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Actual Freedom Was Always The Arch Enemy Of The
Conservative Smoke & Mirrors Obsessive Sensation Machine

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What Happened To Live And Let Live?

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Sovereignty of the self. Respectful non-interference with the unfathomable, irreducible range of possibility in a living person who consciously makes use of that inherent sovereignty.

It doesn't take any intensive investigating to discern who or what has fed the societal woodchipper with the single most useful and *formerly* most agreeable principle of living side-by-side as human beings, including all standard and unique variations on the vast expressions of self, on the different flavors of existence that make life interesting, insightful and joyful.

This truly awesome seed of balanced personal evolution, the engine of amicable symbiosis, which is the intrinsic possession of every living being, is being attacked by a nationalist, identitarian, guttural ape-like whooping for lynchings, wife-beatings, child-obsession and gross, universal hypocrisy. Hypocrisy ceasing to be a concern when one has the might of the world's captor. A

creed ceasing to be distinguishable from the worst caricatures of its sworn enemies. A totalizing cosmic anger at any correction or critique of ecstatic cruelty, at any gesture of a merciful hand toward those the state and its cultists deem *enemies*. Summation of *the ends justify the means*— where the ends are to kill everything unlike itself, and ultimately to kill itself as means and punctual ends.

It's not exactly the greatest mystery among us who have something of an understanding of the dense and confusing material reality in this particular hellscape.

With no intention to look at the past with 70 year-old liberal lenses that hurry to scramble one's recognition of a death machine, of a population hurrying to "make the best of it", there remains some crude ethic forged out of all this grim, overcast history. There was a glimmer of a post-war can-do attitude married to a neighborly decency to this country's character. While traitor confederate indignation roared and dithered to roar and dither some more, while Eastern European and Irish immigrants were just barely beginning to ascend from holding onto dear life in New York and New England, while the German American Bund had fully been lowered into the earth by 1951, while there were steps (however superficial) toward equity, civil rights and a celebration of freedom and happiness, there was always an everlasting quality of danger to every little thing about this American life.

Our friends from various places across the pond, down South and up North, are correct to highlight how this configuration of an 18th century conception of liberty butting into a mixed white heritage of zeal, zeal butting into liberty became the slow sinking of "The Land of The Free". When manic drunks and predatory bullshit artists are perfectly unqualified yet officially legitimated to assume command and lecture¹ those with the most experience — reduced

emotions; let only the best ones guide in toppling the perpetuation of the very worst!

Being adversarial to the dominant idea, to the existent collective delusion, is the greatest kindness to the developing heritage of organic wellness and peace. And being sobered by the likelihood of sporadic conflict with the zombies of humanity for generations to come, we learn to find a deeper comfort in our commitment to the whole of freedom, to the seed of the condition: the inherent freeness of the human soul, the inherent nerve to ascend on one's own terms.

The end of this pedophile protection government is nigh, be it by orange taco eating one too many Big Macs, or a complete shitting of the pants of this drunken "war department." This is a nakedly invalid administration that only exists to enrich and cover the shit-coated ass of a sad little baby bitch boy with delusions of eternal youth, eternal exceptionalism, patently made-up "genius".

The great and disparate sections of Turtle Island's inhabitants, in reasonable agreement with one another, will hold what their ancestors had paid for with blood.

¹ <https://envisioningtheamericandream.com/2025/10/01/silence-is-golden-military-generals-react-to-trump-hegseth/> â†©

on German, Italian and Romanian fascist armies, all to come home, sustain a family — all to have his great granddaughter persecuted as a social and moral leper for her being transgender in a buffoon's twisted claim to this country.

I do not hold so-called "America" to my heart. I hold instead the lives that this land and its history shaped to my heart. I hold no flag, no lyric of any anthem to my heart. I hold instead the individual intellects and insights of everyone who has made the American character — not purely angelic nor purely demonic — *but remarkable* out of a sea of malicious majorities to my restless heart.

Renzo Novatore, Italian warrior-poet of the free and unique individual, says something of this, one-hundred and three years ago.

If my father rebelled against my grandfather so as not to be a slave of the paternal faith, I rebel against my father so as not to be a slave of the faith that made him rebel in his turn.

How could it make my son be tomorrow what I am today?

Only from the ruins of everything the rebel has destroyed can the creative genius be born.

But what does the creation of the genius prepare if not a new rebellion?

I agree with Nietzsche in believing that there has never been any need to question a martyr to know the truth. But desiring force, daring audacity and skillful creative will are treasures inherited only from the genius, the rebel, the hero.

— *Of Individualism and Rebellion*, 1922

The horrors persist — and so should we! AMERICANS! Stop being guided by, stop glossing over the exploitation of the worst of

to useful bitches to the current iteration of power — something has gone awry. Something insidious has worked carefully to warp and exploit the elusive promise of this country's peoples.

One can rather easily think of historic film reels like *Don't Be a Sucker* (1945), depicting America's constitutional democracy as something to be guarded with a citizen's critical thought, a citizen's use of reasoning as one who enjoys liberty, equality and justice. A citizen's calling to defend sovereignty from any and all tyrants. This hopeful lens could not speculate on the challenges, the sly, opportunistic spectacles married to technological divide-and-conquer that future generations would face. The final dissolving of our social bonds. The wandering in the wastes of resignation to false might, of bowing to demonstrably invalid "legitimacy".

One can piece together the image, however idealistic or candid, of an America struck simultaneously with brilliance and with buffoonery. A country not quite in the throes of McCarthyism or Reganism, not perfectly held hostage by any post-Carter, proto-culture war corner of sociopolitical razor wire. One can cite the names, likenesses and deeds of outstanding human beings for whom America left highly unique impressions, the sea of upheavals notwithstanding.

But I often simply think of the obvious fruits of an obvious history. This country was situated from its inception on blood-soaked land that did not belong to the whites who put forward their continental congresses and founding documents, who broke treaties repeatedly, who only signed papers to mark another exponent of heinous transgressions. This land was made into the so-called United States by the weaponry of conquest, by the mythos of some Anglo-Saxon "god." Whatever superficial steps in this country against slavery, against Jim Crow, against child labor, against wholly unmitigated exploitation of captive working people until death, none of them confronted the core beast of it all. In fact, a good deal of them embrace and affirm that beast, becoming offended when those they believe they held affinity with

express the historical and material fact of this land being stolen and sopping with blood, old and new, shed by the ugly forces of white conquest, of white supremacy.

"Live and Let Live" was not a longstanding condition of newly-arrived white settlers coming into contact with First Nations peoples. "Live and Let Live" was penned by Schiller during the final years of the 18th century in the fragmented regions of what would later be called Germany, but its sinew of real-life application was stitched together out of horrible lessons in humanity — many taking place in a hardscrabble former colony South of the crown in the so-called Province of Quebec, modern so-called Canada.

There is no reliable world of make-believe where we all turn off our brains and trust the propaganda really, really hard that "Pilgrims" and Native peoples co-existed without the obvious cruelties of clashing worlds, one built on reciprocal bonds and one built on command/submission. No compulsive denial helps any genuine urge for kindness. This country, like all countries established through displacement, occupation and terror, has always been terrible on levels I understand personally, and on broader levels I cannot adequately imagine as a pale settler. And the clear and present attitude that escalates into morbidly comedic territory now in government, society and interpersonal interactions has its genesis in, what George Carlin probably summed up best: "GIVE ME IT, IT'S MINE!" This was extolled, made a distinctly white tradition in the so many words and so many gut-wrenching endeavors by the prophets and commanders of "manifest destiny". It extends to drown everything that merely suggests actual freedom, actual self-determination; the sole limit is the sick imagination of the angry white "christian".

And throughout those times, people bearing these could sense that there was no ray of sunlight to be found that was not *willed out from the dirt* of the various shambles of truly obscene conditions. A human recognition that there is nothing truly *Good* here. A human endeavor to *make something good*. Speak not of any "opportunity"

a series and a decentralized variety of activities, associations and projects produces what "Order" merely claims to bring about. We therefore must announce and pursue our opposition to all "Social Order", to all illogical and fake justifications for society, law, private property, destruction of the wilds, of the commons. We must make ourselves, our aspirations, our joy, our sorrows as undeniable realities, as strikes themselves to all that proactively charges its strikes on us. We must do this not strictly as a collective force pursuing yet another elaborate promise of mythology, but as an entire range of living urges toward ungoverned peace, toward self-ownership of one's personal contents and physical vessel of flesh, toward wellness and safety of loved ones and associates.

We are to rebel out of love for human love, for human understanding, for human possibility. I make nothing sacred nor profane of our being human; I only champion the good and embellish the bad as they are before me. And I have a very basic conception of "Good" and "Bad." They are not far-off, shining stars of any cosmically-flawless morality. They are instinctual and immediate. Useless harm, twisted satisfaction from punishment of innocence. This is bad. Creative freedom, innovative collaboration, joyful activities and exchanges. These are good.

What we witness unfolding each and every day, until this Heritage Foundation coup is uprooted and completely disposed of, is a panicked struggle to maintain fervent ignorance as the fuel of a cruel and unusual engine of controlling others' lives.

They introduced very dirty tricks behind the veil of think tanks coordinating ephemeral changes.

Well, we're Americans, aren't we? We're supposed to be ballsy, loud, proud and a little arrogant, right? So — let's do our own dirty tricks, and justify ourselves in the courage of our convictions.

My Polish-American great-grandfather did not drag himself and his wounded brethren in the army through the fronts and theaters of the duration of the Second World War, ascending to the rank of Technical Sergeant for bravely firing American ordinance

are "offending god" or "tearing the country to pieces" by boldly and persistently refusing fascism.

The second pillar of abandoning kindness was that the obvious progressions in social bonds became aligned against the raw deal of capital's insulting landscape: the tryhard fake sincerity, the permanent outdoing of outlandish spectacles. The Progressive Party of 1924 was onto this. Let nobody ever get away with saying that "radicalism" is "unamerican".

This country, for the last ten months, has been configured by a sad orange clown to be a sad playground, a well-oiled daycare for sad, vulnerable white baby bitches desperate to pass as "men" trying to make something horrible out of their angry coercive delusions about strangers they have never met — nor ever earnestly listened to their perspective; about how other people can live their lives to make the sad, broken white man life the only "valid" way of life in a country built on the backs of chattel slaves and disposed immigrant labor. These "ideas" don't work, whether or not you have a Big Government to coddle your feelings and entitlement. We witness a perfect inverse of the "SJW special snowflake" craze of 2012-2020 and beyond.

Meanwhile, clowns like Chuck Schumer only exist to give the illusion of a **very slightly less** right-wing challenge to a far-right party of cultists who have repeatedly failed to deliver for the people they claim to represent. There are too many different avenues I would suggest. Perhaps too many I cannot imagine.

We as a species, we as a life form with a spiritual backbone, are just barely in the process of learning that we can only truly *live and let live* as conscious individuals with no central, coercive cohesion to straitjacket our lives in order to be safe from punishment. We are in the process of learning that there is no peace for average people enduring different struggles under a compressed social setting of anger, debate over reality and all the chaos this produces. All enforcement of "Order" necessarily produces chaos. But an amicable relationship with the baseline chaos evident in the generality of life,

for the immigrant — when immigration was only ever championed by a mercantile state to replenish cheap labor, then vilified as "invasions" when those people demand humane treatment — without the clear, living acceptance that no human, no personal aspiration, no expression of life is "invalid", is "illegal", is "inferior". All the while this land was claimed by wealthy, slave-holding white men of aristocratic family background, none of it was put into motion by them. Speak not of African descendants in any way that does not point directly at their due inheritance to the country their ancestors were systematically imprisoned, brutalized and terrorized into building. Speak not of any tintype of hardship and despair that does not underline the heart and mind that endured; the tainted heart, the mind in shambles that inflicted.

And the peasant inhabitants of this land, indigenous, enslaved and settler alike, in the stranglehold of this surreal republic, found themselves transfixed with every different face, story and expression of baseline kindness — interchanging with baseline suspicion. Fits of laughter and camaraderie cut with fits of drunken bigotry, zealous exercise of privilege. A whole disparate social fabric consistently being taken forward, backward and sideways. A living monument to reason and human decency, in spite of ugliness, malice and privilege, was fleshed in the so many who took to heart that "All men are created equal," who were willing to fight and die for that cherished principle, that founding promise never stamped as the sole, consistent purpose of the actions of this country. That ideal that hovered over every error, every last breath of the freedom-loving strikes and blows against tyranny, against whatever popular cries from comfortable majorities. The stalwart charge of Nat Turner and Company. The righteous and correct culmination at Harper's Ferry. The planting of resolute feet on the soil of The Free State of Jones. The ascendant hearts and minds of the coal miners, the textile workers, the longshoremen, arm-in-arm in solidarity toward their inheritance of the world.

In tandem with my clear and self-reasoned opposition to patriotism, nationalism, factions of imaginary geographic lines — I must recognize that the spontaneous and vindicated endeavors of certain figures in this country, not the government, not its blunders, not its paradoxes as a republic — have historically produced very clear standards of what is "right" and "just" for a balanced, equal gathering of humanity at this place on this continent, and at any place on any continent.

And then.

And then it all began being torn apart by wealthy Evangelicals, Conservatives, Liberals, Centrists, hypocritical degenerate obsessives on imageboards and forums in basements in Indiana, rich investor scum doing gentrification, hipster techno-fascists doing cloud computing for surveillance and cryptocurrency, trade deals and conglomerate outsourcing dissolving any illusion of a middle class, hate groups, opportunist snakes from the Heritage Foundation and bored elderly fundamentalists harassing neighbors and youth.

While these did not function in perfect harmony with one another, they did hand society over to a bold new dimension of **Actually Insane Hyperfixation** with strangers' lives, strangers' deeply personal sense of gender/sexuality. Outrage at SCARY archival news footage of Aunt Tifa Inc., SCARY leftist flags, SCARY snippets of RADICAL ideas: always labeled "extreme" and "dangerous" but never coherently unpacked, never parsed substantively inside the arena of white feelings, white entitlement to righteous idiocy, of its white-hot rage made action.

There had been a practical notion thrown to the wind along with the gloves of civil engagement when Jimmy Carter was up for re-election and lost. That notion, the notion that all our parents and grandparents took for granted — to the point where they disposed of it as an inconvenience to their newfound outrage hobby, was that "Whatever I want to do in my own home and with my own person cannot be any more or less entitled to scrutiny and in-

loved ones. We learned that ugly, shitty cis women who worship a static, manufactured reality will lecture the neighborhood trans people about what "being a woman is". We learned that conspiracy theorist nutjobs are going to either climb the ladder of this mob boss administration or continue to worsen themselves in the face of where we are now.

In all, **we learned that society does not work.** We learned that society itself is the most twisted beat-for-beat example of what people keep calling "Communism" when talking about historical red state capitalism that called itself "socialist." In the same sense that they imagine Stalin's Russia as a dystopian, monolithic machine where nothing happens that is not planned by the state, they faithfully ignore or consciously affirm the inherent collectivism of a conservative society that aims to use up and smother a whole range of peoples enduring life within it. The image of the rugged cowboy rolling a cigarette on horseback in the prairie is no longer a sincere component of a post-Regan America. Now our tyrants extol the virtues of submission and assimilation into the whole. Our tyrants openly disavow the individual and her potential for sovereign grace, her decisions for her own life to be carried out regardless of obstruction or legality, regardless of revisions of the American character, regardless of abuses of powers. The treads of human history unfortunately come around to kick up old dirt into new places with new lives who carry the torch of exalted and intrinsically justified negation into the unforeseeable halls of the mythic *future*.

We persist through recurring nightmares to exalt the agency of the kind, brave human sibling where their possibility is under attack.

All of Trump Shit-Eating Syndrome is the worship of the permission to be a fat, stupid piece of shit, the mandate to respect fat stupidity, the legislation to tear down and rebuild the lives of strangers in the image of fat stupid authoritarian collectivists. Never let these failures of human beings convince you that you

from is an anti-intellectual avenue of numbing the angry white supremacist mind of the inconveniences of reality, of grievances genuinely based in a material reality restricted from being made better by the mechanical brutishness of Actual Troublemakers: the worshipers of privilege, the cultists of the opulence of their masters.

We therefore, in our distinct embrace of quality life, in our embrace of reasoned articulation of all nuance in life, will cement a conflict against blind loyalism, against unhinged hypocrisy, against autocratic betrayals of core principles, against the "revenge" of those who could find no life in any country professing freedom and justice.

We should endeavor on a diverse coming together, emphasizing a common gravitation with one another rooted in the informed opposition to carefully contrived outrage at freedom being possessed and made good use of. Practical and philosophical opposition to the praise of the worst of things done by a snatching away of freedom, done to deny freedom for others as a dirty proactive tactic. Done to impose socialism for the opulent and neo-feudalism for working people.

The worst part about all of this is that it is not a struggle of distant national powers for territory and resources. These many abominable skirmishes, over whether "god" loves gay and trans people, over whether people of color can be allowed to exist openly in society, over whether strangers need to be dragged into and drowned by "the blood of the lamb", are all wars with ourselves. As humans. As descendants of all who made up a different so-called "America". As human beings, here and now, with a crucial choice to make.

I like to think that we have learned a lot of things since the 1970s and everything prefacing it. I hate to know that so little of it has sufficiently informed our responses since.

We learned that conservatives will not peacefully live next to a queer family. We learned that liberals will call the police on the single black parent for using a firearm to defend their home and

terference than what my neighbor or his neighbor or her neighbor does. There are just some things that you don't disturb. There are just some things that you can't take back."

At the same time that a pious family in Nebraska could attend their church, a sin-loving band of friends or free lovers in the Bay Area can smoke weed in the park on Sundays. But over time, some gaggle of sad obsessive idiots decided that *only their mode of enjoying life can be allowed*. They decided on resurrecting a malignant mythology of angelic white entitlement to making all of society about them, about hunting down and eliminating those who clearly enjoy themselves in a better, different fashion, disproving the sole joy of life as residing in a fetish for White Jesus.

Even though nobody has ever forced weed or sin or Satan onto any televangelist type or any preacher's daughter, every televangelist type, every preacher's daughter is permitted to force hellfire and damnation on others. Forcing Satan on me from a different angle. But they can never compute the actual Jesus:

- "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall be shown mercy."
(Matthew 5:7)
- "I desire mercy, and not sacrifice." (Matthew 9:13)
- "Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father also is merciful."
(Luke 6:36)

Out of all the addiction to the poison of social malice — the addiction to the present day far-right fantasy of a perfectly automated totalitarian federation of AI-driven company towns, out of all the love of pursuing perfect security at the total expense of every freedom taken for granted — it would take an act of some profound internal human god, not any central, exterior figure, to replant this seed, this not-so-novel consideration: *no one should be at the mercy of any other person's convictions touted as superseding the basic agreement of self-control and freedom from the zeal of a*

stranger. Something is continuously betrayed, led into the clutches of instrumentation, convinced that it was never duped but consistently ascendant by descending into madness.

There was never an explicit, foundational promise, but an essence is clearly there. Having no love for him, knowing his biography, Thomas Jefferson could not have foreseen America's despotism at present, but he still said what applies then, now and forever: "A well informed citizenry is the best defense against tyranny." But our tyranny now is rooted in classifying information, ideas and informed dissent and responsible self-defense from far-right aggressors as terrorist activities². Our tyranny is rooted in the erasure of the notion of state terror: of the state being far more equipped to inflict lasting trauma and to foment and sustain violence. This is accomplished in repeating the mantra, in the face of an absurd social configuration wherein people have to decide between a hospital visit and paying rent to shelter their children, that only liberals and leftists can be "radicals" or "extremists."

Our tyranny now is a clear favoritism of certain acts, certain formations of violence, certain violent assertions of shallow "ideas". (Read: fragile white supremacist feelings.) Our tyranny is the sacrifice of working people, of real human kindness for the carefully cruel brace on reality that coerces affirmations of the power fetish of the permanently angry, testosterone-blinded pater familias of the property-owning Anglo-Saxon **illusion** of a people.

A country that still [somewhat] champions the legacy of Fred Rogers **Officially disregards** every possible point of wisdom he had ever conferred. What in the actual fuck has happened?

While new left activities and various resulting conservative fits have jostled the sociopolitical landscape of the so-called United States from the 1960s through the 90s and beyond, Americans had not entirely digested that opportunistic sections of their country-

² <https://www.kenklippenstein.com/p/trumps-nspm-7-labels-common-beliefs> · Developing story, conflicting details elsewhere â†©

Average people, who were either always aware or recently had reality hit them in the face, are assembling and readying to reclaim the sanity of a functioning constitutional democratic republic in some fashion. If there is not yet a drafted, workable framework for an interim administration belonging to an indeterminate force for the benefit of the American people, there had better be one in the works immediately.

One is actually and sincerely an idiot to have the word "Alarmism" in their verbal lexicon at this time and place. As unfortunate as it is that I need to remind people of this written fact — it is the explicit instruction of the founders of this country, put forward as an inherent right derived from natural law, to unearth the entirety of a clear and present tyranny and dispose of it justly — with a better, less exploitable iteration of the founding principles following. To tar anyone who recognizes this as "Alarmist" is to call oneself an ignorant, dense cretin unworthy of title or office in a sincerely just, sincerely reasonable society.

Buffalo Springfield set the tone of American unrest, to the white-hot chagrin of William F. Buckley fans: "It's time we stop / Hey, what's that sound? / Everybody look, what's going down?"

Except this is no soundtrack to the VVAW marches during the last hideous throes of US imperialism in Southeast Asia. These are fully-fledged Up Against the Wall Motherfucker moments but adapted to our present time, where fascism has far surpassed its Watergate moment. Where one Kent State massacre could only punctuate the migrant families, their defenders disappeared.

The more the loyalists smugly, angrily cry "radical left lunatics", the more they incentivize curiosity toward critique.

The more they whine and cry and piss themselves in the most contrived manners, the more they incite critical response. The more they ignite the potential for those who are studying history here and now as it is written.

Who actually has *the ideas* here? What the conservatives/fascists eternally offer up, what they can **definitively never get away**

Whatever the grassroots rescue effort is to be, a rescue of innocents and not of cozy politicians, *it has to begin at a place of rediscovering, renewing that Created Equal Principle Betrayed in the rise and fall of this republic*, practicing it in an appropriate, adapted fashion. (With this in mind, to momentarily lower my default assertion of my own individualist anarchy in order to use my imagination for a more likely burgeoning of something to truly live off of: I can only dream of a flexible, multifaceted social ecologist Turtle Island with indigenous peoples' priorities and frameworks, with all black and brown peoples' critiques and insights at the forefront of it all. One in which the aspirations, wellness and participation of every single inhabitant with a humble heart, with a desire for self-determined social bonds are the direct means and ends, the tangible substance and the imminent and expansive goal. A truly better, contemporary iteration of this country's claims etched in stone, yet betrayed now and then in practice. Many who hold affinity with social ecology, who commit to research in that field could expound on this far better than I could try. I would recognize and appreciate those who do so.)

The first pillar of abandoning the strain of kindness unique to everyday Americans was that it was not producing money for corporations. Once the issue was settled with "leave people alone unless someone is evidently harming you", the issue could not be marketed any further. Whatever humanitarian opportunities, whatever interfaith forums produced, they did not sufficiently best the forums and opportunities for profitable malice, for the use of conspiratorial intrigue to lure vulnerable people into socio-spiritual Ponzi schemes against their would-be friends. Remember when Dave Rubin went on *The Joe Rogan Experience* circa 2014/15 and claimed that a monolithic "Left" had become "regressive"? **Look at where we are now:** People who were less skeptical than they should have been of the orange moron ten years ago are now finding themselves in agreement with varying depths of the left. Retired military figures, retired public servants are speaking out.

men would begin a total war on anything realistic, let alone anything suggesting that life could be better: stormtrooper skirmishes against anything remotely in favor of a kind and considerate society. Swift crushing and punishing of First Amendment activities that make the regime look unfavorable. Disregard for the Constitution, the Oath of Office and all the hallmarks of being "free" under the stars and stripes.

An impossibility sits upon the American people. Not strictly in protest movements or acts of dissent, but in daily life. An impossible situation with a simple ethos (always under strain) of moving through it all: maybe Leave Each Other The Entire Fuck Alone if you're not going to be a decent human being to those in some contrived out-group. Don't look at anyone, don't strike up a gross, aggressive conversation with a military veteran trans woman at the grocery store as a weird 67-year-old man wearing a MAKE AMERICA GREAT AGAIN shit-eating cuck hat. Don't be a belligerent white person over some random stupid shit, proving that if any ridiculous "master race" could ever be — *you ain't it, babydoll!* Don't check **any of the boxes** of being an obvious dipshit out in public. Consider also: failure to do so is a blatant display of having nothing sincerely better to do with your life. Of having no capacity for anything other than being an irritating, squawking dipshit about magic Jesus hysteria, putting hands on strangers trying to go about their lives in whatever peace they can come up with.

Oh, no wait. Sorry — I'm wrong. A stranger alleged to be a "Tranny" just went into that bathroom. Let's have six burly, angry cisgender men storm that restroom fully prepared to lynch this stranger and probably try to photograph children in the process. Oh, does that random blond woman have a penis or a vagina? Let's kick her stall door open and investigate her, in service to "public safety."

We could argue forever about where the reactive malice began. I feel that it was obvious *well before* 1492. My individual practice of my distinctly heathen faith is a recognition of that. But it had

been convention before French and so-called American revolutions wherever it began, it truly took effect as we live through it now in this country with *losing ourselves*. It began with a "graceful" *giving up*. And it became a nationwide surrender to a phony European caricature of a 1st century freedom fighter in Palestine. It acted as an opium-laden cushion for Reganism to land into government, infect and disintegrate everything that FDR was pushed by civil and militant labor movements to set up — only for our parents to take it all for granted, allowing it to be used to purchase generational damnation to "graceful" suffering. To thoroughly corrupt the difficult yet endearing promise put forward by generations of Americans of all walks of life, best practiced by the enemies of white colonial domination, by the challengers of lifeless orthodoxies. To bastardize the aesthetics of liberty and democracy in the practice of autocracy and submission to cruelty, to attempt to use a country founded on separation of powers as a vehicle for their European warlord Jesus caricature that approves a transition to fascism. It was all a performance of **FALSE** "grace". It was all a performance of purity with blood on their hands. It was a surrender, even for those who were not at the "Revivals", who were not at the baptist churches looking to cure their dispossession with hatred. Even for those who looked the other way.

The American public, upon a privileged majority finding themselves bothered by reason and goodwill taking its place, entered into a realm of affirmed magical thinking, a substitute to fill the space that critical thought once occupied, a toxic balm to the sore of sober reality. A myriad of distractions from the plainly-spoken problems to get lost in. The effect we see now is a general public lined with razors. Any given person is no longer expected to be kind to, or at least ignore, the stranger, the neighbor, but to approach the stranger or the neighbor as a loyal slave to the collectivist life owned and asserted by the head of the regime, the owner of the lot/building, the CEO of the investor firm, the new trendy digital AI deity that feeds revisionism to morons eager to be told

they're right, the MAGA hat ice pig who is most certainly *the first to go to hell* if anyone is going at all.

Other lives are now considered instruments belonging to disgusting, stupid little old men, to freakishly depraved heirs. They can be exploited, scrutinized, manipulated, publicly shamed, discarded by whatever means are convenient. The bold concept of **We The People**, as in **the general citizenry** being **the sole power** source of this republic, is crudely smelted and molded into this hideous monolithic, unquestioningly "conservative" (white nationalist) all-white, all-"christian", all-"male" formation of reckless lethality, dissolving of unique individuality — covered in the flag that waves behind a statue that should have been returned to France months ago.

Lady Liberty was the first one deported under this resolutely degenerated epoch of so-called America.

May god, may anything kind and loving in this universe give Emma Lazarus rest for her lines betrayed . . .

Give me your tired, your poor, / Your huddled masses
yearning to breathe free.

Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me, / I lift my
lamp beside the golden door!³

What I have just described sincerely pleases someone. It pleases someone who has discarded humanity, discarded reasonable humility for illusions of supremacy. Someone who claims an imaginary Jesus, yet would be the first to urge for his crucifixion today. Does "pride come before the fall" *Only* for queer and trans people? Or does it apply to those with clearly *unearned* pride? Never underestimate how a broken heart and a propaganda machine feeding plastic sympathy will cultivate monsters.

³ <https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/46550/the-new-colossus> â†©