Rock Café, which I just found out is coming to Seattle. The other owner of Planet Hollywood is Keith Parish, he is a star agent, this is how the stars were gathered for the concept. So the interim general manager was from Germany, brought his German girlfriend, and after the money was missing and I confronted him, he said that he was a crack addict and that the night before, he was out and then came to get some money to go drinking, then the story changed to others forced him to open the safe. Here's the rub, he should not have been able to get in the safe at all. This is how it worked at Planet Hollywood for the night drop. There is one safe key, this opens the bottom safe then you also have to put in a code, this key was supposed to be dropped into the top drop. We did not have the top key that key was brought in the morning by the armored car. I dropped the key always, I was paranoid about it, we were pulling in upwards of 10,000 cash a club night at the beginning then it dropped to 8000 each night. I started to wonder if we should only have one night, this was the cost benefit analysis, at the time I had never heard of the word, or concept. The key was in the drop, no one could get to it, I have to wonder if the general manager decided not to drop the key that night, he closed to give me a break from closing, this was an off club night, I believe a Tuesday. He told me not to worry about it because he was going to pay the money back.

We had to keep a lot of money in that safe due to the credit of Planet Hollywood being so bad, we bounced a check to purchase liquor for the weekly order. After that it became hard to actually meet the cash needs for the liquor order. At first the restaurant would have enough cash for the liquor order it was 600 to 1500 a week, after the club started the liquor order was 4000-6000 a week. We had 8 banks of 250 in the safe, 200 coat check bank, and the bank itself that was 1000, this is called petty cash. We then had to push petty cash up to 5000 to cover the liquor order. We had to create completely new accounting sheets for the bartenders, and had to push petty cash up to cover operating expenses. Around this time Planet Hollywood corporate decided to make our store by 10,000 pounds of rock shrimp for Florida, they shipped everything at once and our freezer was half full with these rock shrimp, I tried to eat them they were disgusting. The salmon was being shipped from the salmon farms in the Atlantic ocean. The last executive chef tried to get us to bring in local salmon and got shut down by corporate, we discussed

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why we did not walk down to the market and buy everything their, Pikes Place is only 6 blocks from where planet Hollywood was. Corporate did a menu roll out while I was a manager at Planet, I believe I was promoted to Assistant General Manager by that time, the new menu was crap, everything took for ever to cook, for ever in restaurant terms, over 20 minutes. Over 20 can work in fine dining but not Planet Hollywoods menus and market. I thought it was funny to watch the Apprentice with planetholly wood in it, the head corporate trainer is in some of the shots.

Got to go...I will be back...

What did I look like back then? I wore a tie, sometimes a vest, I would stand next to the speakers and not move a muscle, I would be behind the bars making change, wore jell in my hair, ( it was crunchy), after a while the bartender would do drops in the middle of the shifts I would take that money, make change, collect the cash drawers at the end of the night, would be upstairs just long enough to check with what I thought of as my "left hand man, I had a "right" hand man also, he was a bartender at the clubs for a while than move in to the computer industry. I learned how to do inventory at that Planet Hollywood from the "right" hand man. We would count the tea bags in the server stations, I had never done that before, he had/has athenias.

Not insignificant others called me "Daniel" Daniel was on my All Star Café name tag and it carried over to Planet.

The contract were to keep the promotion team in line, they were doing some rearranging, at first one of the promoter girlfriend got involved, then others that I don't where they came for got involved, the promotions team called "Rock it" promotions usually had 5 others that I would have weekly meetings with, sometimes the general Manager would join, sometimes the PR would join, I don't think it was only me at any of the meetings. We would discuss the last week and the problems that had come up, but mostly we had food and bullshit. If we had problems we would address them, like fighting or guns or police or the city attorney.

About a month before Planet was Shut down we got a call that the city attorney wanted to talk to us and that they wanted to shut us down with a nuisance ticket. They had all ready shut down taps and tabs in Kirkland with the same ticket. We had a meeting with them and were working on a solution when the store was closed.

The first general manager though we had some breathing room due to the size of Planet Hollywood, meaning the corporate structure and the name would give us a little more freedom, we also had Seattle Sea Hawks visiting the club every Sat night, this was before Alexander and Carter were names in Seattle, they would order 6 or 7 bottles of champagne on Sat nights, the upstairs guy would take them to the table all ways reserved for them and would bring them the champagne, I never met them, being around the stars all the time I tended to stay away from them. The Super Sonics had PR events at the club, we launched a motorcycle movie (they did not hit the minimum spend and bought Dom Perignon to get the minimum spent to not get charge, my argument was that either they have to give us the cash with nothing to show or order the most expensive thing, they went for the champagne) That group later started a dance show set in Seattle, I don't know if it is still in production.

Snoop Dogg was going to come after summer jam but he wanted drinks after 2 and I said no way, he also wanted a pound of weed supplied by the promoters, the reasoning was this,

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if we gave him free booze we may have been ok with the liquor laws basically we would have paid out of pocket because it is illegal to give booze away in Washington, and get any gifts also. Now even if we just let snoop in the club and not drink, and the word got out we would never be able to get everyone out of the club in time. What it came down to, was it was too much demanded that was against the law. SO Snoop if you are reading this come talk to me, we can talk about your old friend "matt".

Iverson was really nice. Others were nice also, and others not so nice.

We had an auction for charity and that brought out some stars, movie, TV and sports alike. Was it like the supposed beginning of Planet Hollywood Seattle, no. It the club/venue really start to get the life back into the space, I think so. We started the club on the DL, the budget was 500 dollars, we used banquet tables and rented linen. After a while we were spending too much money on the bar rentals, put the word out and a bartender noticed garment tables in the trashroom, he thought they were from Nike town. He and some other bartenders brought them to planet and over the next week I created bars with the tools at the store. Used a staple gun to staple the linen to the wood, and viola a bar. These initial bars had to be shored up later, a bartender added weights about 3 months after they were first built, the bartenders were worried that the original bars were getting wobbly, and might move. The first bar rentals did, the second bar rentals did, and then we made our own. We had some old boxes in back turned them upside down and created dancing platforms, I saw this shadow show in Vegas at the Tropicana, yes, this was way before the shadow bar at Ceasers) so I took the big plexi glass doors that were left over from I do know when they were stored away in back, made a 3 sided box out of them, covered the plexi with the linen, aimed lights at the box from behind, and you have shadow dancing. The house and trance night had various movies going the promoters supplied them after a while I brought in a light from my house that create lighting and moved with the music and put the video camera on that, after that broke from the base we decided to have the video camera showing the dance floor. Some time we opened later due to others still being in the restaurant, so it would be empty a half an hour after open, we thought showing the dance floor would let other know that other were inside. And it created a certain type of atmosphere, just like the smoke.

We did not like smoke machine due to the smell, we would hit the dance floor periodically, one big burst at the beginning. The sound and lights guy at the time, now he is dead I was told) would run around bickering that we needed others to smoke more cigarettes to create the light show, this is when it was still legal to smoke in Seattle. The lights we upgraded to are called Teckno Beams, they run off the music, have some programmable shows, with different shapes, they have lasers to create images on wall and such, They have the capacity to move around more than the old club lights which have a mirror that moves to project the light around, when the teckno beams, the entire fixture moves, well at least the part that is not attached to the pole. I have had this stuff locked up in me for a while and it needs to get out.

The same promotions team took the club idea to San Francisco planet Hollywood, well the regional director did and then hired them to do it, me I was not invited. Personally I think that I should have gone not forever but to train, how do you move a micro screen? How do you do an inventory of clubs, I learned a lot from those days, I wanted share the information that I had. After we stayed below the radar for 4 weeks we got a call from

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corporate, how come you have more revenue during closed periods then during open periods, we let them know about he club, they decided to come out and check it out. I met a couple, others would sneak around and not let us know who they were, but mostly I was kept out of the loop. I was and am still bewildered by this, expecially afterthey took that concept and ran with it, in San Fransico and San Antino, this is how I knew that the Assistant General manager for Planet holly wood Las Vegas was in San Antino. Some one wanted to put a new sign at the Seattle location, it was a smaller metal Planet Hollywood globe, it was to hang some where out front, like I said I was out of the loop. The regional director gave some ideas, the one that he pushed me to do but I never did was to have the cash registers in reach of the constomer, at the club the bartenders had to turn around to ring the drinks in to the system. We had overages most of the time some times we had underages. Overages? Money in the drawer that was not rung into the system during the club, we ran then in at a later date, some time the bookkeeper would yell at me for the overages, she bartended at he club to see what was like and why their was overages. It all got ran in, if it didn't my liquor numbers would have been messes up, and they were only off 3 times. One of the times I had to call a meeting with all the bartender to find out what was going on, I yell a little at one bartender the day before and he spread the word I was pissed off. Then the meeting came I got sick my stomach was doing back flips, after wards. Anotuther eason for overages was that corporate took a long time to put a club screen on the micros screen. In a aclub you don't charge 5.32 for a drink, it would take you too long, we rounded to the nearest quarter for the beginning and the new got the club screen. In the restaurant the machine charges tax on liquor and in the bar area it was inclusive in the price. We finally got the club screen and that made the tax inclusive for all drinks. This helped with overages. Now I think that the bartenders created overages on purpose because they new that it would get rung in under general liquor and that get a different cost structure assigned to it. Keg beer sucks at a club, and the planet system was not regulated right, the main bar was too far away from the kegs. The beer would get warm and then foam, creating a lot of waste of time and beer. I was a stickler for the ages of the team members and patroins of the club. We had 2 out side and 1 taking money, with a bounce by the money, head of security tended to stay on the landing in the middle of the steps, codes were sent to other security via flashlights, we had head sets alos but not enough for everyone and they were hard to hear out of, sometimes the battery just gave out. One time the bathroom attendant told me that their were drugs in the bathroom, that is when we stationed a security guard at the bathroom, and one near the other end of the rail leading to the bathrooms. Had shots fired outside a couple of nights, we were warned that shots wee going to be fired inside the club, security took care of that, no stabbings, some fights inside, when it started getting rougher we pushed the security from 10 to 18 to stop any violence, changed the head of security, and created proticals to stop any hostility. Gangs started infiltrating into the club I know now, did not at the time, but hat is a story for another day.

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This was similar to club x at the state theater in Detroit. Live broadcast, heck the DJ had the same name in Seattle as in Detroit. Surprisin enough it is Dan Savage.

The weekend was intresting...

Went to Woodinville to help a friend with picking the grapes off the steems but my phone battery ran out, so I was not able to reach him to find out where they were at. I walked around and checked out the area a little bit, saw some wine atreas but limited vines, a sod farm, some fields that did not have any thing I reconised in them, smelt and saw houres, it was nice walking in the sun. They city was under construction, well the streets were, their was a lot of traffic in most of the areas, except on the industrial side of the valley. I stopped in at a garden store that said it was back by popular demand, they could not find my destination on the internet, I could not find my destination while walking around. Got home to a letter from the unemployment agency say thatthey have not made a decision in my case for unemployment, I will do my weekly filing again on Tuesday, I hope my insurance check will be here on Thursday, I filed last week on a Thursday and got the notification on Sat so I believe that the turn around rate is 2 days, we will see. Have 200 dollars left and rent is due on the first, that is in a week less a day, I will be asking for change today at a major bank for one of the hundreds and then going to my brothers for dinner at 5p.m.

I applied for 2 jobs at Seattle Center today and check the box that said they could consider me for other jobs, I had to put my information on the City of Seattles website for the jobs. I also created a profile on the State of Washigtons web site and released my information for jobs through the state of Washington. That is the mandatory 3 to be egible for benefits, I will be look for other jobs this week.

I found out something this weekend that was intresting but I don't know how to take it, others gave comments and body language that said that,

Others are listening to my thoughts...

This implies that they can turn it off. I also thried to think of how others were listening to my thoughts, is it booming like in the movie, stranger than fiction, or is all the ear plugs that I see walking down the street?

Are the big towers that surround the Seattle downtown have something to do with this listening/hearing my thoughts.

Listening implies that others my not have to use their ears to listen to my thoughts, hearing implies that they have to use their ears, I thought of another word to describe this newly discovered phenomoem, telephay. I found that he newest Indiana Jones movie and the second mummy movie ended the same way, with a prymid, and the destruction of said prymid. I n the Indiana Jones movie the "aliens" had telephay, their were 13 "aliens" if memory serves me correct.

13 is my lucky number.



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I was born on November 13, 1975, that is why I consider it my lucky number, I was born. I have had some Friday the 13<sup>th</sup> moments on some of my birthdays, one time I was at a donkey Basketball game and a car was vandalized that had the same description as the car we came in, and then after we went for pizza and a lady stabbed herself in the bathroom with scissors, she forgot to take them out of her pocket before she sat down. My friend and I in high school were hanging out on my B-Day and had a moment, something was weird with the fabric of the universe that day, we could not put our “minds” around it, we went to a party and the vibe was just off, we stayed for a minute and got out of there, I don’t think I even made it into the house, remember the front of the house thought, it was white and I want to write “modern colonial” but something is off with that description.

Who was the 13<sup>th</sup> apostle?

In those high school days we did all kinds of stupid things, we did some smart things also, we were a tight group, from Freshman year. Two friends in the group did not go to the same high school, one considered a trouble maker, the other considered a gang member. The rest of us went to Divine Child, we were a diverse group, we did not seem to have a common thread, at least in my eyes we didn’t, now that I think about it, we all played football at one point in time. One of the guys moms was a “drunk” and he hated drinking, and has now gotten into trouble for drinking, but back then he would get really angry at us for drinking, another reason he did not like drinking was he was scared from it, a pot of coffee spilled on him while he was little and burnt his neck and his torso. We would hang out over at his house sometime, but most of the time we would “cruise telegraph”. I went to Divine Child grade school (what is called Junior High), one other did also, and then the rest of the group went to other schools, this meant that the social network was diverse, we were all over the place during those days. Hanging with the “public school kids” from one, my hockey friends, other “public school kids” and also other catholic school kids.

One guy turned 16 before everyone else, he would pick us up, and drop us off, his parents made a curfew of midnight for him, so my parents would always know that I would be home before then. That curfew lasted for a bit, by we were night owls, at tended to stay out later, I guess.

The rule for me and my brother in High School was don’t get killed and graduate from high school. In Detroit these are good goals to strive for, don’t get killed? This was when Detroit and Washington DC would trade back in forth for the murder capital of the United States of America. When I lived in Indian Village (Van Dyke and Agnes) I would hear gun shots every night, and when I did not hear them I got scared, why, that meant that the gun was coming for you, this scared feeling only happened once or twice, hell I kept the door to my apartment and car unlocked. I started unlocking the car door after I had the cars broken into. Once, I laugh about this now, I parked the car in the street around Christmas and let a bunch of my paintings in the back seat, someone or others smashed

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the window and looked at everything, I believe the thought process was that the painting were x-mass presents but who knows, not a thing was gone.

I have gone through a number of cars in my life, I got into my first car crash while I was driving when I was in a Blue Station wagon (FORD LTD Station wagon), I turned the corner around the block while I was messing with the cigarette lighter, and next thing I knew I had pushed a parked car into the back of another car and then pushed them onto the front lawn, this was winter in Michigan snow and ice covered everything. I remember thinking that I could run, no lights turned on no one was around. But I got out of the car and knock on the door of the house where the first car was, some guy answered and sent me next door, it was her new car, she wasn't much older than I was, I just remembered her first name, I gave them my insurance information, and went out. Funny thing an accident happened down the street that night, I guy I ran with in grade school, and he was bombed, my dad thought that story was me and was pissed off the next day, but you see I was heading to drink and had not had anything.

Where did we get drinks in High School? It was Detroit, you could get it pretty much anywhere. We did have our particular stops though, one was outside the projects called Herman Gardens (now demolished) one was right outside the canteen, close to the University, one was on Michigan Ave in a sub called Inkster, we had bar we would hang out also, one was a Vietnam war vet bar, had a pinball machine but I wasn't an avid player till years later, it was terminator 2 and I don't like that machine any ways.

We would drink rumpliminz and play pool while listening to the juke box, it was one of the only places with Janice Joplin's "Mercedes Benz" that is where I learned that song. We occasionally went to "strip club" I wasn't a big fan even back then, but a couple of guys liked them.

I just remembered that we made fake IDs at the university of Michigan, they were horrible, it was one of the first colour copiers around, that I knew of, it was in a back corner of the library. Where else did we hang? In the park (could be 3 different parks), at the school parking lot, (you stopped in there to find out what was going on), downtown Detroit, the burbs, some of the friend houses, we walked the streets a lot, joking around being hoodlums. Occasionally we would walk in the street, I didn't understand why until years later.

My car broke down on Lafette, and I was heading to a bar to get some drinks and I walked on to the street where the bar was located, I was walking on the side walk, then I realized that I could get jumped, there were weeds, and anyone could be hiding in there. That is when I was like ohh, that is why you walk in the middle of the street. Just got something, the end of the story is this, as I was walking to the bar someone walked out of the bar and started looking at me from down the street, as I got closer I realized that it was the bartender from the bar I was going to, I was a somewhat regular, (I played Stargate Pinball at that bar, the bartender got pissed off at me and told me that I should never walk that way to the bar. Why is it something? How did the bartender know that I was walking down the street. Call it up to coincidence, but I am realizing that coincidence does not happen in my life as much as I thought.

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I had “George the first cat named George at the time, and other in my apartment building , brought me back a little kitten from that bar, it was too young to be away from its mothers and died. At time I think the George killed it, some times I think I was a bad kitten carer, but Jorge is dead, yes I call cats that I have had are in my life George or some variation of that, Three cats, George in Detroit, Jorge in Detroit, and George in Seattle, who also had 3 or 4 other names, I found out later his given name was Catmandu, and grew up in Philadelphia.

I miss George in Seattle I feel like I let him down. He was the neighborhood cat. This is how the story goes, the neighbor moved into the condo with a cat room, she had 2 cats, then she got poodles, George moved out and chose to live on the porch of 821 16<sup>th</sup> Ave, but he had a huge room, the back neighbors called him Mandy, the older room mates called him Skibits, and I called him George. After the old roommates moved out (that was the F you incident), I asked if George could come in the house, the new room mates said ok. George and I got along, he would pretty much live in my room, sleep on my bed, would scratch at my door if it was closed. When I was moving out, I asked him if he wanted to come with me, he left for 3 days and then came back. I took that as a “no” that he left. So I moved and another room mate started befriending him, he had known George for a long time, they seemed to be buds. I then was complicating going for George again when I got the call saying that the roommate was going to keep him, I went over to the house about a month after that and saw George, and was explaining why I did not take him with me, and he just looked at me, stared to be exact. That was when I realized that he came back and that he had to think about it for a while, I visited him a couple of times after that and he wasn't the same, during the time with me we both had softened up a little. I was told that he now lives on Vashon island, I hope he is ok. I miss him.

You can think whatever you want about the relationship that was formed between that cat and I, we had our ups and downs for a while there, and finally became friends, he would walk on my shoulders, while I was walking, that is one cool cat.

Dogs have always liked me, “Duke” a childhood friend's dog did not, and George's poodles did not either (possibly). I would walk from the bus stop on 23<sup>rd</sup> ave and the poodles would recognize me and start barking, even though they were at a different house while the owner was at work, I took that as they didn't like me, I don't know now.

Lately I have been wondering about the other animals around, while I was hanging outside the Woodland Park Zoo, some Sparrows started flying around me, another said that it happened to her also. For me this was the first time that I communicated with bird, sounds crazy, I know, this is what happened. I followed the sparrows around the area and then started thinking questions, I did not know what to draw and I had the feeling the birds wanted me to draw something. They kept on flying up the flag pole, the crows joined in, and I started asking questions in my brain, I first let them know that I could not understand them completely and if they could please use 1 twirp for “yes” and 2 for “no”. As I was asking my questions about like, love and other things, at the end of my question a bird would twirp. No other birds would twirp only one, and that was the answer to my question, I was drawing a picture that the birds suggested at the time, it

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was a tree that was dying from the top down. The crows would go to the top of the tree and go to the bathroom, I figured that

- A) the bird poop was killing the tree
- B) Something in the bird poop was killing the tree

I figure they bird were telling me it was something in their poop that wasn't their before, but I don't exactly know. I also observed a pile of wood chips and that the wood chips were under the tree, could it have been something in the wood chips, the birds did not elude to this, I have been trying to communicate with birds, I don't really understand what they are communicating. Matbe others should try this excersise and see if they are able to communicate. Thas morning I was watching the birds and had this feeling that something was forcing them land ward, I don't know what. I didn't ask the birds. When the gulls are flying around there is a bird around that doesn't look exactly like a gull, the feathers are different colours, stained almost, I have wondered if

- A) Those birds are birds that got caught in oil slicks
- B) The birds are ablatros (but they aren't supposed to land)
- C) I don't know enough about birds to tell?

I have wanted to go to the zoo to see what would happen, I even applied for a job their, I want to see if I can communicate.

I have had weird things happen with Fish, they follow me, but they follow others also, they watch me throught the glass, it appears more to me than others, I should have been ripped apart by these 2 huge dog, that I call Lions. They are double the size of any bull mastive I have ever scene. What makes us so certain that we can't communicate our thoughts with other animals on this planet. I am trying to communicate my thoughts to other I hear speaking languages I don't understand, we will see if they change their demour, or have different body language or even better speak to me.

I speak some language that I have never heard of, I was able to speak this language from when I was a small boy, I havethought it was gibberish for a long time, at times I have thought it speaking in touns, and now I am leaning to that it is aremick, but I don't know, I don't even know the meaning of the word coming out of my mouth. Over the last 4 or 5 years I have been exploring native American language and sounds, at times I have been able to articulate these languages, I can do it in my brain just tried, voicing it is another thing, I don't know what he words/sounds mean. Do I need to? I would like to know what I am articulating, if this is some sorta touns that I know, I can't speak the romantic languages very well, Spanish in high school "D", did not pick up Italian while I was their, but Ihave this feeling that if I hear the language around me I will be able to speak it, I get these feelings remember. Put me in mexico for a week with others that are willing to speak around me and I think I would pick up the language, this mean "no" English during that time, it is my default language, unless you consider the languages ispeak but don't know what I am saying as my default language, see the plot does thicken.

Since others have been watching me, I wonder if they have figured out the languages that I speak, the last time I remember "speaking in touns" was when I was living in the

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house I grew up in, speaking native American, was up at 821 16<sup>th</sup> Ave, I have thought at time that that house is built on a scary place. If you are so sure that it isn't why has the house been in the same family since 1902ish, why did I move there?, why all this "energy coming from that house", why do I even think it? Why did my dad see a ghost in the house, that's right, before I told anyone about seeing or feeling anything at that house my father the first time in the house, asked me if the house was haunted and then said he saw a guy at the end of the room. I remember things about that house that I shouldn't, particularly the ladies that came to visit and described the cellar that I already had pictured, or the wake in the front room of that house, or the drawings of that house found, I don't know. I do know there is power there.

The last time I went by that house the nextdoor neighbor came out and said ohh its you. And went back inside. How did she know anyone was out there? There is a large privacy fence separating the lots on that side, did she hear my thoughts and think that others were talking? Or what?

I watched a movie on Friday night and stars in the eyes was a theme in the movie, I looked into the mirror and saw these stars in my eyes also, is that why it is hard to make eye contact with me?

Why can't I look at others? At least that is the impression that I get from others, in body language that I was taught catching a girls eye for more than 3 seconds means that you can approach her, now I am getting this look up thing again, again mixed messages.

I am a single 32 year old man with lots of love to give, I have a lot of interesting ideas and life tends not to be boring, I can provide support, hugs I feel that I am a "catch" why am I getting these mixed messages. It doesn't make sense to me, is everyone on drugs? Are there no women in this area that can consider being with me?

I don't believe you.

Yesterday in the book store I was called "shy" at least that is what I took it as.

Ohh I get it now, others are saying "no" because it is not their candidate, the women they want me with.

Well, I have a lot to offer and if any women want to get to know me then, please engage me in conversation. At least give body signals that say you want to get to know me. This thought thing will be a challenge, let alone the visualization, and the spying on my life, and the numerous things that others are doing to me. It is worth it.

I am off to check out the world outside the library, look for me I have on a blue hat with a "D" on the front am wearing white sloped shoes with adidas strips, kawai pants, and carrying a silver and blue document holder, please engage me in conversation.

I only bite if you want me too.

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I just put in my weekly claim for unemployment, I have searched for work at more than 3 places, physically handing out resumes, and applying online. The unemployment check should be here on Thursday.

This is what I think is going on with my putting out resumes and applying for jobs, others are taking my place, meaning when I stop back into places I see others that match my general description, one thing they don't seem to have is scars on their face. I have scars on my chin, both sides, the left had side is visible from the front and the right the scars are lighter and visible looking up, shorter others would be able to see that scar.

Me I am a little distraught by this, how am I to get a job if others are taking my place, saying they are me or that I sent them there. I don't know this is what I am feeling, and observing. Had dinner over my brothers last night and his emotions give away what is going on, besides being concerned for me,

Again if others are taking my place how am I to get a job, to keep my studio apartment. Now if I am getting discriminated against because of this thought thing that is discriminatory practices. Which I have not done, if others want the chance I have tended to give it to them.

Now dating, this has been on my mind for a little now, what if a woman has called dibs on me, but has not let me know, then she needs to let me know and any type of manipulation would drive us farther apart. I like honest and straight forward women. If her goal to drive us farther apart it is working, if she is on the run she needs to get word to me, I am not going to sit in my studio day in and day out, it is not me. Earlier I have tried that, sitting there for days, looking at things and waiting, I have walk slow for others to talk to me, I am walking slower now so that others can talk to me, write a note and slip it in my pocket.

I want to work, I want to have a job that pays. What would I do with the money first pay rent, pay the electricity bill.

I have a partial list of all the places I have physically dropped of my resume and I have emails for the jobs I have applied for online, the emails are coming from my yahoo account. [DanielBurns206@yahoo.com](mailto:DanielBurns206@yahoo.com), is their a proxy server that is routing my emails through a different source, I don't know but the fact that it takes 13 minutes to get he emails on my phone after it hit my yahoo account says that something is going on.

Again I am figuring things out to explain this thought projection, or something extra normal. I am going to be handing out more resumes today, I may even go to a church for confession, why you might ask, I need to say this outloud, and I am not going to a professional that has the power to diagnose me as crazy because I am not...

If a professional wants to take to me, all they would have to do is walk up and say you are the one with the thoughts we are hearing I would like to talk to you about it,

This way I will feel safe and not have to put up any walls I could then talk openly about this "problem" without feeling threatened. I do want to talk to others but I can't do that if I feel that they are going to put me away, or try to make me feel/look bad.

I see pregnant others on the street, and wonder if I am doing anything to hurt the unborn, if I am I need to know what that is, I need to be told what that is, I am not a mind reader.

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Now smaller others too, if my actions are effecting them then I need to be told verbally. Once I have the information I am able to act on the information, meaning, eat like a pregnant other all the time, if need be, or if my drinking coffee hurts others, I am willing and can change, I just need to have the information. Life is a learning process, we become more of who we are, and during that time we change we are not stagnant, experiences change us, information changes us.

If I was told that I effect others in ways that I have been taught that I don't then I would be able to process that information and change if need be, I would also need others that have gone through similar thing, meaning if I go to a Lamaze class then I would go to a Lamaze class. I have always found the female body, and mind very interesting and have no problems discussing it and learning about the menstrual cycle and estrogen. I want to know, I think most guys would shy away from the topics but I am not most guys.

I want to turn this telepathy off, like others have suggested, I need to know when it started to figure out what happened, if one of my experiments did this I need to know when it started so that I can pin point the experiment, to see what I was experimenting on, meaning I have done a lot with electricity, what experiment was it, from my childhood, or adulthood, I don't know, once I find out when this started then I will have some to reflect on, if it is birth again, need to know that also, then I could work with my mother to see what was going on during her pregnancy with me.

Again where do we go from here, my studio apartment need to be the roof over my head, now if I am force to live on the street, the street makes others crazy and sick. How am I able to think clearly to solve these "problems" if I am sick from living on the street. I want to see you do it.

Lets see how living on the street effects you, don't think that it would effect me any different than it would effect you. My dad was a cop and he let me know about others that live on the street. I made some comment about tother beating up street people and he replied that hey were no match. Living on the street you loose you strength, you can't keep yourself healthy and then, you have no energy and start to have your mind deteriorate, I don't know about you, but if I was having someone elses thoughts in my head I would wan to keep that other safe so that their though do not get worse. If I heard the thought of the others that live on the streets in Seattle, I wouldn't. What would I hear, the garbage can in the alley off first and bell has good food in it, the corner of pike and first has good begging, the viaduct has spaces to sleep, it smells in the shelter, I am hungry, I want to be out of the cold,

Then the thoughts would turn, the others that swear on the street, or get mugged or are just down right nasty, what do you think their thoughts are like, they are not rational, they are destructive and bitter. I don't want to be that way, and I don't want you to hear thoughts that are that way.

If I am living on the street and my actions do affect pregnancy and smaller others then what do you would happen to them? Me being sick on the street, would mean pregnancy going very badly, smaller others would also have problems if I effect their health, others that live on the street are not healthy. Germs go through shelters and the street all the time, if you don't believe me, go to one of the shelters after 9 p.m. that is when you get locked

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in for the evening. I have been told shelters are not safe, you have to be on guard all the time, this also wears you down, not having any place to relax.

I am feeling the effect of not having any where to relax right now, I feel “under the weather” I believe that his is because I have no safe place. Others are listening every where I go, the only reprieve is listening to music loud, and singing. Feeling safe, is something that myself and others need to have loving and productive thought process.

When others don't feel safe the install alarms, and lock doors, they can shut themselves in a room and have that time of safeness, I feel that I don't. They have the time to look at a problem without others listening to their thought process, you know when you have to make decisions you have to think about that decision. Simple as a guy in my apartment complex thinking about getting a car, or you thinking about buying a house, or if you want to eat at the deli or the pizza place, these decisions are not made at once they are thought about.

Me on the other hand have others listen to my thoughts and that does not feel safe, to make a decision about where to send your child to school is a multi set process. I will use my brother as an example, he has thought about kids for a while, before his present girlfriend, he thought of the type of schooling for his children, and made a decision before this relationship, now, they have to talk about the decisions that that thought about, because it is bringing both their ideas together. Now that they have information from another that they value, this changes their thought process. Other information comes to light, so to write. This meshing of ideas is what and relationship is, Say someone thought that spanking was o.k., then they were in a relationship with another that did not think spanking was ok, they would need to discuss the topic to come to an agreement on if they were going to spank. What if one thinks time outs is good and the other does not, they would have to discuss the topic and have agreement, to be a couple to grow together, they would still be themselves but they would also be some bigger, a best friend, together one unit working together for each others goals for the creation of their family. Not others family their family. Mother, father and smaller person. The support is tremendous in a relationship.

Erin broke up with me because I was willing to move to Argentina to be in her life, it was a trade off, I would live in Argentina with her and go to business school there, when I told her this she broke up with me because she was not willing to give that much to me. Meaning she said that she wouldn't do the same, and that was the decision, she knew that relationships take higher ground and she was not willing to make the compromises that relationships take to survive.

If one in the relationship wants to go to law school say, the other in the relationship take that time to support the family, and then after law school the one supporting might want to go to law school after that. This is the strength of relationships, the strength of committed relationships. Committed? When you say I will be with you till death do us part, you are free to make decisions together for the benefit of the relationship, the unit. For two others that have become more together than separately, this is called a support



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structure. In some relationship this is not their and it drives the relationship apart. This is where trust in your partner is huge, trust that they will be there after they go to law school and not use you to support them through it, I studied a case in school for this but it was a doctor, and his wife worked while he went to medical school, they got a divorce, she argued that his schooling was the result of her hard work, if it wasn't for her then he wouldn't have been able to go to medical school. Just an example.

Working together is hard, relationships are not easy, through in sex and the whole thing seems unruly at times, but the benefit is more than the cost in an loving relationship. This partner that you trust not to tell others your secrets, that if you feel like crying, they don't judge you, they support you, you trust them with everything about you and they do the same, the trust is that they won't use these insurances against you to hurt you, these are the walls that need to be broken down in relationship to have a loving and trusting relationship.

Others may think that you have to fight in an relationship, that your biggest enemy is your mate but that is wrong. Where would you feel safe? You would never feel safe you would not be able to show any type of insecurity, and we all have them. Now you are alone in your relationship, I feel that is worse than being alone not in a relationship. This other that you trusted to build your lives together, it's sad what relationships seem to be about today. When is the loneliest I have ever felt, it is in a room filled with others. It is when in a relationship when my mate has manipulated me instead of being honest and forthright with their thoughts and feelings. If the true thoughts and feelings were opened to me then we could solve that ever was bothering us, solve, at least trust that they are showing me the real them. And then we would be able to truly evaluate the situation.

One of the books I like is the Fountain head, I try to emulate Howard Rorak but I have always thought that I did not want that type of relationship and that I have closer to the surface feelings especially in a relationship, be exposed to another and trust that they are not going to intentionally hurt me. Hurt comes with relationships, it can't be stopped, when you are vulnerable to another more they can and will hurt you, the problems arise if they intentionally hurt you, that hurts trust more, you would then withdraw in the relationship, thus hurting the relationship, others like to "cheat" to draw this out. It is the intentional hurting that undermines the relationship, can you work it out after, depends on the relationship.

Unintentional hurting happens, that is when you have to let another know why, and if they are able to stop it. When you are open to others they are going to hurt you, they are not perfect, you are going to hurt them, deal with it, nothing is "perfect", we are human, that means we do not do everything correct all the time, and if we don't do everything correct all the time then we are going to unintentionally hurt others.

Sorry you feel that it is wrong, you prove my case, by even thinking and saying wrong. This is how I feel, do not negate my feelings, and I won't negate yours, because your feelings are just as important as mine, we need to discuss our feelings.

This is how and why you can be sorry not for your actions but because your actions hurt others feelings. You can be sorry for hurting them and not your actions, you can be sorry

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for your actions also but if they do not communicate to you what you did then how can the actions be sorry for. Earlier I wrote that I was sorry that my actions were rude, I am not sorry of how I was that day, but I am sorry that your feelings were hurt, ie being rude hurts other feelings. This is what I am writing about sorry that others feelings were hurt.

Off to apply for more jobs,

One more thing actually, I thought yesterday that maybe others were writing, changing my thoughts or appending this autobiography, they are not authorized. This is a feeling I have, I hope it is no true. Why did I get this feeling? Something about others body language and the way they were portraying themselves to me.

And...

## You are wrong for listening to my thoughts!!

Applied for a job at Childrens Medical Center, and Top Pot Donnuts, and one other place, What I want to write about today is an experience I had while I was at the university, I went in to the University Medical center due to feeling sick and my ankle was bothering me (could have been my back, at one point in time a counsler said that I should stand in the back of classrooms and walk around so my back did not hurt, I walked around after and before classes, as not to disturb the actual teaching) But anyways, I went in the hospital and was in a waiting room then they sent me to another part of the hospital and on my way, I saw a woman being move from one room to I don't know where, the bed turned the corner and she was there looking pretty bad, then she saw me and her face lighted up, she had a smile and it was like seeing me brought life into her again, after that I checked into a room and layed there for a while, resting. I thought that it took a long time for me to get checked out but then I remembered what a medical student said to me, that during certain times of the year students were more frequent in the hospital due to being run down from classes, the hospital would keep the student there longer than they had too so that the student would have time to rest, gather energy, so to speak. So I was in the hospital for a while, just zoning, took a nap and then was released, after I had a ankle wrap put on, must be my ankle as to why I was in there. I have thought of that woman periodically since then, did I remind her of someone that she knew, did my smile lift her spirits, do I have wings and look like an angel, I was just some random in the hospital, why did I brighten her day? Again this is the question of healing properties that I may or may not have.

If you were not told and you can't see then how are you able to determine if you have wings?

I am color blind, is that why I am missing some things that others see? If I take the test I see a number or letter that others do not, maybe it is the other way I see more than the others? After taking the colour blind test an old room mate of mine started pointing at the little circles of colour and asking me what the colours were, I thought green was grey, this is a result of being Red/ green colour blind. Do I see green grass, yes, can I see the green leaves, yes, but if you take red and green sheets of paper I won't be able to tell

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which is which, this depends on the shade. Now, this is where it gets complicated, the grass is green, I know it is green, so it looks green, leaves look green, not grey. But if you had red grass I think it was green grass because in my brain grass is green, you get it? It has something to do with the processing of color in the brain, with my paints I need to look at the label to find out what some of the colours are, I used to colour birds and such the wrong colours in grade school, I would ask other the colours and they would tell me the wrong ones, so I red birds and some red grass.

Where does this fit in now? I have no idea what my art work looks like to others that are not colour blind. Are they seeing something that I am missing? I paint for texture and depth, scene. But when I am done I have this thought some times, what is the contrast for others that are not colour blind? I have thought that the contrast would be more extreme, but I do not know. I can't see through your eyes. Even if you think you can see through mine. Computer monitors are not easy on the colour blind, they don't use the primary colours, red, yellow, blue. The monitors use red, yellow, and green. Green is created by mixing blue and yellow. I have wondered what effect this has on the viewer, is this why other need to wear sunglasses so much? Is this why I don't want to post images of my work on the web? Partially, the contrast is lost, is this why plasma screens look the way they do, they actually use the primary colours, Serate was the first to experiment with pointillism, meaning the if you put a dot of blue and a dot of yellow next to each other but not touching, the space inbetween will appear green, it is something on how our brains interpret colour, besides we see the reflection of colour, that is what makes us see that colour, so the space inbetween these colours is green because of the reflected light, shit we are seeing light visible! Now flash forward to print medium, the pictures are dots similar to serate, and then flash forward to pixels, same deal? What is created on a screen when a blank space is inbetween to colours, nothing, the light from the monitor overpowers the ambient light from the pixel. Any of your paint programs you can zoom in and see the pixels, they are squares. If you are using vector form graphics the rules apply differently. So plasma screens, how does the plasma interact to create the depth in the picture, the contrast. Someone I know eluded that I was the "artist" that inspired this technology, do I know how, no, can I say that if you take the traditional flat screen and then layer the pixels so the the colour is refracted inside the screen that you will have more depth and that the field of view that was once completely flat, can now be extended to, say a quarter of an inch, that that difference will be enormous, the jump in contrast and depth of field will be farther. Now enter nitrogen, that could be the next, if not the Plasma in plasma screens now. Check out old reliefs, they are flat but stick out and have more depth. Is my art work an inspiration for this? Some one knows, I don't. It was eluded too, that is it. Is this why all this is going on? Is this why the thoughts are broadcasted listened too? I also have more "revolutionary ideas" due to my art work, or just being colour blind has me looking at the world differently.

How do we shut off this listening to my thoughts? I would like to be alone with my thoughts, last night I felt that less others were listen or at least they did not try to interfere. There are at least 2 type listening the ones that try to interfere and the ones who listen and the act later or don't ack and just listen, I guess that is 3 types.

But as for healing properties I may possess, I would like to know, why does others feel that it is o.k. to "keep me in the dark" on these subjects especially this subject. I hugged

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this guy on the street one night, he was in a wheel chair, I didn't look back but I sensed he stared walking after that, I was a little drunk, to recognize his face but he look a lot like someone I pass one the street, and that other is not in a wheel chair.

Healing properties? This is the power of a thought. Thoughts have great power, they construct the world around you and how others interact in your world.

I can heal others because I think I can, you can heal others if you think you can.

Believe!

So growing up in Detroit was tough, we had three different shades of brown fighting, I got jumped due to the pigment of my skin, come to find out it was someone that knew my brother, that sucks even more, my brother was with me when we got jumped, were were dropping off a schoolmate from a play pratice and he got the first hit, my brother and I jumped out of the car and 5 other started to hit us, we fended them off, I think because we played hockey and that made us tough, but what was intresting/sad was the largest member of the group walked back ward in front of the licience plate of the car that had the others in it, this made me realize that that was propably not the first time they had jumped others. They dropped a pager, I sold it to a classmate, how do you getthe number, call bach one of the numbers on the pager and ask for it, I just got a page from you, what number did you dial? Thais how my classmate gotthe pager, I think it was turned off right after that , but the next Sunday, the play cast went to eat at "Andonis", same place Had my first date, and the entire place started filling up with others wanting to hurt us, they were friends of the others that jumped us the wek before, we must have given them a bigger beating than I thought, server them right for jumping others, for no reason at that, if it was skin pigmentation that is why we need to get over this thing called raceism. We had a friend with us that worked for the police and the police show up and noone got hurt, we went our separate way and that is the end of the story.

I worked on the sets for a couple of plays, A Midsummers Night Dream, I was also sound on that one, Hello Dollie, my brother was in the chours, Started working on Flowers for Algerion and then stopped, it was fun working on the sets of those plays, I took some heat on the second one though, I was working the back drops and one got stuck on the swing that lowered for on of the acts, we could not get the back drop up, the chorous then went behind the back drop and ripped it down in one pull, it was amazing "the show must go on" that is what happened, noone seemed to miss a beat, and the problem was solved. I also did Modle United Nations, the Art club, track and Field, as well as played hockey and was a hoodlum. If memory serves me correct, Art club was on Monday, we praticed frack and field every day during the season, I did shot put, discus, and ran a little. I was ok for the 100 yard dash, so I did some relays also. I remember this one meet and I was put into the position that went around a corner, and the other that I was against kick my ass, I didn't feel like I was running that fast in the first place put the other ripped by me with such great speed, I was flabbergasted. The coach was unthrilled. I thought that it might have been against St Michaels, but that was grade school, it could have been against Country Day wich you guessed it, Steve Ballmer went to, I wonder if I painted his house in the hills of lone pine?

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That feels like a long time ago. I graduated from High School at 17 due to my late birthday, attended Henery Ford Community College for a quarter, where I was dropped from 2 classes for not showing up enough, my parents were pissed. I had my grades dropped in the other 2 because of failure to show up enough, one was a design class where I made a 4 by 8 foot colour “wheel” out of my hands, I took the primary, secondary, and tertiary colours and made hand prints on pieces of white paper then I applied them to the 4 by 8 foot canvas with 2 shades and 2 tints of each colour. That was the assignment, mine was big, I got knocked down in the grade because I couldn’t tell some of the colours and put them in the wrong areas. The tints and shades were off slightly for some also, at least that is what I was told by the professor, I hadn’t thought about her in a while she looks like someone I see out here in Seattle. Had a life drawing class also, I was over life drawing by that time. A friend from High School was in those classes with me, he helped carry in the “colour wheel” I got it in to the car alright but getting it out was a little harder. I took a psychology class and stopped going right after Pavlov’s Dog, Ring the bell, dog salivates, I probably learned more in that class but I don’t remember the particulars. I remember Pavlov’s dog because of the Bare Naked Ladies band, one song they sing, about ringing a bell, and salivation, “ring a bell and I will salivate, how would you like that” I don’t remember the name of the song, it is on a live album that was given to me by Brooke for Christmas the last song before the hidden tracks is If I had a million dollars, she got me that album for that song, she also gave me Craig David’s album that Christmas/birthday season. I like to dance to that album. And now sing, since I have heard the songs a lot.

Other music? Nine inch nails was my favorite band for a really long time, haven’t listened to him in a while, also like Prince, the thing is about these two “bands” is that they compose all the music themselves. Look on Halo 3 and it says Trent Rensor is Nine inch nails, and Flood produces the albums, Prince same deal composes all his music, well at least they used to, haven’t checked in a while. Senade O’Connor is another favorite, I have this thing for piano and female singing voices, I also like Tori Amos, but not really Sarah McLachlin because of an ex-girl friend. Denise had this song that she liked one time when she started dating someone with the same name as I same initials to be exact, and one of “their songs” was by Sarah McLachlin, never gave it a second chance since that time. I can listen to any type of music and appreciate it, any type, I used to think I didn’t like baroque and then I played it a couple of weeks ago and realized I was misinformed, so there is a chance I don’t like a particular type of music but I am willing to say I like it all.

I like Beethoven, I have this CD that has excerpts and that CD rocks, I probably play it to loud but it needs to be loud. Just like Senade O’Connor states that some of her albums should be listened to entirely through headphones, the big ones she says. Beethoven loud, so you can feel the music inside you, just like he did. How do you think he composed after being deaf, the feel of the notes, and if you follow jazz the feel of the spaces between the notes, think about listening to 200 singers quietly and then loudly, completely different. I don’t remember the name but one composition the singer doesn’t make a sound till an hour into the composition and when they sing they blow you away. I want to say it’s the eighth symphony, but I am not sure.

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Off to get a job... at least apply for jobs...

The day before halloween....

Looked into applying for jobs in a new industry today, I have a list that I will narrow down and apply for...

What costumes have I worn over my years of celebrating halloween, when I was younger I tended to go as a vampire, it is my fall back now a days, don't know if I am going to dress up this year, have some make up though.

I have had some significant halloweens, the first significant that I remember is going to an 8th maybe ninth grade halloween party, I went dress as a girl, my mom suggested it, the thing about this party was that when you walked into the halloween area it was pitch black, know what happened to me, I got felt up. I think about that every once and a while, I was in drag, but other thought I was a girl and they took the chance to violate my body, even though it was tissue, what happened to the real girls in that dark room? What does that say?

For a while now I have wanted to dress as Pin Head from Hellraiser movies, but I have put a limitation on the costume, I will only go as that character if I can make a mask that moves when I talk. Meaning having the pins and all move, in Vegas I had the closest but I did not wear it because it wasn't what I needed the costume to be, instead that year I went as a wizard. I bought this face kit for an old man and applied that, took a long time, all that latex, and makeup. Wore a hood, and dressed with a gown, more like a cloak and can't describe it, I looked like Merlin the Magician, Side note had a hamster named Merlin growing up, it died while I was at boy scout camp. I also have gone as Alex from a Clockwork Orange two or three times, I made the costume 2 times though. Once in Vegas and once in Seattle, The Vegas one was pretty cool, had the eyeballs on the cuffs, a cane the mask, the mask is hard to make due to the length of the nose and the center of gravity. That year a coworker also dressed as Alex, we both looked pretty good, if we had 2 more we would have been the drugis gang. I made the hat in Vegas and bought one in Seattle, I like making hats, it was the second hat I made the first one was for senior prom. I use cardboard for the structure then take fabric and wrap the cardboard, use a little glue and presto, A top hat or Bowler hat, the bowler hat was considerably harder to make due to the curved top. I made the cod piece for the costumes, and had the suspenders bleached to look dirty white, the cane, one eyelash extension. I have pictures from Vegas and from Seattle. In Seattle I caught a little flack for wearing the costume, I took off the mask and they were a little better with it.

I have also been a punk rocker, I was thinking on the way up here it was partly because of Mr. T a.k.a BA Barakas from the A Team, the Mohawk and all that jazz.

Before I went to Divine Child we would go trick or treating in my neighborhood, it seemed like almost every house got into the spirit of the day, one house a monster would jump out at you and run down the street, probably another that lived in the house, after going to DC we then would trick or treat in the "rich" area. We were under the assumption that you got better, more candy in the area around that school, the Kingsgate? Castle would give out whole candy bars, we would trick or treat in Dearborn then walk across a busy street and would be in Dearborn Heights and we would trick or treat there also. We got too old to trick or treat but then we wore masks to hide our age, once in high

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school a friend went as a drunk, he carried a 12 pack of beer in his goody bag and would not go to the houses but would stand on the sidewalk drinking a beer. I have never liked beer, some are ok but then I never had to get used to the taste of beer due to that liquor was around, you can mix that with anything and it will taste all right, at least go down easier.

What other Halloween surprises have I had, not sure, sometime in high school the malls started giving out candy instead of having the kids walk around the neighborhood, the scare of others putting things in candy was the excuse.

Tonight is Devil's night in Detroit, now it is called Angles night it changed when I was in high school. Detroit used to be burnt down every Devil's night, every fire and police personal had to work, then the neighborhoods started having other roam to stop the fires. If memory serves me correct on of the last Devil's nights had 160 fire that night, mostly in abandoned houses. Others don't believe me when I tell them about Devil's night, I tell them to watch "The Crow" movie, the family gets killed on Devil's night, there is a shot of the city burning before that, it is really like that, well at least was...

We never started any fires on Devil's night, I don't even think we soaped any windows, it was a tough night to be out, the curfew was in effect, after sunset, you could not be on the street and if you looked under 18 in a car they had probable cause to stop you. Have I don't some vandalism when I was a kid, that comes with the title Hoodlum doesn't it.

Devil's night tonight: Don't do anything stupid others. Stay home. It is now Angles night. Stop the violence and destruction.

When I was 8ish I went to the hospital, due to throwing up blood, I almost died, had tubes up my nose to give me food, it was ugly. I have never found out why I was throwing up blood, the DOC has not give an explanation, my parents have said that they thought it was sucking on my thumb and that sucked the blood from a tooth root, they have also said that at one time they thought it might have been something in the Halloween candy, we would have been finishing up the candy right around my birthday, 13 days after Halloween, another 13 in my life. I really want to celebrate the day of the dead the traditional way, that means going to the grave site of your family at midnight and having a party, I think that would be fun.

There was a cemetery near where I grew up that was supposedly haunted, we went there one night (might have been Devil's night) to check it out, the rumor was that a ghost would light candles in the cemetery, I don't remember any ghost but I remember my friends getting freaked out, maybe because of trespassing or just being in a cemetery at night. You can cruise along Outerdrive and see the cemetery, they have candles lit some times, I don't know if it is the ghost or not.

I went as a ghost every once in a while for Halloween, the last ghost I went as was probably the scariest. I was a mountaint climber that did not use the body system, I had a beat up old sheet over my head and looked out through a rip in the fabric, I had a climbing rope that was pink wrapped around my neck in a noose, it was scary. I have

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waited on tables most of the Halloweens so, you get dressed up but you also have to remember that you are going to run around in costume, limits your choices. I have also been A ninga, a clown, wore a mask that my mom used to be a flasher. That actually was an ingenious idea. She wore the mask and had a trench coat on, and when you opened the trench coat is said "surprise" she was fully clothed.

I have worn 2 black trench coats in my life one was given to me for my B-Day, it was an ugly B-Day, I got off work and went to a friend's house instead of going home right away, my mom had spent a lot of time looking for the coat, I hurt her feeling by not going home before I went out for the night, I went home got the coat then went out after. The other trench coat was my dad's police trench coat it was neon orange inside and was rain resistant. We have talked about these coats in a general way once or twice. I don't know what my dad thinks of me wearing that coat, I think I asked to wear it, it was hanging in the basement for a while.

Gothic Industrial Music Scene...

As ministry says it the best everyday is halloween, that is kinda how I feel. I have had blue hair, green hair, black hair, clear hair, platinum blond hair, I think that is it, I had a jean jacket I painted on the back "Don't Ask". I imagine being in the mall and seeing this guy with that jean jacket and green hair, what would you think? I didn't wear that jacket that much, I didn't like the colours of the paint, it was old house paint that I found in the basement of the house I grew up in. I have worn a lot of necklaces in my life but stopped when I lost my last one, it was a metal pearl choker, but it wasn't too tight, I like it. I still have the cross that I started wearing around 16 or so... have this necklace with two figures intertwined, one hematite necklace that I have worn but a couple of times, that was when I started to not wear necklaces, I have never worn the grenade necklace out of the house, and have a couple of random necklaces in my studio apartment, one is from Hawaii, two are from a street vendor in Seattle.

I have lost the necklace that my first tattoo is based on, it is a dragon that wraps in a circle but never touches, kinda like a "C". I dress that way to keep them at bay because everyday is halloween, Bumb, Bumb, Bumpa, this song was made before Ministry went completely hard, it is almost like a pop song, Nine Inch Nails Pretty Hate Machine album's first cut is also very poppy, Front 242, Nitzer Ebb, Sister Machine Gun, My life with the Thirll Kill cult, Die Krupps, Depeshmode were some of the bands from back in those days, Die Krupps has this song called the language of reality, I didn't hear it a lot back then but when I got a compilation in Las Vegas, it was on their, The Industrial Mix Machine,

Anger,

Boredom,

Comforting,

Danger

Exhaustion

Fate

This is not poetry this is the land we call realit-it-ity

Tough song to listen too, to say more than most others want to hear. I almost forgot "Marlin Manson" I missed the concert before the band made it big because I was doing this girl, I should have went, whatever your feelings about this band are... please listen



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to "Portrait of the American Family" it says a lot. One of the songs is called lunch box, "I brought my lunch box and I am armed real well". The big bully tried to stick his finger in my chest tried to tell me he the best well I could give a good god dam I got my lunch box and I am armed real well, POW POW POW.

I took the song to mean that the kid getting picked on brought a gun to school and put a cap in the big bully ass, but I haven't heard the real explanation. These songs are my incluneces and now after years of reflection and able to put my violence behind me, some times I get angry now but I am got going to go out and hurt any others. This music when looked at now is a social commentary of what others have gone through and what feelings may arise from those experiences. I danced a lot to get some of the emotion out of my system, I drank a lot also trying to repress that anger, deal with the feeling, and not feel at the same time.

Anything taken out of context can be used against any one, if you read the paragraph with the lyrics and not the explanation below, it could look very bad, this is what the political machine does today, I can't let them control my thoughts, my writing because they are going to frame what I write in a negative context, they are going to kill me is the phrase that other may use, but the truth is the truth, and if you know enough that they are going to use this information against me then you know enough to see that the system, government is corrupt.

When I took "WAR" class at the UDB, actually it was and is called international conflict, the professor made a very interesting comment on how the United States is winning the hearts and mind of Iraqis. It goes like this, we drop a bunch of pamphlets on the Iraqis with a smear campaign against the terrorist, but we took a photograph and altered it in a computer morphing to photos together. It had the opposite effect of the Iraqis that it was suppose to. It made them distrust the United States. Why? It showed that the United States was willing to alter things to get their way. If you get a pamphlet that has been obviously been doctored it makes you wonder what else are they willing to do to "win the hearts and mind" what lies or manipulation are they using, think about this when you hear the information about me, or see a picture with me in it. I took all my photos off My Space for this reason, a supposed friend of mine doctored my photos, to add blemishes, changed my face structure a bit, it wasn't me in those photos. I was talking to my brother a little while back and I said that it was my first trip to the Ballard locks, he looked at me like I was crazy, I sensed that he had seen a photo of me in a boat in the Ballard locks, but I had never been there. It was sad. This is when I started really to think about what "framing" is being done to my life and when I decided that I needed to get the story right by writing this book, I have planned to write this book for a while but it seems imperative to write it now, especially since the powers that be seem to be against me for some reason.

At one point in time I said to a friend but that I what have ever found they out say that is not probably correct true I have not done a lot of things that they could say that I have done.

Have a safe Devil's night, remember that devils are angles too....be kind to your neighbor.

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Been thinking about the banking problem a little more and how fee based banking has effected the consumer and the profit margin for the banks. Before school a team member at Planet Hollywood was studying economics and he let me know that banks have a profit margin of 1%, this is before fee based banking became pervasive in our society. Now 1% doesn't seem like a lot of profit, but in banks case it translates to millions of dollars in profit, it also keeps the banks conservative, i.e. not taking as many risks. I heard on the radio a couple of days ago that banks are posting profits of 10-13 percent, what changed? Why are credit unions who don't use fee based banking as much still in operation and apparently fending the economic storm. Fee based banking! The banks that are going into bankruptcy what is their profit margin? Are they looking at the margins and seeing a 1% profit and then thinking that they have to go into bankruptcy, is the federal regulator thinking that, is this what happened to Washington Mutual?

Profit margins are out of control... they are another example of upward wealth redistribution. The last company I work for had 40-50 percent profit margins for each project, they would hit the parent company with a change order to cover the administrative cost. If we as a society lowered the profit margins we would have more space to move into the future, this lowering of profit margins would help reduce inflation. Right now we are going to see inflation start to sky rocket, what we have seen so far is nothing, the Fed funds rate is at 1%, this rate is one of the ways to counteract inflation, as bad as Greenspan is and was he still worried about inflation. What happens when the Fed meets again? They lower interest rates again? Can't do that below 0. If they do go below 0 for rates what are those repercussions, we will be paying others to borrow money. This seems off, but in the spirit of upward wealth redistribution, pay them for borrowing our money, that seems crazy. So here we are getting looted by the business that is supposed to be helping society, having huge profit margins then letting them right off that profit so we get screwed twice, once at the store and once when we give direct subsidies to the companies, both times it is our money.

Now we have the bonus structure in place for executives, and during this economic crisis they are getting their bonuses. Does this seem wrong to you? It does to me, why, the bonuses are tied to performance (or at least supposed to be) but a lot of companies are under performing, what does this say we are giving bonuses to others that are losing money, meaning paying them not to perform. This is crazy.

Last week we have executives taking the bail out money as bonuses, you are telling me in that 450 page document there is no provision that says they don't get bonuses, it is actually the other way around, why the document went from 3 pages to 450 is that the politicians made sure that the bonuses were intact. Why is anyone getting a bonus right now? Especially, the executives that are driving the companies into the ground. Is this the point, we are giving the executives the bonuses to drive things into the ground so that other companies can buy them at a cheaper rate. The term too big to fail is coming up every now and then to big to fail means that if they do fail the government has to give those companies money from the coffers of this society. Too big to fail, these decision makers need to go back to Economic 201 and 202, remember the concept diseconomies of scale and the point of diminishing returns. Yes, these concepts are on a bell curve. Meaning you can get economies of scope and scale until a certain point where the company gets too large, after the company is too large they become a hindrance on itself.

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Then they are in the point of diminishing returns and diseconomies of scale. This concept was explained to me this way, you are painting a room, it takes you x time and cost to paint the room, since the packages have 2 or 3 brushes you invite a friend to help you, the painting goes fast hence, more profit. Now invite 10 friends to paint the room, you have to buy more supplies (cost) and everyone will be tripping over each other painting the room it will take longer to paint the room (cost). In my experience painting houses I found that 3 painting a room was the correct number and you had to be pretty conscious to have 3 painting the room. These huge companies internally are falling over themselves, is this to deceive us, have so many papers, duplicates, and red tape so that we don't know what is going on with in the company. Is it to create jobs? Well I will tell you that having a bunch of med size business instead of a huge conglomerate is more profitable in most senses, more job, more cash profit, more community, more office space, more local business, less barriers to entry.

Bill Gates likes to say that anyone in a garage can thwart Microsoft, at least he used to, is the true, No, this little (actually not so little) thing called hostile takeovers. You may not want to sell your business because you know you have created better software but the big guy comes and takes you over anyways. Where is your incentive to be creative if they are going to bastardize your idea? This is a huge part of being inventive, you have to be able to get your idea out there, borrowing cost from a Venture Capitalist is usually 40-50% of your company, and they sit on the board, they are there to create 40-50% profit, they would seel your company from underneath you to get this guaranteed profit,

For all you that are listing to this as I write, or read it for that matter, I don't know how to spell, I spell like I speak, it is called phonics, they stopped teaching it shortly after I went to school, I have heard they are now teaching root words, whatever that means, remember "hooked of Phonics" or "where there is a will there is an A" but anyway want to point that out to you, that spelling and editing go hand and hand.

For you others out there that think you are so smart "how come you are driving the society into the ground?"

I walked to school almost everyday from when I was in Kindergarten to 6 grade, it was about a mile and a half, the moms took turns on who would walk the kids to school, they let us go by ourselves around the 3 grade. Yes, this means we walked through snow and rain, it wasn't up hill each way though. I was thinking about this and how I tend to walk everywhere, this is how I keep in shape, how many kids today live a couple of blocks from school and get a ride, how come they are not walking with others, it brings the community together, you make friends, you reach out to other families, creating trust and friendship.

I grew up on a block with a lot of kids my age, we went to the same school for a while, played together after school, parents got to know each other, trust each other, the neighbors were not your enemy, like they are today with keeping up with the Joneses. It was nice being in an area where you could reach out to others, and have other houses to go play in. We are so scared today that the neighbor is going to do something terrible to your kids, and as neighbors if someone else's child falls and scrapes their knee we are afraid we are going to get sued. What is the thing we got going on in the United States of America? Has everyone forgotten to say "I am sorry" Now we don't even say

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that we say my lawyer will talk to you, where are our interpersonal skills going? For what money, I don't get it, maybe I do...

Sue your neighbor to keep up with the "jones" to prove that you are better than them or have more money is that the deal? How crazy is that, we are humans, humans need each other to survive, from the beginning to the end, creating these walls is not going to help, in fact it is hindering, are you going to be friends with someone that sued you? Are you going to trust them that they won't do it again? What happened to neighborly love, now it is neighborly fear. Is this why others do not trick or treat in the neighborhood any more, afraid to give out candy because some kid might eat too much through up and then have the parent sue you because they did not tell their own children to stop eating the candy. What is going on??????????

We are getting away from what is to be human. Interaction with other humans is vital. You hate yourself? If you keep your child around you and they don't have any other influences besides you, guess what you will raise a child that hates you and themselves. This is the cycle that has to break, is that other child so bad, you got to be kidding me, a friend's sister would not let her child play because he was going to get germs, others could not touch him, because of germs, even the her immediate family could not touch him because of germs, what do you think Joel is going to turn out like? Do you think that he is going to be able to interact with others? What about his mom? Is she going to be able to interact with others? Probably not.

The houses in my neighborhood were ranging from clean to dirty and back again, I was able to see how other families lived, I was able to get multiple points of view just by being in their homes, some liked the lighting a little darker than in my house, so kept papers on the table, some did not vacuum the floor everyday, some had skuff marks on the floor, I would call my house growing up immaculately cleaned. To get my home that clean now I would have to clean once then do it all over again. I did not know it then that seeing how others lived I was able to learn different things, least of which, how do I want to decorate my place, do I want a pool, what about a vegetable garden, a garage, these listed things I did not have growing up in my house but my neighbors did, I swam in their pools, played in their garages, saw how they created vegetable gardens, and did they have a different style than my parents when it came to decorating. This was/is huge. I got to learn different perspectives, I forgot one a privacy fence, we didn't have one growing up, they were put in by neighbors later but one side always did not have one you could wave at your neighbor, talk if you wanted, see what they looked like, it was nice. I think of Wilson from Home Improvement show now, what did Wilson look like? I don't think anyone knows.

Having a close neighborhood was nice, curfew was when the street lights turned on and then when we were older we could hang on the porch with the rest of the kids in the neighborhood, we had a blast sitting around talking joking, telling stories, getting to know each other, it created community. We had a friend that we could talk to about our problems, we were around the same age, we were going through the same thing but differently because we have our own perspective. I was given my first job by a neighbor, so was my brother, we first babysat the kids then cut lawns with him. It was nice we learned work ethic and had some money in our pockets, we were 9 or 10 at the time, I was 13 when I started high school. Might have been younger than 9 or 10. Weird thing

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happened to that neighbors house years later, it was struck by lightning, but that is not the weird thing about it, the lightning went in an upstairs window hit the light socked, traveled through the power lines in the house and then exited the house through the front porch light and hit the ground. That is pretty weird, the lightning traveled over one of the kids heads to the light socket, the kids weren't hurt. Scared but not hurt.

Their next door neighbor was considered a little off, due to the fact that he wore alumin foil on his head and covered the windows of the house with aluminum foil, I was told that it kept out the alien transmissions.

Now flash forward to know, others are listening to my thoughts, is this what he was talking about, did I get this transferred from him, or was he hearing my thoughts as a kid and thought it was the aliens or are their really alien transmissions? I don't think so, but I find it intrestion that this neighbor was trying to stop something to do with brainwaves. Since I found out that others are listening to my thoughts, I have thought about trying on a aluminum foil hat, I am not going to though, it seem crazy even in the supposed privacy of my own home.

Supposed privacy, I wrote about this earlier, the cameras, the picture taken, the others that come in when I am not their. I have wondered why they would feel it was ok, or why they would go into my home when I was not their, I have come up with some things,

- 1) Healing properties
- 2) View my art
- 3) Steal thing, by going through my stuff
- 4) Take picture of some else their and then put my photo with it.

This last one is a new discovery after others have yelled at me for doing the dishes, I live by myself, if I don't do the dishes who else is? That is when I thought of other coming in and taking photos to make others believe that I have a roommate. DO I have any evidence of this? No, just how other reach to me.

I put a bowl by the front door that says U R Tresspassing, if you are going to do it any way then it will cost you \$20 a minuite, please deposit in bowl.

Anyone is welcome in my home, when I am their, anyone. We can sit down talk have dinner or tea, or sit in silence, or with the raidio playing. But it crosses the line if others are entering into my home when I am not their, I would probably let them if I knew they were coming over. But as it stand now, noone has communicated anything about visiting my apartment while I am not their, is any thing missing? My piece of mind that is missing, violation of my private space, not feeling safe, why won't anyone tell me. About 6 months ago other stared shying away for my studio, even Tina, who is a good friend of mine who lives in the building, Is it the cameras? Is it the microphones?

Need to let you know about 2 things: Every speaker is a microphone, and every electric motor is and electric generator. How do I know? Whan I was a kid the sterios still had adaptors on the speakers, these adaptors would also fit in to the microphone jack, I did just that, plugged in the speaker to the microphone jack and talked, my voice was recorded but it was a little muffled, Icreated sounds by tapping on the speaker, try it it is fun, take you head phone and then hit mic and see if you can record, you shoud be able to.

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Now for electric motors being generators, what do you think a wind mill is, the simplest electric generator is your room fan, the blades are not optimized for efficiency of catching wind but it still works. Even with all that stuff attached to it. If you want to try it hear is what you do, take 2 electric motors, for this experiment use the small 1.5 volt motors, you can find these motors in toys, have the two wires for each motor sticking out, attach one x-mass tree bulb, (the little one, they run on 1.5 volts) you will see a motor attached to a light bulb it looks like it won't work, now take a double AA battery and using the other motor press the wires to the battery, the motor works, it is going to jerk in your hand because of the motor running, now you can do one of two things, if you have a soldering iron solder the two motors together by the drive shaft, have them meet face to face, it is hard there is not a lot of surface area, or you can tape the two drive shafts together for a quick look, hold on to each motor tightly with the drive shafts together, don't impede the motion of the drive shaft, take the battery and attach it to the wires hanging out of the motor, you will hear the motor start and the light bulb turn on, presto and electric generator. This is the test. It is pretty easy and fun, at first you don't think it works but it does, Why, the motor acts as wind, the one drive shaft drives the other motor creating electricity to light the bulb. I don't know the energy loss in this experiment, I only assume that there is some, if you want to get ambitious take a 1.5 volt battery and motor and hook it to a 3 volt motor and see if there is over unity. I haven't tried that one, we would need a voltmeter to measure. When it comes to powering really big things you have to look at Amps. Will discuss later, but at this time I don't know that much about amps, what I do know is that at planet hollywood we had to look at the amps pulled for the lighting and sound, if we went to the same breaker then it would pull too much, so that is amps are the heat, it is how much heat you can pull before the breaker trips, meaning before you start a fire, because the wires are gauged for a certain pull, building codes.

What else on this All Hallows Eve....

For those of you who are wondering if this book is going to be sold, it won't be, even though it will be distributed, creating a new model for book distribution, the big chains are not going to make this book up for the 40-50% profit margin.

Until next time,  
Have a good Halloween, WAKE THE DEAD!

First YOU ARE WRONG, I AM SICK OF HEARING OTHER SAY THAT TO ME!!!!

Second,  
I was walking out of the library in pretty good spirits and this lady caught my eye and lead me to a book that had faith in large letters on it, that got me thinking on what my faith in others has done,  
IT HAS FUCKED ME OVER!  
I had faith for a long time, this faith in humanity has put me in the arms of monsters that have used me, manipulated me, threatened my health and my home.

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I received my unemployment yesterday, it said that the decision is still pending, I had to go let my landlord know what was going on, she said write a note and that I will not be able to afford the late fee that would accrue if the decision was delayed any longer.

GO HOME, ROGHT.

My home is in jeopardy, 229 1<sup>st</sup> Ave North Apartment #103, Seattle, Washington, 98109 Is my home. Second the earth is my home, and that is in jeopardy also, clean water going away, hurricanes, smog, chemicals in everything, so what I consider my home is in jeopardy.

I don't know what you consider your home, personally I have never met someone that grew up in Seattle, where my home is, have you, why you don't go back to where you came from you jackasses.

My faith in humanity is gone, my faith in myself is always here, it falters a little every now and then, but I always know that I am Dan Burns, I know what my life has been and I know what I am whilling to do to keep my life, keep food on my table, my studio apartment, the lights on.

What have I done for you lately I guess is what every one is thinking,

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE FOR ME?

You have put my home in jeporaty, you have put me in the hands of monsters, you have broken into my home, you have taken what is rightfully mine and used it for your benefit, you have put my health in jeopardy, you have isolated me, you have sent me mix signals, you have taken away a chance at a relationship with a woman, possibly taken my seed and produced offspring with out my knowledge, what else have you done for me lately... you tell me I can't work, you say I should live on the street, you wont give me any time alone with my thoughts, you sceeem Fuck you at me, you scream I hate you at me, you screen quite at me, you scream at me go home, you scream shut up,

But when I ask for a little nothing, wrong my ass. You have give me nothing, you have taken, taken, taken, taken, taken, taken, taken, taken,

You hint it is for the kids, well what is, you treating me like shit, you manulatulating me, your silence,

NOT WRONG ASHOLES

SO YOU TAKE MY CHANCE TO HAVE CHILDREN AND THEN USE THEM TO TRY AND CHANGE ME THROUGH MANULIPATION, THAT LOGIC DOE NOT HOLD UP.

Again, YOU LISTENING TO MY THOUGHTS ARE WRONG, YOU TAKING AND NEVER GIVING IS WRONG.

What have I done for you, I am giving you the awnsers to societies problems, I have threatened my credit to learn the truth, I have walked slow, I have gave art to the world, not sold art given it to the world, I have endured false friends, I have learned the truth,

I don't ask much, all it takes is one to walk up to me and say I am listening to your thoughts,

ONE that is it...

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What else have I done for you, I have had art parties to expose art to the community, I have cleaned your houses that we run down, I have wracked my brain on how to solve the problem of this earth,

What have you done for me?

Use my name to get jobs, that I need, take my image and superimpose it on other photos, you better look in the mirror humanity,

You have hurt my feelings again, that sucks.

I want to cry here in the library but I am not going to,

You have hurt my feelings again, do you know what that means?

I feel completely alone, Other are walking by and saying wrong I want to take a gun and shoot them in the head, I want to punch them in the face, I want to burn everything all of society.

That is how I feel, am I going to do it, no but this is what is going through my mind, if it is not safe to have these thoughts, I don't feel safe anymore.

I feel that I have been manipulated my whole life, it is like my life has not been what it seems, saying Jesus Christ does not help, my name is DAN BURNS.

Again Jesus Christ lived 2000 years ago, Dan Burns lives today.

My feelings are still very hurt. I am going to type in my weekend because it was very interesting, then I am going to apply for jobs using the state of Washington's website and jobs with the Federal Government, especially the EPA. They are hiring, I am qualified.

On Saturday I went back out to Woodinville and found my destination this time, the phone had a charge so I was able to look at the address. Before my excursion I looked at some maps and generally found my way around that way. I looked at the map in the yellow pages, (it did not have my location on the map), I looked at the Sound Transit map to get a general area layout, but first I had to go to the website of the place to get the address, then the link on the website did not have a star for the location you are looking for is here, mapquest did not show any map on my phone, downloaded Google Maps and it had the location marked, and I was able to get a feel of where I was going, after that had some swivels and turns walking to my destination after the bus dropped me off at the Woodinville transit center, it wasn't too far from the transit center, maybe 3 miles, if that, but the roads directly there get cut off by an apartment complex and some warehouse areas, which house more wineries.

On the way home, (have to say at the winery they played Ministries "Everyday is Halloween" wonder who has been reading this, or condescend, condescendances are not condescended any more, the other that played the song seemed to get a little angry that I knew the words, and also he was one of the wine makers, they gave me a glass to try the wines, but I couldn't due to this alcohol thing, I got going on in my system. I tried some grape juice, this is what wine is before you doctor it up. Basically you add yeast to start the process then the sugar is broken down into alcohol, you use a hydrometer to measure the breakdown of sugar to alcohol, I know this as specific gravity, at least the hydrometers I have used measured specific gravity in my saltwater fish tank. The more salt you add the denser the water the hydrometer does not sink in as far into the solution, with



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saltwater fish tanks they have a specified specific gravity for the water, this all depends on what type of fish you have, you wan't to use a hydrometer for a brackish tank also, brackish?, it is where the river and ocean meet, allte salt gets into the freshwater, certain fish like to live in that area, the smaller puffer fish that you see at the fish store are brackish, you can supposedly ween them off the salt, I have had not success at that.

On the way home, I talked to my parents on the phone, on the bus, which I usually don't do, I don't like talking on the phone in the bus. My mom suggested I check my emergency kit dates, I did.... PLEASE CHECK YOUR DATES ON THE EMERGENCY KIT.

Most of the canned food is marked with Best if used before then a date. The dates on my can were from 2006-2007 and a couple from 2008. I did notice that the Tuna in a can had the date 2009. I guess that means that Tuna last longer in a can, but I will go into that more in a bit. What does Best if used by mean?, IS the stuff in the can, bad? The teller at the supermarket said it was bad. But I also have that warning on Flour, and Pancake mix how dod these go bad, I though staples lasted longer, hell I though you could keep this in cans longer, so what does best if used by mean?, I am going to try certain thing out, to see what they do.

This date thing got me thinking about GMO's. What a GMO? Genetically motified Organism. What does that mean? Means that scientict alter the food seeds at the genetic level to produce an effect, either grow bigger faster longer, or to wistand desisees, or the chemicals that are being applied to the plants.

Monsanto is the largest manufacture of GMO's in the states, possibly the world. What did Monsanto do before seeds/ They created fertilizer for the plants, they probably are into chemical weapons also but technically the United States does not produce chemical weapons, it is outlaw by the geniva convention. We do have facilities that experiment with these crazy chemicals, there is a book about it called "the hot zone", it is a non fiction book about the study of Ebola, Margsberg virus, and other viruses. These 2 are found in nature, but the others are created to simulate what these natural virus do. In the book their was an small out break in a lab, that was located in Maryland, not too far for the nations capital. In the book they got the outbreak to stop, the thing about Marsburg and embola is we don't know the host species, were it come from, where it hides, or circulates if you prefer. In Africa the outbreaks happen and then "poof" the virus goes away, to hit somewhere else that is not predicted.

GMO's are pretty much everything you eat in the United States. There are huge problems with this scientific advancement. How did I learn about GMO's? I took a genitics class. I even had my genetic sequence. I am having a hard time with the title of what they did, basically they broke my genetic sequence down, I found out where most likely my descendents were from, they did nt go that far back, I also have a picture of my genetic sequesne. In that class we also cloned jellyfish, it wasn't tooo hard. Basically you used landry detergent to cut open the cell wall then you, separate the genetic code using a centrafuige, now you have the code, then you replicated it by using heat, and poof , a cloned jellyfish, no sperm or eggs using this method. It was intresting, we did not alter the genetic code we just cloned it, altering the genetic code takes a little bit more ingunity.

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So, cloned a jellyfish, have my genetic code on record somewhere, have a picture of it, learned about GMO'S. I have thought in the last couple of days that is why others are hearing listen to my thoughts. Why? The argument is this, I eat GMO'S, my body does not break down the food to the genetic level, so these altered genitics are in my body and are doing what?

For all you skeptics out there, what does the human body use, how does the stomach break down food, it breaks it down to sugars and proteins, it doen' tbreak down the genitics. How do I know, well in the genitics class we talked about protienium, this si the next level after the genitics, and is the level we are having a hard time decivering, why to much khaus at that level, basically a huge math problem with the probability of this combining with this.

Now the altered genits are in my system, I use this altered genes, to move, talk, think, all the stuff food does, but the food is altered genitically. This is a huge problem in our society. Why? Besides hearing other thought. Monsanto is creating seeds that donot let the plant create reproducing seeds. The farmers have to by new seeds from Monsanto every year, Monsanto has also created seeds that last 2 years, or one seeding of the plant. No wonder it is so hard to produce a profit being a farmer, you can't plant one year and save some of the seds to plant the next year, and so forth, upwards wealth redistribution again, why? The farmer get subsities from our tax dollars to buy the seeds, which inturn gives Monsanto the prifit. All you environmentalist out their "Seeds of change is nice, but we still have a huge problem. Why? Pollenation.

This is what happened in Mexico, GMO's were out lawed in Mexico. A farmer went to the store and bought some maize "corn" and thought that corn look good, dried some out and then planted the seeds in the farm. I do this also, see something you want o grow, then plant it in the ground and see what happens, this farmer did not know that the corn was genitacally altered, the corn grew and plouted the entire valley. What happened, the wind took the pollen to a field close by, they the genetically altered "pollen" then pollinated the other fields, it is a dominate alliel, and presto the entire valley is now genitacly altered, that now means the farmer now have to buy the seed every year, can't plant the genitacly altered corn again. Besides the whole valley is now contaminated. Bees are a large source of pollination, they are dying out, we believe that is because the radio waves for phones, cellulare waves , that is, maybe we shoud check if the genitically altered pollen is killing the bees, it is a different pollen, maybe it is like acid to the bees now, or maybe they are allergic to the genetically altered pollen.

My can goods are best used by xxxx date, this is my thought process, di can good last longer before GMO'S, for some reason I believe they did, how did we get across the country, how did the flour last? The flour I have is best by 2006, so what the hell. Are GMO'S reducing the shelf life of food that has been picked? Just like it is reducing the life of the seeds, I am thinking yes. As this food breaks down is it dreaking down to the genetic level after so many years, is this then producing poison in the food. The apples that I have been eating have something weird about them, they have been bruised by the core not by the skin, some by the skin, but that is to be expected, but bruised by the core is not to be expected. Ihave thought is was part of the refrigeration to have them last longer,

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but now I am thinking it is the genetic code that is messing with the core of the apples. If it was the entire apple then the flesh would be effected, but it is not the entire apple, it is around the core, what is in the core, the seeds of the apple. What are genetically altering the seeds. How long does it take for an apple to grow? How long does it take to ship? What is going on with the seeds, are they dying in the apple? Now that a huge source of the land ground food is genetically altered, where do we go from here? First, take the gene out of the seeds that have them die after a year, second everything is contaminated, so those seeds will probably get contaminated, we need to find out, it would be nice to get rid of the GMO's, we need to know what this is doing to our bodies. It is altering things on the genetic level. How are we going to alter the seeds? We will probably have to grow food indoors for a while until the genetically altered pollen dies out.

You are hearing my thoughts, other wants turned off, so do I, since I have been eating GMO is my code altered thus effecting how my body creates electricity (ie brainwaves) and the outcome is telepathy, is this planned by the "power elite"?

I played Wii this weekend. It is the second time, I have played this gaming system. On the Wii there are things called "me" Interesting thing about "me" it comes with the system, not bought extra, and others like to create your "me" this time a 9 year old created my "me" and called me tafsdngjkirtgj. The other time a me was created a 35 year old mother created it with my limited input, I was not able to create my own me. The first thing that other did was show me their "me". One had around 50, the other more, but what is interesting is that you can send your "me" to others via internet, one system couldn't find her me's because she was sent me's from her niece. These me's do more interesting things, they talk, how do they talk they have a balloon with "... " inside the balloon, I wondered what they were saying. Me's also get into formation when the controller hits a button, when my me was created I got through on the screen and bounced to the middle, "me's" do all kinds of things. They walk around seemingly aimlessly, they fall down, run into each other.

The 9 year old said that he created all his mes, the system was not connected to the internet, I asked, I am willing to hypothesize that his Mes are others in real life, sure the imagination is used to create some but others are going to be parents, teachers and others in general. What does the 9 year old think while these me, that really represent others in his life are saying to each other, how do they interact, take the time to go through all the "me's" and you are going to find out that they are representations of "real people". They maybe, characters from movies or TV shows, but the thing here is they interact, they have a dialogue that the creator creates when they see "... " this is playing god. It all started with Sim City, built to the "sims" the second life, and all the other role playing games that you play yourself, the yourself, that you can be without having the physical reality, determine who you are, you have a buffer in between you and others. I know this from my life as a server, I had a buffer, the patrons were sitting at the table and I was standing, the easiest is your bartender or barista, the counter is in between you and the others, now it is cyber space. I have never played second life by studies found out that the who thing tended to be based on the physical world, that others chose to be themselves in this computer generated world. This makes me think about generation x and hurt feelings. From my experience, I get my feelings hurt and no one tends to give a shit, they don't care about my feelings. Humans have feelings, that is part if not a lot of the human

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experience. We are teaching logic, we are teaching “rational choice”. While studying rational choice theory, they have taken emotions out of the whole equation. They try to explain that it is built in to the rationality of the theory but, emotions “feelings tend not to be rational. I got some flack from that, feelings are not rational, they are not logical. We can’t explain why other behave a certain way because we can’t logically describe the flow of emotions. Sure we can say this chemical reacts with this chemical and then this is the probability of this action. Feelings are not rational. Feelings are not logical, ever do something for some one you love, heck, even like that you never thought, you would do this if your emotions inter acting, we take drugs so we don’t feel these emotions, so we can be logical, but the fact that you are taking drugs not to feel emotions that mean that emotions exist and are not rational, you prove this correct by taking the drugs, to level out , not feel as much. Me, I feel a lot, you do also, you might not want to but you do. My feelings get hurt, most of the time nullified. I have applied this to others growing up, I have been “hurt emotionally”. This emotion is not supposed to show in society today, I really can’t say you hurt my feelings, and when I do I get ridiculed. Mostly by females, I cried at the end of a movie, a girlfriend, made fun of me, making the hurt twice as much, I show so emotion, you get why don’t you be a man, this from a woman, it was hurtful, I think this is why I and possibly others have negative thoughts, and act out, so to speak. We carry around or hurt, we try to relies it by talking, and the hurt then gets amplified, to hurt even more, now we are trapped, basically can’t show or talk about emotion. I have been hearing from some females that guys don’t talk about heir emotions, why would we if your going to cut us down, if you are going to nullify our emotions, basically tell us we are wrong for having those emotions after asking us for them. That seems wrong. If you want to know our emotions, don’t ridicule them after we share, don’t call us a little girl, you will be perpetuation the problem. That is if you really want us to share our emotions, can you share? A study finds that women say 2 times the amount of words a day than men, now think about that, what are they saying 2 times the amount of men? Me I think the attention is the problem, it is the Me, Me, Me. My cousin taught me how to pick up women, I don’t use this but it works, Men don’t say anything, only answer her statements with why don’t you tell me more about that, basically you take the conversation and turn it back on her, so she knows nothing about you, but will think you are understanding and that you are a cool guy. But they know nothing about you, they are projecting themselves on to you, and hence, resent you when you are nothing like they thought or when you can bust up in the morning and feel nothing for them, you didn’t share anything about yourself, you listen to her the entire night and let her project what she thought you were on to you, Hence not endangering the man at all but endangering herself a lot. Why she becomes venerable, due to the supposed sharing, but it isn’t is is a one way conversation. I went on this date and we shared, the conversation went back and forth, her giving information about herself and me giving information about myself, you know what became of that date, I was told that I talk to much, why is this, because all the other guy she went out with didn’t say a word, me I thought it was conversation, a sharing of ideas building, but nope I talk to much to her. I remember this because I really liked her, she had some good ideas, it hurt my feeling that what I thought was sharing is not looked at as sharing. She had/has similar long term goals as myself, our first lunch date, I let her talk

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it out and waited for the Ohh, what do you think? The roles in society are changing, why are, can't have your cake and eat it too.

Men are supposed to shut up and have no emotion, but now we are letting more fathers raise the kids then ever before, this is changing the dynamics,

This is a warning, be careful... we might just be hurting each others feeling so much were are going to kill each other.

Wait a second, the United State has the highest violent crime rate in the world, we incarcerate more others in this "free country" than in China. Why is this? Emotions, and others acting out because their emotions being hurt, systematically. Other say it is hard to communicate with me, personally I think they are not listening, they are thinking on how to cut into me while have the discussion, it is getting better.

I have emotions and when they get hurt, It hurts, me physiologically. Why, I don't feel empathy, I feel that my feeling get discarded, that my feelings don't matter, so I bottle them up, we are supposed to talk to get it out, that is what they tell me, personally I like to play hockey to get it out. But I still have to talk about it,

For the record, men, you have estrogen in you,

For the record, women, you have testosterone in you

For the record, we as a society, are ingesting these chemicals through beef, ie steroids, this is creating a bunch of mixes that we are not predicting.

Feelings get hurt, you bottle them up, at some time breaking point, act out, usually violently. Why is racism so bad, it hurt others feelings.

Why are all these problems in our society? We don't treat feeling with the respect they deserve.

I know what a fucking cry baby, this statement proves the above, you are negating my feeling.

Do I want everyone running around crying all the time, no. Do I think we need to have real discussions about the hurt that is in our society, the negation of feelings in our society, do I think both men and women need to start really communicating with each other and not give lip service to actually knowing one another, feelings. Just a little food for thought, for the ladies, and the men.

Ladies feel threatened by this it is a power card. They know how to manipulate your feelings they learn at a very young age, and with most they don't even know it until they are older than they starting using it, consciously.

A girl I date was a manipulator, she did not weven know how she knew she was, but she didn't know how she did it, that is how young she was when she started to manipulate.

I would like to see a talk show about this, their will be, but they "power elite" will spin it to a bad direction, they will kill me. Guess what? It is easier to see problems if you are

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not in those shoes, meaning, guys are able to see thing about women that women can't, and due to that they are not whiling to listen.

My Dad had backfashes from the Vietnam war, my mom listened to him for 5 or 8 years, he had to work out those emotions, what is happening now, get a divorce, you can't talk about that, you don't have emotions. But we do....just as many as you.

On the way to Kirkland to watch the football gave at a friends, my brother and I took the bus, I noticed that he said something to the bus driver as we went on to the bus, and he also said something to the bus driver as we left the bus. Then on the bus home I heard what he said, it was about escorting me home, WHAT!?

I got the impression that new rumors are flying around about me... Why did my brother have to explain a false reason to the bus driver. The plot thickens, what is going on that is being kept from me. A whole hell of a lot.

During the game I explained to a friend that others take pictures of me walking down the street, and I have no idea why, it happened again last night, someone stood in the middle of the sidewalk and took my picture, and then, this is the interesting part, made a humb, sound after they say the photo on the digital camera.

I know something is going on, do I know exactly what? No, do I want to know, does it have something to do with art or politics?

Others are taking my photo...that much is clear, it might be what is behind me what they are talking thee photo of...then tell me what follows me around. I am in the photos.

One day I will find out.

So that leaves me to go look for other jobs, apply for the jobs, my feelings are still hurt for all these lies and manulipation, the using...

Maybe you can stop the cycle by talking to me about what is happening to my lfe that I don't know. I am not going to wear the "D" hat everyday after the election, I need a break from wearing the same hat dat in and day out. Have skars on my chin and walk with a small limp.

Until next time share you feelings, others please don't negate them.

Since others get all , pissy about smoking cigarettes, I am going to let you know about a book I read, again, it is the comfort, if I had other that could comfort me, it woud change, the support structure woud be their. Anouther thing, nicoteen is more addictive than herion, we have huge support structure for herion addiction, but smoker are told that it is them themselves, this is wrong. You do not treat an addiction this way, not if you really want the other to stop the addiction. It just makes the addiction further ingrained and draws walls inbetween others.

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Election day for the united States of America. Doesn't seem that the country is so united right now.

I just did my unemployment weekly claim, the system states that no decision has been made at this time, but I have \$12740.00 remaining. I have never taken unemployment benefit money my entire life, how do I only have remaining dollars in my account, has anyone else been claiming on my account? The unemployment agency is still determining if I can use my money, mean while I gave a note to my landlord explaining my situation, that I am waiting a decision from unemployment while I am searching for a job. Basically, I have no money. If I do not get my unemployment money I will be forced on the street very quickly. The only reason that I am not on the street now is that I paid last months rent when I signed my lease agreement. The 10th is the day to put in notice for Washington state, 20 days till the end of the month the law says. I have no income at this time, none. I have cash out my 401k my roth IRA, used all my savings, I have \$6 and change in my pocket and a hundred dollar bill in my home, this 100 dollars does not cover the Phone, the electricity and the gas bill. We are in the 11 hour, I have been thinking that, this is scary, I see the money but am waiting a decision for the use of my funds. Mean while I maybe kick out on the street and I don't want to live on the street. I have around 60 applications, resumes, and job inquires out in the world, I have not received a call for any job offers or an email for any offers for around 3 months. I did receive a call for some job about a month ago but I did not call them back, why? I never applied for that job, how did they get my number?

So I am worried about keeping my home, which is a studio apartment. I will find out if the decision is still being made on Thursday, this week, if the mail is delivered. The booklet explaining unemployment was delivered this weekend, took a while to get to me, and the booklet was opened. The booklet had three sticker holding the pages together and all three stickers were broken. I wondered and still wonder why? My brother suggested others were looking for a check, this is hard for me to believe due to the nature of how I get my mail. The mail boxes have one key for the deliver of mail to open the entire thing at once then place the mail in the mailboxes, by my brothers suggestion, it would have to be someone at the post office looking through my mail, opening in fact. Lets see what happens this week. If I do not get a decision I will have to put in my notice to move on the street, I get charged 5 dollars a day for any payment after the 4<sup>th</sup> of the month, that adds up quickly.

For you that don't believe me, I am sorry that you don't, believe it. No money, no income for this guy at this time. If others say that I have income they are lying. No one has given me money, no one has shown me any where money that is mine is kept, the only money I see is my unemployment, which is...

I just articulated in short from what I have written, to the wind.

So election today, the age descriminating election. Why don't younger voters vote? They can't vote for the lesser of 2 evils and they cannot vote for others that are in their generation, in the United States to hold national office you have to reach the age of 27 to

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be a representative, 35 to be the president. Me I have never voted in an election this is why, when I was younger I did not understand or care about politics, basically I didn't see the use, then when I realized that I had enough information I realized that I could not vote for the powers that be, it was against my belief. Vote for the lesser of 2 evils, hell no. Then when I decided to be president of the uNited States, I realized that I could not hold the office until I was 35, which makes the 2012 election the first election I will vote in, I want to write in my name today but I can't due to breaking the law. You can write in my name Dan Burns or Type it in, but I can't. Why? They will attack me, this is their one of their power cards, no if others vote for me in this election, we can change the laws, why pressure. The age this is also to indoctrinate to the system and create a voting history to use against you. They call you bad names if you switch parties, and on top of that they use the 2 party system to get you to vote for them.

Can I vote for myself today, in spirit I can, have I ever voted in a national election, NO.

For good reasons, as stated above, the whole 101 pages above. Real change comes from getting career politicians out of office. Remember I have never voted in a national election. If they have my voting history, it is made up, I have never voted in a national election. So when they start or have been flaunting my voting history, it is made up, they are lying. This has been part of the plan. It shows how much lying, manipulation that is going on in today politics.

Remember I have never voted in a national election, this is the deal breaker, if they say I am voting for them they are lying, if they say they have talked to me, they are lying, I can count the number of others that I have talked to in the last month. It hasn't been that many, My mom, dad, brother, friend, friend, friend, friend's child, and a hand full of others that I have dropped resumes to or to ask questions, the only others that are calling me are bill collectors.

This reminds me of the phone conversation I had on Sunday with a friend of mine, we talked for a while, it was nice, but....

The second we hung up, my phone talked to me, at least a voice I did recognize came over the phone, it said I should shut up, and in not a very nice tone. I had to laugh, I made the phone talk, that is something, I must have really pissed them off.

To let you know again, you do not need a warrant to listen to others phone conversations that are broadcasted cellularly. You only need a warrant to tap a land line, and with the new homeland security act most of the time you don't even need to have a warrant to do that.

I used to have quest as my cellular phone carrier, quest was unique that they did not let the federal government get into their phone files, then what happened, sprint bought quest, now the government can get to the phone records, now quest is bought by verizon, and the phones have to be replaced, when sprint bought quest, the phone did not have to be replaced but now they do, why? Easier signal to pick up? I am not sure, maybe the signal for quest was too hard to track, maybe it has to do with sim cards, and the ip addresses in the cards. I am not sure on the why for this one, besides getting to yours and



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mine phone records. I don't know how long my phone has been tapped, seem like a while now, at least I got them to speak over my phone, that is something, progress.

If you do not like what is going on with your country, write in or type in Dan Burns

What will happen? I went so myself until inauguration day, I will walk in the capital wearing my "D" baseball hat. I will then have to prove who I am, I have my passport and my Washington drivers licenses, which expired on my b-day this year.

What else will I do? Watch my Myspace page, both of them, they both have Love and Peace right now, my hero is Ms. Last who is was my art teacher at Divine Child High School.

DanBurnsforPresident is the Myspace page to watch, I will be conducting research through that page, meaning I will accept resumes for appointments and cabinet members,

that is my page, you can also email [danburnsforpresident@yahoo.com](mailto:danburnsforpresident@yahoo.com)

Or [danielburns206@yahoo.com](mailto:danielburns206@yahoo.com)

Or [onehundred\\_eleven@yahoo.com](mailto:onehundred_eleven@yahoo.com)

These emails have been set up for a reason, the 111 is an art email address, the Daniel is my personal/professional address and [danburnsforpresident@yahoo.com](mailto:danburnsforpresident@yahoo.com) is my window.

I set up the accounts in 2004ish, I don't really visit them very often, I am waiting for a sign. Seeing my name on national television for this election is the sign, I don't put up pictures, I probably will, but truthfully to get the others which then will be "people" back in power over this government we have to be unconventional, and if I need to be on the DL till inauguration I will, I have one other that I know about working on my election, he is my campaign manager, his name is XXXXXX. He has a real name but we will wait till the time is right, to reveal it, I have to talk to him about it, he was going to be vice president but his skills are better used as a campaign manager.

How much word of mouth is going on? We will find out later today.

I could tell all the secrets of what I have been doing, the crazy guy symbol is a large part of it, stick figure if you will, how did Washington DC find out about me, I was in Elections and voting class and the symbol was on my coffee cup, and a senator spoke to the class, she recognized me from somewhere at least she looked at me a lot, I have also used where's George for exposure. On the back of paper money the symbol has appeared, I put some there myself at times, is this illegal, no, it is not, why the intent is to have the paper money stay in circulation, just like "where's George". Besides, the back is used due to that there are no serial numbers on the back, the money has not been defaced, if anything it has been debanked.

What else? Talking about change, going to school, writing this book, keeping the symbol on the DL, down low, why others had to bring it from the DL to the conversation, I could

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not do it alone. SO are their others working on this campaign, maybe, I don't know who they are.

Yesterday I was walking to the library to write about the week end, and a guy had a slip and fall accident about 50 feet in front of me, it was the side of Macy's that has 2 streets joining, I believe it is olive and something else, the Mariners store is across the street, this is what happened,

Heard a horrible noise like "thou" then looked and someone was on the ground, looked around to see if anyone had called 911, saw a guy with his phone out dialing, then another guy ran up, and acted like he knew what was going on, then the meter maid, (who was also male) came up in the 3 wheel car, at this time I was about half way to the other laying on the street, when I got to them, it looked like a male, but I wasn't sure, they had this look on their face of almost a smirk, but very peaceful, not what I expected for a slip and fall accident. The "doctor" had moved the other's arms from flailing out to next to the body, there was a small space for me to look at the other's face, I looked and kept on walking, and did what I could. This is what I thought while walking down the street, the noise was the skull, it was harmed, I thought, visualized, the skull being mended, I assumed that there would be blood next to the brain, I got rid of it, then I started visualizing the brain becoming whole again, and electricity forming in that area of the brain, the little synapses shooting electricity, but in my visualization there was a lot more lighting, it was the power of life, then as I progressed down the street I saw a tree, and realized that the street had flowers and trees but the other that had fallen, I asked the trees and flowers to give the other energy, about this time I heard a siren, I had been thinking that I thought I would hear one sooner, I was about 2 blocks away at this time, just crossed the street, and was in front of the closed Rite Aid, and before the construction. I remember thinking that the other was going to be all right and that they were going to have a headache for a couple of days due to the impact on the skull, I was worried about where the spinal cord goes in the brain, but I felt that the other would be all right. Some time I visualized others helping them stand, and then that was it, until last night when I started questioning what happened, I kept sending energy to that other brain, some times I thought they were dead other times not, I don't know. At other times I wonder if it was a set up due to the look on the other's face, they did not have a look of surprise on their face like I thought they would from falling, but I have never witnessed that type of event before, not like that, not close up face shot.

So what happened? I don't know after I saw the other's face, I didn't look back. I visualized the recovery, but did not see it, if I did how was I able to be at the library at the time I was, and further more be typing on the computer about my week end, if I was at the scene of the accident. I also had a visualization, more of a thought that my essence was still with the other that was hurting, it was like the star ship enterprise going into light speed, my essence was standing next to the other and there was this light speed trailer from the spot of the accident to my back, this is what I thought and visualized. Did it happen? You would have to tell me...

Was this accident on the news? I wouldn't know, I haven't had a TV in years, the last time I had a TV it was for 3 months, I bought it for a girlfriend to watch while she was

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sick, then we broke up and I watched a lot of dating shows. After that, I did have a Tv living with my brother on east queen anne hill, we watch a lot of movies, and a little tv, I then started watching movies on computers, and used computers as my viewing device.

Too major things I need to write, an old room mate of mine who drives a white car , maybe telling you he is me or works for me, I haven't talked to him in months, he sells drugs, takes a lot of drugs (specifically cocaine) we also worked at the same restaurant I do not condone his type of behavior. His name is Bryon. He took the room that I lived in while there was 10 people living in the house, after they new room mates move in I moved to the large room across the hall from the bathroom.

This is all true...this is my life and my thoughts on my life, the things I have done... Sometimes I have felt that my life has been full, I was ready to die plenty of times before, now what keeps me going, the dream of being the President of the United States, secondary, it has now become the means to an end, the end finding out why others can hear my thoughts, what is the truth.

I want a relationship, and scared myself a little when I thought I wanted kids last night, I mean that it was a definite, I would still like to meet the woman of my dream and have our life together.

I want to keep writing, but the fact that this appears to be live I can't just ramble on, even though I want to, I will any ways,

I was talking to a friend on Sunday, And we were talking about relationship, and I feel that due to my age I think about relationships more, kids more, it has something to do with friends getting married and having kids, I am on my own time line but I still think about this stuff, hearing my thoughts makes things harder,

The turn things off is getting a little old now, others, as you can tell buy this book I don't even know where to begin to look for the solution, I am dumping everything I think it maybe.

I did just think of this, who ever told you it was I that turned it on, is probably the other that turned it on, why, misdirection away from them. You should tell them to turn it off not me, I don't even know how it got turned on. They probably took some image of me and had me saying something, but who ever leaked it, is most likely the culprete at least the starting point, to the real solution.

Again, I did not turn this on, do not know how to turn it off, things that I feel it may be are,

Tube in my ears,

Genetic modification

Cellular waves

Microwaves

Who I am (brain chemistry)

Moving to Seattle

An experiment that I have preformed

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Again, I have no idea how this started, I did not start it, I do not know how to turn it off, Information I need to solve this is when it started... that is the first thing...it will be a time to start researching from, and also who was in my life at the time, who would know me enough to pull it off.

Believe me I want it turned off... And if it is turned off I will be a much happier person. I feel that my life is in jeopardy due to others hearing my thoughts. The lie that I want does not coincide with having others hear my thoughts.

What will I do after I am president? I will start a farm. It will be an in ground farm, meaning recessed into the earth, I plan on having tiered gardens, with the placement of plants to maximize growth, and minimize pests. Why recessed? The clay layer will act as a water reservoir. I will use this layer to minimize the use of water, thus creating a bog garden, at the bottom, plants that like wetter soil will be down there and the plants that like dryer soil will be higher on the tiered land, the recessed also will allow to plant crops year round, the watering system will be similar to aqueducts, using a gravity feed to water the plants, this gravity feed will also create electricity, to power the home, using manure from the animals I will produce a methane digester to produce natural gas for heat, will have other things in mind by that time, it will be hard work, but it really won't be work, it will be living.

How many others will I want to feed from this farm, not sure at the time but dinner will always be at a large table for others to join, so stop on in, if you are hungry.

These are my dreams and when I met the right woman they may change a little, but for the most part I think that the right woman has these dreams also. I am willing to communicate, heck it would be cool if the farm was on the moon.

No secret service following me around, I have that too much already, others should not be afraid to come to the farm and talk, this means anyone is welcome.

Until this time arrives, I need to keep on working on finding out the truth, even if it kills me, and sometimes I think it is going to, and other times, I am pretty open to whatever the truth is, anything in my world is possible, are we in a computer, are we on a different planet, are we slaves, anything, is the sun going to explode, are war ships from space coming, is there an asteroid coming, or is it a little thing like global warming, which is actually changeable, while an asteroid is changeable it is a lot harder, let alone talking to a different species from a different galaxy, the sun exploding, instead of imploding well that is a different story, but we could protect ourselves, amazing the energy of this planet isn't.

Let the truth be known.

It won't let me get the thumb drive out of the port right now, wonder how the election is going.

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Allright for other that think that about me voting in this election if I voted for myself in this election they would crucify me. Now if other vote for me the powers that be could do something but not much, it would cripple them, we then would have 2 legs to stand on.

The United States needs to talk to the rest of the world. The Bush regiem has done enough of isolating the United States, as the next president I would travel to other countries and start the diagouge myself, I would make the introductions, and more importantly listen. Why is it important to listen, we have been telling the rest of the world what to do for a while now, they resent us for it, hate us in some cases. After we have the real reasons that the world is coming down on the United States we can then corm and educated policy. At the this time our policy is go with us or we will kill you, that is not the way to make friends in the world.

What do we do about the threat of 40,000 others armed with bomb infiltrating the United States, talk to Iran so Iran takes them back, how is this achieved, first talk to the country, we have had ample opportunities to do so and our leaders have said no, in fact Iran sent a letter to the united states before the public letters that halted the uranium enrichment plan in that country to sit at the table and talk, basically they would dstop so that we could talk about what was going on, the Bush regiem told them to shove it. Scary don't you think. Open the avenues of communication, I would personally visit first, the axes of evil, so called, why, we have been calling them names for a while instead of talking, we need to talk, we need face to face communication. Now the back door talks that may or may not be happening right now. Face to face communication with other countries, I would do it personally. Why, heads of countrys shoold meet face to face. Am I worried that they would wack me, no. Why? When I am elected it will signify that real chang is happening that the American public is not willing to go on with the status quoe in the world. The rest of the world leader will see that the United States of America is changed they will be more open to talk, instead of having the same old same old. By listening to other countries we are able to then hold them accountable, not by force, but by talking. Right now we say do it or we will kill you, that does not give the other countries the incentive to change or listen to us, it creates more dissent. Does holding a gun to some ones head work if they have a gun to your head also? No it doesn't. that first click, and both of you are dead. Others know this, they are tired of holding the gun, I believe that the United States Of America is tired of holding the gun also. Openness, creates security, not closeness. At this time we are closed to discussions. Want to know about the economy? We are creating dollars going more in dept, the other countries are doing the same, we are buying securities from other countries that are producing money based on debt, and they are doing the same, China is not buying all of the dollars. The oil "rich" countries are not buying all the dollars, we are shifting debt back and forth, between the G8 and other countries, the IMF has 200 billion in reserves, that's right the supplemental package that the United States gave to itself is more money than the IMF has, the United State suplmental bill was 250 billion, the world bank, joke, the amount of money that is available is minsquel to the debt of the United States, that is not the back up plan, in 4 years we most likely be 25 trillion dollars in debt, we are at 11 trillion right now, the rate of the economic crsis is expontential, it grow faster than expected, we pull the troops back right is that how we save money, we produce more money, which in turn makes the

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dollar drop which then makes the debt bigger, and presto 25 trillion in debt, this is the same principle for the other countries that are involved in the debt scheme. Would wide depression, sure, if we keep on going the way we are, there are alternative solutions to the money grabbing that is going on right now, elect me and I will make sure they happen. We are all going to have to listen, and change to weather this storm, storm? Shit this is more than a storm, we are on the brink of tipping over, keep on throwing water into the sinking ship, the buckets are leaking the hull is leaking, we need real information, real communication, real results.

We can give that to our selves, to will take some work, but isn't that what the United States is about , work, progress, setting the example, we can do that, is starts with letting others have the power.

Write in Dan Burns for president today while you are in the voting booth. You wont see results for a bit, in fact I wonder how they are going to tally the write in votes, the computer skanner is not programmed to read the writing. Only dots, like a scantron. Please let the pollers know that you wrote in Dan Burns, we have to trust that they will report the correct information, if not, see you in 2012 from the White House Window, then I will open the white house to the public to look at all the closed areas, and move into a smaller place where the enormity/power is as not influential, basically check myself.

Sleep well, vote with your heart, and we can be free. Don't let them scare you, love, peace, patience.

Until next time...

Love, Peace, Patience

a good heart and get caught up in the whole Washington thing

## Forward

The United States of America had an election since last time I wrote, one of the 2 main choices for the running of the government was elected. He promises hope and change, I hope he delivers on his promises. This person elected was able to raise more money than any other candidate in Unites States history, how much? Up wards of 400 million USD. The election it self was around a billion dollars raised. I don't know how much of that money was accually spent. I do know that jobs were created, no that the jobs for the election are gone, unemployment is going to go up. Plain and simple, are some of the others that were involved in the elections aare going to get hired into the new administration, which will take power on Jan 21, 2009.

Moral suasion has already stared happening with the first press conference earlier this week. The promises during the election have already been rolled back, what promise, the tax issue for one. The American public will be taxed higher than before, what about these

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corporations? Why are they taking the brunt of these taxes, they use our dollars to expand, they exploit our natural resources, and do not pay the taxes.

I think I mentioned the old accounting joke before, this joke is the impediment of accounting. The CEO asks the accountant how much profit that the company is going to have, the accountant answers "how much do you want?". You can manipulate the books in many ways, depreciation of assets are one of the ways, the new tech boom is one of these that leaves the depreciation questionable. Moore's laws, which is proven wrong, and tech is moving faster than this law, but the law states, every 18 months technology will double and the prices will be cut in half. This is based on processing power among other things, we are now concentrating on RAM, Random Access Memory. When you start your computer the hard drive is a holding area, your RAM is where the actual program or application is open in, this is why you see the RAM going up in personal computers, look at your computer and you will see the RAM going up, it goes up exponentially, for today's computers the upgrades are usually based on 256 RAM. The dual core processing power is something else, it is designed to access different types of RAM, and to get the information you are using on to a hard drive that is in holding, this is called partitioning your hard drive. The new systems that are coming out have your operating system on the other partition, this also takes periodic shots of the hard drive you are using the sends it to a data farm, which is also called a server farm. Apple and Microsoft employ this technique. Now for in the clouds computing, this is the cloud the data farm, they use tons of electricity to run, not so much for the servers themselves but for the cooling of said servers, due to the amount of RAM being used. The cooling of RAM is the next step and one of the hardest in today's world of technology. Feel your computer the heat is from the RAM, some of it is from the mother board, but that is a whole other segment of technology advancement, the electricity needs to travel through the mother board for today's applications, from my understanding the electricity is changed as this happens, then protocols are created, then the hard drive kicks the program open to the RAM, then the user can use the program from the RAM.

What do you do now, create different protocols to have the system run cooler, then you will be able to get a higher processing speed. I have some thoughts on this but I need more knowledge on electricity, and flow of electricity, besides NANO technology is creating new protocols as I write. New protocols, we have created what are called biological machines, this is NANO technology, if you send electricity through the air to molecules then you can alter the molecules to do something, what you want you hope. The sending of electricity aligns the molecules based on the electricity flow through them, even rocks have electricity flowing through them, everything in matter vibrates. Yes, even that thing that appears not to move is vibrating, your eyes just can't see it. The concept of Absolute Zero is where molecules stop moving, we haven't reached it yet but are trying. Absolute zero is around -462 degree Fahrenheit. I don't remember the actual number it could be -262 I will have to check. Is this dark matter? As molecules hit absolute zero then a transformation happens, they stop, since light matter does not stop, a huge change would happen, then as molecules heat up after absolute zero they would be vibrating on a different frequency. Try it at home if you want, you can't actually, we would have to open a door to dark matter world to do that, is it achievable, it is going to have to be for interstellar travel, we would age differently, which would make this

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possible. As we get closer to light speed, the argument is that we get younger, some believe that we get older, what is it? As we travel the speed of light, the fastest know speed for our scientists today, for human travel, we would alter our basic principles, others than have gone the speed of sound and faster, have their molecules altered, they in effect don't age as fast during that time, why? The pressure against the molecules slow down the rate of aging, they don't get younger they just don't age as fast. We would have to explore the concept of absolute zero to get younger and this would be a huge change to our physical self.

Why do you get older? There are these things called telomeres, in your body that die, well they are like a fuse, you light on end then it slowly deteriorates, this is what telomeres do, they slowly deteriorate, the latest science to detour the effects of aging are experimenting with telomeres. Where do you get new telomeres? You got, stem cells. We all have them, they are in our bones, the material inside the bones called marrow, we also create them in our brain, and vertebrae. You want to learn more about the effect of aging, then figure out why the telomeres are deteriorating, we have tried to slow it with some effect, putting stem cells in others from a younger cell. What will this do to us, well we will have someone else's energy in us, same thing with blood transfusions, and the like, wonder if this electricity takes something else with it, this is why I have never give blood, I have gotten blood I assume, I wonder if this is why other can hear my thoughts. With this sharing of bodily fluids, what transformation is happening? We are combining electricity? This is a type of evolution. Before the strongest survived, and that was evolution, now we are adding different electricity to others.

Remember electricity is your soul, we are combining souls, to what end, I don't know. When you die things happen in your body. One of the things is that you lose 21 grams of mass. This is your soul leaving your body, this is also called the electricity leaving your body, why do you think it is called brain dead, when you are legally dead, we have machines that can keep your body alive in this plane of existence but we can't keep the electricity flowing. We shock others to bring them back, basically using more energy to "kick start" the generator inside you. This kiss of energy then give your body energy the will to keep on going. Basically I think of it as a hug to your electrical system. You know how you feel when you get a big hug from others, you feel better, this is the same thing happening to your soul it get a hug from inside, closer to sex than a hug. But when you get a hug your body produces endorphins, that are energy (electricity), and this act of hugging, is two things, the act your body does and the act of getting energy from another. Try it give a hug to other with a big jacket on then give a hug to the same other with their shirt on, very different effects. This would also change with the closeness of the brain to the other, we have skulls around the brain and this stops the electricity from flowing everywhere, is this why other can hear my thought, all the cracks in my skull. Now couples act different way than others, they share more energy, the soul become more intertwined, when you create walls in a relationship the energy is not free flowing. Love at first sight? This is two souls, or electrical current, that are attracted to each other. Lust at first sight is the same thing, we know the difference, sometime it is hard to tell the difference but we know. Does attraction physically and mentally have this in common?



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No really, when you see other that you are attracted to in the mental sense the looks of that other tends not to matter, why, they are beautiful, you don't even register that they are not. Your eyes see something beyond the exterior. We are heavy into sight in this society so our bias is somewhat warped. We have concentrated on exterior beauty for a while now and that has had repercussions on our souls attraction, and how we see the world.

Communication is one of the keys, trusting ourselves is another, truth is another, I had one in mind that was important then it flew out, we will see if it comes back. Maybe it is too early to let it be known.

Physics is trying to unravel the language of god. Forces behind the exploration of physics is the unified theory. If god is everywhere, finding the unified theory, you find the secret of god, if you understand a unified theory, you can understand the physical aspects of god, but not the mental aspects of god. Hard to understand I know, but it is like this, we are all part of the unified theory, which makes god part of us, the bible addresses this same thing, the holy spirit, the essence of god is in all of us, that is why we are all god. Can some other reach into that essence more than others, sure, they spend more time on it, can everyone reach that essence, yes. It takes time. It takes effort, but not conscious effort. The easiest way I can explain it is this, while living in Las Vegas for a short period of time I thought of myself as enlightened, what does that mean enlightened? I felt good, not that every thing I did or said was right, far from it, but I felt good, my spirit was not as heavy in me.

How did I reach this point? I read books on zen. The thing about zen is you cannot try to be zen you just are, I read the books did not think about what I was reading, let it flow over me and through me, then one day I was zen. This is hard to imagine today, especially with the way things are right now, I lost it, I stopped, learning the principals not that I was consciously learning the principals my subconscious was learning the principals. The harder you try the farther you get away from enlightenment. Do not try, just do. Have to add don't think about it too much, clearing your brain is tough, tell me about it, my brain is really hard to turn off, meaning slow down create the electricity that I want it to create in the wavelengths that are peaceful and serene.

Do this mean I won't have problems in my life? No way. I am going to have problems, my feelings will get hurt, and I will have to communicate with others, not to hurt them not to through it in their face, but to explain. Not to hurt them. We do this a lot in the United States culture, we make others feel bad so that we can feel good, that is a problem. Huge problem. Why do we feel the need to say hurtful things, cut other down to have our selves feel better? We can say that it is a race to the bottom, we can say that if we are right and they are wrong then we are better off, but mostly it is because of insecurities in ourselves. We see our selves as flawed beings (original sin and all that jazz) and how do we see others as flawed due to this, so we keep on cutting them down to fill our flaws, as the saying goes what is the best defence? A strong offence. This is what we are doing. Cut the other down to make our selves feel better, but it has the opposite effect on our shyness, we consciously feel we are superior, thus better, but our shyness knows better, thus self hatred, thus pill popping, thus anxiety. We are not as good as we want others

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to believe, this hurts us, even more. Good? Societies standards of good? No, real truth good. We know it is bad to cut others down, we know it is bad to transfer our pain to them by doing this, but we have adopted this stragety, it is killing us.

Why the passive aggressive behavior in the Pacific northwest? The cutting of other down create hurt, then it festors in or system, then it get to much to bear and we lash out.

Simple, straight forward. Now we have tones of pills being used up here, this makes it worse. The pills fogg over the hurt, then it builds you and we do not even know who or what we are mad at, so we take more pills, now it has expanded to cocaine. This si accually a cycle that has been around for awhile. The 80's are a great example, as the covering up of hurt from the 70's. Today we are covering up the hurt of the 80,90, and are also getting hurt even more today, with watching oursystem break down in front of us, I wonder hww the drug companies ar edoing right now, how much money is flowing into illegal drugs, primalary cocaine. Why cocaine? It numbs you. Physically and mentally. That come down of wanting to kill yourself is the built up emotions that are coming out. Cocaine is like wearing cloths for your emotions. You don't feel all the elements, but when you are off cocaine it is like walking in a storm with out your cloths on. You are exposed, you wish you had more cloths, your emotions from all that you have been doing coming rushing back. This has to do with the nature of drugs and the way that the brain process your emotions. Endorfins. Drugs create false happy endorfins in your system, the brain then stops creating natural endorfins, then take the drug away, no happy feeling. So we are hitting the brain with all these negative feeling that have been stored up in our system all at once, thus huge depression, and angry negative thoughts. When you stopp taking the pills prescribed by the doctor, you are going to experience this also. You will not feel good immediately. You will accually feel worse, it is going to take time for your brain to start to create naturally occurring endorfins, you may even find that what you thought made you happy with the fake endorfins, may not make you happy with real ones. This is a hard road getting your brain to create your own endorfins, you may find out that that car might not make you happy any more. Little thing may. Your whole thought process is going to change, youe emotions are going to change, you are going to find out what society perceives as what make you happy is not what really makes you happy. This sit ought, I went through it when I stopped drinking when I was 21. Why, after a period of sustained drinking the brain stopps making endorfins and lets the achol supply the endorfins, they are artificial. This process happen with herion also but is more immediate. This si the addiction factor. The endorphins are created artificially instead of naturally, your soul is able to kick back in, the drugs are designed to push you soul into the subsoncious or kill it. Personally I have scene cocaine take many souls, the souls retreats to the subcoinces and is reluctant to expose itself again after being exposed to drugs for so long, it may never show itself. It has to gain trust in your conscious being. When that happens you know. Your soul is relisant, it can take a lot of punishment and forgive you for it, it operates differently than we can imagine, it operates on love. The thing that makes the world go round, love.

My soul has retreated back into my subconscious many different times in my life, it is starting to trust my conscious self again now. After this last bit of acholcl, and then the disregard for my physical self, has made it reluctant. I feel this in my heart. We are healing together. It will take more time, it has not been an easy road. It wont be for you

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either. It will be different for others, there maybe some rationality behind the healing, there is now, alcohol addicts understand each other better than others, heroin addicts understand each other better than cocaine addict. What will happen when everyone stops taking Zoloft, or prozac, or birth control pills, the outcome is unpredictable on a practical level. Will others identify with others in the same or different groups, have they had the same road to walk, will they want to see how others walked a different path. With the synthetic drugs we don't know, the natural drugs society has been dealing with for a while but synthetic drugs we don't know. There seems to be a correlation to the amount of drugs consumed in a society and how that society treats others, or is it the programming of others to use these drugs? You are wrong, you are stupid, by the way there are some drugs that will make you feel better. That is how it happens. Not always on the conscious level, remember our subconscious is as large a part of us as our conscious, and actually picks up more information than the conscious self. This is intuition, this is a feeling, this is the sixth sense that all have but choose to, kill, hide, think away, this is the instinct that has been with us since the beginning. Other mammals trust this instinct, why should the human mammal not? We just try to ignore it, make it go away.

I was walking here and something felt wrong, I looked down in a puddle and there was an oil slick. Instincts, we have them getting off the drugs will help us learn them trust them, instead of hiding them.

Do I think we need to stop all drug use? Recreational drugs are something to think about, what will happen as we evolve, will this recreational drug use go away, or is that what is holding up our evolution. Some drugs are not designed to be recreational, even the ones we have labeled recreational. Is this a turning point in society, can we root out all the drugs? No. It has to be a conscious choice. This is your decision, it is hard, you probably don't want to make the choice but you are going to have to. We can't use guns to rid society of the problems, others have to come to the realization themselves, then real change is possible and in the works. If we use guns it is not their choice they are forced to change, one of our things is choice. We have to choose. Choice is the problem and the solution. Can't force you to make a choice then it isn't a choice. Like zen it flows, the choice, can't force it if you try you get more confused thus making the choice harder. Forcing others to make a choice is not a choice, they have to make the choice on their own. You can give support and information to help with that choice but forcing the choice creates more hate in the short term and as history shows the United States of America in the long term also. It creates resentment, thus internalization of emotions, thus passive aggressive behavior, thus when the lash out occurs and it does occur, thus violence is created. It is a set up for freedom fighter to be created, these freedom fighters also go under the name terrorists. They try to have their own country, but the big gun tells them what to do thus creating resentment, and then ultimately violence.

The saying that they will love me in the future for the decision they coerced me into is not true. Most of the time they hate you in the future, or at least distrust you. Parents like to say this, you will thank me in the future, how many parents actually get that thanks? Not many. The choices that parents make for their children can help or hinder, but a lot of the

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time it is what will make the child ready for a career, in the military industrial complex. How many parent do you know that stear their children for art or music, or anything that is perceived to not have an economic value. Me I am an artist. Has this been supported by my peers, friends, family, not really. Are thye trying to force me to do things that I feel are fundalentially wrong, yes. Help from my family has been statd with a caviat, firstis was talk to a shrink, not it is go in for a physical. What are ends that I see? That they are going to try to put me on drugs. Create a prescription. First it was by talking now they are taking thescience approace. I give thenm my blood, they monitor it against “normals” that are on drugs, then wipp up a synthetic drug for me to take. They also want brain skans that will have the same effect. You are not creating X amount of endorfins, is electrical current, this si a picture of the brain waves of anouther, you must be off, but they fail to tell you that he brain wave of another are the ones that have bben on drugs since they were 8 years old. Still wondering why they just can’t accept me the way I am, why are they fighting me, because they don’t have enough self respect to tell me they are hearing my thought, and we want it o stop so we want you to get checked out, they say that and there is a good chance I will go in for the batter of test. Iam not going to take the drugs, what I will do is monitor myself and brainwave, or what all the other test are, this way I can eat differently, to see what happens, I can change thought patterns, instead of meditation blue maybe I will mediatat red, or yellow, there are alternatives to taking the drugs. But to feel safe and not be forced on drugs I need them to approace me and say that we are hearing your thoughts, I will let them do the test if I feel safe. I am not going to walk in their and let them tell me some bullshit, and then force me to take drugs, tell me that my being is wrong, you got to be kidding me. This would be a complete disregard for myself. It would be buying into the lie, I am not going to do that. So all the professionals out their if you want to study me then you must be truthful with me, I have to be able to trust that you are not going to force me on drugs, choice is beautiful. I want this turned off, I want to live a “normal” life but as it is right now, that is not offered to me, a bunch of lies are offered to me, I don’t buy the lies.

I love you, I want to do the best right thing, taking experimental drugs is not the solution, forcing me to take drugs is not the solution.

Love is a concept that others don’t seem to understand, it has been warped. It is hard for me to hear others say that I don’t love them, when I do with all my heart. What I don’t do is conditionally love them, that is what we are taught today. My love is incompassing everthing, not because it gives me food or hugs. Because it is their. That is is. Conditionial love is a concept that is killing our society, I will love you if.... Is the example of conditional love. It is a sad commentary of where society is today.

I leave you with a reminder; the opposite of love is not hate. It is easy to still love some one you hate. There is no opposite of love it just is.

Good day! Before I tackle on how to create jobs I need to enter some foot note please not they are added at this point. The computer I am using will not let me enter foot notes so here they are:

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- 1) Thank you to the groups that paid the remainder on my rent for November, I received a three day pay or vacate notice on November 6, 2008.
  - 2) My door was locked when I went to leave my home today, this is weird due to the fact that I don't lock my door when I am in my home, I was home last night except for the short run to the convenience store to get cigarettes
  - 3) Talk to unemployment to expedite the decision due to the three day or pay notice, my previous employer has entered different resignation date and left out some vital information, I will learn more next week.

Economy is the question at the time, the gentleman that is sitting 5 computers down from me has been unemployed for 5 years. I do not know how he lives or anything besides this information. This is what I know about unemployment, there are 2 taxes for unemployment, the state tax and the federal tax. The state tax covers the initial unemployment, the federal tax covers extensions. Extensions? In the state of Washington, you can apply for an extension that the state supplies, and then you are able to apply for a federal extension. The state coverage is for 13 weeks and the extension is to 26 weeks, then you have to apply for the federal extension. Any monies from the federal government need to be applied to both accounts. The state money will ensure that others get covered, and the federal money makes sure that others that have been on unemployment for years will be covered. This is a flaw letting others be unemployed for years, what are they doing to be unemployed for 5 years, are they working the system? Are they not willing to work? Or have they been black listed in their industry for being a whistleblower? I don't know but having unemployment for over a year seems a little much. Now others are going to be unemployed for a while with the financial meltdown unless we take organized strategic steps.

There are many types of paid employees in this economy, they can be broken down into two different categories- salary and hourly. If you are an independent contractor or self employed you have to pay your own unemployment when you receive a 1099 or declare income, this is your burden. This is also a sticky area with the unemployment agency learn in advance what your rights are, hard to do with the economy doing this though.

Hourly employees are the easiest to take care of in this employment atmosphere. First, do not cut jobs reduce hours for said jobs, then give the information to the employees to file with the unemployment agency a reduction of hours. They won't get all their pay but they will have a job and also be having the hours cut supplemented by unemployment. Now this is the part of the solution, the other part is to hire others to take some of those hours; this is an interim measure to keep others in their homes and having food to eat. This will tax the unemployment agencies less than having everyone apply for full benefits at the same time. Another area where jobs can be created is with the unemployment agency itself. They are already starting to get bogged down with cases, they can use some extra help. How do I know? My decision was supposed to be 3-6 weeks because of case load, and now that number has changed to 4-6 weeks because of case load. So, during those times others are going to lose their homes.

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It cracks me up that I keep on getting this, “its wrong” when this state went to the democratic party and due to this fact is based on social welfare and social equity. So, Washington are you really democratic or are you a republican saying you are a democrat? I am calling you out Washingtonians. If not better go back and look what the Democratic Party stands for.

Salary employees are a little bit harder to explain and keep in their homes, why because the nature salary employees. Salaried employees do not make overtime pay for most companies. If they do stop over time, they can apply for partial unemployment, where they may get denied due the fact of working over 37.5 hours a week. After stopping over time hire hourly worker to fill in that over time.

Back to the salaried employees that do not make over time pay. They are working over full time in most cases, this is having an effect on the profit margin of the companies, besides it is wrong to work over 40 hours while you are on salary, this is not the time. Those extra hours someone else could be working thus having a job to keep their home and have food to eat. This is a principle agent problem, the company wants you to work more than 40 because you are doing the work of more than one person, this helps create profit and keep taxes down for the firm. So stop working over 40 is the first step, then we can see how many jobs can be created. This is going to be a lot of job, this sis also going to have major over head costs for the employer, Mcdonalds has a cost of 1600 USD per new hire, that includes training, uniform, and admin for new hires. That is just for McD’s can you imaging if a computer is part of the uniform. Adds up quick.

This is the fiscal policy that the president helps create. We need to create incentive for business to do this, not because they deserve it but because they are going to demand the incentive. Can we let the business’s know that it is their patriotic duty todo this, I don’t think they would go for it. First we ask them.

### **Federal Fiscal Policy**

Hourly- The government will cut unemployment tax for the companies that reduce hour and hire others. If directly lay off workers than tax rate doubles.

Salary- The government will cut unemployment tax for the companies that reduce salary employee’s hours and hire others. If directly lay off workers than tax rate doubles.

More incentive the government will pay 25% of new hire cost based on new hire cost form 5 years ago, and then add in inflation for the years till now. Why 5 years ago? So that the companies do not jack up the new hire cost to rob the government.

More fiscal policy, due to the large dept of the American consumer, the reduce hours or no job will effect their spending power and their paying power. This is how we can fix this. Loan shark rate is 25% above prime, prime is 5%. If you are late for a payment your credit card company will jack your rate to 29.99, one hundredth of a percent under loan sharking. The credit card companies do not want to be charged with loan sharking.

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We change the loan shark rate to 15% above prime. That is right credit card companies will have to lower their profit margins, we would say they would layoff others right, see above.

The highest rate the credit card companies could charge is 19.99% this rate is prime plus 14.99%.

How is this achieved? Look at your credit card rate (APR) now, take out prime, 5%, so if your credit card rate is 29.99% take out 5% this equals 24.99% cut that rate in half.

12.485% add back in prime, 17.485% is your rate, then the credit card companies still have a buffer to charge. If your rate is 14.99% take out 5% this equals 9.99% cut that rate in half. 4.585% add back in prime, 9.585% is your rate. This is a way to equitably lower credit card rates and still have a buffer for the credit card companies.

To stop the volatility of the stock market we change the bundle that are getting traded, instead of having orders to sell 100,000 shares of a particular stock we would have orders of 10,000 shares sold of a particular stock. They would still be able to trade the 100,000 share they would just have to put in 10 orders. This would start the changing of the mindset of the brokers, traders, and investors.

We also need to let the stock analysts know that the profit margins will be affected and that they can do their numbers differently. This has this effect, if the analysts know that the profits will be affected they are able to work that into the equation, with out panic, and hurting stock price. Now if the corporation chooses to lie on their numbers they will be punished in their stock price. Is this is a regulation? No, it is knowledge shared.

The above is the transition...the steps needed to achieve to stop the global economic meltdown, we will need to further explore the cancer that is eating the financial system after we keep others in their homes and keep their bellies full.

If you don't have food blood sugar drops other become agitated easier, and thus creating tension. We don't want any more tension than there is already.

The money involved... 300 billion already spent, I find it scary that NPR is reporting that the bailout package was 700 billion, this number is dropping almost every week. How much was that bailout package, there was 2 of them for a total of 1 trillion dollars, the first that made the news was for 750 billion and the second that did not get cover as much was 250 billion.

So 300 billion spent, and calls for more money, the legislature has stopped paying out of the 700 billion, and are weighing their option, or possibly seeing what 300 billion does for the economy, personally they are hiding it. Why are they hiding it? They want to ask for more money when the new president takes power, and the new president also has said that he intends on spending 150 billion immediately upon taking office, this money is pledged to the unemployment departments among other departments. Is this money going to federal unemployment or state unemployment is my question, I would think that 50 billion should go to federal and 100 billion should go to states, all depends on who is losing their houses are it the others that are on extension or is it the newly unemployed?

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700 billion more, ( you know from earlier how much I really think this is), not including the 150 billion promised by the next president of the United States of America the troubled assets are not being bought, this is part of the legislature plan, they can't figure what assets are troubled and which ones are not, they are talking about refinancing all the home loans to the worth of the houses now. This is a tad bit scary, due to that we will be giving the incentive to create a new housing bubble. Why? The houses were bought for x dollars, now they are worth y dollars, we have an incentive to get the market back to x dollars, thus creating a bubble that then could and would bust dropping the price of homes back down to and possibly less due to the buying power of the USD at that time.

How fast would this money get spent if we used this approach? Traditionally it would fly out of the hand of the government. But if we use different account to take in account the profits created, we can then do it incrementally, so that not to have all the money spent and the banks asking for more quickly.

Over 4 year span, 300 to 400 billion, if we use different accounts and Wall Street behaves like it should.

150 billion for the unemployment, and incentives, the incentives should not cost much, why the companies that are whiling to pay double show make up the difference.

150 billion more, rainy day fund, we cannot predict the future in an economy that has fundamental problems, we will need this money in reserve to counter act any surprises. Do not spend. Or create scholarships for schooling, and the arts.

Stop creating more money. Spend any extra money in government securities and stock market equally.

No earmarks, balanced budget, no pork bellies equals balance fiscal policy.

Did you notice that the Federal Reserve did not have to change anything in the policies above? This is achieved by fiscal policy and moral suasion. True moral suasion equals consumer confidence. If Wall Street does not act ethically, if the business do not act ethically then we would have to take further steps of regulating a sick economy. This does not mean through more money at the problem. Regulating means more laws.

Now that I am done talking about the economy or a bit, how are you feeling? Me, I am a little emotionally drained, due to the obstacles that have presented themselves, especially this wrong this that others have going on. They must be thinking it to themselves about themselves. After all this life, they knew something was wrong, and now they are starting to figure it out. But it is still wrong, give yourself a break others, take a breather, and see what you have done right. I know this journey is tough, I know that you watching me and setting me up and hurting me is wrong, but you don't have to keep reminding yourself. You can over come this... you can do the right thing.



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Till next time....

Love, Peace, Patience for all.

## Moving forward...

Today has been a very sad day, revealing but sad. This morning I went to my brothers town house to hang out, I asked him for job search inquires, I applied for 4 more jobs. This is when it get sad, on our way downtown he decided to pick a fight again, he tends to pick fights with me around others so they can observe, I guess that is his logic. He called me a ghost, and kept on getting me to react, I did. After he told me I was sick again, and said that I needed to go on pills, I asked him when he started on the pills. To be exact I asked him when Donya his girlfriend put him on the pills. He denighed being on pills so I then told him I was going to go back to his town house and look in his medicine chest to see if he had any pills, he got irate. Then demanded the key to his town house back, I gave it to him. Then he said that my parents and his girlfriend had been saying that for a while, that he needed to get the key back, he said it was a test, and that I flunked it by saying I was going to go into his town house while he was not their. You know what went through my mind at that time, other go through my things when I am not at home, why is he getting so irate, besides I was never going to go to his hose and look. I am not that type of person, I have had his key since I lived their and have not been at his house unenvited ever. So much so that I bought things at goodwill and left them outside his house so that I did not go in their while he was not home.

This is the revealing part....when ever I think of needing the truth...I get these others that project you can't handle the truth...guess what he said after I said that the Burns family need to start telling me the truth...that is right,  
You can't handle the truth!

Now he could say anything else, but this line implies that there is a truth that is being with held from me. For me handling the truth, how are thye supposed to know what I can or can not handle, I have handled seriously ugly things up till now, why wouldn't I be able to handle the truth.

Time for other to start looking at this through my point of view, would you want the truth? I do. I am whilng to die to figure it out. My entire life I have been lied to, at least it feels that way. I sence it makes my entire life a lie. That is how I am feeling right now. What would you do you started learning that everything is one big lie and there is a truth but they are with holding it from you.

What the show? Is that it? Why? Me I am backed in to a corner. It doesn't feel good. I am like this caged animal, when you reach into the cage to grab the animal they goto a corner and bite and scratch. They will do any thing, they pop into survival mode, it is an instinct.

The truth... I need it...you can't decide for me...it is making me bitter and angry this with holding of the truth. It is making me untrustful of others, should I trust when it feel

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that all others are with holding the truth from me, I say all because not a one has come up to me and said anything. Not a one! That makes me sad. Not a one! When I walk down the street I am not a ghost, others notice me, all most all, it is a little unnerving. Just like the other that said wrong, from 3 rows down in the library, others notice me.

I have been thinking about this asshole thing, other got going, I will tell you this, if I hear your every thought I would think you are an asshole also.

So what is this unbearable truth? Am I a robot, am I a product of test tubes, a rape, son of god, what is this unbearable truth? That I am normal, that my art is ugly, that I can't spell, what is the unbearable truth? I need to know, I feel if I don't know I will be making decision that are wrong, decisions that are made based on half truths and lies. That is how we went to war in Afghanistan and Iraq. I don't want to go to war. If I have to, I have to, this is to protect myself. Not in the name of national security, in the name of Dan.

How does the truth effect others, how does me knowing the truth effect others? Does it? I would have to guess it would in a supposed negative way, for the silence to be so uniform.

As for moving in with my parents in Michigan, would you move in with others that you knew were going to lie to you, knew that they were going to with hold even more truths, move in with others that will try to confuse you more, lead you away from the truths that you are finding out. I am on to something in Seattle here, I am not sure what it is, but I am on to something. I need other to let me know what that something is.

So lets talk about dieing, your life or mine, is this the case scenario, my life has already been put in jeopardy, it was the minute I found out that my thoughts were being heard/listened by others.

If I move away from Seattle for any reason, it will then be an open city, I will have no protection over it, I will release it to noone, they can fight over it. I hope you dear reader do not get caught in the cross fire.

Back to my shoes, can you really imagine what it is like to be on camera most of the time, can you realize what it is like to have the truth with held from you, can you relies what from of lying can take place to cover the tracks of deceit. Cut down your hedges, open your shades, unlock your door (at all hours) and you can fell a little like I feel. Put a video monitor in your bathroom and then stream it on the web, even when you are going number two or taking a shower. Next time you have sex, turn on the video camera to the live stream, open your windows, and write down all your thoughts, while you are intimate, and post them on the web.

Then, promote the website with the all of your income, I mean blow up viewer ship, so that nothing you have is private, have to post all your bill on the web also, post your friends phone numbers, have them be rushed for an interview, then we will see how long they stay around.

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Think of Paris Hilton, times 1000. She had one sex tape and how fast did that go around? How many others are getting into her life and she has how much privacy? Some, she realizes what she wants I and you who do this little exercise, we don't have the choice. Then after all of the privacy is taken out of your life, have others start lying about you, have others paste your photo where you have never been, have others not hire you because of this "fame", have others use everything that you hold dear in your life. Modesty is out the window here others, that mole on your ass it just got bigger, what you look like after a night of drinking just got worse, I could continue, but do you get the drift?

That other that you are attracted to can't even talk to you because of the video cameras, can't even share their own thoughts with you, those thoughts would be broadcasted. Think about thinking, you have a problem, well other get to hear you mull over the case scenarios in your head, and they get to comment on each one, which is even worse.

Want to have a nice and quiet romantic evening with someone? Bring along, a million of your friends, turn your phone on a conference call everyone on the list, your friends list, and let them listen to you whisper sweet nothings in to your lovers ear. How much of this do I know is true, not sure, I do know other are hearing my thoughts, they are reading this is real time, with out edits, by the way this is going to get printed today, so that I can work on it at home tomorrow.

It scary not knowing who you can trust, not knowing who is out to get you, for what ever reason. Let alone who is their to help? If if this is designed to help it is having the opposite effect.

Who is out their to help? And if they are out their to help why havn't they spoken up, how come some note hasn't been slipped in my pocket in a crowd? How come I don't get a phone call, hey remember me I met you at such and such. Bar, club, event. If I can think of way others that want to help can think of ways. A note in the pocket doesn't even require a name, or anything else, it would have to be constructed because the cameras all over the place. Others would have to wear makeup, hide their figure, walk differently, and know how to blend into a crowd. But of nothing like this has happened. Yes, I am open to a lot of things, I am not open to be forced to take drugs. It would have to be my choice, and as long as this with holding the truth is happening I can't make an educated choice. Educated choice? I need to know the facts, if I went to a doctor today and asked for drugs I wouldn't know what they were trying to fix. The lies would keep on going, they could say it is for xxx but really they are for xxx. It perpetuates the lies.

So until I get the truth, I will not be force to take any drugs, and will consider this a threat on my life. I will not be locked in an instution, I will consider this a threat on my life.

I will keep on searching for the truth, I consider this the only way to live. I consider this the ultimate goal in my life now, getting the whole truth, clearing away the lies and half truths, if it takes me 5 minutes, (other would have to let me know) or 5 million years I will keep on this quest.

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For some reason other do not want me to paint, create visual art, I do not understand this, WHY? Until we meet again, take some time to walk in my shoes, look at his problem from my point of view.

Love, peace, patience.

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