Conversation between Ismael and Joshua

Joshua speaks at the first person “I”

**6 November 2015 - IJC / Joshua**

*Dear Ismael,*

*First off, since you have probably never used the TRULINCS email system before, I'll*

*give you a brief primer. You have to log in to TRULINCS to see the emails that I send*

*you. When I send you a new email, it's supposed to send a notification to your regular*

*email address, but it doesn't always (and, for some people, it doesn't at all). Emails in*

*your TRULINCS inbox expire after one month, so you are going to want to save these*

*emails in a file on your computer.*

*The initial email address that you gave me didn't work because you forgot to put a dot*

*between edu and gobelins, but BBC journalist Mike Wendling (who I have been in*

*correspondence with for years) was able to get the right email address from you.*

*Last year, Robert Rosso - who used to be on the unit with me at Terre Haute FCI -*

*interviewed me over the phone for his YouTube channel. The interview of me is up on*

*YouTube under the title of "Exclusive: convicted terrorist-troll Joshua Ryne Goldberg*

*speaks from Prison!" He said that he "used troll to poke at the terrorist label" and said*

*that "I hope you and your family are okay with it", but I didn't tell my family about it (other*

*than my aunt). I try to tell them as little about my personal life as I possibly can.*

*I was very intrigued by everything that you said in your letter. As you know, I am a huge*

*cinephile and a huge fan of avant-garde/experimental art in all mediums, especially in*

*films and video games. Since I have not heard of your name before, I am going to*

*guess that you first rose to prominence in the years after my arrest. I am also going to*

*guess that your films are somewhat along the lines of the classic arthouse*

*documentaries Sans soleil (which is my personal favorite documentary of all time) and*

*The House is Black. Off the top of my head, I can't think of any American filmmakers*

*who make documentaries in such a wildly unorthodox, avant-garde style. There have*

*been tons of great documentaries made in the US, of course, but most of them are done*

*in a much more conventional, matter-of-fact style.*

*What you describe - an undefinable mixture of documentary, fiction, and animation - is*

*exactly the sort of thing that I would create if I were to make a film about myself. I have*

*no interest in conventional autobiography (and I certainly have no interest in autohagiography*

*like that recent Stephen Spielberg film about himself). Many people have*

*told me that I should write a book, but I really don't even know where to begin. Again,*

*writing a conventional autobiography just isn't really my metier.*

*If you're looking for some more inspiration, one thoroughly unique and compelling*

*documentary short film that you probably haven't seen is the 2007 film i.Mirror by*

*Chinese artist ChinaTracy (Cao Fei), which is up on YouTube in its entirety. The film*

*documents ChinaTracy's Second Life relationship with an American man, and does so*

*with considerable artistry and poignancy. The first few minutes are some kind of weird*

*music video-type thing, so stick with it.*

*Since I've come to prison, I've written out several highly detailed ideas for movies and*

*TV shows. Most of them revolve around strange, troubled adolescent girls, as those are*

*the characters that I find to be the most interesting. I'll send you two of the ones with*

*the most potential so that you can tell me what you think - one is an idea for the new*

*"most disturbing movie ever made" and the other is an idea for a relatively benign*

*character study, but both revolve around selcouth young girls.*

*As a director, my biggest cinematic influences would most likely be Koji Wakamatsu,*

*Krzysztof Kieslowski, Robert Altman, Georges Melies, Satoshi Kon, and Terrence*

*Malick. Anyone even remotely familiar with those directors would find it pretty hard to*

*imagine a mixter-maxter of all of them together, but I think that I could pull it off quite*

*effectively. However, I wouldn't just pilfer other directors' styles. I would try to make my*

*films feel like nothing else ever made, with my own distinctly unique, one-of-a-kind*

*vision. Stylistically, I would draw heavily from influences like the Japanese New Wave*

*and the Hollywood New Wave, but I would make them my own esemplastic coadunation*

*of disparate elements along with a singularly original style unlike anything else ever*

*made.*

*One of the early reviews of A Serbian Film (the current "sickest movie ever made")*

*stated that there are some things that filmmakers have a moral obligation not to show. I*

*don't think so at all. I think that films should show everything just as graphically as if it*

*were real life. If anything, filmmakers have a duty to show evil as it really is, with*

*absolutely no phony sugar coating. As a director, I would never practice self-censorship*

*of any sort, and I would steadfastly refuse to have any of my films censored (which*

*means that many of them wouldn't get released in countries like the UK and Australia). I*

*would show it like it is, and I would never pull any punches. I'm not going to give*

*viewers some sanitized, watered-down bullshit. I'm going to force viewers to confront*

*the unimaginable evil that exists in the world, and I'm going to make viewers think about*

*things that they'd much rather not think about. But I would never take a sensationalistic,*

*exploitative, catchpenny approach to unpleasant subject matter, and not all (or even*

*most) of my films would contain any graphic, disturbing content.*

*I can send you my old "Persona Factory" essay, along with other essays that I wrote for*

*my prison psychologists, but I humbly entreat that you please not publish them. I'll start*

*with the "Persona Factory" one, since you requested it. Other essays that I wrote for*

*my prison psychologists range from "Am I a Sociopath?" to "Floating Around in Space".*

*When I was at Terre Haute FCI, I wrote a new article titled "How Prison Made Me Hate*

*the Police". In the near future, I'm going to put a few finishing touches on it and then*

*have my sister publish it from my Medium account.*

*While I was in the SHU at Terre Haute FCI, SIS officers there told me that I "got*

*screwed" and that I "shouldn't be in prison" because I was "just bored and fucking with*

*people". I wish that they had been the ones sentencing me and not the judge who went*

*out of his way to make a point by giving me additional time beyond what even the*

*prosecutor wanted. At the same time, I do feel like I should have had to face some*

*consequences for my online actions, which were incredibly stupid and reckless and*

*could have very easily resultedin real harm to real people, even if that was not my*

*intention.*

*I usually project a very dour, saturnine disposition, but I will often capriciously oscillate*

*between acting like an angry, toxic, hateful ball of negativity and acting like a puckish,*

*playful child. I also often act like some bizarre, one-of-a-kind combination of both. One*

*of the things that I'm known for in real life is for saying totally outlandish things in a*

*completely blunt, deadpan, matter-of-fact manner. Whenever people ask me what my*

*name is, I usually tell them that my name is Satan (and many inmates actually call me*

*Satan for that very reason). When they ask me what I'm in here for, I usually answer*

*with "I'm in here for chopping people's heads off and fucking their eye sockets."*

*Whenever my mom asks me what I did today, I usually answer with something like "I*

*ascended into heaven on the wings of the angels" or "I found out I'm pregnant." I*

*always go outside in the snow wearing just my T-shirt with no jacket and, whenever*

*anyone says anything to me about it, I always tell them that "I'm a real gangster. Real*

*gangsters don't need jackets." Most people think that I'm very weird, eccentric, and*

*crazy, but not in a creepy or off-putting way. I'm generally pretty well-liked.*

*Best wishes,*

*Joshua Goldberg*

**6 novembre 2015 - IJC / Joshua 2**

Hey... I sent my "Dear Ismael" email before I received this. Please let me know if you've received it and read it yet. Because the Corrlinks system is so wonky, it often takes days for emails to be received after they're sent.

Yes, I am open to sharing my story. I will most likely consent to having text exchanges turned into art, but am more hesitant about super cringey stuff that I wrote years ago.

You will want to save these emails in a file somewhere since they expire after a certain amount of time.

**8 Nov - Joshua - Message for my Email Contacts**

*Below is the message that I sent to all of my email contacts (except for my mother) on*

*June 29, 2018, shortly after my sentencing:*

*If you have been following my case, then you know that I was sentenced to 10 years in*

*prison. The plea deal was for 8 years, but the judge felt that that wasn't enough. The*

*prosecutor called multiple witnesses to testify, while my lawyer only called on one at the*

*beginning (my mother).*

*It was very upsetting for my parents and godparents to see all of the evidence*

*presented against me. But, as exhausting and devastating as the trial was, I did not*

*shed a single tear. I guess, over the years, I have learned that suppressing all emotions*

*(other than the most shallow, like anger) is the only emotional strategy that makes*

*sense to me. I have always had a very hard time understanding and processing*

*feelings.*

*Even so, I do feel exceptionally hopeless about my situation. I truly feel that my life is*

*over - cut down before it had even really begun. In the end, the only people who were*

*truly hurt by my actions were myself and my family. The stress that I put on my family*

*was overwhelming. My mother already has multiple sclerosis and a myriad of other*

*problems to deal with, so the last thing that she needed was for her son (and, by*

*extension, her) to be thrust into the middle of a high-profile terrorism trial and an*

*accompanying international media frenzy. When I was first arrested, I truly feared that*

*my mother would end up in the hospital, if not the morgue.*

*I also cannot shake the feeling that, in the long run, my family would ultimately be better*

*off if the FBI had shot and killed me when they raided my house. My family will love me*

*no matter what, but I do not remotely deserve their unconditional love. From my early*

*childhood right up to the present day, I have done nothing but create constant grief and*

*hardship for them, and, to be perfectly honest, I don't see that ever changing.*

*In addition, what they saw in court makes it extremely difficult for me to talk to them.*

*The prosecution, as is their job, went out of their way to paint me as the spawn of*

*Satan, including falsely stating that I had told the undercover FBI informant that it was*

*fine to kill children (I made no such statement and, if I had, you can rest assured that*

*they would have shown it, which they didn't). I was portrayed as someone who was*

*100% sincere in their commitment to the sick, oppressive ideology of ISIS, even though*

*everyone who knows me knows that I'm an atheist who regularly criticizes Islam and*

*religion in general.*

*I blame Australian journalist Luke McMahon constantly egging me on in private for much*

*of what I did. While I wanted to back out and abandon the "Australi Witness" persona*

*altogether, he knew exactly what manipulative things to say in order to goad me into*

*doing things that would eventually lead to my arrest, which was undoubtedly his ultimate*

*goal from the very beginning. But, in the end, I mainly have myself to blame for my*

*stupid and reckless actions, which follow a long pattern of stupid and reckless behavior*

*over the course of my short life.*

*I will now be spending my entire twenties in prison and, when I get out, I will be an*

*unemployable pariah, treated the same as would be Jared Fogle or Jerry Sandusky. I*

*don't want to forever be a parasitic leech on the family whose name I have forever*

*besmirched, but what other options will I have? My prison term will eventually expire,*

*but the everlasting black mark of shame that I have placed on myself and my family*

*never will. And, in the end, that life sentence of shame is infinitely worse than any*

*prison sentence could ever be.*

***8 Nov - Joshua - Persona Factory Essay From February 17, 2017***

*On websites where one is asked to give a short self-description in their profile, my*

*description of myself would always be "Who am I?". Indeed, that's a question that I find*

*myself pondering every single day, but I have no real answer to it. I have no idea who I*

*am, but I know who I have pretended to be - everyone from a European-American Jew*

*to a Japanese teenage girl to an Inuit in Greenland. On the Internet, I could be whoever*

*I wanted to be, and that is exactly what I did. In an article by Cathy Young published*

*shortly after my arrest, the lurid saga of my Internet antics and my subsequent exposure*

*as a troll with countless personas was described as "a cautionary tale" reminiscent of a*

*well-known editorial cartoon in which two dogs are seen at a computer, with one dog*

*telling the other that, "on the Internet, nobody knows you're a dog." Young concluded*

*that, on the Internet, one can sometimes get the sinking feeling that everyone online is*

*just "you and one troll with five million different personas."*

*As I am sure you know, the persona that I was arrested for was "Australi Witness", an*

*Australian ISIS supporter. But "Australi Witness" was only one of my countless*

*personas - other notable ones included "Tanya Cohen" (a.k.a. "DreamBug"), "Amina*

*Washington" (a.k.a. "Blackberry\_Rosemary" on Reddit and "AminaBlackberry" on*

*Twitter), "Michael Slay" (a.k.a. "European88"), "Emily Savea" (a.k.a.*

*"Emily\_Americana"), "Mouthful\_of\_Grandpa", "Death\_to\_SJWs", "Nuke\_Europe",*

*"Island\_Angel", "Hadiyo Elmi", "Ryoko Tamada", "metacanadian\_420", "Dinah*

*Silverstein", "Karen Rosenbaum", "Emily Goldstein", and "GameBoy Girl", to name just*

*a few. Almost everything that I do - both online and offline - is a persona. Virtually all of*

*my words and actions - on the Internet and in real life - are just me taking on roles or*

*putting on an act. I have no real idea of who I "really" am and what my "real" personality*

*is. And I can analyze fictional characters, but I can't analyze myself, so I guess I sort of*

*@November 9, 2023 11:20 AM*

*have to turn myself into a fictional character (or numerous fictional characters) in order*

*for things to make sense to me. I have no real sense of self or a real self-identity. I*

*have no idea what I "really" am.*

*I often pretended to be a far-right fascist on the Internet (as "Michael*

*Slay"/"European88"/"Gas-the-Kikes"/"Le\_Cancerkin"/"*

*Maydolf\_Titler"/"WakeUpWhiteMan"/"Proud\_European"/etc.), but that was only to*

*get a rise out of people (and to sabotage/discredit the extreme right). I am not remotely*

*a bigot in real life. In actuality, I have no real, concrete political allegiances, and I*

*usually just try to be as contrarian as possible. There is really no political ideology in*

*existence that I do not hold in the utmost contempt, hence why I bent over backwards to*

*offend and outrage everyone from the far-left to the far-right. A quick look at my main*

*Twitter account - "MoonMetropolis" - will show that I was far-right one minute and far-left*

*the next minute, spewing out an extremely broad range of wildly incompatible*

*ideological viewpoints and basically just going out of my way to always disagree with*

*whoever I was arguing with at the moment and to buck against whatever the majority*

*opinion was. A casual glance at my main IMDb account - "Madotsuki\_the\_Dreamer" -*

*will show that my contrarian streak is not only political in nature, but also extends to*

*everything from movies and music to my utter disdain for everything that "normal"*

*people enjoy, like sex and partying. "Madotsuki\_the\_Dreamer" was basically how I like*

*to imagine myself being - as some kind of real-life Daria Morgendorffer from Daria*

*mixed with Madotsuki from Yume Nikki mixed with Rei Ayanami from Neon Genesis*

*Evangelion mixed with Daniel Plainview from There Will Be Blood. Again, everything is*

*much easier for me if I just make myself into a fictional character. I can't just "be*

*myself", because I have no idea who "myself" really is.*

*Creating personas is not just something that I do on the Internet. A few times here at*

*Butner FMC, I've told people that I'm Apollo, a computer hacker from Hagatna, Guam.*

*If I had been living on a college campus, I probably would have gone as far as dressing*

*up like a woman, putting on a voice modifier, and passing myself off as Ponette LaCroix,*

*an exchange student from Paris. Then I probably would have changed my outfit and*

*wig, adjusted my voice modifier, and told people that I was Pandora Baskova, a*

*Russian-American painter from Anchorage, Alaska. In many ways, this behavior is very*

*similar to the character Roger Smith from the awful Seth MacFarlane cartoon American*

*Dad - a space alien with a "persona factory" where he constantly invents new human*

*personas, both male and female, for himself to act as in public. In one episode, Roger*

*has an emotional breakdown and burns down his persona factory after coming to the*

*realization that he only creates these personas because he is utterly hollow inside, with*

*no real sense of self.*

*Perhaps, at the end of the day, that's all I really am: a persona factory. Is that really*

*something that anyone should aspire to be? No, of course not. Much like Roger, I am*

*little more than a hollow shell of a person - able to put on an act and pretend to be*

*whoever I want, but not able to have any real sense of who I truly am. So, as my old*

*online self-description says: Who am I? Well, that sure beats me.*

**8 - Nov - Joshua - Reply to Ismael’s questions**

*First off, there are pages and pages of things that I've sent to Mike Wendling (and*

*others) over the years that you would definitely be interested in reading. Some of the*

*paragraphs in this email are paragraphs that I previously sent to Wendling - and, again,*

*there is plenty more where that came from.*

*How did you first come across my Medium articles and my IMDb account? I can only*

*hope that my IMDb lists (like the massive "Films Considered Distrubing" one) are still*

*up, as I put a great deal of time and effort into them.*

*The House is Black is a must-see short film (especially for a documentary filmmaker),*

*showing off the infinite poetical potential of cinema. Here's how the book 1001 Movies*

*You Must See Before You Die succinctly describes it: "Forugh Farrokhzad's twentyminute*

*black-and-white documentary about a leper colony in northern Iran is one of the*

*most powerful films to have come out of this country - the most poetic as well as the*

*most radically humanist. Farrokhzad (1935 - 1967) is commonly regarded as the*

*greatest Persian poet of the twentieth century, and one of her poems can be heard*

*recited by the hero in Abbas Kiarostami's The Wind Will Carry Us (1999), whose title is*

*that of the poem. Her only film - which reflects the probably influence of silent Soviet*

*cinema without being in any way obviously derivative of it - seamlessly adapts the*

*techniques of poetry to its framing, editing, sound, and narration. The latter is split*

*between two voices, male and female. The male voice, belonging to Ebrahim Golestan -*

*the film's producer, Farrokhzad's lover, and a considerable filmmaker in his own right - is*

*mainly objective and factual; the female voice is Farrokhzad's, offering a poetic and*

*highly emotional reverie about her subject that incorporates passages from the Old*

*Testament. At once lyrical and extremely matter-of-fact, devoid of sentimentality or*

*voyeurism yet profoundly humanist, The House is Black offers a view of life in the*

*colony - people eating, various medical treatments, children at school and at play - that*

*is spiritual, unflinching, and beautiful in ways that have no apparent Western*

*counterparts; it registers like a prayer."*

*If I were to make documentaries, many of them would be cinema verite films like the*

*kind made by Frederick Wiseman. Stan Brakhage's film The Act of Seeing With One's*

*Own Eyes (a silent, detached examination of autopsies) is another perfect example of*

*what my documentaries would be like. I would often film highly sensational subjects in a*

*completely subdued, matter-of-fact, non-sensational manner. I would never be shoving*

*my views down the audience's throat. The viewers can decide for themselves.*

*The classic 1929 experimental film and cinematic tone poem H2O is one of my all-time*

*favorites. Like The House is Black and The Act of Seeing With One's Own Eyes, it is the*

*apotheosis of the poetic avant-garde documentary film. Experimental filmmaker*

*Nathaniel Dorsky made a similar film about sand, Alaya (1987), which I've heard is a*

*masterpiece, but was never able to track down a copy of.*

*A Trip to the Moon (1902) - which I'm sure you've seen - is my favorite short film of all*

*time, though. I've loved that film and all of Georges Melies's films since I was a kid. His*

*films were surrealism before surrealism existed, as strange, magical, dreamlike, and*

*irresistibly charming as it gets. The crudeness of the early special effects only enhances*

*the charm (and the haunting atmosphere) of the films. I absolutely adore Melies's*

*surreal imagery, which was a huge influence on the development of surrealism. One of*

*my favorite bands - The Smashing Pumpkins - did a tribute to Melies with the music*

*video for their song "Tonight, Tonight", with the video being a riff on A Trip to the Moon.*

*Needless to say, that's definitely my favorite music video.*

*On IMDb, I was known for being exceptionally contrarian, often giving negative reviews*

*to universally revered films like The Godfather and Bicycle Thieves (I was particularly*

*known for how much I hated the movie Fargo). One could compare me to Armond White*

*in that respect, but the main difference between him and I is that Armond White would*

*not only trash critically acclaimed films, but would also name something like Paul Blart:*

*Mall Cop as the best movie of the year. There are tons and tons of highly acclaimed*

*films that I didn't like, but there are no universally panned films that I loved.*

*The only time I ever gave the thumbs-up to a universally panned film (I gave it 6/10,*

*which just barely qualifies as a thumbs-up) was the 1991 film Closet Land. The only film*

*to ever get an R rating "for psychological torture", the film was made as a political*

*statement against torture (the director's husband worked for Amnesty International). It's*

*a 2-character drama that consists entirely of a children's book author (played by*

*Madeleine Stowe) being interrogated by a totalitarian government goon for allegedly*

*inserting clandestine anti-government messages into her books (it's eventually revealed*

*that the interrogator molested the author when she was a child as well). The film's*

*biggest problem is that it's just so incredibly over-the-top and theatrical, with the*

*elaborate set pieces and overly dramatic acting style detracting significantly from its*

*power. In order to be effective as a statement against torture, you need grueling, brutal*

*realism, not hammy, scenery-chewing melodrama. Still, it's not a bad film at all, IMO.*

*Leonard Maltin gave it one-and-a-half stars, but conceded that nobody can possibly*

*accuse the filmmakers of taking the easy way out. Indeed, it takes considerable skill to*

*make something like this, even if it could have certainly been much better.*

*As stated before, if I were a director, I would constantly force viewers to confront the*

*unimaginable evil that exists in the world, and I would constantly make people think*

*about things that they don't want to think about. But I would never be exploitative or*

*mean-spirited, and my films would always be imbued with genuine pathos and*

*tenderness.*

*Lars von Trier and Werner Herzog would definitely not be influences of mine. I*

*absolutely hate Lars von Trier's films (he ranks right alongside Harmony Korine as my*

*least favorite director), and Werner Herzog's films have never really made much of any*

*impression on me one way or the other (I never really understood the massive amounts*

*of praise heaped on them).*

*The 2008 Japanese film Children of the Dark is a good example of the way that I would*

*approach unpleasant subject matter. Following Japanese NGO workers investigating*

*child sex and organ trafficking in Thailand, movies really do not get much more*

*unrelentingly grim than this. There is not a single light or humorous moment and, every*

*time you think that it's going to cut away, it doesn't. The film is jaw-droppingly graphic,*

*showing absolutely everything in unflinching detail - you see small children get raped on*

*screen, beaten severely, deliberately infected with diseases, killed, cut open, and used*

*as organ farms. But at no point does it feel like you're watching sensationalistic*

*exploitation, nor does the viewer become numb to what they're seeing (unlike in many*

*other films of this type), and the director knows how to fill the film with genuine empathy*

*and poignancy (one scene between an ingenue Japanese worker and a dying child is*

*quite touching). This is powerful, important, and unforgettable cinema, even if it's*

*something that's absolutely guaranteed to ruin your day.*

*Honestly, I'm not a fan of shock value for the sake of shock value or violence for the*

*sake of violence. And I'm especially not a fan of violence played for laughs. If I were a*

*director, my portrayals of violence would be extremely graphic, but they would never be*

*titillating or exploitative, and they would certainly never be funny. My violent scenes*

*would be deeply disturbing, profoundly sickening, and often quite thought-provoking.*

*My cloistered and recumbent daily existence in the SHU was, ironically, very similar to*

*the sessile, tenebrous life that I lived on the street. It was an existence characterized by*

*listless indolence, with the main difference being that I had absolutely no contact with*

*the outside world other than letters (which were the only thing to look forward to). When*

*one is in the SHU, it is extremely difficult to feel anything other than total*

*disconsolateness and impuissance. No prison provides a salubrious environment*

*(especially when it comes to mental health), but nothing is more insalubrious than being*

*in the SHU for an extended period of time. And I genuinely fear that being in the SHU*

*for so long has done permanent psychological damage. Ever since I spent more than a*

*year in the SHU in 2019 - 2020, I've been feeling almost dyslexic when I try to read, like*

*my mind can't focus on one word at a time. I can only assume that being in the SHU for*

*so long is what caused this, as it was never a problem before. I had hoped that it would*

*only be temporary, yet it persists.*

*It's funny that you ask me about dreams, as that's something that I've always been*

*utterly fascinated by. For a while now, I've been trying to induce a lucid dream, but*

*haven't had any success so far.*

*The Coney Island Amateur Psychoanalytic Society was an underground collective*

*dedicated primarily to analyzing each other's dreams, and they made a series of*

*fascinating avant-garde films based on their dreams. Google "Coney Island Amateur*

*Psychoanalytic Society" and you'll find an article about them with all of the films, which*

*are very much worth watching.*

*My favorite artwork in any medium would probably have to be the freeware computer*

*game Yume Nikki (Dream Diary), which I was known for my fixation with online*

*(Madotsuki\_the\_Dreamer was my screen name on IMDb and Madotsuki was my avatar*

*on all sites). This is not a game that requires any skill to play - it's an art game that's all*

*about exploration and discovery (many call games like this "exploration games" or*

*"walking simulators"). In the game, players explore the dreams of a mysterious young*

*girl named Madotsuki (which means something like "windowed", hence why she has a*

*window on her dress). As you wander around the dreams, you gather "effects", most of*

*which do absolutely nothing. There are "events" in the dreams, the most well-known of*

*which is one where, if you turn off the lights in one part of a dream, there's a random*

*chance that the dream will suddenly turn into a hellish nightmare where a blonde young*

*girl in the room turns into a freakish ghost-looking figure who fans call Uboa and, if you*

*touch Uboa, you'll be transported into another nightmarish atmosphere where Uboa's*

*face has changed to be even more bizarre and you can only move from side to side*

*through some kind of white liquid (the only way to get out of this part is the same way*

*that you get out of any part of the game - by pinching yourself to wake up). Once you*

*gather every "effect", you're able to end the game by taking Madotsuki out of her*

*apartment, which she proceeds to jump off of to her death. The game has a massive*

*cult following, with people creating "fangames" based on it and posting theories about*

*what they think certain things in the game mean (one of the most common theories is*

*that Madotsuki was raped - this has been said so much that fans of the game now*

*mockingly say "Madowasraped" as an in-joke). I was a regular on Uboachan, an*

*anonymous imageboard dedicated to the game (this was certainly the only anonymous*

*imageboard in existence with a relatively civil, mature community), and I created the*

*Uboachan groups on Facebook and Steam). Yume Nikki is surrealist art at its absolute*

*finest, and it serves as irrefutable proof that video games deserve to be taken seriously*

*as an artistic medium. I absolutely adore artsy, 2deep4u indie games like this.*

*When psychologists at Miami FDC had me take a personality test, they were unable to*

*form any conclusions from it because I gave such an extremely unusual combination of*

*answers. That sounds about right.*

*My sister was not the one who published my last 2 Medium pieces. They were*

*published by my closest online friend, Melanie, who I've known online since I was 14*

*(but have never actually met in real life). Melanie is now too busy to publish things for*

*me, however, hence why I now rely on my sister for it.*

*The closer I am to someone, the less I want them knowing about me. Since I'm closest*

*to my immediate family, I want them knowing the least about me, and I don't tell them*

*anything that goes on in my life. The only people who I'm remotely comfortable with*

*knowing about my personal life are complete strangers. That's why I'm comfortable*

*being so frank with you here. I am very candid and ingenuous with strangers. You're a*

*stranger to me and I'm a stranger to you - and I wouldn't want it any other way.*

*A stranger in a strange place,*

*Joshua Goldberg*

**8 - Nov - Joshua - Hawaiian Pizza**

Hawaiian Pizza is, like most of the movie and TV show ideas that I've come up with, an

animated character study of a strange, troubled, selcouth adolescent girl, but this would

be a very different kind of story than many of the other ones that I've come up with, and

this protagonist would be very different from many of my others. The violent, disturbing,

nihilistic, life-denying tone would be absolutely nowhere to be found here, and the

protagonist of this film would not be a disturbed, emotionless, amoral, apathetic loner

(although she wouldn't exactly be the picture of normality either, and would demonstrate

many troubling behaviors). The film would follow Nola Terayama, a half-black, half-

Japanese 12-year-old girl in Honolulu, whose wealthy parents (both corporate types)

pay her absolutely no attention whatsoever. Nola very much looks black, with Asian

eyes, and has big, curly black hair. In stark contrast to most people in Hawaii, Nola

only wears long-sleeved shirts and long pants, as she can't stand having any part of

her body exposed. Nola is exceptionally beautiful, but never wears makeup. Nola is

a lesbian, but refuses to admit that she is, even though everyone knows it (most

directors would make this the entire focus of the movie, but not me; it would just be a

minor plot point). Nola is very enigmatic and puzzling, and a lot of her behaviors make

absolutely no logical sense (for example, at one point, she calls in a bomb threat to her

parents' workplace for no apparent reason). She would come across as a very mixed-up

and very confused (but very sympathetic) young girl.

Nola's only friend at school is a lively, sassy, charming, alacritous black girl who

goes by the nickname Pudding (Pudding's real name, Brittany Wallace, is not

revealed until the last scene). Pudding wears her hair in braids and is, like Nola,

average height and size for a 12-year-old girl. Nola and Pudding are the only black

students at a school consisting almost entirely of Japanese and Filipino students, and

both of them are avid skateboarders and rollerskaters. Pudding's low-income

deadbeat parents (both hardcore drug addicts) are just as negligent as Nola's rich

parents and, like Nola, Pudding has absolutely no supervision whatsoever (Nola's

parents are seen only very briefly and sporadically, while Pudding's parents are never

seen). The friendship between Nola and Pudding takes on romantic overtones at times,

they are very affectionate with each other, they are often shown holding hands, and they

go to the school dance together, but it is never explicitly stated that they are anything

more than just close friends (although the other kids constantly gossip about them being

a lesbian couple; when another girl calls Nola a dyke, Nola responds by bashing that girl

in the face with a fire extinguisher, breaking the girl's nose and getting Nola suspended

from school). Nola's other friend is her next-door neighbor Fred Matsushima, a gay,

elderly Japanese man who tries to be a positive influence on Nola (especially since he

knows that Nola's parents are focused entirely on their careers and pay zero attention

whatsoever to Nola).

Nola gets herself a cooking job at local pizza joint Pizza Luau by convincing the

restaurant's owner - a clueless Filipino immigrant who speaks very poor English -

that she's actually a 24-year-old woman from Dallas named Yolanda Peters who has a

rare genetic condition that causes her to look like a 12-year-old (Nola even puts on a

mock-Texan twang whenever she's in his presence, often busting out a "WELL,

SHEEIT!"). Nola turns Pizza Luau's basement into a mini-skate park and invites

Pudding over to skate there, with Pudding then inviting more people over. Soon

afterwards, people begin offering Nola money to use the pizza place for other purposes,

with Nola accepting the money from all of them without any consideration. Eventually,

some shady characters begin using the place to store and sell drugs, getting Nola and

Pudding inadvertently entangled in a large drug ring that ends up getting busted by the

feds. Nola breaks the law on a constant basis from beginning to end (she is especially

fond of stealing things), but this is the first time that she actually gets in trouble for it.

The last scene would be Nola and Pudding smiling at each other in the courtrom, both

of them very happy to see each other again and both of them paying absolutely no

attention to what the prosecutor is saying.

This film would not be suitable for the youngest children, but it would be suitable for kids

Nola's age. The film's content would be at a PG-13 level. For example, in one scene,

Nola and Pudding get in trouble for clicking into porn on a school computer; the porn

would not be shown on screen, only their reactions to it (and, eventually, the teacher's

reaction to it). Nola is very innocent and prudish about sex, but Pudding indicates that

she has been having sex (with both boys and girls) since early childhood. There would

be nothing graphic in this film, but it would still touch on some very dark subject matter

at times. The darkest moment in the film would be a scene where Nola and Pudding

8 - Nov - Joshua - Hawaiian Pizza 3

both smoke a bunch of marijuana (which both of them had never done before) and Nola

ends up telling Pudding how she got molested at a summer camp that her parents sent

her to when she was 8, which is why she always dresses so conservatively. Pudding

also tells Nola about how she often sees her father beating her mother, how scared it

makes her feel, and how she frequently considers running away. Eventually, Nola and

Pudding fall asleep snuggled up together.

The film would, like all of my films, take an extremely intimate view of the inner life of its

protagonist, and the dialogue would have a very naturalistic feel to it, with the

characters often having extremely candid, intimate conversations (I would have actual

12-year-old girls do the voices of these characters; Pudding's voice is unmistakably that

of an African-American girl, but Nola's voice sounds like it could belong to a girl of any

race). Throughout the film, Nola and Pudding have extended (and often quite profound)

conversations about a wide range of topics, frequently delving into some very

uncomfortable subjects, which would be discussed in incredibly frank detail. Nola and

Fred have similarly deep conversations, and there would be a memorable scene where

Fred tells Nola about his experiences being placed in an internment camp during WWII,

and how it paled in comparison to the persecution that he experienced as a gay man.

Fred repeatedly tries to get Nola to come to terms with her own homosexuality, but is

never able to (everyone knows that Nola is gay except for Nola). As always, there would

be absolutely no trite, preachy, schmaltzy, perfervid schwarmerei when dealing with this

subject matter (or any subject matter).

One thing that would characterize a lot of my films is that you would have a hard time

believing that they hadn't been made by a female director. My portrayals of the inner

lives and minds of turbulent young girls would be so in-depth and so intimate that you

would swear that they had been done by someone who was once a turbulent young girl.

It's actually a lot harder for me to come up with male protagonists than it is for me to

come up with female ones, and my films would mainly be from the female perspective.

The psychology of women (especially of young girls) is just so much more interesting

than the psychology of men.

Another thing that would characterize my films is that I would frequently use music that

clashes wildly with what's portrayed on screen, and it would often feel like the

soundtrack had just been assembled completely at random. In this film, the soundtrack

would consist entirely of jazz music, which Nola is a huge fan of. All throughout the film,

there would be amusing scenes - set to jazz music - of Nola walking around stores and

shoplifting random items. There would be a memorable scene where Nola sneaks into a

jazz festival (which she recklessly drove to by hotwiring her parents' minivan), then

sneaks backstage to try to steal a saxophone from her favorite musician, only to get

caught in the act. Rather than getting mad at her, the wise old jazz musician has an

intimate talk with Nola, then lets her have the saxophone (after autographing it).

This would not be a comedy film, but there would be a lot of funny moments in it. One

repeated source of low-key humor would be how Nola constantly goes to local skate

shop Sk8 Station to shoplift skate gear, snagging it directly in front of the always-stoned

teenage pothead burnout working behind the desk who never stops her. On the

occasions when he says anything at all, like "hey, you're supposed to pay for that", Nola

always gives him some new concocted excuse, like "it's fine, I work here. This is all outof-

date stuff that your boss told me to get rid of." And he always responds something

like "oh, okay."

The worst influence on Nola is Pudding's delinquent friend Lottie. A freckled

redhead who always wears her hair in pigtails, Lottie is the spoiled rotten child of

two billionaires who own the company that Nola's parents work for - and, thanks to her

parents, Lottie gets away with absolutely everything. Lottie instructs Nola on all manner

of criminal activities and supplies the marijuana that Nola and Pudding try in an

aforementioned scene. In one scene, Lottie hotwires her parents' expensive sports

car (teaching Nola how to do so), then takes Nola and Pudding on a reckless joyride

before slamming the car through a public swimming pool's gates and crash-landing in

the swimming pool (the people at the swimming pool only narrowly avoid getting hit).

Lottie, Nola, and Pudding all escape unharmed, and Lottie, as always, gets in no real

trouble for it.

Ladybugs would be a recurring motif in all of my films, including this one. Ladybugs

would appear all throughout this film, from Nola's ladybug shirt and ladybug

backpack to the ladybug video game that Nola plays on her phone. All of my films

would have at least one albino character and at least one mute character as well. In

this film, Nola secretly has a massive crush on Lumina, a resplendently beautiful

mute albino girl at her school. The epitome of the cute mute, Lumina comes across

as the most innocent, pure-hearted girl on the face of the earth, with a downright

magical aura about her. Lumina - the daughter of a Native Hawaiian man and an

albino Ukrainian woman - communicates only through written notes, usually has on

face paint, and dreams of being a circus acrobat. There would be a charming scene

where Lumina (via written note) invites Nola to her house, which Nola rollerblades to.

Lumina paints Nola's face up and tries to teach Nola acrobatics. As Nola leaves, Lumina

kisses her on the cheek, causing Nola to blush. Later, I would make a follow-up film -

Lumina's Light - focusing on Lumina as an adult (and the adult Nola would make an

appearance at the end of Lumina's Light).

In all of my films, I would try to avoid the typical tropes and cliches used by Hollywood

filmmakers. For example, the typical Hollywood director would make race a focal point

of a story like Hawaiian Pizza, but, thankfully, I'm not the typical Hollywood director. The

subject of Nola's racial identity (being half-black and half-Japanese) would never even

be discussed at any point in the film. Nola's homosexuality would be discussed, but it

would not be the central focus of the film, and there would be no didactic moralizing of

any sort. The typical Hollywood director would go absolutely out of their way to show off

how totally woke and progressive they are, but, again, I'm not the typical Hollywood

director. I would never be shoving any views down viewers' throats, and I would never

even take sides in anything portrayed in my films. Whether I'm portraying deeply

sympathetic characters like Nola or profoundly evil and scrofulous ones, I would always

take a totally neutral, detached viewpoint of everything and I would always let the

viewers decide for themselves. All of my characters would be extremely fleshed out,

nuanced, and multilayered, and there would be no simplistic black-and-white morality in

any of my films.

**11/9/2023 2:50:22 PM - Nana's Journey (2/2) JOSHUA RYNE GOLDBERG (63197018)**

From: Sent Date: Subject: GOLDBERG JOSHUA RYNE (63197018) Thursday, November 9, 2023 5:20 PM Nana's Journey (1/2) To: [ismael.joffroy-chandoutis@edu.gobelins.fr](mailto:ismael.joffroy-chandoutis@edu.gobelins.fr)

*One day, Veronica and Veronica's parents give a seminar at Nana's school on the*

*importance of preventing school bullying and treating others with respect. Once the*

*seminar is completed, Nana follows them to their car (which is in a remote area) in a*

*balaclava and uses a device that she built to lock them inside and disable the car. Nana*

*then soaks the car in gasoline and sets it on fire, causing Veronica and her parents to*

*burn to death in their car. For a brief moment, Nana pulls up her balaclava, looks*

*Veronica in the eyes for the last time as she screams and burns, and then pulls back*

*down her balaclava and casually walks off. The next day at school, Zayla - one of the*

*girls who held Nana down while Veronica raped Nana with a broomstick - quietly says*

*"thank you" in Nana's ear. Nana is obviously startled, but doesn't say anything in*

*response. Later on, Nana is seen at Veronica's funeral, put together by a Catholic*

*church, in which an obviously drunk Australian priest gives an emotional eulogy about*

*what a kind and loving young Christian Veronica was.*

*Eventually, Nana gets enough Bitcoins to buy a handgun with ammo, along with the*

*materials to make a pipe bomb. Nana assembles a pipe bomb and places it in the mail*

*to Yuri's parents. Nana then sneaks up behind her uncle and shoots him in the back of*

*the stomach. As he tries to crawl away, Nana pulls down his underpants, grabs his*

*testicles, and crushes them under her shoe with bitter tears of rage in her eyes. She*

*then uses a butcher knife to cut off his penis and smashed-up testicles and stuffs them*

*into his mouth. As her uncle screams, gags, vomits, and defecates on himself, Nana*

*stabs both of his eyes out, then guts him open and pulls out several of his internal*

*organs before shoving the butcher knife into his anus. Finally, she carves "PEDO" into*

*his forehead, then grabs one of his vodka bottles, pours it all over him, and sets him on*

*fire, setting the entire apartment on fire as she leaves. Walking to the rooftop covered in*

*blood, the landlord tries to stop Nana and Nana cold-bloodedly shoots him in the head*

*without even a second thought. Once she reaches the rooftop, Nana stands with her*

*back to the edge and blows her brains out, causing her body to splatter onto the*

*pavement below. Soon after this happens, a group of giggling teenage boys come out of*

*a nearby building and start filming Nana's body on their phones, saying that*

*"MonsterWeb is gonna love this." Cut to black.*

*All trailers and promotional material for this film would completely downplay the*

*disturbing nature of the film, giving viewers absolutely no indication of what they're in*

*for. However, the very first scene of the film would let viewers know right away precisely*

*what they're in for. The film opens with Nana getting on her laptop and watching a video*

*of Mexican cartel members using a chainsaw to torture and dismember a screaming,*

*naked pregnant woman tied to a chair. The cartel members chainsaw off the woman's*

*breasts, arms, and legs, then saw open her belly, rip out her fetus, throw it to the*

*ground, and stomp on it before vertically sawing the woman in half, starting from the*

*bottom. Nana casually watches all of this with icy, detached indifference. As Nana is*

*about to click into another grotesque video, Nana's drunken uncle stumbles into the*

*room, bashes Nana over the head with a vodka bottle, and then anally rapes her for*

*several minutes before vomiting on her and then stumbling out of the room. Nana takes*

*a shower in her clothes, cleans up her uncle's vomit, then gets back on her laptop and*

*watches a video of someone in a morgue cutting a hole in the belly of a limbless torso*

*and then raping the hole. At this point, anyone still remaining in the audience will most*

*likely remain until the end.*

*Of all the visceral shocks in this film (which are virtually non-stop from start to finish),*

*the most extreme would be the scenes of Nana's uncle masturbating to "hurtcore" child*

*porn on his computer. There are three occasions when we see what he is watching. The*

*first time, he watches a video of someone in a balaclava shoving a long, cylindrical,*

*burning-hot lightbulb into a tied-down naked toddler's vagina and then stomping on her*

*so that it shatters inside of her. The second time, he watches someone with an*

*enormous penis anally raping a small infant, with blood and fecal matter pouring out of*

*the infant's anus. The third time, he watches someone defecate on the face of a*

*screaming, crying, naked little girl in a tiny cage. I should note that this is all exactly the*

*kind of horrific material that real pedophiles really masturbate to in real life, hence why*

*I'm depicting it on screen (in animated form). As stated before, I believe in showing evil*

*as it really is, with absolutely no phony sugar coating.*

*Equally disturbing as the things that are shown on screen are the things that are merely*

*described. In one scene, for example, Nana describes in sickening detail to Yuri how,*

*when she was 9, she got pregnant from her uncle raping her and her uncle forcibly*

*administered a bloody wire-hanger abortion on her. The heinous abuse that Yuri*

*experiences from his parents is described by Yuri to Nana in the manner of a child who*

*doesn't fully understand what is happening to him and is trying to hold on to his*

*innocence. Nana, however, completely understands what is happening to Yuri and*

*doesn't hesitate to bluntly tell him.*

*As with everything else in the film, the scenes of drug use in this film would be the most*

*disgusting in cinema history. In an early scene, Nana's parents inject heroin into each*

*other's anuses and then, after repeatedly trying and failing to inject heroin into their*

*veins, take the blood from their failed attempts to inject into their veins and inject that*

*into each other's anuses as well. Nana's parents have absolutely no hesitations*

*whatsoever about using all manner of hard drugs in the same room as Nana and even*

*in front of her, and Nana hides her laptop (and anything else valuable of hers) from her*

*parents so that they won't be able to pawn it off for dope.*

*The extremely harsh, ugly, brutal tone of this film is actually not the tone that I would*

*use for most of my films. In fact, none of my other films would come anywhere close to*

*this level of misanthropy, and my films preceding this one certainly wouldn't. After*

*making several relatively benign films (and even a few children's films), this film would*

*be me telling the human race what I really think of it. The central crux of this film is the*

*same as the one emblazoned across the US DVD box set of the first three All Night*

*Long films: "Human beings are garbage". Those exact words are uttered by Nana*

*multiple times over the course of the film and, by the film's conclusion, it's difficult to*

*disagree with her.*

*The poster/cover art for this film would contain only subtle hints as to the film's true*

*nature; it would depict Nana making a snow angel and looking exceptionally angelic*

*herself, but with blood splattered across her face, an NC-17 rating in the corner, and the*

*tagline "People are monsters." This would be the first animated film to secure an NC-17*

*rating (unless someone else beats me to it by then). "Rated NC-17 for extreme aberrant*

*sexual and violent content throughout, disturbing sadistic behavior, explicit drug use,*

*and graphic dialogue - all involving children" is what I imagine. I would deliberately get*

*the film banned in several countries (like the UK and Australia) before eventually*

*distributing it for free over the internet. I would refuse to let any edited versions of this*

*film exist - anyone who watches it is going to see it uncut and uncensored.*

*This film, it goes without saying, would receive a lot of attention, the vast majority of it*

*negative (and, in this case, there is no such thing as bad publicity). Almost everyone*

*who watches it will wish that they hadn't, and many will want to kill me for making it. At*

*any public screenings, at least half of the audience will walk out in disgust. The film will*

*provoke fierce and heated debates for years, being defended only by the bravest of*

*critics. The film could not be easily dismissed the same way that most "sickest movies*

*ever made" can be, as it would be a thoughtful and meaningful film with a significant*

*degree of artistic quality to it. As such, it would command serious attention in a way that*

*puerile exploitation trash doesn't.*

*Great effort would be taken to make everything in the film feel as authentic and realistic*

*as possible. I would consult with experts on child sex abuse to make the film's*

*portrayals harrowingly true to life without being sensationalistic or exploitative (and,*

*most importantly, without coming across like I'm some kind of pervert myself). The*

*dialogue from Nana's family in their apartment would be in Georgian with subtitles. For*

*added authenticity, Nana would be voiced by a real Georgian woman with a slight*

*accent, and her voice would then be digitally altered to sound younger. The same thing*

*would be done for Yuri, except with a slight Russian accent. Veronica speaks with an*

*Australian accent and frequently uses Australian slang like "shitcunt" and "fuckin' oath".*

*She is often seen wearing an "AUSSIE PRIDE" singlet and, at one point, has Zayla's*

*teenage brother put an Australia tattoo on her right shoulder. She would be voiced by a*

*real Australian woman and, again, digitally altered to sound like a kid. Malka would be*

*voiced by an actual toddler, but I would be very careful to make sure that she wasn't*

*exposed to the film's content. It wouldn't be possible to do that with Nana, Yuri, or*

*Veronica, hence why they would be voiced by adults.*

*I would also take great effort to give the film an emotional core that would set it apart*

*from other films of this nature and would make it much more upsetting. There would be*

*a great deal of emotional character development to make Nana and Yuri profoundly*

*sympathetic, and profoundly tragic and heartbreaking. My goal would be to have the*

*viewer see Nana like a troubled daughter. In stark contrast to Nana's nihilistic*

*misanthropy, Yuri's outlook is closer to that of Anne Frank: in spite of everything, he still*

*believes that people are good at heart. Ultimately, however, the film would very much*

*seem to vindicate Nana's worldview over Yuri's. The most unrelentingly bleak, hellish,*

*soul-crushing exercise in pitch-black ultra-nihilism ever made, viewers would walk away*

*from the film feeling like they need to crawl into a corner and die.*

*The dialogue in the film would have a very naturalistic feel to it, adding to the film's*

*realism. The tender conversations between Nana and Yuri would be exceptionally frank,*

*profound, and often quite moving. In order for a film to be genuinely disturbing, the film*

*has to make you really care about the characters and feel for them. I would make*

*absolutely certain to do that with this film, cementing it as, by far, the most disturbing*

*film ever made.*

*I would undoubtedly be asked many times to justify this film's existence. My justification*

*is simple: I am forcing people to confront the unimaginable evil that exists in the world,*

*and to think about things that they would otherwise try their best to avoid thinking about.*

*This is not August Underground's Mordum-style splatter movie garbage, stringing*

*together a bunch of ridiculously over-the-top depravity at random so that teenagers can*

*challenge each other to watch "da sickest movee evar!!1oneone". This is not some kind*

*of juvenile Halloween party item. Rather, this is the unspeakably horrific reality of the*

*unspeakably horrific world that we live in. Everything depicted in this movie actually*

*happens every single day - an unfortunate fact that most people would much rather*

*ignore, but that this film would force them to confront head-on.*

*As in all of my films, there would be ladybug imagery in this film. Malka is often seen in*

*a ladybug costume, and it's what she's wearing when she is gunned down by the neo-*

*Nazi. On the other hand, moth imagery is associated with Nana. White moths land on or*

*near Nana numerous times throughout the film. Usually, I would make extensive use of*

*music that clashes wildly with what's portrayed on screen. This film, however, would*

*have no music at all. I'm going for brutal realism here, with zero artificiality. In this film*

*and in all of my films, the credits would be at the beginning of the film.*

*The animation would be top-notch, with an incredible (and often sickening) level of*

*detail in every single frame. Close-ups of Nana's red eyes - often with something horrific*

*reflected in them - would occur throughout the film. The art style would be very realistic,*

*as anything less than very realistic would render the film significantly less disturbing.*

*Overall, the film would be made with considerable skill and undeniable artistry, firmly*

*separating it from most other films of this nature.*

**11/9/2023 5:20:32 PM - Nana's Journey (1/2) - JOSHUA RYNE GOLDBERG (63197018)**

*During my extended duration in the SHU, I finally came up with a detailed outline of how*

*my film Nana's Journey would play out (and please mentally prepare yourself now,*

*because this is not pretty stuff). Previously, I said that this would be my debut feature,*

*but I think that it would be better to release this after making several benign films. This*

*film would be the new ne plus ultra of extreme cinema - the most disturbing, horrifying,*

*nihilistic, misanthropic, life-denying film ever made, taking on-screen turpitude to levels*

*previously thought unimaginable. I'd be aiming to cause permanent psychological*

*damage to viewers with an unflinching, no-holds-barred delve into the darkest depths of*

*human evil, cruelty, and depravity, and how the internet brings out the worst in people.*

*However, this would not be exploitation trash. This would be artfully-made, intelligent,*

*and emotionally devastating cinema that rips your heart out, throws it into a blender, and*

*drinks it. Everything in this film would feel palpably real, with a strong element of pathos*

*that would make it all the more upsetting and gut-wrenching.*

*First off, this would be an animated film (drawn in a very realistic style), so there are*

*zero limits to what I can show (under US law, at least; this film couldn't be screened in*

*many countries). I believe in showing evil as it really is, with absolutely no phony sugar*

*coating, and everything in this film would be shown on screen as graphically as you can*

*possibly imagine. In terms of what is depicted on screen, this film would far exceed*

*every other "sickest movie ever made".*

*The film revolves around Nana Margashveli, a hyper-intelligent 11-year-old albino girl of*

*Georgian background. Nana has shoulder-length white hair and intense, hypnotic red*

*eyes. She always dresses in all white to match her skin and hair, giving her an even*

*more ghostly and otherworldly appearance than she would already have. It's fairly*

*obvious that, under normal circumstances, Nana would not only be a good kid, but*

*would have a brilliant life ahead of her. Under the horrendous circumstances that she is*

*in, however, she is a cold, bitter, hateful, and generally amoral young misanthrope*

*whose early death seems inevitable from the very beginning.*

*Nana lives with her mother, father, and uncle in a squalid downtown apartment complex*

*populated mainly by immigrants from eastern and central Europe (Nana learns that, the*

*last time a black family tried to move into the apartment complex, they were terrorized*

*relentlessly and eventually gang-raped and murdered by Russian skinheads). The film*

*takes place in a nightmarish, dystopian urban hellscape (in what appears to be*

*Chicago) where any sense of law and order has completely broken down. Gunshots are*

*heard constantly, and Nana has to sleep with earplugs in to try to drown out the nightly*

*gang battles that happen outside of her apartment. Any time Nana walks anywhere, she*

*has to step over homeless people, trash, broken glass, vomit, excrement, used*

*hypodermic needles, and sometimes even dead bodies, and she often walks past*

*violent crimes in progress, people urinating and defecating in public, and people*

*shooting up and smoking crack and meth - all of which she pays absolutely no mind to.*

*Nana's parents are both hardcore drug addicts, and Nana's father pimps out his wife to*

*support their habit (and abuses her violently). Nana's uncle is a sick, alcoholic pedophile*

*who routinely rapes Nana. Nana's uncle is often seen at his computer, watching child*

*porn of the most violent and horrific sort, depicting the extreme sadistic sexual abuse of*

*children as young as infancy (years ago, I learned that this kind of child porn is known*

*as "hurtcore", and is sought out by the vilest of pedophiles). Understandably, Nana*

*passionately despises her family (and drug addicts in general) and sincerely wishes*

*death on all of them. When Nana's parents eventually die of overdoses, Nana is "glad*

*they're dead" (and glad that fentanyl is killing off so many "garbage people" like her*

*parents), but not glad about the fact that this leaves her uncle with sole custody over*

*her.*

*Malka is a Hungarian Jewish toddler who lives in the same apartment complex and is*

*quite fond of Nana, which Nana doesn't know how to respond to (Nana, who can't stand*

*being touched, is visibly jolted every time Malka runs up and hugs her). Malka always*

*calls Nana "Milky" and asks innocent questions about her albinism. Malka's mother*

*repeatedly chides Malka for this, but Nana insists that it's fine.*

*Yuri Shevchenko is a 10-year-old Russian boy who also lives in the apartment complex*

*and experiences even worse abuse than Nana. Yuri's Russian oligarch parents - who*

*both work for the United Nations - use Yuri to make child porn, which they sell to people*

*like Nana's uncle along with international pedophiles and other UN workers. Every night,*

*Nana and Yuri lie on the rooftop of their apartment complex, look up at the stars, and*

*have deep, intimate, candid, and often very poignant conversations about a variety of*

*subjects, but most often about their lives and how they view the world. Nana firmly*

*believes that all people are nothing but pure evil and have no redeeming qualities of any*

*sort. Yuri believes that most people are good, just not the people that he and Nana are*

*surrounded by. Every time Nana says something negative and callous, Yuri counters her*

*with something more hopeful and empathetic. Yuri is the only person around whom*

*Nana lets her guard down and shows any emotion, crying and even laughing a few*

*times.*

*Nana mainly spends her free time on the worst corners of the internet, looking at*

*beheadings, terrorist attacks, narco snuff videos, genuine rape videos, animal cruelty,*

*and so forth. Nana is particularly fixated on videos of the ritualistic burnings of albino*

*children in Africa; she watches these videos again and again, and repeatedly brings*

*them up in conversations with Yuri (Yuri always tells Nana to stop looking at that stuff*

*because it's bad for your soul, to which Nana replies, half-joking, that she has no soul).*

*One site that Nana spends a great deal of time on is MonsterWeb, which, in the film, is*

*a notorious site on the dark web where people are encouraged to post acts of violence*

*and depravity that they've carried out, and can be rewarded with Bitcoins for it (the most*

*popular user on the site is someone who pays mentally ill homeless people to fight to*

*the death on film, promising money to the victor and posting the videos under the*

*banner of "Ultimate Bum Deathmatches"). The site has the slogan "Because people are*

*monsters." Nana's other hobby is tinkering with electronics and anything else that she*

*can get her hands on, often building elaborate homemade weapons and explosives,*

*which she tests out at the local junkyard.*

*At Nana's school, the other girls - led by sadistic Australian psychopath Veronica*

*Schildknecht - delight in tormenting the most vulnerable kids, such as those with*

*disabilities and those with illnesses. Their targets include a girl with Down syndrome in a*

*wheelchair with a colostomy bag (Veronica forces her to eat the contents of her*

*colostomy bag and then superglues pens into her colostomy hole), a mute autistic girl*

*whose father recently committed suicide (Veronica taunts her with a Photoshopped*

*image of her father fellating Satan in hell), a double amputee and skilled artist with*

*leukemia undergoing chemotherapy (Veronica trashes her artworks and then tells her "I*

*made them look like you"), and a boy with severe epilepsy (Veronica constantly flashes*

*strobe lights at him). The girl with leukemia eventually dies, primarily due to Veronica*

*tormenting her, and Veronica gloats about how much fun it was to "watch the life drain*

*out of that little cunt's eyes".*

*Veronica and the other girls usually film their extreme cruelty and post it on social*

*media. Veronica also posts videos of herself torturing animals and her infant sister.*

*Veronica's parents are both very wealthy and powerful Australian diplomats, so Veronica*

*gets away with everything. Veronica and her squad consider Nana to be a "freak", and*

*terrorize Nana relentlessly (since Nana is particularly sensitive to sunlight on account of*

*her albinism, Veronica's favorite way to torture Nana is to strip her naked and tie her to*

*poles in the blazing sun). This terrorization reaches a crescendo when Veronica has the*

*other girls hold Nana down, rapes Nana with a broomstick, and then urinates on her,*

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*livestreaming the entire thing on social media (and facing no real punishment for it,*

*thanks to her parents).*

*There are four times when we see Veronica film herself torturing animals and her infant*

*sister (and, usually, Veronica is accompanied by other girls, who often appear very*

*uncomfortable). The first time, Veronica shoves several puppies into an oven and then*

*cranks the heat up to maximum, proclaiming "fuckin' oath" as the puppies burn. The*

*second time, Veronica rips out all of her baby sister's nails with a pocket knife, then*

*pours boiling oil all over her. The third time, Veronica buries several kittens neck-deep in*

*her yard, then repeatedly mows over them with a lawnmower. The last time, Veronica*

*burns her infant sister with a blowtorch (including burning both of her eyes out), then*

*throws her to the ground and repeatedly kicks and stomps on her. When Veronica's*

*baby sister dies as a result of her injuries, Veronica once again gets away scot-free.*

*Strange, taciturn loner Chai - who always sits in the back of the class next to Nana -*

*tells Nana that Veronica's parents moved her to America because she was at the center*

*of a Catholic child abuse scandal in her native Australia. Veronica experienced years of*

*horrific physical, emotional, and sexual abuse at the Catholic church that her parents*

*were members of for decades and, when her parents found out and took legal action*

*against the church, the resulting trial became a media circus. In Chai's words, "that kind*

*of thing can really warp a person." "Look it up", Chai says to Nana. When Nana gets*

*home, she looks it up on her laptop and sees articles about it.*

*Heavily pregnant homeroom teacher Mrs. Elssler is the only person who ever sticks up*

*for Nana and stands up to Veronica. As such, Veronica and her minions put forth*

*considerable effort to make Mrs. Elssler have a miscarriage. They eventually succeed in*

*doing so, and Mrs. Elssler is never seen again. She is replaced by poltroon doormat Mr.*

*Rosenthal, who is terrified of Veronica and her parents.*

*Midway through the film, a neo-Nazi massacres a Jewish preschool a few blocks from*

*Nana's apartment, killing 32 kids and 7 teachers before being sprayed with bullets by a*

*SWAT team. He livestreams the entire thing, being cheered on by an online audience.*

*After hearing the news, Nana watches the shooter's livestream on MonsterWeb and*

*sees that Malka is one of the kids who he killed. This is the first and only time that Nana*

*is visibly shaken by something that she watches online.*

*One day, on her way back from school, Nana is snatched into a room where Yuri's*

*parents and Nana's uncle force Nana and Yuri to take drugs and then force Nana and*

*Yuri to have sex on film. That night, when Nana goes up to the rooftop to talk to Yuri,*

*she looks over the edge and sees his body splattered on the pavement below, with a*

*crowd of people gathered around, taking pictures on their phones of the little boy who*

*jumped to his death. Nana lies down on the rooftop by herself and breaks down in tears,*

*showing more emotion than she has ever shown before in a deeply heartbreaking*

*scene. Later, Nana sees that someone filmed Yuri's suicide, egging him on to jump, and*

*then posted the video on MonsterWeb. Shortly after Yuri's suicide, Yuri's parents -*

*Vladimir and Svetlana - move to Kenya to open up an orphanage for UNICEF.*

*Eventually, Nana sees a news story about how Yuri's parents are being honored by the*

*UN for their dedication to protecting the human rights and human dignity of children*

*around the world. Veronica catches wind that Nana's "boyfriend" committed suicide and*

*begins viciously taunting Nana about it. Towards the end of the film, there would be a*

*poignant scene of Nana - dressed in all black and looking exceptionally somber - laying*

*a rose on Yuri's grave.*

*Nana buys herself a digital video camera (she doesn't have a phone) and starts going to*

*popular suicide spots around the city and filming suicides. She posts her suicide videos*

*on MonsterWeb and is rewarded with Bitcoins for each one, building up a significant*

*following under the screen name sik'vdilis\_angelozi ("angel of death" in Georgian).*

*Nana also makes Bitcoins selling fake drugs on the dark web. She laces every batch*

*with cyanide to kill as many "junkie cockroaches" as possible. In one scene, Nana also*

*sneaks into a liquor store and surreptitiously drops cyanide tablets into several of the*

*liquor bottles.*

From: Sent Date: Subject: GOLDBERG JOSHUA RYNE (63197018) Wednesday, November 15, 2023 9:06 AM Re: About Nana's Journey To: ismael.joffroy-chandoutis@edu.gobelins.fr

All of my movie and TV show ideas are for animation, as animation has a power that live-action doesn't (compare the 1988 Grave of the Fireflies to its live-action remake). The Nana character is very similar to another character that I came up with for an animated TV show - the character of Nadia Harlow. I came up with a rough idea for the film about Nana years ago, but only during my last extended stint in the SHU did I finally come up with a detailed outline for how that film would play out. The SHU - in every prison in the country - is filthy, obstreperous bedlam where the only thing that you can hear is the hellaciously abrasive cacophony of stentorian noise produced by the mentally ill inmates all day and all night long. It's a place where you really don't have anything to do other than think - and, in that regard, I suppose that it can be conducive to creativity. Words really cannot possibly do justice to just how scuzzy, grody, jankety, and squalid Terre Haute FCI is. Imagine in your head the filthiest, nastiest, most badly maintained prison in the world. Terre Haute FCI is worse than that. The only way that Terre Haute FCI could possibly have worse living conditions is if it were located in Florida. During one of my previous extended durations in the SHU, I read Man's Search for Meaning by Viktor Frankl, who survived the Nazi concentration camps and went on to become one of the leading psychologists in the world. It was interesting, to be sure, but it certainly didn't change my way of thinking. I am still an atheist, still a nihilist, and most definitely still a misanthrope. If anything, reading about the Holocaust just further reinforces my view of how utterly vile the human race is. To be honest, I've never remotely understood the use of the word "humanity" as a synonym for kindness, selflessness, mercy, generosity, and so forth. That's the opposite of human nature, which is why it takes people so much more effort to behave like that. No, when I think of humanity, I think of things like the Holocaust, the slave trade, the Rwandan genocide, the Srebrenica massacre, and, more recently, the ethnic cleansing in Ukraine. That's what humanity is all about. The word "humanity" should be used as a synonym for cruelty, bigotry, selfishness, greed, prejudice, depravity, and lust for power. The classic "Greater Internet Fuckwad Theory" (I forget who coined it) holds that "regular person + anonymity + audience = total fuckwad". The internet (and especially the dark web) provides us with an invaluable portal into the darkest recesses of the human psyche because, when people are completely anonymous and they know that they won't be held personally accountable for their actions, they will simply behave like the feral, depraved, iniquitous monsters that they really are (I, of all people, should know a thing or two about this sort of thing). People reveal aspects of themselves on the internet that they would never reveal to anyone in real life - not even to a therapist. But the only thing stopping people from behaving like that in real life is the threat of personal accountability for it. Look at any place where there are no laws - whether it's Somalia or New Orleans - and you'll see people behaving the exact same way that they behave on the internet. Or look at how UN diplomats act, because they're given total impunity. That's just their true, horrible human nature coming out. To be perfectly honest, I don't think that there is such a thing as good people, and I don't think that humans possess any redeeming qualities. I think that all human beings are intrinsically rotten to the core. Everything that people do is motivated by selfishness. We are the only species that takes pleasure in the suffering of other members of our species, and we are the only species that kills for pleasure and not for survival. We also reproduce just for the sake of reproducing, and the only other species that does that is cancer. We are a cancer on this planet and, when we inevitably wipe ourselves out of existence, it will be the best thing we ever did. On IMDb, when I was posting as the dour, saturnine "Madotsuki\_the\_Dreamer", users often pointed out to me that my love of sugary-sweet films like Titanic and Hugo very much clashed with my ultra-cynical, bitter, misanthropic attitude. Indeed, most of my favorite movies, TV shows, and music are the complete, polar opposite of what one would reasonably expect me to like. My favorite movie is Sunrise: A Song of Two Humans, my favorite TV show is Freaks and Geeks, my favorite song is "Secret Love Song, Pt. II" by Little Mix, and my favorite album is Have One on Me by Joanna Newsom (my favorite singer). I spent a great deal of time watching the sickest, most depraved, most disturbing films ever made, but there are very few of them that I actually liked.

My massive "Films Considered Disturbing" list on IMDb consists mostly of films that I gave ratings of 1/10. With that said, I always love films that explore the psychology of strange young females, like The Spirit of the Beehive and Paperhouse. The "strange girl" is definitely my favorite character type. If I were a director, I would tend to focus on very young, very strange (and sometimes outright disturbed) female characters. Nana's Journey would provide a perfect example of my typical protagonist. My characters would often be frighteningly amoral and completely devoid of empathy, but with a certain vulnerability that would make them at least somewhat sympathetic. You would view them the same way that you would view a troubled daughter. One of my favorite movies (and one of the only ones that perfectly aligns with what you would expect me to like) is the 1969 Japanese arthouse classic Go Go Second Time Virgin, an ultra-bleak, ultra-artsy, and hyper-stylized tour de force about the doomed bond that forms between two sexually abused teenagers who live in a squalid, violent apartment complex (obviously, this film was a major inspiration for Nana's Journey). A film that perfectly embodies the aesthetics of the Japanese New Wave (my personal favorite of all the cinematic New Waves), it's the only film I've seen that manages to be relentlessly visceral, nihilistic, and misanthropic, yet tender, poignant, and humane at the same time. A one-of-a-kind, unforgettable, and genuinely moving mini-masterpiece of the sort that only a Japanese filmmaker could pull off. The film is exceptionally graphic even by today's standards (let alone by 1969 standards), but it never feels the slightest bit mean-spirited or exploitative, and director Koji Wakamatsu makes you genuinely care about the lost souls that he focuses on. Even when rubbing your face in all manner of ugliness and turpitude, the film is filled with genuine pathos and sympathy. Like the lives of its two protagonists, it is short and brutal, clocking in at just 69 minutes. The last scene - where our two tragic heroes join hands, smile at each other, and then jump off of the roof together (after going on a bloody killing rampage) - is one that really sticks with you. This film is certainly not for everyone (and it's certainly not for anyone who can't handle extremely graphic and prolonged depictions of sexual violence), but I would consider it to be one of the best movies I've ever seen. One of the characters who I most identified with was the character of Thana from the 1981 Abel Ferrara film Ms. 45. In the film, Thana is a mute, obviously autistic (although it's never explicitly stated), ice-cold loner in crimeinfested New York City who, after being raped twice in the same day, starts killing men all over the city. The second guy who rapes her gets his head bashed in (throughout the entire movie, she's chopping up his body and throwing pieces of him into garbage cans around the city) and, after that, she starts going out at night dressed up as a prostitute and killing any men who come near her with a .45-caliber pistol. The film culminates in her shooting up an office party before being shot dead by a woman and uttering her first and only spoken word: "sister". Director Ferrara does an impressive job in his portrayal of his twisted protagonist. Thana (named after the Greek goddess of wrath, Thanatos) is a cold-blooded, amoral, emotionless psychopath with absolutely no regard for anyone's life, yet you still sympathize with her to some extent because she is a highly troubled and vulnerable young woman in a truly dismal and squalid environment (in 1981, New York City was every bit as violent as how it's portrayed in this film; 1981 was the most violent year in the city's entire history). That's exactly the kind of protagonist that I would focus on the most if I were a director. Ms. 45 is basically the female version of Taxi Driver: a relentlessly harsh, grim, brutal character study of a disturbed, friendless outcast in crime-ridden New York City who finally gets pushed too far and descends into complete violent nihilism. I can really relate to characters like that. Abel Ferrara made 2 other films about a disturbed loner wreaking havoc on the streets of New York City: The Driller Killer in 1979 and Bad Lieutenant in 1992. The Driller Killer is totally inept splatter movie garbage, but Bad Lieutenant is easily Ferrara's best film. In that one, Harvey Keitel gives the greatest performance of his career as an ultra-corrupt junkie police lieutenant tasked with investigating the rape of a nun - a nun who won't tell him who raped her because she's forgiven her rapist. The film is about the police lieutenant's redemption, and it's very well-done. All of the fictional characters that I identify with are individuals who you would not want to be anywhere near: Travis Bickle from Taxi Driver, Dexter Morgan from Dexter, The Joker from The Dark Knight, Thana from Ms. 45, and so forth (at one point, someone on IMDb described me as "a real-life Daniel Plainview"). Another perfect example is the disturbed teenage girl at the center of the 2012 film Excision. She's described by one critic as "one of the most challengingly unsympathetic" protagonists in recent memory, but I identified with her because she reminded me so much of how I acted as a teenager (and, to a significant extent, still act): bizarre, creepy, hateful, obnoxious, no friends, hated by everyone, incredibly weird attitudes about sex (and everything else), constantly getting in trouble for psycho behavior, and putting her parents through non-stop grief and misery. For example, there's one scene where she gets into an argument with some boy who she's never met before, then forcibly kisses him to infect him with herpes. That's exactly the kind of thing that I would have done at that age.

The least frightening character I can think of who I identified with is Anais, the main character of the 2001 film Fat Girl (one of the darkest, ugliest, most brutal and nihilistic coming-of-age films ever made, and the only one that really struck a chord with me as a teenager). But that's still one seriously messed-up, detached, amoral, emotionless loner who absolutely nobody would want as a daughter. The film belongs to the cinematic movement known as the New French Extremity - with extremely explicit sex, violence, and sexual violence - but, unlike certain other films in the movement, this is not some lurid exploitation piece. This is smart, quality cinema that makes you genuinely sympathize with someone who is, more or less, a complete sociopath (she is, by far, the most sympathetic character in the film). Even so, there is absolutely no message of any sort here - just cold, twisted filmmaking, as icy and aloof as its troubled 12-year-old title character. The explosively violent shock ending is one of the harshest, most unsettling finales in cinema history, and guaranteed to leave viewers feeling sick to their stomachs. At Butner was where I watched someone die in real life for the first time. There was an old, batshit crazy (but nice) blind man on the unit who refused to take his medication, which made him weak and languid. I used to walk him around the unit every day (he could have had his cataracts surgically removed, restoring his vision, but he also refused to do that). One night, he started choking on some Swedish meatballs. Medical staff gave him the Heimlich maneuver and did everything that they possibly could to save him, but it was to no avail, and he passed away. Staff later indicated to me that, had he been taking his prescribed medications, it would have been much easier to save him. Years ago, I Googled "hurtcore" after seeing the term used on 4chan and came across one of the most horrific news stories I've ever seen in my life, about a little girl who had been kept in a cage and routinely raped, tortured, and defecated on for "hurtcore porn". Are you able to find this news story? And are you able to find what prison the perpetrator is currently housed at?

From: Sent Date: Subject: GOLDBERG JOSHUA RYNE (63197018) Monday, December 4, 2023 6:34 AM Re: About Nana's Journey (2/2) To: [ismael.joffroy-chandoutis@edu.gobelins.fr](mailto:ismael.joffroy-chandoutis@edu.gobelins.fr)

There's a well-known/notorious image - widely circulated on places like /r/cringepics and Cringe Channel - of a teenage boy saying "I HAVE TWO SIDES... NICEST PERSON YOU WILL EVER MEET [picture of him smiling at the camera] AND... TWISTED FUCKING PSYCHOPATH [picture of him with goth eye makeup on scowling and flicking a candle lighter]". As cringe-inducing as that image may be, it pretty much describes me. I can be the nicest person in the world, but I can also be a "twisted fucking psychopath". What I was doing online, for example, is textbook psychopathic behavior: just starting random fires and trying to create as much chaos and destruction as I possibly could for absolutely no reason whatsoever other than simply because I could. But, when I was at Butner, I would also regularly help out the demented guys and the blind guys in the unit, which is about as far from psychopathic behavior as you can possibly get. I really don't understand myself, to be perfectly honest. When I first arrived at Butner, one of the very first things that I saw there was officers in the solitary confinement wing banging on inmates' doors and yelling incredibly vulgar, hateful, and sexual abuse at the severely mentally ill people in isolation. That, of course, foretokened my entire hellish experience there. The staff at Butner, with a few exceptions, pretty universally hated me and considered me to be a "faggot bitch terrorist wannabe". If they didn't like you, they would literally just make shit up to get you put in solitary. It's honestly hard for me to describe who at Butner was worse: the staff or the inmates. Being in a psych ward is exactly like how it's portrayed in movies, with insane nutjobs painting the walls with their fecal matter, masturbating in public, screaming all night long, and so forth. At Butner, I would often get attacked by deranged lunatics for absolutely no reason whatsoever (an staff members there would often allow me to be attacked). There was also no shortage of sexual predators at Butner, and inmates there would often proposition me for sex, threaten to rape me, and so forth, with the officers doing absolutely nothing about it (in fact, the officers might even join in). I no longer have copies of any of the letters sent to me at Butner, because the lieutenant at Butner had all of my property destroyed (including all of my cards and letters, my legal papers, over $1000 worth of books, and hundreds of dollars' worth of commissary) the last time he had me put in solitary confinement there (where I remained for months until I finally got moved to Coleman FCC Medium). Every single day, he would come down to the solitary confinement wing where I was to taunt and threaten the inmates down there. By the grace of nonexistent God, my doctor was able to retrieve my most valuable items - my folders with all of my writings in them, which I was the most devastated about losing - because they had been kept in the officers' station, separate from the rest of my property. But everything else I never got back. Other than some radio stations, there is absolutely nothing that I miss about being at Butner. I am extremely glad to finally be out of that environment, because I could genuinely feel it eating away at my sanity more and more each day. The more time I spent there, the more I was going to become like the insane mental patients that I was surrounded by. That environment was one that could drive absolutely anyone completely insane. I'm done being a victim. I've been working out every day so that I can effectively fight back when these cockroaches try to intimidate me. I already have vastly superior intelligence to the rest of the inmates and staff members, but that doesn't matter in here. The only thing that these drooling neanderthals understand is brute force. And I'm not just gonna sit back and take it like a bitch anymore. Fuck that. The next reprobate who puts his hands on me is going to seriously regret it. I've never been a violent person before, but you absolutely have to be in order to survive in the hellish, dog-eat-dog environment of prison. You simply cnnot reason with these feral, depraved, truculent beasts. I don't exactly scream "triple O.G.", but I am certainly capable of being one seriously cold-blooded S.O.B. Even today, I would still consider when I was 14 to be the lowest point in my life. My behavior back then was incredibly creepy, obnoxious, and autistic, and looking back on it really makes me cringe in disgust. I still constantly beat myself up over things that I did when I was 14. The 14-year-old me was an utterly vile, repulsive, loathsome, disgusting, despicable scumbag, and was one of the most cringe-inducing individuals ever to walk the face of the earth. On the street, when people asked me where I saw myself in 10 years, my answer would often be "dead or in prison". I also remember, when I was 14, a thread on IMDb's The Soapbox board (where I was a major nuisance at the time) asking the board's users to predict the futures of the board's high schoolers. My future was correctly predicted as "incarcerated". Aside from my immediate family, the people who knew me weren't even surprised by the details of my arrest, because it sounded like something that I would do. The last thing that anyone posted on my Facebook before it got shut down was "You fucked up, man. You fucked up." Yeah, no shit. I fuck up absolutely everything I get myself in trouble everywhere I go. I've never remotely thought of myself as being a positive person - quite the opposite, in fact. But many people in prison have thought of me as a positive person. One of my old cellmates thought of me as being a very positive person because, he said, I was helping him grow as a person. He thanked me for putting up with all manner of shit from him, and for helping him to get off of drugs and get out of the convict mentlity. And, later, the case manager at Terre Haute FCI tasked me with being something of a keeper for a suicidal psych patient who had just arrived on my unit. He got sexually assaulted at his previous institution, so he was very nervous and frightened to be there. I assured the case manager that I would look out for this guy and I told the psych patient that, if he had any problems, to come to me about it, because I'm a psych patient just like him. I accepted him as my cellmate when nobody else would take him in, and I paid a shitton of money to have my room all painted and waxed up because he said that the room made him want to kill himself. It's actually much easier for me to deal with psych patients than it is for me to deal with quote-unquote "normal" people, because, obviously, I'm not a quote-unquote "normal" person and, as such, I simply cannot relate to normies on any level. But I can certainly relate to psych patients and other social outcasts. I should note, however, that, after seemingly endless drama and him antagonizing me non-stop, the psych patient finally got moved to a different unit. I showed him nothing but kindness and he rewarded me by shitting all over me. As always, that's what I get for doing the right thing. No good deed goes unpunished. So much for karma. There are times when I honestly feel like my current life is the origin story for some comic book villain. With each passing day, I gradually feel myself turning into a truly bad guy. On Super Bowl Sunday, we always get a special buffalo wing meal in the BoP. For Super Bowl 2021, I was working in the kitchen at Terre Haute FCI (against my will). Kitchen workers usually bring back food to sell it to the guys on the unit, and the wings are in especially high demand since we only get them once a year. On Super Bowl Sunday that year, I brought back trays filled with buffalo wings and gave them out for free on the unit to anyone who wanted to take some. That's the kind of thing that only I would do, and it's the kind of thing that people love me for. Is the Terry Knope II and Raylaine Knope case what came up when you Googled "hurtcore"? Like I said, the story was about a little girl who had been kept in a cage and routinely raped, tortured, and defecated on for "hurtcore porn". If that is indeed the story, could you please send it to me? Also, are you able to find how much time they were given and what prisons they are currently being held at? You don't exactly have to look very hard to find countless examples of truly vile behavior from UN diplomats. Hell, there was an entire movie made about it - the 2011 film The Whistleblower. A while back, I found out that 2 of the inmates who I was friendliest with at Butner - John Blaes and Joseph Totoro (one can easily find details about both of them online) - were both actually horrific child rapists. Obviously, both of them lied to me about what they were in prison for, and I deeply regret being friendly with both of them. Blaes admitted that he was a sex offender, but gave me a bullshit story about how it was just him trying to hook up with a teenage girl online. In reality, him and his girlfriend literally kept a 15-year-old girl as a sex slave, and they posted videos of the sexual abuse online. Totoro had an elaborate story about how he was a mini-Edward Snowden, in prison for leaking government secrets. In reality, he was another horrible kiddie rapist. I was quite nice to both Blaes and Totoro, just like I'm quite nice to most people in real life (as hard to believe as that may be). I gave Totoro one of my radios, and I bought him batteries from the commissary every week so that he could listen to it. I also comforted him when he was telling me about the trauma that he experienced from being gangraped at Philadelphia FDC. Looking back now, I feel like such a fucking idiot. I would never cheer someone getting raped, but, honestly, he was just getting to experience what he made those kids experience. The biggest red flags about him were that he seemed oddly sympathetic to the plight of pedophile inmates (almost everyone in prison talks about pedophiles the way that I do unless they're a pedophile), and how he apparently got brutalized non-stop at Philadelphia FDC. Inmates might get bullied and harassed for no reason (like me, to use one good example), but nobody is going to experience that kind of extreme brutality for no reason. Blaes was a devoutly religious, conservative Catholic, which is not at all surprising. It's no different than Catholic priests raping altar boys while they simultaneously condemn homosexuality and drink the AIDS-infected blood of Christ. Totoro was a conservative Christian as well. Nevertheless, both of them came across as very nice, which, I guess, shows you how sexual predators are able to lure in their victims. Ted Bundy reportedly came across like an incredibly nice, charming, charismatic guy. So did John Wayne Gacy, who was a very well-liked clown at children's birthday parties. The SHU is exactly like how it is portrayed in the movies. With that said, the SHU at Terre Haute FCI was actually a significant improvement over the compound. The SHU at Terre Haute FCI was air conditioned (unlike the compound) and the cells were 3x bigger (the cells at Terre Haute FCI are the smallest in the entire BoP). The main reason why Nana's Journey couldn't be made in live-action is the same as the main reason that Princess (2006) and Where the Dead Go to Die (2012) couldn't have been made in live-action: if made in liveaction, the filmmakers would have been immediately arrested (and rightfully so). I suppose, nowadays, it would be possible to use AI-generated imagery, but that's a legal gray area that nobody in their right mind is going to fuck with. Regardless, I've always been a huge animation connoisseur, and the power of animation to effectively tell stories with limitless potential is a force to be reckoned with. The ridiculously lenient French film ratings board rated Fat Girl as being suitable for 12-year-olds; all other countries rated Fat Girl as being suitable only for ages 18 and up. I realize that France has different standards than America does, but, even so, I really cannot imagine that the average French parents would be comfortable showing Fat Girl to their 12-year-old. At the time of my arrest, no film had been given a rating of 18 ans avec avertissement by the French film ratings board (with Nana's Journey, I'd aim to be the first). Only a small handful of films had been given ratings of 18 ans. Bizarrely, they include the mainstream horror film Saw III (which was passed with an R rating in the US) and Koji Wakamatsu's film The Embryo Hunts in Secret (which would probably also pass with an R rating in the US). In the '70s, one film titled Pique Nique was given a rating of X for inciting violence, but I was not able to find any information about this film (and I don't know enough about the French political turmoil of the '70s to make any extrapolations).

From: Sent Date: Subject: GOLDBERG JOSHUA RYNE (63197018) Monday, December 4, 2023 6:35 AM Re: About Nana's Journey (1/2) To: [ismael.joffroy-chandoutis@edu.gobelins.fr](mailto:ismael.joffroy-chandoutis@edu.gobelins.fr)

I will send you the full idea for my show with the Nadia Harlow character (Ladybug Dust) soon. The conditions in prison and especially at Butner FMC will be described in detail in my upcoming "How Prison Made Me Hate the Police" article. I'm honestly surprised that it took me this long to get arrested. I've been putting my parents through non-stop grief and misery for my entire life, and I've gotten myself kicked out of just about every single thing that I've ever been a member of, from schools to websites to groups right up to prisons. I simply cannot function anywhere, and I really cannot foresee myself ever functioning in the world. And this really isn't a world tht I would ever want to function in anyways. This is a world that, quite frankly, deserves nothing more than to be catapulted into the sun. And prison is certainly not the environment to become less of a bitter, hateful misanthrope. I cannot possibly express in words how much I hate these brainless, fatuous, bellicose, knuckle-drugging troglodytes in here and how sick I am of hearing their arrogant, bold, stupid, otiose threats. For my entire life, I've been pushed around, taken advantage of, and viewed as easy prey. Just for once, I'd like to be the one that people are afraid of. When I look at these disturbed individuals who carry out mass shootings, I see a lot of myself in them, which is a truly terrifying thought. Honestly, I feel my hatred and anger reaching an unbearable boiling point, and I genuinely fear the person that I am gradually turning into. I mean, I try my best to not have any friends and not talk to anyone, but, even when I base my life around avoiding other people, I still hate them with every fiber of my being - and, with each passing day, that hatred only grows more and more extreme. I don't know what to do with it, so I just keep it bottled up so that it can eat away at my insides. I really fear that I have the potential to eventually do something truly horrible. To be perfectly honest, I really think that my family would be better off without me. For my entire life, I've done nothing but create non-stop grief for them. I've been my parents' #1 source of misery since early childhood, and I really don't see that ever changing. My personality - if I can be said to have one of my own - is as toxic, hateful, destructive, and antisocial as it gets. A few years back, there was an infamous viral trailer for the video game Hatred - a trailer that instantly became an internet meme - with a brooding edgelord in a trenchcoat delivering the following cringe-inducing monologue before embarking n a killing rampage: "My name is not important. What is important is what I'm going to do. I just fucking hate this world, and the human worms feasting on its carcass. My whole life is just cold, bitter hatred, and I always wanted to die violently. This is the time of vengeance, and no life is worth saving. And I will put in the grave as many as I can. It's time for me to kill and it's time for me to die. My genocide crusade begins... here." As embarrassingly bad as that teen angst monologue may be, that's pretty much me. I hate this world, I hate society, and, most of all, I hate the human race. The only emotions that I feel are hatred, anger, sadness, fear, and disgust. I have no joy. I have nothing worth living for. At the moment, I just feel like Simple Plan song lyrics: "How could this happen to me?/I've made my mistakes/Got nowhere to run/The night goes on as I'm faded away/I'm sick of this life/I just want to scream/How could this happen to me?" I don't know what I want from the world, but I do know that this really isn't a world that I want to have anything to do with. This is a world that, again, deserves nothing more than to be catapulted into the sun. I'm sick of being alive, but I'm too afraid of death to end my life. More than anything, I just really wish that I had never been born at all. I feel utterly trapped and powerless in this horrible world that I never would have willingly chosen to be brought into. Someone like me is never going to belong in society, and this isn't a society that I would ever want to belong in anyways. I really cannot see myself ever living a remotely healthy, productive life. The thought of living independently and managing my own finances just seems so utterly bewildering to me. I don't want to be a hikkikomori leech on my parents forever, but what other options will I have when I get out?

I'm dead inside anyways, but I'm still too afraid of death to commit suicide. There is someone I've known for years who attempted to kill herself after my arrest. She's been in my thoughts and dreams a lot, and I keep having this recurring fantasy where I meet up with her and we commit suicide together, holding hands as we die together like in those Japanese movies that I used to watch. I usually do absolutely everything by myself and base my life around avoiding other people, but, ironically, if I were to ever commit suicide, doing it with other people would make it easier. I've given a lot of thought to this for years, but never actually had the balls to go through with it. Again, I just really wish that I had never been brought into this miserable world to begin with. Every time I think that things cannot possibly get any worse, they always do - and it's just going to keep getting worse and worse. I have absolutely nothing to look forward to. I am on lifetime supervised release, which means that I will have government quidnuncs controlling my life and invading my space for the rest of my life. I will never be able to travel outside of the country, as no country will let a convicted felon enter (especially one with a terrorism charge). I will be a permanently unemployable pariah for as long as I live. I'm just so fed up with it all, and I wish that I could make it stop. There's also the fact that I have autism, and pretty much all autistic people are just a net drain on society. When I think of aspies, I think of basement-dwellers in fursuits posting on deviantART about how they want Sonic the Hedgehog to use their mouth as a latrine. I think of furries, bronies, otaku/weeaboos, NEETs/hikkikomori, Stefan Molyneux cultists, and other assorted cretins who congregate in the various fevered swamps of the internet. My autism basically means that I will never be able to lead a happy, healthy, productive life, no matter what. Autistic people never go on to become billionaires, CEOs, or the president. Autistic people always either live with their parents forever or live in group homes. The only autistic people who ever became famous were Adam Lanza (the guy who shot up Sandy Hook Elementary School) and Elliot Rodger (the guy who shot several women in Isla Vista because he was mad that women wouldn't have sex with him). All autistic people are pathetic losers. And, because I'm autistic, that means that I'm destined to be a pathetic loser for the rest of my life. My autism also makes me unable to understand and process emotions, unable to feel pleasure, and unable to form any kind of relationships with other people. Emotions make me extremely uncomfortable, and I try my best to avoid anything involving emotions. I also try my best not to form any kind of attachments to other people. Being an apathetic, anhedonic, asexual, aromantic, asocial, amoral loner is the only coping mechanism that makes sense to me. I will never be in a romantic relationship, and I doubt that I will ever have any friends. But, to be honest, I wouldn't want it any other way. I don't do friendship, I don't do intimacy, I don't do affection, I don't do empathy, I don't do trust, and, most of all, I don't do caring about people. As far as I'm concerned, all human beings are worthless garbage and I'm not going to care about garbage. As I said before, the only reason that I don't commit suicide is because I just don't have the conviction for it. I'm too afraid of death. If not for that, I would have killed myself years ago. Still, I really do wonder how much more of this shit I can take. I have nothing to live for, and things are only going to keep getting worse and worse for me. I certainly don't have anything to look foward to on the outside, where, again, I'll be on lifetime supervised release, with busybody government agents controlling my life and invading my space for as long as I live (with the power to instantly send me back to prison on a caprice). Will anything ever be enough to finally push me over the edge, to the point where I'll finally be able to overcome my crippling fear of death and just take myself out of this miserable world once and for all? I honestly lean towards viewing my felo-de-se as something that needs to be done eventually, but that I have to work up the nerve to do. Another one of the only reasons that I don't kill myself is because it would provide a great deal of satisfaction to a lot of people - not just to the numerous inmates and staff members who have encouraged me to kill myself, but also to the public at large, who would feel that I did society a favor. I would never want to give people that kind of smug satisfaction. Even long before I got partyvanned, I didn't exactly have a cheerful and roseate outlook. I remember my last therapist on the street telling me that I had an "unrealistically negative" view of the world and people, undoubtedly viewing me as just another farblunget hobbledehoy experiencing a drastic spell of crippling teen angst. In all honesty, though, I don't think that there's anything unrealistic about the way I view things - quite the opposite, in fact. It's brutally realistic. I tell it exactly like I see it. It's hard to imagine that I'll ever be able to abandon my angry, bitter, hateful, misanthropic, nihilistic outlook, because the "I hate everyone and everything" mentality has become such a core part of my identity. I've been chugging Haterade non-stop for about as long as I can remember. And I certainly have not been rehabilitated by prison. Quite the opposite, in fact. I am now even closer to The Joker/Travis Bickle/Dexter Morgan than I already was. I gradually feel myself turning into someone truly dangerous and frightening - someone who very much belongs in prison. Let's just hope that I won't come back to prison when I get out. At the very least, being a misanthrope is certainly better than being a bigot. I've always hated the human race, but I've never hated any particular race of people. As far as I'm concerned, all human beings are equally worthless garbage. I don't care about the color of garbage. I mean, when you see a garbage bag, do you care whether the bag is black or white? No. Garbage is garbage, regardless of what it looks like. Hating and fearing others because they're different is at the core of human nature, and it's one of the things that I despise the most about this wretched species. My mother has said that it makes her sad how filled with hate and anger I am. She feels like she didn't raise me to be that way. But the truth is, she didn't raise me. I was raised by the internet. My formative years were spent almost entirely online, and that's because of my mother's horrible decision to pull me out of public elementary school and have me take classes online, giving me unfettered and unmonitored access to the internet. My mother loves me and she tried to do her best for me, but she did everything wrong that she possibly could. I could literally be used as a case study for how not to raise an autistic child. Obviously, I've never told my mother that, because it would break her heart if I did. I care about her, just like she cares about me. But she had very poor judgement when she was trying to raise me. Then again, I didn't exactly make it easy for her either. I think it's safe to say that my entire family would hate me if we weren't family. It's a miracle that they don't hate me, as I've certainly given them just cause to. Loving someone as horrible as me is a herculean task that 99.9% of people could never do, yet my parents rise to the challenge, which is nothing short of a miracle. I do care about them, which honestly kind of scares me, as I try my best not to care about anyone. Years ago, I heard a story on NPR about an 11-year-old girl who started up a company selling passwords which were generated using a computer algorithm that she invented. I really wish that I could remember the name of the company or the girl. That's the kind of shit that I should have been doing at that age, not the destructive and antisocial shit that I was actually doing at that age. When I was 11 and posting on IMDb, people often refused to believe that I was 11, because my posts were not only highly articulate (and often delved into very mature subjects), but also frequently had a highly jaded and cynical tone more befitting a bitter old curmudgeon than an 11-year-old kid.