

Exactly Friday, 27 November 1998

It is an unseasonably warm night at the Friday Night Freak show in Milwaukee, and my best friend – Ross Oldenburg, invited me to my first unchaperoned movie with the love of his life, and then girlfriend, Alexandria “Alex” Yale. Alex invited her best friend Teresa Verlene Morden.

Mother’s Day 2009

Teresa and I arrive at Grandma Verlene’s house in Wedgewood Park around one after another grand “Teresa and Jason” at one of our usual brunch spots in Riverwest. Amanda, her husband, and Crosley are already there.

~27 January 2007 – Mendota Mental Health Institute

I am escorted to a conference room on the maximum-security psychward for civil commitments and I am greeted by my best friend, and secret romantic interest, Teresa. I remember all the events leading up to my confinement at Mendota in December but not actually going nor anything after knocking over a bookshelf on the co-ed unit. My parents tell me they visited me several times before this.

I remember bits and pieces of the conversation, Teresa has had to fill in many of the blanks over the years. What I do remember is explaining my new theory of space-time and...not in so many words... thought: that she and I, because of our history, could use our minds to bend time itself – at the very least in a closed system such as the conference room it was. I always thought she confirmed it, and I truly think our experience demonstrably, to her, bent time in the moment, but she will only admit to “I find that very interesting”.

What she did do, is level with me. She said, and I quote exactly “J, while your ideas have merit in my mind unless you get out of here you will never accomplish anything – play the game, take your meds and we’ll sort the rest out when you get out”. I did not see her or speak to her again until two weeks later when I was discharged.

The Ides of 2013

Brandon had moved in with Teresa, she should have known what would happen next even if I didn’t. The promise I had made to Mr. and Mrs. Morden 6 months prior required me to respond in all domains: their relationship must be terminated once and for all, even if it means me taking lethal action. My Queen would never accept physical force and employing it would destroy everything we have worked for, but her life was too important. He cannot be allowed to hurt her or the children. The Time War Begins. – Ω

15 September 2008

Where were you when Roger Federer won a convincing US Open? I had the tix, center court, I had just seen Serena Win her's the night before, also Centre Court. The stadium that night was eerily empty, the rain delay on Saturday pushing Women's to Sunday and Men's to Monday disrupted everyone's schedule.

But not mine, I was right where I needed to be, 50 yard line, row 2, Packer's bench watching Aaron Rodgers win his first start, ever, against the Minnesota Vikings. My mom and dad with me, and my fourth seat empty because Packer's fans refused to bid on my tickets, a Vikings fan offered me \$25 for what I paid \$900 for, he could have offered me \$100k.... it was only going to a GB fan.

I should have just given it away to the first Jim Taylor fan.

September 2015 – SLS Beverly Hills

I walk into the room with a roll up St. Louis Chess Club board and my brand new business cards hot of the offset press: \$1/card 500 print, \$500 design, 4 years in dev. My designer, Scott Ginter, and I debated for several hours on whether to leave a proof mark on the final cut of cards, he talked me into taking it off.

Boards 1–10 in the world starting with the man: Magnus Carlsen. I put my board down at an odd angle and ask him to sign his favourite square, and before he can decide I put my red “We Make Change” back, Teresa's coin on LinkedIn in 2008, and tell him I will be in the same room a Christopher Nolan in two weeks and I have a proposal on how to film “The Life and Games of Mikahil Tal”. Placing the business card In His Pocket the mate be

You see being a GM (Grandmaster, General Manager, and Game Master) is a life style, not a role. It permeates everything you do – you have a responsibility to play at a level and standard that is beyond reproach. And Tal did this with the kind of ease and poise, on and off the board, in Frank Sinatra's words – his way.

MetaPlay is a platform for connecting and coordinating playwrights and playmakers. Grandmasters would work with Christopher Nolan's team throughout production. Just before the world premiere of Quay Brother's I finish the abstract of the software platform. Nf3.

Warrior Football Practice – on Field for the First Time Since 1959 – 8 January 2020 – Today

Head Coach/QB-E: Jason L. Lind, USAF

Future First Round Draft Pick: Deonte

Assistant Deputy General Manager for Philosophy - Key

Assistant Deputy General Manager for Architecture – W

Location: Mendota Mental Health Institution – TRU Courtyard

It's 1230CST on a Wednesday and I call my Ops girl, Sydney L. Grant and have 10 minutes to convince her to call Col. Campbell, USAF of USAF Personnel Innovation, HQ Pentagon. I thought we had a call at 1ET and I'm late, I left him an urgent message moments earlier "Hey Group Captain, its Jason Lind, I have an idea on how to put Iran in checkmate. I'll keep the line open 20min and then I can't talk till tonight.

Then I realized I needed to try another route after seeing my Qb1 put up the scrabble game we were about to play after phone time: I needed to get the football logic out in the wild.

SUBJ: Packers Owners Trade Petition

TO: Roger.Goodell@nfl.com, editors@wsj.com; editors@jsonline.com

FROM: lind@multiplex.studio

Belichech to GB

Matt LaF to DAL

McCarthy to PIT

Tomlin to GB

GB D-CORD & Best African American Coach [Winston Moss] to DAL

GB AGM and 2 first round draft picks to NE.

.....
I come back in and Deonte is sitting waiting for a coat so I go outside and sit and chill for a few. Then I see him and we play a little bball. I rebound, he shoots from 30 yards away, and rebounds it back to himself. The ball is heavy due to the cold, but he's legit. He could dunk the ball over LBJ if he was only 3" taller, but as it stands he can't dunk it at all :(

Still that's training, and teamwork, he could play perimeter and we could build an entire system around him that would revolutionize the game of basketball on Warrior Home Court – Fiserv Forum.

So I rebound a shot over the hoop and throw it up over the back and almost make it, my only shot of the day – just over by 2', but correct angle. Anyalwys – nice to be inspired on a real court.

So we're going to play Regulation Football at Miller Park – Wrigley Field 2010 style.

Did you know in November 2010 Northwestern Played Illinois at Wrigley and the field was too short for safety so they switched ends every change of possession? Precedent set: we can play NCAA-Div1 at Miller Park. GO GOLDEN EAGLE FOOTBALL: Meet QB/P!

The Film was a saddening bore, for we've lived it 2000 years or more – but this time could be different, couldn't it?...

There have been many Teresa and Jason brunches over the years, but none like this. Eureka was less than 6 months old and my parents had yet to meet her, what better day to do so than Teresa's first Mother's Day? We pick a semi-usual spot, casual but higher end for the Riverwest Neighborhood.

We are operating on "Teresa-Time" per-usual, by which I mean we are running extremely late. Teresa and I aren't *exactly* involved so there's no reason for either of us to be nervous, but I wasn't. I know my parents, who have historically had mixed emotions about her, would be amazed at just how great of a mother she is – and supportive my quest to make her their daughter-in-law?

Brandon's drinking, and possible drug use, have been getting worse and worse and his mental health is deteriorating. Teresa, seven months pregnant, still couldn't have expected what would happen on a warm summer night in their cozy apartment in Madison, WI: she and Brandon argue and he ends up choking her until she passes out. Her family swoops in and rescues her from the abusive situation while giving a Brandon a "stern warning" (I'm told it involved a baseball bat). Maybe he really did love her because less than a year later, against everyone (but Alex) in Teresa's life's wishes, Teresa and Brandon were married. I mean the Morden men are not really known for holding back, he's only alive because I stepped in and found a solution to the threat he posed without physical force. ζ

17 May 2020 – Today

I have been away from TRU for over 4 months now, my mind was not in a great place as I started this story – which is probably all the same anyhow as my mind has not been in great places throughout this story. Key is now out, W will be out soon. Deonte in my absence seems as cocky and rambunctious as ever.

In the age of COVID-19 this unit is quite different. Gone are the days of eggs over easy with bacon providing a soothing smell to the day room, or even pacing the hallways. Overall there seems to be much lower comradery to this unit than MARU where I just was.

14 May 2020

Sebastian R. Phillips, yeah Sebastian Fucking Phillips... This kid, and yeah he's a kid, 18 years old, spent most of his so called adult life in the system – all because he spit on a C/O in county jail, the same one who in group a few days ago didn't know what a Rectangle is - yet has a 23-12-3 record against me in chess. `Seabass`, `Barron` or whatever you want to call him was absolutely heart broken when I told him I would be moved to TRU "you're leaving me all alone" :(

Whatever godawful movie was playing at the Times Theater this night would not have been noteworthy if not for what Teresa and I caused to transpire. We sat next to each other in the movie theater, neither of us had seen the movie before and it was pretty clear from the get-go that I didn't like it so I quietly cracked a joke.

She giggles softly and cracks one back a little louder than me, we go back and forth and next thing you know we're disrupting the theater pretty good. But instead of being shushed, let alone escorted out, some other members of the audience join in and next thing you know it's clear the whole theater thinks this movie is a bomb and we're in a full blow Mystery Science 3000 episode.

My flight out to LA was uneventful: flying first class has long lost its novelty (however comfortable it may be). Traffic was awful as usual, the SLS Hotel looks unassuming from the outside, very much unlike its Starwood sister property the W/Hollywood. Really the section of Beverly Hills I find myself in seems very unimpressive.

I didn't mind though, in less than 24 hours I expected to be face to face with one of my idols: Christopher Nolan. My plan was to hand him the plans for MetaPlay during an autograph session. The event I was attending, pitched as the World Premier of 'Quay' and a "night with Christopher Nolan", would take place at a historic art house movie theater in West Hollywood the next night. I knew very little about the subject matter of the film going in other than the Quay Brothers are directors of unique shorts.

My MetaPlay document is in relatively good order so I take an Uber to the other side of town: Hustler Casino to play \$3/\$5 NL Texas 'Holdem. I lose \$500 of the \$2k I brought with me very quickly and take the \$40 ride back.

I have four tickets: I bought them several months in advance hoping to attract some guests. Vernor Vinge had a conflict but thanked me for the invitation. I assume I invited Amanda Morden. I get to the theater several hours early and there is a line for those with tickets and a stand by line, before I really scope out the crowd I turn in my 3 extra tickets, feeling it would be good karma even though I could probably scalp them for a fortune on the rope line. Walking the rope line I meet a young woman named Carla...

It is mid November 2006 on the Saturday before the Lions play the Packers at Lambeau Field and I am with some of my best friends: Jack Driscoll and Alex Yale. Jack'D leases the two story (first floor and basement) apartment we're at and is known for his designer and specialty drugs. I find out he has some 50x Salvia, which my current boss – Managing Partner of TritonTek, George Walker – recommended I try, so I decide to smoke it out of a gravity bong.

After two hits, I have an experience that is out of body and out of thought: I see myself at the game the next day – only on the 20 yard line in the bleeds instead of the 50 yard line row 10 that I have – and I can fully sense Brett Favre's antics influencing the crowd and the crowd's reaction influencing the defense and defense influence Favre/FRACTAL/.

I write on Teresa's Facebook timeline, ~"I love you and you deserve better than Brandon, I will wait for the end of time itself for you and I to be together – even if it means I will be alone." Several minutes later, she calls me and I reiterate my undying love to her; and this is nothing new at this point because not 2 years earlier we had a "famous" conversation, posted on jvind0.livejournal.com as "How a Student of Tesla Argues with the Girl of His Dreams":

T: "When are you going to give up on this futile endeavor?"

J: "NEVER!"

T: "I think you're just putting on a good face"

J: "I've been chasing you for 10 years – what's another 10?"

T: "A decade by my count"

J: "A blink of an eye by mine"

She just gives one of her "Teresa sighs" and asks me to stop. I tell her "This time you'll have to make me stop because you broke your promise to me and your family, Brandon has to go and I'm going to get you to get rid of him". She hung up, but notably did not delete my post on fb or block me. Then I target Brandon, on his wall I write "Brandon you don't deserve her, she may be Queen to both of us but you are a threat to her, surrender now". Now he blocked me.

I send an email to executives@lind-i.com "Teresa V. Morden is the Queen of Everything" and she calls me rather quickly: T: "If I'm the Queen of Everything why am I the most destitute off all?" J: "You married the wrong husband." T: "Wow, I will have to think of that." φ

I see all of my existence thus far, and all the possibilities of where it could – and more strikingly the impact, or lack of impact, I will have on the world on my current trajectory. That while I am quickly making more and more money I am not building the people around me up – I am letting them fall. I need to stop thinking like my father and start thinking like a god. Then I see George Walker walking through a doorway in an impossible apartment, Echoes may have even been playing – I ask Jack and Alex to kill me, they refuse. I call my father and freak him out. ... Then... Andrew Zaeske and I go to the game.

Mrs. Morden, you're not Mrs. Anymore... what should I call you?

How about mom?

The Last Hurrah Part I – MKE in June 2016

2 years since my Queen and I last talked; it is now clear I must accomplish something spectacular to even have a chance of her back in my life.

11 June 2020 – Today

I'm on the phone with Amanda and she has now heard Metric's Blindness and her initial reaction on STARFLEET IN BOLD's "Brief History" was positive. I wonder if my plan to expose the Trophy logic to her tomorrow will be as effective. Σ

I arrive at Starwood's Aloft MKE checking in for two weeks, spending the majority of my remaining funds from a remote work position I left the week prior, and I'm greeted by my usual reception team. My first stop is Peere Marquette Park where Teresa and I's favourite plaque resides:

The future belongs to those who
believe in the beauty of their dreams
–Eleanor Roosevelt

Making my way west I find myself at the Milwaukee Public Library's central branch where I sign up for a library card – at a \$100 since I'm an out of county resident. Checking out "The Making of Milwaukee" after reading the intro, which begins with our citizens playing at Potawatomi, seems to a sensible move but at this point in time I don't have a plan for this book.

I have walked Old World Third Street hundreds, if not thousands, of times before and there are two establishments I never noticed before: Knight's Bar (part of Mader's) and a Trophy Store. Going into the Trophy Store I ask "What trophy would be for the victory over time and space?" and the owner tells me "only you would know," I pick a glass trophy and have it inscribed:

TIME=SPACE=THOUGHT

June 27th 2016

11 September 2001

My mom wakes me up, per our usual routine going back to middle school, only this time she nonchalantly mentions a plane has crashed into the World Trade Center. The initial thought through my mind was "stupid private pilots", thinking it was a small Cesena. This was enough to get me out of bed faster than usual and when I reached the living room I saw that Tower 1 was smoking pretty decent, yet for whatever reason the full impact of the event had not reached me until I witness a second plane, this one clearly a large body, collide with Tower 2.

Katie Currick made the comment on live TV "there must be a problem with Air Traffic Control today" and I blurted out in front of my parents: "No, Osama Bin Laden finally got his wish." See I had been reading BBC News regularly for several years, and when the attack on the Cole happened I read an in depth profile on Osama Bin Laden and Al`Qaeda - specifically his obsession with the WTC.

I convinced my mom to take me to Marquette Campus, while technically a sophomore and recently elected Student Government Leader as Treasurer of the Engineering Student Council it was only my first year, I felt like to get the full university experience I needed to be onsite for this transformative day. On our way in we heard that The Pentagon had been hit by a car bomb, I made her keep driving - staying home was not an option.

The large lecture hall in Olen Engineering, being used for an Electronic Circuits Laboratory Lecture, is sparsely populated. My NexTEL cellphone has Wireless Access Protocol which supported limited access over 1G communications and I was refreshing the AP Wire when about 20 minutes into the lecture Tower 2 fell. I told the person next to me, and you could see the news spread throughout the classroom.

I decided my classroom day was over and went directly to Triangle Fraternity's house, which I was pledging, and starting drinking and watching the news with my peers. I should have been on the network coordinating cyber forces, in hindsight I was in such great position to make an impact that day and I squandered it because of the prime directive - that the powers that be refused to explain to me my potential for fears of damaging that potential. The most I did was encourage Cathleen to stand up for the Muslims who were on the verge of being persecuted in the freshmen dorms at Marquette that night.

In Retrospect.....

Was I, Good or Bad? Probably both. To say I miss T is to say the World would not be the same without Water. I played my cards the best I could in the moment, I always learned from my mistakes and at least failed differentially – even when it did not appear that way. But can this really be the end?

Zeta and I enjoy the game, the Packers win thoroughly. This time of my life is very blurry and due to my current network situation, I cannot ask the individuals involved for clarification. I do remember working with my old friend Reece Sellin over the network to create a new secret society, I don't recall the rules but he was participating with me. Teresa would know more...

Reece Sellin is my best Cyber friend; living in Kamloops, British Columbia, he founded the Freedows OS project in 1995. I joined the project in 1996 and rose to his #2 in command and Ross became involved as well. We would often joke that I was POTUS and he was Prime Minister of Canada and we were at war... nuclear war.

By the time of Zeta and I's Packer game, Teresa, Jack and Alex were all friends with Reece as well. None of us had ever met him, and I might have been the only one at this point to speak to him on the phone, but the network made it possible to have a relationship like this.

It's after midnight the night I helped Teresa and her family move her into her new apartment, which only occurred because of the promise I made to her parents. Its just T and lying several feet apart on her new living room floor, with the kids tucked away in the front bedroom. The original plan was that I would go home that night, but Teresa decided she wanted me to stay.

I ask her "Why if you have no intention of getting back together with Brandon why don't you divorce him?" and she says: "I believe in the sanctity of marriage" and then volunteers "You know why I married him, at least at first?" ... "I wanted state benefits but I didn't want him to pay child support." It was a shot into my gut, and I even said "You know how crazy that is, right?"

T and I talk for another couple hours, I wish I would have had the courage to make a move on her, I think she wanted me to – if just in that moment. But then Eureka comes running out and pukes on the carpet. I immediately tell Teresa to take care of Eureka while I clean up the mess.

She cuddles with Eure the rest of the night while I spend the next decade wondering what could have been – but it is all a blink of an eye my dear because this is all in code.

A INSIDE THE HEART OF A TIME WAR Ω

Approximately 27 June 1994 - eF

I have been on the network for almost 3 years now, and am a tenacious 9 years old when I decide it's time to mess with the big boys. See I've always been attracted to power and even then I wanted to run with the network operators but they would pay me no attention, maybe swat me like a fly occasionally, but nothing substantial. For those of you not l33t a network operator is in charge of managing the operations of a network and, among many actions, can k-line users directly off a backbone - taking them off the network.

More serious offenses can result in a g-line, where multiple operators vote to ban someone of the entire net. Now mind you this is more than just from a chat room, this is from the servers that compose the core of the Internet - Today that means, given VoIP, your cell phone will theoretically stop working - and that kind of raw authority was something I wanted to embrace.

One year prior

CREATE Windows94.bat as FORMAT C:\

POST: alt.microsoft.windows

Title: Introducing Windows 94 Beta 1

For those of you new familiar with DOS commands that batch file would wipe the drive of anyone stupid enough to execute it. Well apparently some people did because within a few hours I was g-lined - or should I say my family: lind@execpc.com - was g-lined.

Luckily my dad was connected with the right people and it was lifted after the ops made it clear he had to have a little talk with me.

27 November 2002

I walk in the Dean of Marquette University College of Engineering's office with a large Hawaiian Pizza from Papa John's - his favorite - and hand him commitments from The Department of Mechanical Engineering, Department of Electrical and Computer Engineering, IEEE and Triangle Fraternity and Engineering Student Council totaling \$12.5k. Per our agreement the college will match funds and MU-MUHS F.I.R.S.T. Robotics partnership is borne.

Additionally Rockwell Automation is providing lab space.

27 May 2017 – free

Cyber Generals unite! I create a channel called #***# – double star l33t and promote it throughout freenode, inviting those who join to take an activist role on the network through a role of “Cyber General”. While an ostensibly flat organizational structure as its founder I have special status.

Viscid quickly becomes my greatest general and hosts wwidew.net, putting in Trans-Dimensional Equations in the DNS routes:

$$E.WwideW.NET = (m.WwideW.NET)(c.WwideW.NET)^2$$

… All this from the confines of the Milwaukee VA where I had just recently “snapped” and broken a nurse’s arm – a decision whose consequences are still being felt 3 years later. I attack and expand in all dimensions, on LinkedIn, on Facebook, on IRC, on Twitter… even LiveJournal. My mindforce becomes too much for my Generals and Viscid decides not to add any more routes – the project is in peril.

27 July 2018 – Shaker’s Cigar Bar

For months now I have been working for Group Bobaloo for a small amount of cash and benefits. Although this enabled me to be extricated from my parents and live in something that resembles a metropolitan, I was not happy. Simply having enough cigarettes by the end of the day was often an issue, my furnished 400sqft apartment in the middle of “Little Mexico” offered no good food or quality establishments of any kind.

So I decide to burn my world to make it stronger. Bobaloo had been paying my rent, one payment thus far of \$425 – I cash the check at US Bank and take it to Potawatomi and buy into \$2/\$5 NL Texas ‘Holdem. I go bust very quickly, I then manage to get a pay day loan for \$350, which I then party with down to \$225 and take the balance to the casino – and lose it yet again.

In a last ditch effort I walk up to the cigar cage at Shaker’s before open, message Bobaloo on the terminal via Facebook messaging and tell him “I need some orange chips, sorry”

Go down to the private cigar cellar where we keep the Cubans and grab:

- A Box of Romeo Y Julietas
- A Hotel Pack of Cohiba Behike’s
- A Hotel Pack of Monte Cristo Gran Reserva’s

And then I find out that my backpack chilling outside has gone missing....

27 June 1992 – billg@microsoft.com

Mr. Gates, I have some excellent ideas for Windows 4 and would like to discuss. My address is:

256 N 50th St.
Milwaukee, WI 53208

Please come with \$1M in cash and I will present all my ideas and you can pay what you see fit. Hope to see you soon.

Jason Lind

lind@execpc.com

/server irc.efnet.net

/nick jlindp

/join #fr-ops

<jlindp>ops please

**Descretes sets #fr-ops mode +o jlindp

jlindp sets mode #fr-ops mode -ooo

jlindp sets mode #fr-ops mode -oo

/join #us-ops

<jlindp>I declare victory over France

<Dianora> Who are you Napoleon?

<jlindp> No, whois me

***jlindp is Jason Lind

***jlindp is lind@execpc.com

***jlindp is @#fr-ops, #us-ops

**Dianora joins #fr-ops

**jlindp sets mode #fr-ops +o Dianora

In 1994 I took command of the French Net in meta, while I did not have programmatic control or authority I had recognition that I was something different. Later I would read Asimov's Foundation Trilogy and I could see how many would fear I was the incarnation of the Mule.

However instead of being stifled I was cultivated. Shortly after this woz@woz.org (Steve Wozniak) and I began what has become I lifelong correspondence.

V.WwideW.NET = I.WwideW.NET*R.WwideW.NET = IR.WwideW.NET

Today 6 July 2020 – TRU / MMHI

Today I had my second evaluation, this time with Dr. Kevin Miller – a former USAF Psychologist. He was able to look up url's while we were on the phone, I had him read <http://multiplex.studio> while I explained what I was doing in Vegas – and he was impressed. We discussed what is a delusion and what is just a difference of opinion and why it matters.

And then we talked STARFLEET IN BOLD: he found my take on Wesley Crusher fascinating and he concluded the conversation “Jason you are the kind of patient that makes the right side of my brain twinge – in a good way.” He'll be calling back to discuss more before rendering a decision. Next court date 27 July 2020.

27 June 2020

I published the first draft of “A Treatise on Reality”: 23 page – 4 up votes, no down votes, 165 views on imgur. One like on Linkedin. I am disappointed that ScottGu was not made Chief Software Architect of Microsoft – I fear until that move is made my position is compromised in Milwaukee due to the Trophy logic. <http://wwidew.net/trophy>

Sebastian mailed me last week, he's struggling a little bit, had a level drop. Talked to a PCT in passing a few days ago and he said that he's doing what he has to move on. I advocated with management for him to come to this unit, although honestly its probably not the best idea. However they chose to fill an empty bed with a guy who has to be on camera monitoring, can't have furniture in his room and needs to be in a turtle suit so I feel like this is a direct slap in my face.

I see the GM of Morell's outside Shaker's and I hand him the box of Romeo Y Julieta's and ask him to track down my backpack. I go back inside and I take 5 of the Behike's and place them in a portable humidifier bag and place the remaining 15 in the private reserve case with 1 out on display marked at \$150.

I light up the Behike, its my first one and at first I'm not impressed and am worried its fake, but I let it breath and open up and next thing you know its like H. Upman but simultaneously smoother and richer, I can see why this is considered the “Maserati of Cuban Cigars”. While I walk to the Starwood Westin I hand a few to a cops as gifts curtesy of “Group Bobaloo”.

At the Westin I meetup with their General Manager and hand him the hotel pack of Monte Cristo Gran Reserva's and instruct him to hand them out to Starwood Exclusives like me and direct them to Shaker's Cigar Bar.

27 January 2002

Nick Beaudry is a year younger than me and a Junior at Marquette University High School – where I would have been a Senior if not for being accepted to Marquette University as a Sophomore in Electrical and Computer Engineering that prior Summer. I recently had broken up with my first serious girlfriend, Cathleen, and we were looking to blow off some steam at our regular spot The King & I – a Thai Restaurant with an owner who didn't really care the age of those drinking at his bar, as Nick was 15 and I had just recently turned 17. Fortuitously The King & I was closed and a few blocks away was Mo's a Place for Steaks, unusually open on a Sunday.

We are seated at the back corner even though the restaurant is empty, as to be expected at 10:00pm on a Sunday – in hindsight it would seem that they half expected us not to pay being that we were both young and dressed extremely casually. I was a little unprepared for the menu's prices, the meal would run over \$250 for both of us, but I had an E*Trade debit card and a great paying gig at CompUSA – and it was the latter that would make a lifelong connection between Johnny "V" Vassallo and I. I was wearing a CompUSA employee shirt which prompted Johnny V to ask what I was all about and for him to give me his business card and request that I call him the next day.

Nick and I were a little drunk, his parents were much more hands off than mine so we went back to his house, instead of mine in Wedgewood Park, and played poker... I lost credit cards, as collateral for several thousand in losses (which I never paid back), as I got fucked up on Jack and puked all over his car which I needed to pay several hundred dollars to be detailed.

27 August 2020 – Today

Well happy birthday to me! 102 days left inside. Dr. Miller had a mixed report; while he recommended conditional release he did recommend 24/7 supervision, which the judge seemed to think was unattainable when he ruled against my CR. Amanda agreed to talk to her sister about possibly speaking to me in the next few weeks. However most of the last three weeks I have been working on responding to an RFI on Cyberwarfare over the next 25+ years.

I wonder what Teresa's position will be on my increasing role in the defense community.

27 July 2019

I had just returned to Milwaukee from the AFWERX Fusion convention where my new company, MultiPlex.studio, had just demoed our Fog Computing solution to the USAF brass when I was greeted by 5 Milwaukee police officers and my parents – accused of violating the terms of my CR. Next thing I knew I was being hauled off to jail where would sit for two weeks until I went before my judge.

1996 - eF\#ti

The Texas Instruments support channel was surprisingly low hanging fruit for a takeover as one of their bots had a known vulnerability that enabled me to crash it, which I then spoofed and was auto-opped. I had been taking over many channels like this for a few years now and this would not have been noteworthy except what I did.

Being an official channel this was a little bit larger of a coup d'état than usual and I used my new prominence to invite the 12 largest botnets into the channel. All of them joined, and as they joined I opped them - soon we had more than 100 opped bots. eightball, an acquaintance and one of the big operators had the idea of setting the nets to +BITCH - which effectively meant that the nets would perpetually fight each other for control of the channel.

Our hope was to severely split eFnet, which would be an avenue to potentially take over some massive channels as well as generally disrupt operations. In what would come to be called a "Distributed Denial-of-Service" (DDoS) attack, a cornerstone of modern bits and bytes cyberwarfare, this attack not only succeeded in splitting eFnet it exposed a flaw in an obscure router platform that Blackend.net was using - resulting in a several day crash of the Internet for half of Arizona - the first regional network outage due to malicious action.

It's 11:00am on a Friday and out of the blue Teresa calls me - I hadn't heard from her for a while, in fact if I recall correctly not since she promised me she wouldn't contact me again until she was ready to be my partner. She tells me that her mom and Amanda are going to "A Night with Leonard Cohen" at one of the mid-sized venues in Milwaukee and if I was interested in going. I should have asked her if she intended to keep her promise.

Instead, I just say yes, go to StubHub and purchase what end up being better seats than Amanda and her mom. I take a short day at Mesirow Financial and go home, change into something nicer and jump on the 5:00 Hiawatha out of Union to MKE. Teresa picks me up from the station and we go directly to the Theater and meet up with mom and Amanda.

The show is amazing, for me the most memorable part is "So Long Marianne" since T starts tearing up, I should have taken her into the isle and danced with her... instead I just pretended not to notice because what I really wanted to do was plant one on her.

After the show we walk to Mo's a Place for Steaks. Not realizing Johnny V had sold the business earlier that month I walk up to the front counter and attempt to grab the backgammon board. The people there were really confused, yet they still pulled out a desert from the freezer after kitchen close when I explained I'm Johnny's protégé.

27 January 2016

I had only started at my first fortune 50 client, United Airlines, in October 2015 and very quickly, I was disillusioned with the environment. My team was all-Indian and supplied by a vendor called Tata Consulting Services who had an exclusive contract with the Merchandising IT Group that I was hired to be Lead Solution Architect of: and it was bad, TCS had a reputation for being an “Hlb factory” – an organization that brings over foreign workers, regardless of qualification. And these workers were bad.

But that’s not what I emailed Linda Jojo about, then the Chief Information Officer of UAL and now the Chief Digital Officer, I simply emailed her to introduce myself and talk about a major project I did for Northern Trust and its apparent applications to UAL. Her response? Send it down her chain of command for me never to contact her directly again. While later I’d find out that she wanted to hire me right then and there but politically could not endorse my going outside the chain – and she would have found out I’d have no interest in a permeant position ever – with the information I had then I had one step out of the door.

I finished up my first assignment – and then some – getting rave reviews from peers and management alike. But I knew I needed to pivot, so for the first time in my life I used my “mental health” card and took a month off. First I watched the entire series of Prison Break for the first time on Netflix, then binging The West Wing. Inspired to do more with my life I decided I needed to burn down everything I had: resign, spend all my money, and play from behind until someone gives me the opportunity I want.

Come February 16th, that is exactly what I do.

Talked to Col. Don Fieldmen and he is super interested in the white paper I wrote in response the RFI for the Pentagon on Cyberwarfare. I have no idea what the final format looks like – it’s so frustrating everyone I deal with is so much worse at COMMs than I am, even from within here I can do more with 1hr of phone time a day then most people can in their connected lives.

There’s a lot of opportunity, when I get out of here I think the first phase of my pivot is complete. Now #jind4POTUS? Yeah I want to run, I have better ideas than most everyone else and I know how to articulate them in new media. I’m running on the LP ticket in 2024 seeking to be the youngest ever.

IN COMMAND OR LACK THEREOF...

27 June 2016 – MKE

The Trophy is completed and I pick it up, immediately heading over to Buck Bradley's (the longest bar in Wisconsin? The Country? The WORLD?) and sit down at my usual spot with and unpack the trophy. In the moment it is obvious who it belongs to: The Mayor of Milwaukee – Tom Barrett, an acquaintance of mine. But I needed to burn a path in reality to make this play work, to make $\text{TIME}=\text{SPACE}=\text{THOUGHT}$: I went to the Milwaukee Historical Society across the street from Buckey's – with just the Trophy and – leaving the trophy on the counter – I told them to deliver it to the Mayor of Milwaukee.

27 June 2017

I am living at a group home in Lodi, WI and – although I had not yet been charged – I recently had pushed a psychiatric charge nurse down at the Milwaukee VA Psychward and she broke her arm. My cyberattack was well underway and was focused simultaneously on LinkedIn and IRC when I remembered the significance of the date: Cathleen's 34th birthday and the intersection of time-space-thought. I call city hall and eventually reach the Mayor's Chief of Staff who informs me they did indeed receive The Trophy and we make plans: The attack vector is finalized to the day ScottGu@microsoft.com is made Chief Software Architect the Trophy will come into public display on the next 27 June. Game. Set. Match: Just as I declared in 2011.

I then call both Wisconsin US Senators and after some discussion frame this as a project to get Billy Mitchell his fourth star.

2010

Ray Ozzie had just resigned as the 2nd Chief Software Architect of Microsoft, the first was Bill Gates, and MSFT had announced their plans to eliminate the position. I wrote a passionate letter to CEO Steve Ballmer emphasizing the importance of the decision and suggesting ScottGu, then a CVP, to eventually – if not immediately – take the role, He thanked me.

I passed the email onto Satya Nadella who replied in 7minutes from his Windows Phone: Thanks Jason.

4 October 2020 – Today – MMHI/TRU

In a few hours my second serious AFWERX project will go live, and I'm concerned that the direction my team has gone is not only substantially deviated from my vision but fails to create a compelling offering. This is directly due to my lack of COMMs – I am not a micro-manager, however I do try to get involved with every aspect of the project from a high level: something I cannot do without Internet access and unfettered COMMs.

On a positive note I have both decided, and secured initial funding from my father, to relocate to Washington DC when I am released: I know DC remembers me... but what does it think of me?

May 2001

Flying for only the second time in my life on a commercial airliner – again on Midwest Express – I land at Regan International in Washington DC with a group of my classmates from Marquette University High School. We are traveling for the annual Junior Statesman of America conference where I have served as the National Deputy Director of the CIA since the last conference in 2000.

Even though I am a Junior there is doubt whether I will be back for my Senior year as I had just been accepted into Marquette University as a full-time student in the college of Engineering with Sophomore standing. Just as with the year before we stay at the Crystal City Hyatt, this time I have view of the Pentagon from my room.

Our schedule over the next three days is jammed packed, in addition to the mock Legislative, Judicial and Executive branches along with elections there were sights and events to attend outside of the hotel: such as a mock session on the US Senate Floor – where I would testify about emerging threats – and a small tour of The Pentagon, including the E-Ring.

I had high expectations for this trip and they were exceeded on day one when I had my first French kiss with a girl from Ohio named Rebecca. She was only 15 but would be attending Harvard as an early admit the next fall, homeschooling has its advantages.

May 2018

I check out of Northwestern's Stone Mental Health Institute and meet up with my parents. AFWERX DC and I have a scheduled in-person briefing the next day. My finances are totally drained at this time and my parents buy me a few things: a pre-paid phone, backpack and airline ticket.

October 2011 - CHI

I finish writing “On Exchange Medium and Speculation” when I look out the window in my 10th floor NE-facing corner penthouse in Printer’s Row staring directly at the clock of Dearborn Station and I caught a fleeting glimpse of time itself – and the magnitude of what I had just done hit me: that it was now possible to describe Traveler math; that space, time and thought aren’t the separate concepts we understand them to be. The foreword and closing remarks were hastily put together, only the later remains in active publication with the former having an awkward, but important, connection to Brett Favre and \FRACTAL\ along with a statement from Dr. Zaeske that compelled me to write Milton Friedman before he died about the gold standard – his response being, on purpose probably, most unsatisfactory: that the deflationary bias of the gold standard is sometimes overcome by discovery of new reserves and improvements in refining technology.

May 2011 CYBER

From: kjfnj@math.princeton.edu

Sent: Thursday, May 12, 2011 4:26PM

To Jason Lind

Subject: Re: Bayesian Games and Causal Inference in Statistics

Dear Mr. Lind,

Your working and studying life seems to have been complicated by aspects of “mental illness”.

well, really the pattern of “the human mind” is probably just not perfect at the current stage of evolution.

You MAY be able to live better by somehow evolving to be less dependent on psychiatric medicines.

However, I think that the medicines used to treat “bi-polar” tend to be less depressive of “cognitive functions” than those that are typically used to treat “schizophrenia”.

Maybe some optimal selection of medication, perhaps with some lithium, would minimize negative effects on cognition.

Sincerely,

John Forbes Nash, Jr.

#####

That response to my email had changed my life, after a little reflection I decided to drop off my meds and negotiate less cognitive depressing ones over the course of several hospitalizations. While he did not address my original enquiry, specifically Judea Pearl’s work on Statistical Causation that he pointed me to when I made some observations to him regarding next-order bounding on statistical distributions triggered by my work at Neuberger Berman, Dr. Nash’s response was remarkable given the amount of effort it took to find his email (buried 4 folders deep on his FTP server in a 10 year old paper).

October 2011 – CHI

The first thing I did after printing out “On Exchange Medium and Speculation” was walk over three blocks to The Adventurers Club of Chicago where in 2008 I had been made the “Youngest Resident Member in Club History” at age 24 (the previous record being 28). The Club is a “Hearth and home for those who go off the beaten path and make for adventure” and at first glance I might be an odd pick for such an honor in a club founded by Teddy Roosevelt in 1911 with Resident Members including Sir Edmund Hillary, Steve Fossett and several moon walkers – as I don’t climb mountains, fly planes or gone into space (at least yet). However I live a life of adventure, I am an applied game theorist: I make change through grand actions – with great risk to not only my short term reputation but immediate safety and freedom – that alter people’s perception of reality thus bending their utility curves and associated payoff functions over the long term.

Anyhoo I show my paper to the guys at the club, who are preparing for a conference and I ask: so when I win the Nobel Prize in Economics for this will I be flag eligible (there are less than 250 flags since the inception awarded for major accomplishments) and the Club Treasurer, Mike Salim, says “no” but a newer resident member John (I can’t remember his last name) says “I say yes Jason, remember that I was the one that said yes” – and I will.

June 2018

Dr. John McAdams and have been friends for nearly 20 years at this point, first as a student of his at Marquette University where he teaches Political Science – in fact inspiring me to declare a polisci minor and for many years attending regular lunches and brunches. This brunch was different though: it was on my turf at Group Bobaloo HQ – Shaker’s Cigar Bar.

We’re having drinks and a small plate, ordering scotches and crab claws, when I ask him about ‘On Exchange Medium and Speculation’ and he says “Jason, if that paper is ever demonstrated it will be a greater accomplishment than Nash-Equilibrium.”

27 June 2016 – CHI

Amanda Morden is President of Lind Innovation since 2012 and she and I take a walk in Story Parkway, the neighborhood of 246 N 50th Street, talking about my past – her past – our families’ future – our company’s future. We decided it was time to write on the wall, swerve into the curve so to speak.

I hop on the Amtrak to Chicago with The Book in tow and book a hostel in the heart of downtown with the express purpose of attending Lit Fest.

7 November 2011 – The Milwaukee private Library

Johnny V and I hadn't spoken for a number of years when I email him out of the blue pitching an MpL project – initially just one core aspect to a multi-faceted mixed-cyber/physical location that would be raised in simul across MKE and CHI. He suggested we do the whole thing in his Posner building located in the heart of downtown Milwaukee. I of course jumped on this opportunity and immediately set sail for MKE from CHI.

Checking into Mo's Restaurants' Corporate HQ around 10am and am greeted by a very pregnant Julia, an old friend from my Steak House days. Johnny had not mentioned I was coming but, for probably the last time in my life in that city, I was given the benefit of the doubt because I'm Jason *fucking* Lind et. al. – and she gives me a tour of the building. It is amazing architecture, completely gutted 12 stories, remarkable. Johnny had given a gem.

I call my old President of Engineering Student Council at MU, Rob Merkel, who is a very accomplished civil engineer and explain I have a massive project on my hands that I need to put a presentation together for by Saturday, I'm low on funds at the moment but there is a ton on the backend. See I had decided a tempo attack made the most sense - *carpe omnius momentia* (seize each and every moment) – that I wanted to galvanize the city behind this project by yielding immediate buy in, monetary and otherwise.

Rob puts me in touch with Andrew Boer and we walk the building and I pitch a vision of removing the center of the building to create an atrium – but do it with keeping all the art-deco tile around the sides in place. He agrees its plausible and he comes up with an idea, on this short notice, putting together a collage on a poster board of similar buildings around the world.

I contact Jim Petr, owner of Milwaukee PC, and we have lunch at Mo's Irish Pub in the Posner building, the only business active in the building at the time, and he allows me to pitch the project with MPC being an anchor tenant.

I design a brochure with Alex Yale as Chief Librarian, myself as Lind Innovation's Chief Architect, Jack Driscoll as NexDevices's Chief Engineer, Johnny Vassallo, Jim Petr, Andrew Boer, Scott Ginter Creative Director Studio 9yne and Teresa Morden of Lightwork Massage. The Aloft MKE is happy to print 100 copies for free and I go to war.

In Retrospect

How did it all go so wrong when I was in seemingly won position? Achieving success through tempo is not generally sound: "J, you can't jump over your own head" – Jeff C. Brock

27 October 2002

In May I had won my re-election as MU's Engineering Student Council's Treasurer with 58% of the vote, opposed by my ex-girlfriend, Cathleen's, best friend who was explicitly backed by the Sororities. The Fraternities didn't weigh in directly even though I had opposed their funding request for Greek Week and forced a compromise for a reduction in their request – probably the most significant setback of Greek motion in the council in decades. Rob, who had won with 89% of the vote and along with the rest of the board he was unopposed, commented that he had won in a landslide – which I retorted that statistically since I was facing someone on the ballot my margin of victory was more impressive than his.

I hop on a commercial airplane for the third time in my life to attend National Association of Engineering Student Council's national convention at PITT – and this time it is really cool, again Midwest Express but this time instead of a large body it's a 25 seater jet that you board on the runway. I had always been able to partake in the cookies but since I was traveling unchaperoned I was able to enjoy some of MWE's signature champagne too.

As NAESC's MW Regional Vice President of Finance I was heavily involved in the planning of converting our fiscal year from ending in December to one in May – the initial plan was to do two consecutive Regional Conferences: one in May per usual, then one in November followed by a National in May; since 4 regional conferences are cheaper to execute than one national conference. Since I had the inside track on this I had already sold – to student, faculty and business leadership - and developed a plan for holding the May Regional conference at Marquette so when unexpectedly local leadership expressed interest in holding two consecutive national conferences and the national board asked for two bids Rob and I contacted our faculty adviser and got permission to scale up our proposal which we then presented to over 100 student leaders around the country.

The 2004 MU NAESC National Convention is widely regarded as the most professional and successful in our history – naesc.org

Folding a sock with a ruler:

Lind! It's not fucking rocket science!

Sir, Trainee Lind reports as ordered! Sir, I've done rocket science and believe me I find this much more difficult.

That was USAF basic training in a nut shell. However I got through it, and in March 2004 when, after my graduation ceremony, my dad – off his wrist - gave me the Omega Seamaster I had given to him was only eclipsed in awards I had received from when a week prior my Training Instructor, in front of a 4* General, presented me my Airmen's Coin "Awarded on the day of becoming an Airman in the World's Greatest Airforce". I cried like a little school girl because there were times I never thought I'd make it that far and The General walked by and said softly: "that's the coolest thing I've ever seen."

27 October 2020 – 41 days left

This will likely be my last entry while I'm at Mendota as I have decided that I will do whatever is necessary to be transferred to a more restrictive unit. The staff on TRU are mostly decent, but several bad eggs really make a large difference. I wanted to talk to the unit manager, Ed, about this before he left yesterday – but he dodged me on his way out. If they don't think I have the resolve to fuck with them and live through code calls and even a trip to maximum security to get off this unit, they don't know me very well. As long as I don't commit a crime during this escapade I walk out the door a free man 7 December 2020 – they really can't touch me.

27 June 2016 – CHI

I check into the hostel on Ohio St. in the Gold Coast, only \$50/night to split a room with 2 other people. Borrowing \$1k from my tailor, Paul Chang, I put \$525 down for 10 nights. I then make my way to Printer's Row where LitFest is being setup. Printer's Row is my neighborhood for about 7 years ending in 2015 and as such I am well known, for better or worse, among business owners and residents alike.

I spent all of the money that night: bought a bottle of Talisker 18 from The Wine Store on Dearborn and gave the bottle to Bar Louie to sell. Had some sushi at Umai – bottle and fish for \$250, I guess I spent \$225 before I even got to Printer's Row.

I guess I'm not much of a story teller tonight, I don't want to be here – not just TRU but Mendota. I miss the network, I miss my friends, I miss my life. How the fuck did it come to this? Some moments it feels like there never will be a dawn – it just will keep getting darker and darker.

Teresa and I haven't talked since 2014, and in this moment I feel every bit of the decade by her count. So close yet so far away, another great AFWERX submission – leading this team was a hell of a challenge for obvious reasons.

27 March 2004 – Keesler AFB

I have risen to be the unofficial XO, as a Green Rope (Flight Leader [~50]), of the Red Rope (Squadron Leader [~500]) and he approaches me to let me know he's been invited to a special base wide event for the incoming base commander: Brig. Gen. William T. Lord, USAF – and he can bring two first term Airmen with him. He chooses me and one of his Yellow Ropes (Bay Leader [~150]). Sensing a unique opportunity to launch a real cyberattack and make a statement I convince the Red and Yellow to purchase Mess Dresses for \$550 (our E3 take home was \$425/mnth). Carpe Omnia Momentus!