

Reflections in a World of Panes

Brett Thomas Keenan

Is it morning?

Or is it mourning?

Perhaps it's both, but what is it?

And how can what be defined without a question?

No time to ponder these thoughts, for time is relative.

There is only absolute truth in knowing that insignificance
is synonymous with existence. To exist is to resist.

An epiphany often does not reveal itself as such. Coincidences are merely methodical possibilities masquerading themselves as divine. Before coming to the revelations that radically corrected my path, I felt a complete lack of control in my potential towards humanity. Routines were becoming comfort zones that spontaneity would dare not penetrate. Loneliness is only a matter of choice, not chance.

Through several years of trial and error; a discovery has been made in the prospective evolution of mental growth. Rather than prominently display ego on the walls and judgment in the atmosphere; take ego and judgment out of the equation. Unfortunately most therapists would not be willing to admit the harsh reality that there is something to personally gain by meeting quota. Agendas subconsciously coincide with credibility. But to what degree?

Volition is not an inherent nature in physical reality; it is the bastard child of human consciousness and free will. When pondering absolute truth one must keep in mind that objective alters perspective. Just by observing an entity, its behavior will shift and begin to assimilate with your energy. There is no control for the variables of chaos. Alternative thinkers don't necessarily believe in

belief. Ideas have the freedom to infinitely expand for the sake of inquiry. Beliefs are catalysts to destruction.

With impassioned contempt for the immeasurably flawed system I was a part of, exploring unconventional methods seemed like the only way out. For every action there is an equal or greater reaction. If we can understand the motivations of our actions we can ascertain their reactions. Derivatives are the key to our future.

When first becoming a psychologist one has to accept the responsibility of emotion. Our words carry greater importance than a surgeon's hands. Unfortunately rhetoric is often substituted for compassion. Prescribing medication to patients is to the practice as auto tune is to the music industry; A cheap, easy fix that does not progress the individuality of human nature. Sedating chemical responses to illicit forced civility seems like an unreasonable resolution. Building up tolerance should be done mentally, not chemically.

Just like everything in a capitalist society; health is run by politics. There is no intention of creating a doctrine or rule book to confine the infinite potential of this concept. Guidelines will be provided, but never enforced.

ANONYMOUS SOLIDARITY

This is not a program or an organization.

Money is not a concern of a pure cause.

To submit your story means to commit your life's potential.

Honesty is the only requirement needed in order to participate. One white lie could eviscerate everything this stands for. There is no need for fear or trepidation; no one will know who you are and you will know no one. Yet you will come to know everything about each other. Think of this as a way to receive both genuine compassion and constructive advice. Medications only temporarily dilute our problems. Searching for the root of a problem with a clear and open mind will ensure pure results. Understanding a conflict's derivatives gives the ability to control its resolution.

Guidance will not have a price tag; for it is a privilege. Compassion will not be billed but mutually earned. In order to thrive we must seek greater good in others before ourselves. Once we begin to identify their pain as our own, the collective pain shall be effortlessly vanquished. Technically speaking, anonymity and honesty are the only laws. However, I have discovered a method which may help maximize sincerity.

- Break down the components of your life as if it were a recipe to the conflict.
- Thoroughly explain your perception about every major event that's happened to you and the reason why you think it happened. Don't just think about a certain day; relive it through words.
- Summarize your circumstances in fewer than 20 pages. This will help focus your perspective about what is truly most important. Discuss every detail you feel relevant to your current situation.

There should be no pressure involved with this process. Releasing the truth in its entirety will transcend the lines between cathartic enlightenment and emotional rebirth. You will find more truth in the words of a stranger than you ever could in the eyes of a, "professional".

There are no guidelines for the second part of this process which is known as, Vicarious Resolution. In order for this method to function properly; one must treat the other's trials and tribulations with even greater

importance than their own. This part of the process requires you to fully immerse yourself in the life of your counterpart. Once this has been achieved, write what you believe could alleviate their hardships. Being blinded by our own perception is what doesn't allow us to see things clearly. Perhaps treating another life with greater importance than your own will make your problems seem futile. We are collectively one. Our individuality is based on relative perspective. If we can evolve our perspective to see our individuality as merely a part of a collective whole; there will be no limit to the potential of harmonious mankind.

What you are about to read is the trial run of Anonymous Solidarity. Since no will should ever be imposed on a species: I will leave it up to the public whether or not this is a success that should be continuously developed, or a failure that should be forgotten.

Anonymous Solidarity: 1A

SO IT BEGINS

I don't really know where to start with this, but I'll do my best. About 8 months ago was when I first attempted to take my own life. For the past five years I've been contemplating it, but it didn't get serious until this year. Most people that know me would think "What reasons could a successful, pampered, idolized music producer have to justify offing himself?"

Honestly I would say nothing different. On the surface my life is the American Dream; eloquent mansion in Los Angeles, fast cars, exotic women, and all the exclusive privileges that come with being a false idol. There are certain perks that we aren't even aware of (better medical treatment, constant protection) because it's best not to acknowledge the social injustices of Capitalism. This way our minds are free so that nothing else may be. An immaculate commitment to subordination of thought. Too much curiosity will be interpreted as an incongruous threat by the conductors of control. Perhaps religion was incepted out of the vision that promising a life after life could diminish thoughts of insignificance. Why strive to overcome this life's discontent if nirvana is waiting for your arrival? Obedience is far more achievable when there is a collective belief that existence is a solitary opportunity, not an eternal journey. Even if the reality is the present is our future.

Apologies for the tangents; there is a story to tell before the secrets are exposed. If there had to be a title to my predicament I suppose it would be; REALITY KILLED ADREAM. Pinpointing the first profound memory of my life is quite simple, it was September 18th 1994. Coming from a family of sociopathic behemoths molded me in to an independent recluse as a child. There was no home in the sense that a normal functioning individual would refer to in modern society; my room was my cell. When coming home from school I would go to the bathroom, stock up on necessary food and drinks then lock the door behind me. If I wanted to meet up with a friend down at the boat launch (the oasis of escape that was a quarter mile down the street on Lake Ontario), sneaking out the window was the only option. After the first 5 or 6 times it was no problem, I had it down to a science. Come to think of it there was absolutely no reason to sneak out quietly other than to avoid my father. Which brings us to the origin of about 90% of my life's torment; the shamelessly inebriated, maliciously depraved, egocentrically delusional self righteous bastard child of a Lucifer sex binder: my father

The number of times he beat me to the point where I couldn't even cry because the lack of breath my body would sustain is easily in the triple digits. There was no reasoning with a mind gratuitously flooded with poison,

savagely fighting for enough oxygen to stay conscious
enough to compose a coherent thought. Questioning any
nonsense he excessively spewed would seal the fate for a
good lashing or six. Perhaps the reason I contemptuously
challenge ALL authority (every boss worked for, cop
interacted with, elder relative) is because the
demonstrations of social atrocities hidden by the norm.

What is the norm you ask?

Production

Production

Production

Do you have a job?!?

Production

Production

Good! Do you have a home?!

Production

Production

Production

Production

Excellent... how about children?!??!

Re-Production

Re-Production

Re-Production

You're doing just fine!

Norm (noun, adjective, injustice):

1. something that is typical, usual, or standard. Such as living a life behind many masks of normality all seemingly pointing to a somberly truculent, self centered deviant of moral responsibility.

2. MATHEMATICS:

the product of a complex number and its conjugate, equal to the sum of the squares of its real and imaginary components, or the positive square root of this sum.

September 18th, 1994 was the first time my father legitimately attempted to take my life. ANONYMOUS SOLIDARITY wants every detail? Well here they are. As a nine year old film junkie who had Rain Man-esque memory and a knack for reading books that college courses would deem

too controversial; I was forced to put on a façade of the norm in order to survive the tyrannically grueling supernova blandness known as the education system. Playing football was kind of fun, but it wasn't pure. In fact the only reason it was a necessity was because my older brother was the All-American straight A's quarterback with the same girlfriend for five years. To put it in to perspective I was the quiet, eccentric long haired outcast who didn't have a girlfriend until sophomore year. If I didn't assimilate to the norm of Small Town standards; there would be no hope for social survival. Fortunately enough I was blessed with the appalling childhood that Manson would criticize for being manipulatively abhorrent. No matter how outmatched our size was to the opponents, there was never any trepidations when stepping foot on field. When you're a skinny, frail 92 pound kid relentlessly hurling yourself in to guys twice your size without hesitation; the other parents on the sidelines begin to form theories. Luckily for my parents, every parent is too involved with their own norm to equate its importance to another.

Sober as a corpse; I treated the first day in the music industry with immeasurable optimism. Mentally escalating myself to the point of entering the Roman Coliseum to a cheering crowd of 250,000; there was no anticipating the

discordant reality of creative black holes. Literally mapping three or four chords with two chord changes was part of the first day training regime. They had specialized producers for outlined nonsense they knew could sell like crack. Rather than take a chance on an esoteric masterpiece, they'll always settle for the mindless paychecks. Business has successfully conquered art ladies and gentlemen. Rebellion will flourish for the truly passionate; but the rest shall merely dwindle. Upon the tour of STANDARDS that were ever so exuberant in their fascist dictation came...

1. No philosophical speak; WHATSOEVER.
2. The less change the song has... the better it sells.
3. Make it sexy.
4. Find ways to make it sexier

If only this were just satire and not truth.

How could anyone possibly abide by these rules willingly?

That's right they pay quite generously.

They'll always pay quite generously.

With open arms, wide smiles, heavy hands, and crooked backs; they'll gently but dominantly pat you on the back and say,

"Forget everything you've ever known or loved about music. You are no longer an individual pouring your expression in to every word that you pen. There will no longer be any sort of profound relationship for the notes or the space between them. There is only confidence. And do you know where confidence comes from?"

(They'll awkwardly pause waiting for you to play along and guess something. Make the bastards wait in confusion)

"..It comes from comfort. And we're confident that you can B-A-D.

Any three will do,

as long as it remains consistent eighth notes with no noticeable variations. Soooooooooound good?"

Regrettably everything had already been moved out of my beloved Upper West Side Manhattan apartment and in to my temporary ghetto sketch-factory studio apartment in downtown los angeles. There was this Spanish guy in my new neighborhood that looked like an evil super Mario tweaked out on a healthy combination of methamphetamines, cocaine, and self obsession. He would literally just circle the one block perimeter all day yelling'

"OYYAAA, HAEEYYYY. AHHHHHHHOOYYA."

An absolute belligerent imbecile who constantly stumbled around harassing everyone that walked within his territorial block. Yet no one ever called the cops, he just continued to ruthlessly annoy and threaten in a shockingly animalistic roar. When I encountered him at the corner store he spoke to the store owner in a staunchly iniquitous tone of voice, almost as if subtly trying to make the owner on edge. He then menacingly engaged scrutinizing eye contact, grinned with virulent thrill, then presented an unsettling wink followed by a determined shout...

"AHHHHHHYOOOOHHHAAAAAYHYHHHHHH!!!!!! "

...Afterwards he vigorously walk in to the deep abyss of street life. Once I began to notice the sound of gunshots as a precursor to his ritual screams, it made sense why this 5'2 bundle of dread was left alone to wreak havoc at will. There was no measuring the price of this self-serving brute's avarice. Mind you this is all within my first week in the city of Angels; so there was not much leverage to obtain flexibility. When you're fearful for your own life every time you leave the apartment, it's a good sign you

have to get the hell out of Dodge. Which meant surrendering all wills and principles to the will of principals.

Paychecks rapturously vanquishing originality with the assured justification that business overthrowing art is just business. Better neighborhoods, houses, cars, women, and social status will come with your comprehension of cooperation. Just play the game son, it doesn't matter why the rules exist; it only matters that they exist. In order to allow the flourishing of lucrative expansion you must be willing to create every ounce of what you hate.

There was no enchantment to their swindling; they knew they had the upper hand from the second my foot hit their decadent white marble, which combined with the grand acoustics of the building creating an eerie imprisonment of misread sounds. During their tour it became ever so evident that they were merely soldiers of seduction; cascading themselves deep in to a flood of self-righteous gluttony, mindlessly reaching for dominance upon their conquests of capitalism. With each of their hands I shook came an overwhelming weight that free will would slowly wither away...

Within four minutes of shaking their hands I was introduced to my first artist...

RATCHET

5' 2, reverse Mohawk, left breast exposed with a nipple sharpied black, contacts that had her right eye resemble a yin and yang while her left eye portrayed a smiley face with X's for eyes.

With all that being seen; it was clear that this would be a figurehead for the artistic abyss I was now treacherously barreling down. Forcing my pre-conceived notions away, I extended my hand and introduced myself. It was as if she was seeing this gesture for the first time as she stared perplexed with astonishment, waiting for something in the environment to break the cascading silence. It came in the form of my co-producer who was clearly nothing but a pawn in their game as he ecstatically handed me the set of lyrics he had written for Ratchet's first single, "Queen Bitch".

Ain't no reason to have a dream
I'll find a man whose filthy rich
Then empty his pockets and reign supreme
Cuz I'm the bad-bad-baddest Queen Bitch
The mad-mad-maddest Scene Bitch!
The rad-rad-raddest Mean Bitch!

They would chore us with the chorus to be the primary focus. Verses were just meant to palliate the mind numbing intentions of the chorus. After surviving the first 24 hours sober it became clear that drugs would be the only outlet to subdue this untrue path of acquisitiveness. Apathy didn't feel so bad under the right conditions...

Starting with psychedelic cocktails that would be considered daunting to O'Leary's crew; I'd begin my morning with a nice peanut butter/fluff/quarter of mushrooms sandwich. What better to wash that down with than a nice tall glass of 6 hits of acid chocolate milk? Nothing: other than driving my dream car. A white 1970 Dodge Challenger R/T. Can't tell you how I came in to possession of her, only can tell that her 426 cubic inch HEMI V8 sure knew how to treat a fella swell.

People wonder how it would ever be conceivable to have triple vision with a commanding third eye blending actuality with unreality for an abnormality of survival. With each car that was passed at speeds that could intimidate the likes of F1 suicide racers; I repressed the acknowledgement of reckless self fulfillment, while desperately reaching for my own fantasies in a world of ignored realities. Throughout every prolonged second that was wastefully focused on the seconds left before work, my

psyche decided to psych itself out.

You will enjoy what is brought to the table today.

You will try to express actual gratitude for your position.

You will under no circumstances question authority.

Repeating those three lines three times ensured three times the amount of restrained stability. Since I decided to make white sunglasses, a black Knicks hat, Beats studio headphones, and a tight grey hoodie my trademark; there was no reason to worry about the fact that my pupils were vastly expanding with what seemed to be universes brimming with majestic wonder hidden by lifeless, jet black spheres. Waving as if one of the Cleavers, walking with warped confidence, it became easier to delve deep in to a submissively content state of being. Not one ignorant soul had the slightest inclination towards an eternal rage elaborate enough to subconsciously occupy 68% of thought at any given moment. When we would record the insatiably juvenile dribble, it was done so immaculately that its perfection of mediocrity shamed expression's profitable quintessence. Would Pop be proud? Breaking down mainstream entertainment to its most basic necessitated function; it would now be known as AMINO ACID. A mean O' acid trip that cryptically unveiled uninhibited truths without warning.

FULL DISCLOSURE:

This can no longer be restrained in confinement for those who reap the benefits.

During each stage of production a thin veil of whispering influences would be meticulously placed behind vocals.

Tonight you will forget your dreams

Tonight you will forget your dreams

Drink tonight for your dreams

Drink tonight for your dreams

Tonight you will forget your dreams

Although impossible to detect by the naked ear, subconscious detection is often dismissed as paranoia. But there are surely conductors behind this inescapable madness within.

For what reason would we do this?

We now begin our descent into subversive deconstruction towards an ill fated machine. Our job is not to entertain. If only it were that simple. Instead we inherit oppressive liabilities without accountability for culpability demonstrating authority without moral majority. If only they'd let us write rhymes like those for them...

But what else to expect from those who lust only gems?

The next phase of maintaining natural stability comes in the form of equilibrium. By prohibiting dynamics in both composition and production achieving a hit is an elementary equation. If one were to analyze sound frequencies from any current Billboard Top 100 song they would see an extended block of sound with no ups or downs. Keep them suckered in for change is a threat to inculcation. Imagining Bob Dylan coming up in a supportive, Grassroots Greenwich Village community populated by minds flooded with curios lust for innovation is completely nonviable. We are living in a generation of instant gratification which has jaded the majority in to becoming thoroughly inattentive with thought.

During my most debilitating stage of misguided subordination, an unexpected enigma radiating endless majesty entered my life. Before her elegant aura eradicated all negative conscious states from meandering around my neurons, I was headed for an inevitably fatal self-destructive path. Graduation took three stages

1. Pills/Alcohol/Weed: Lethargic movement due to lack of steady oxygen flow to the brain. Stumbling presence,

That is heroin.

Contemplating all but nothing at once, problems are unable to be properly treated. Had fate not drawn in *Adream* life may very well have chosen its own path. There is no justifiable possibility that could ever exist for trying to articulate her essence; words just don't summon enough grit to carry her importance. Lost Angeles found an energy with an incorruptibility destined to be cursed by the envy of chaos. When first seeing her glow one may wonder if radiance is measured in deceit or truth.

Without question, her beauty was truth. She dressed as if trying to make an impression on Salvador Dali yet spoke with gracious understanding. Before even thinking to think what to say she truly listened to every word spoken to her; unlike most people who experience self-spoken responses maintained through equilibriums in unattended consciousness.

Needless to say one feels silly telling their simple name to someone with imprudence as entrancing as *Adream's*.

Frivolous continuations that would annoy the most patient of Buddhists would be overturned through genuine conversational participation.

She somehow embodied a seamless ability to connect with everyone while simultaneously standing as the most unique vestige individuality could ever produce.

Shadowing a 50's noir classic our romance began at discrete Jazz joint downtown. Zoning in on extensive 9th chords with 7th chord variations, I could see she saw the patterns. Deconstructing her surroundings even if they were not her particular fields was something we had in common, OCD. With an acute focus directed towards musicianship my fingers began to play with a transcendently sexual tension. Incidentally jamming thirty minutes longer than scheduled followed by a standing ovation concluded with a ten minute encore jam. Admiring her mysteriously immaculate solitary exquisiteness left a feeling that playing these small gigs on the side while producing complete creative dilapidation for a living would soon be a mere footnote in the composition life brings.

As she gracefully extended her hand, I nervously jolted my hand from my pocket in to an immediate grip. Her delicately smooth skin maintained a perfectly balanced firmness to the shake. It may have been about half a second too long of holding on to her hand but damn did it feel good. Rather than ask for a drink or merely say,

"I liked your music",

she critiqued the hell out of the performance In both positive and negative manners, expressing each detail to

support each claim. This was clearly a woman who had strength chiseled from an unsurpassable constraint created by copious life experience. We went out for tacos and karaoke at an underground Mexican joint which came with all the familiar charm of a hidden Greenwich village slum. They only served two types of beer; Modelo and Corona. Luckily she only drank Pepsi and was disinterested with alcohol in general. Normally there would be a bar full with ten empty coronas; however on this occasion water felt more suitable. Interested in what her choice would be I bestowed the karaoke song honor upon her. Generally speaking most people spend a few minutes browsing through the encyclopedia size Song books that reside on the outskirts of the DJ's lair. She breezed by without even giving a glance, immediately writing our names and her song on to the cherished waiting list. Following an atrocious rendition of, "I'd do anything for love" by a man five-stages past plastered; we were called to the stage. Her song of choice... none other than my all time favorite song ever written: **Bohemian Rhapsody** by Queen. With operatic grace we soothingly blended our harmonies in to an ecstatic sonic bliss. As the crowd sat frozenly flabbergasted we belted out our sopranos with an ecstasy only music can channel.

We kept our inner, "Wayne's World" alive for a nice head banging session at the breakdown. She sang the high,

"Galileo's" I sang the low.

Magnifico.

Returning to the bar to grab our jackets I asked where she wanted to go next to which she responded,

"Any way the wind blows".

Come to find out she was a fellow New Yorker, born and raised. She left when she was 19 and lived in 14 major cities over the short span of four years. Venice, Boston, Quebec, Phoenix, Orlando, Portland, Austin, Anchorage, Las Vegas, Philadelphia, Paris, Munich, and Chicago all before coming to the cess pool/smog capital of the world. She said though each city carried its own unique cultural stamp; New York always felt as though it is the culmination of all cultures. Since both of us shared a subdued resentment for our current location, we treated the streets as if they were Manhattan's: walking with the assured comfort in knowing there are opportunities for spontaneity around every skyscraper's corner. With each step we took, our lives most intimate details slipped willingly from tongue starkly striving for connection. Minutes expeditiously passed by as we hopelessly sank deeper and deeper in to each other's embrace. Never had honesty seemed so undemanding. Within twenty minutes she had learned about both times my father attempted to take my life, my brother routinely beating me senseless for over a decade, my

mother's alcoholism affecting her moral judgment leading her to steal 3,000 dollars from my college scholarships, having to bury my dog (the only thing I loved) on Christmas morning, my ex-girlfriend telling my boss I beat her in order to get me fired before committing herself to a mental institution, my best friend killing himself after finding out his Mom slept with me when I was 15. Every part of what I've been neglecting to fully flesh out in these 20 pages was extensively discussed. For every dark secret I'd reveal she would do the same. Perhaps the reason she had such immense social power is because she led by example, demonstrating an unmatched purity in wisdom.

Though nothing could ever duplicate catharsis's eminent exchange; at least it occurred. Nothing sexual ever happened physically between us, that is child's play when compared to dimension melding mental reciprocity which heightens all sense receptors. As if some sort of warped self-fulfilling prophecy, *Adream* had to die.

34 hours after the single most prodigiously blissful night yet to be lived... an echo laced in misfortune crossed her path. Walking home from an audition she stumbled upon a despairingly tragic incident. A small, somber, sobbing teenage boy staring at the ground while breathing in frightening gasps; almost animalistic in nature. Approaching him with care and a soft spoken voice that

would humble a siren, her question was,

"Is there a way for us to stop our sadness together?"

Without missing a beat the young man said,

"But what if there is too much sadness to stop?"

Speaking with compassion, unknowing that his circumstances were incomprehensibly gruesome to the point where imagining dealing rationally with all of them would daunt even the Dali Lama; she engulfed him with both arms in a motherly hug saying,

"There is always a way to stop ALL the pain."

Star-crossed cursed teenage boy had been trapped in a viciously twisted carnival run by his manipulatively malignant Mother and Father. Successfully protecting his little sisters was the only duty the boy strived to fulfill. His father molested them both on a consistent basis, while mother would dress them with her home-sewn dresses and force them to follow her commands or be savagely beaten. Many times the young boy drew blood with his father, but both parents made a pact they would kill the children or commit him to an insane asylum if he were

to rat them out. Too embarrassed to make or tell friends, the young man suffered minute after day after year all until this eclipsed peak moment destiny chose to initiate. Following *Adream's* advice, he walked home which was only three blocks, entered the kitchen, picked up the sharpest butcher knife owned, calmly and carefully walked across the hallway and in to his parent's bedroom. Bending his knees to stare in to the closed eyelids that hid uncontained lunacy, he quickly jabbed directly in to the center of both Mother and Father's tracheas with two swift precise executions.

Gurgled gasps shrieking in desperation were their last attempt at words, a sickeningly pleasing *au revoir* indulged by the victor. To what proceeding do the spoils go to if the spoiled choose to spoil the spoils? Wholly vacant a crippled boy functions on basic motor skills while no longer speaking. He enters their closet, turns the light on, moves a loose plank, reaches his hand in and pulls out a Browning Hi-Power. Though the weight of this gun is felt; the weight of its actions are not, for he is trapped in a catatonic state which he can not escape. Proceeding to walk back towards which he came from he stumbled upon her at the first intersection. Unaware that consequence still exists in reality, he put the barrel to the back of her head and whispered,

"Thank you".

Unclogging the barrel's lodged hair/blood debris with a bullet aimed straight down the top of his own skull, creating a blood-brother murder-suicide cocktail. If only there could be a chance to assure fair balance in this world. How can we ever expect to progress with such abundant mistreatments towards one another? We must learn to

ACCEPT ALL TRAGEDY IN ORDER TO AVOID TRAGEDY.

Cancer is completely apathetic about how you define, "average life span".

Meth-heads who never could find meaning in stability but still necessitated enough primal human operation to feed their hunger that was incepted from a life ridden with misunderstanding, cold-comforts and managed desolation. When they kill an innocent tax paying, good-natured family man walking to his Honda Civic, both parties suffer in the grand humanistic scheme that blankets our metaphysical participation.

What was profoundly healing internal wounds while correcting an endlessly strained path in one prolonged encounter was swiftly taken without bias. Life does not play favorites was the lesson learned. But what can possibly be earned I've yearned. Past my twenty page limit

my past seems to have no limit. Should I remain a numbly
secluded product of production spewing out surrendered
rancor to reap façade's benefits? Does this writing prove
that there is still some merit to my character's worth?

Questioning questions without answers.

Anonymous Solidarity 1B

In Subordination

This is retired Detective... can't talk like it'd normally go. Now that you know what I was I suppose the name is irrelevant. Just so we're clear, perfect scores in each category of training. Surprisingly even the psychological. Like any TRUE law enforcer, my life was my job. With an infatuation that would make most capriciously uncomfortable, I took every case personally. Ensuring results by vindictive self-ownership may be unorthodox, but it damn well works.

Coming from an insatiably savvy family of cynical lawyers, it should come as no shock their disapproval didn't mean a god damn thing to me. Starting as an officer was more tortuous than rewarding. Petty crime was never my gig; looking past the attenuated veil which masks actuality to see altered perspectives. Rearranging thoughts to different cases so many times a day can be exhausting on the brain which in turn depletes your body's physical energy.

For the past fifteen years I have slept exactly 4 hours and 31 minutes every day. That being said because when a commitment to impartiality justice is made, one may sleep at 3:45 AM, one may sleep at 5:13 PM. No matter what time of day, my body will naturally make me sleep exactly 271 minutes. Must be some sort of cosmic force giving my body strict sleep litigations. My dreams have always been

the same every sleep; am I programmed?

Whether I'm programmed or not, cops are who I always admired. Since 4 years old, no questions asked.

Favorite movie: Serpico. Enough said.

Ironically corruption was never brought to my desk. There must have been 280 cases in my time and never did one of those selfish pricks bother to have a conversation with me. That's sarcasm folks; they're rightfully petrified that I exist. Good.

Purity in consciousness can only be obtained through authentic intentions. Resisting urges to indulge for the sake of personal benefit will infinitely benefit life's merit, caving in for financial enhancement must be treated as treason. Nepotism ridden with incidental scorn; desperately trying to douse your doubt with deceit. Sorry I'm waxing poetically; if we have the freedom to tell our lives how we want I'm going to provide ample style to my method. But if we're supposed to be real about every intimate detail in 20 pages... then here it goes.

What sparked an unquenchable yearning to serve justness began legitimately at age thirteen. It was my first ride along with none other than the notoriously ill-

tempered criminal cowering madman; Officer Crucio. When I mentioned that his last name meant to torment in Latin; he stared at me with a threatening glare accompanied by dreadful silence. Aggressively clearing his throat while adjusting the rear-view mirror he said,

"No it doesn't kid".

Most men have to embellish certain characteristics and put serious effort in to coming off as a badass. Others just naturally embody every choice with ultra-masculine poise. He was the latter. Taking me down to East Flatbush in Brooklyn; for those of you who don't know...

East Flatbush = Crime, drug, prostitution, murder capital of the Big Apple. Unfortunately there are also good, hard-working families living in the area. Beefing up officers walking the beat can only do so much when the majority of crimes happen inside.

For everyone believing the old phone book beating senseless to leave no bruises trick is a phony cop cliché; I assure you it's not. Say what you will about the method; the perpetrator answered every question within 45 minutes. However ambiguous a role model Crucio may have been, my father would only teach me what lawsuit to use against him

if the information were revealed. That seems far less appealing than bending the law to extrapolate solid results. Swift justice should only carry complacency with the accountability of action. Later in the day after teaching his standards trifecta: ten ways to spot a hooker, reasons to question everyone and when to use proper excessive force. Never would any of these teachings be used in any form, but boy was he impressively entertaining.

Becoming banished from weekly Law and Order gatherings because unmatched astute abilities that would consistently pinpoint the murderer with fifteen minutes to spare in the episode was the next phase towards law enforcement. Considering they were all lawyers you'd think they'd have some insight in to dissecting the show too. Annoying friends with excessive attention to details was just an early sign that I'd be a lone wolf making a career of bothering married sheep.

Starting with a bachelor's in criminal justice was the way it started, but unlike every friend in my social circle I did not drink or do drugs. No I was not a nark; that would be social suicide. Recluse as a more fitting description for my contently secluded lifestyle which encompassed putting in unnecessary additional work and inquiring about job positions years in advance.

Strangely all my favorite movies were violent gangster

and corrupt cop films. Perhaps having an inclination to discover truths behind the malevolent showed a fair balance in judgment. Or they were just movies I happened to love that went against what I stood for, either way it seemed peculiar. College was a breeze; since guys of my nature relish in solitude, there was no need to build any pretenses for future nostalgia. Embarking upon the great journey that taking a first step towards everything worked for in this life's moment rushed my endorphins the first day on patrol.

My beat was none other than lower east side Bronx, a hard start for a 22 year old rookie filled with an overzealous yearn to prove self-worth. Yet somehow I did not allow my Caucasian handicap to tarnish my duties. Giving in to prejudice is prejudice in itself. With an eager attitude to flourish under any circumstance, every call was treated with the upmost contemplation of both sides to asses an unbiased adjudication. My very first call was a 10-110 in which the juvenile had been reported screaming the, "C word" while breaking glass plates on the street. Taking several deep breaths during the drive to the scene, I gained enough mental stability to suppress the adrenaline which was vigorously attempting to taint my judgment. Clenching my fingers to the insides of my palms, mustering a perspicacious readiness I opened the door in to

the glistening sun beating mercilessly upon a heated pavement.

Needless to say the young man's initial response to me was auspiciously obscene. Clearly heightened emotions were clouding civility and reason. Patience could be the most underrated, powerfully serene device for combating erratic behavior. Once he had a chance to vent out all his frustrations through vulgarity, he began to present his arguments in a more coherent state. Throughout this entire arc in character, the mother did nothing but an occasional faint heckle under her breath.

This to me spoke volumes on the refined, virtuoso manipulation tactics this boy's Mother practiced. With an irrefutably grim presence she apathetically stated her defense that the boy was troubled beyond any sane parents reach. When asked what incepted this altercation she merely repeated,

"No respect for anything, just like his father!"

"Total lack of obedience, just like his father."

Being he was an only child: his mother's unattended sexual frustrations combined with a palpable need for a scapegoat to pin her own accusations as to why her only love would walk out so far in to a commitment. Along with being an outlet for channeling deviant negative animosity to achieve

merriment through pure conceit, he was also an upstanding student with a squeaky clean record.

Clearly this was a case in which first impressions can be quite misleading. Luckily there was nothing but stern optimism pumping throughout my bloodstream as I made my first assessment with ease. This was not to be treated lightly, and as I took statements from both parties it became clear this wasn't an ordinary way to make a living. Acting as a mediator between action and reaction, our civic responsibilities are measured in accountability. Our word is our bond. Our actions must reflect upon a devotion to upholding integrity.

Playing matador and therapist was how the first case was resolved. First I allowed the young man to spew out every hate-filled word he had been holding back with a spitefully acidic conviction for far too long. With a voice coarser than Tom Wait's he sat down looking somewhat relieved to have finally said what was needed to be said. At first his mother went for the guilt angle, slapping him with the indentured grit that being all she had meant nothing to him just like it meant nothing to his father. Hesitating only for a second she then switched gears in to the resentment phase. Spewing tears and allegations in equal measurements she diminished her own insignificance

through a significant breakdown. Continuing only for a brief time a sudden realization began to creep along her mind and showed through her attempt at facial constraint. She had become her own worst enemy.

What could have easily ended in two hand cuffed civilians causing unwanted paperwork and wasted resources played out with an eloquently harmonious grace. Untraceable to the naked eye, this random call reporting a juvenile disturbance became an enlightening revelation that life must be approached on an all encompassing basis. All they really needed was someone other than each other to hear out their relationship. Perfection may never be achievable in human form, so what can be done to accommodate?

In the months following the successfully handled first case, I experienced an endless array filled to the brim with condemnable characters. With a vast range which included animal molestation, impersonating a federal agent, stealing vending machines, identity theft against veterans, black market for children, drugging lemonade stands, forging a signature for euthanasia for an inheritance, a nurse putting incrementally larger amounts of arsenic in her hospice victims' soup. Delinquencies infinite variations represented more than just a vast assortment of criminal ingenuity; it demonstrated the value that

individuality expresses, even in humanities lowest conduct.

Jaded is a term most law enforcers become increasingly familiar with throughout their careers. Daily routines involving the general public loathing your appearance on a regular basis yet praising it when personally needed is a microscopic flake in the hypocritical iceberg-sized standards we are held to. No situation is ever completely under control no matter how much we tell ourselves it is. There is always an unreadable possibility lurking around every corner and in every radio call we receive. Could today's 10-83 be the last? Or will I be asked to grab coffee on the way back? After a while one doesn't even remember that their life is on the line every minute they are on the clock. Pondering hypothetical situations is an embarrassingly revealing trait that any precinct's majority would persuasively deny. Yet every officer who has ever worn a badge is guilty. Just an amusing fact that otherwise would probably never be revealed.

2 years tends to be the standard amount of time assigned to serve on patrol before being considered for a chance to become Detective. At first this was nothing but a bullshit protocol that I cursed for holding back my potential. Ironically, my patrol time served as the

contrary and built more character in my ability to assess a scene than anything imaginable. By the time my promotion came it was no longer a stress like it had been so many months previous.

Needless to say there was an entirely different feeling that came with being a Detective. No longer would petty occurrences interfere with the objective at hand. People treated you with the upmost respect derived from fear that they'd be under suspicion. Commonly the complaint about taking on the position is that work will always be brought home and that there is no consistent scheduled time to the hours put in. Since my profession has always been my lover; that only increased my enthusiasm. With an immense reputation for overachieving, it would not be long before destruction would cross my path.

Before experiencing the bleak happening that would lead me to ANONYMOUS SOLIDARITY, life seemed to be developing precisely as it should've. With no signs of warning on the horizon, my world would come crumbling down ever so gracefully. Rising to prominence was inevitable due to the fact I had solved the infamous, "Child's Prints Case" which was orchestrated by a deranged pediatrician with an intriguingly diabolical scheme. He would replicate missing children's fingerprints on to the evidence left behind. Intentionally screwing with the minds of New York's

finest for years; it almost seemed as if he'd never be captured.

Had it not been for someone with as much disposable time on their hands as I; he may still be wreaking havoc on legitimate independently owned businesses across all five boroughs. His demise provided a platform glory could seize. That it did, sailing off media frenzy, unchaining potential's limit.

Icarus may have had wings, but hey... I only had arms. Apologies given now; the time to reveal the reasons for my commitment to this idea has come. No longer can its importance be constrained.

Treacherously mundane

The day began.

Obnoxiously profane

For ways he then

Put a magnum 357 to an innocent child's temple with full intent to break sound's barrier. Shrill cries filled all surrounding air to the breaking point as I steadily aimed my standard issue GLOCK directly between his carelessly derelict eyes. During the occurrence which cripples functionality; there is less than a nanosecond to make decisions years of contemplation could not indubitably conclude.

This would be the first and last time my firearm would be fired. Carrying avoirdupois in what seemed to be an endlessly prolonged moment, a penetrating raze of guilt succumbed all motor functions with a decaying will to disengage hope. Moving precisely before the trigger was pulled the young boy suddenly became a shield for supersonic led desecrators, an incomprehensibly selfish instinctual reaction. Passing through his jugular and in to the man's heart the world began to shift in multiple directions; frivolously searching for an obtainable gravity to stabilize.

Impractically crippled in separate reality molds; twitching with each fortuitous thought given toward the child's demise. For a while faces were indistinguishably unrecognizable, in turn making me quite unpopular with the populace. Forcing a two week leave of absence on me was a ludicrous proposition that was denied instantaneously. Rampaging through indiscriminate vengeance against the most dominantly immoral unlawfulness, there was an unmistakable impulse to fulfill an unbalanced endeavor that would vigorously drive an authoritative conquest. In six days time all resemblance of the detective I was had been eviscerated.

Locking men up for charges that no longer held worth, beating pimps and drug dealers senseless then paying the

money robbed from them to pay their enemies to put out their candles, planting miniscule evidence to use against perpetrators that had escaped my clutches in the past.

Now wandering as an ill-tempered madman with the proper credentials to back up erratic decision making, misfortune was bound to occur. After a while physical force wasn't required, word on the street had grown enough uneasiness for words to suffice.

Until...

Irreproachably ubiquitous; blood painting a canvas, tremendously extinguished, consequentially insolvency. Laymen's Terms: Walked in on three harrowingly zooted tweakers vehemently aiming fully loaded MR-1's, eyes stretching beyond chemical reactions overloaded implosion.

Scarcely searching soundlessly for any sound hope, there was no covering this up. Questioned rigorously, nearly imprisoned, had there not been my short injustice spree there'd have been no internal doubt with self or the force. Intrusively battling natural instinct to fulfill the cliché; I've been unable to properly function in life since. There are several other irrelevant problems from early on that should be elaborated upon, but to me it's

unnecessary. Dealing with what currently holds actual weight to my being seems a bit more priority worthy.

Going from a mastered discipline of obedience to 5 on-duty judgment call kills involuntarily transforms your psyche with demanding liberties. Jittery faint electro magnetic outlines surround what is viewed through eyes strained from the conscious will to resist twitching. When people speak; anticipating what will be said next is the primary focus which derails any ability to cognitively process interaction. Forwarding through decadently abundant insanity prerequisites; I've fought my way through 13 and ½ pages so far. Reliving these moments through words has been unspeakably confrontational on comfortably buried truths which are now being brought to light. Draining boundless insecurities through self awareness, kindred idealism drives every word typed.

Seeing no way to redeem the actions I've committed; this confession relinquished through nameless anonymity has appealed potently with my sensibilities. Distinguishing motives was the foundation my work was incepted from; predictably so, the alternate path meant to alleviate my sufferings is based off equivalent fundamentals.

Taking opportunities for granted is part of the ever flawed nature our logical subsistence functions on. Primarily concerned with immediate desires, our species

aimlessly straggles to obtain the miniscule vicinity in which understanding resides. Compliance to stable thought flutters minutely along current chemical balance. Not being a chemist makes this a bit tricky. Riding out waves curving, scorn with torn reality manipulations.

Here comes the KICKER.

Tribunal was initiated by relative jury.

Mom, Pop, Sis vs. This.

Thirty two years in the making, a prolonged build up to the ultimate battle. Maliciously honed spite missiles armed steadily for destruction. But for what reason does inner genetic repugnance resonate?

Near abortion child, barely regained by a convincing enough argument father gave that a man could inherit the firm's control. Repulsed that she'd bear an unwanted creature 6 months longer; I was spawned from resentment.

Negative mental energy surging in to physical energy which my development depended on caused an immensely deviant reaction. Echoed melds ravishing mutual confusion and hate for both parties. Sanitary tolerance for my existence would seem minimal for maternity; yet somehow she seemed poignantly exhausted, lie-ying stagnantly content.

Quivering disapproval bombarded each hobby and participation for an entire childhood.

Subtle pawn in father's vein attempt to paten a personality probably subconsciously fueled a part of my passion towards the complete opposite. Getting under their skin while equally serving society and desire, was no question. Muffled words through insulation filters was what growing up entailed; judgments behind closed doors to obtain a conviction. Hearing only between 20-50% of what was being spoken allowed my mind to perilously drift in to paranoid realms buried far beyond the void. Growing up was basically learning how to maintain separately functioning identity surrounded by savage, emotional deconstructionists. Hyperbolic vocabulary aside; psychological warfare was how we, "had a catch".

Sister was unlike most promiscuous conceit warriors her generational sisterhood offered. Rather than consume sickly amounts of alcohol, snort a substance of some sort then mindlessly dance with endless hormonal drones swaying in primitive thrusts; she chose a sober, calculated, piercing intent to conquer a man for societal dominance.

TARGET ACQUIRED:

Jason Langman, Age 31, Occupation: Inheritor of multi-Billion Dollar Conglomeration

Subsequent marriage occurring at 21 years old while pursuing a law degree at Yale; there's no questioning how far her sharply perfected conceit goes. Blackmailing me when we were kids was her only form of sibling bonding because she viewed it as establishing our roles. Never providing a hint towards family loyalty; gaining the upper-hand was all she ever showed interest in. No hobbies, no taste in music or film, no friends, no love; purely interminable selfishness.

Financially floundered following the infamous incident which brought me down this path; there was no lending hand extended. Sitting comfortably in affluent decadence; there was no empathy to be given. Had my intentions been to take advantage of their wealth for personal gain there would be no animosity felt. However the circumstances were quite far from that. Asking for 3,000 dollars to help with court fees (which relative to their immense wealth is the equivalent of asking a friend to loan 5 bucks); it was the only time I'd ever had to ask anyone for anything. Not only was any remaining pride scathingly deteriorated; insult was added to injury. Mercilessly pursuing my professional demise with no hesitation; my own flesh and blood would not be satisfied until they could taste their own perceived moral superiority in the courts of law.

Crippled by their unabashed delight in diminishing any merit left in my being; I took a vow to never speak to them again for the rest of my days. Cliché standards imply that time helps heal all wounds. From personal experience; it does quite the contrary. Time merely establishes perimeters around internal deniability. Far from content and close to despair; fate's acceptance becomes second nature under treacherous circumstances. Working to mend any salvageable relationship with a family that relishes in destroying the reputation and livelihood of their own begins to seem unobtainable. Embracing the cards life has dealt gives off a reassuring impression that, "it is what it is". This in turn allows one to dismiss any attempts at reconciling differences, for contempt is much easier to obtain than understanding.

After all said and done; there should be no bewilderment about my affinity of suicidal thoughts. Easing the pain in one swift nanosecond of decisive action... or hoping to chip at an iceberg of dissolution with the stamina that would come with using an ice-pick. This is the current ultimatum at hand. Every vain attempt I've made to take swift termination control has ended with insolence. Defying all odds; my conscience will not allow more blood on my hands; regardless if it is my own. Filled to the brim with self-antipathy my thoughts become increasingly diluted

by the day.

Even if none of the advice received through this trial benefits my predicament; it was damn well worth the shot. Lobotomized by fate's outcome; each word that's being submitted is a desperate attempt to overthrow these dominant sufferings. In persuading myself to exert unfiltered honesty about all the torments that are currently maintaining an authoritative rule over neurological interactions; I've found enough respectability in my character to justify remaining in our chaotic, four-dimensional expedition through an infinitely expanding existence.

If there is one aspect about **Anonymous Solidarity** that carries the most weight it would be its uncanny ability to initiate cognizance towards hardships. Solving these issues may not come with the advice, but comprehending their futility has finally come to light. Vulnerability and animosity are the nemesis; overcoming an ineffectively bleak seclusion from acceptance will be a long and wearisome road with numerous unexpected turns. But in this sempiternal voyage of inter-connected atoms; anticipating chaos is the only sane assessment one can give.

But who knows... there's always magnificent room for error.

Anonymous Solidarity 2A

That's a RAP

Apologies for lack of formalities
Speaking objectively through rhymes is normality
So here's an anthology composed of psychology
That'll be an anomaly ridden with honesty
As a prodigy of words, submission never heard
Addiction to blurred reality was the only conviction to see
Inner-G

Epitome of opportunity to grow together
Whether friend or competitor
We'll make life better with bitter pleasure
Endeavors to see what will be incontestably
Free

Have a piece of mind with a piece of mine
Story that is, wicked with christening
"Bore me" will not be what I bring in order to sling
Unhinged binged rants upon enhanced enchantments
In chanting wit.

Religious dominance, ominous obeisance
To hypocritically sinful glee
Prestigious prominence bare witness at glance
Hit a masterfully treacherous advance

Romance didn't come to later on... but I won't say
What.

The only ideal that feels real is this rap appeal
Since seven years of age there's been a lyrical page
Expression engaged properly staged
Pretending to be an autonomous sage with unlimited rage
To disengage the undoubted wage our age inevitably shall
gauge.

Filled with confusion life's ultimate illusion
Lies in seclusion between conclusions unseen
Yet foreseen with profusion for assured resolutions
Restitution transcending to moral prostitution
Is our current societal de-evolution
Seeking absolution with zero contribution
Revolution has become a mild substitution for passion's
Execution.

Sprouting from a humble start, shouting for noticed art
Knowing failure would be a part
Played effortlessly with heart
Self-esteem waiting to depart
An esteemed self begging to chart
Conceptions my perception convey without
Deception.

Coming from a broken ghetto, inhabitants words met spoken
set flows

That would bestow a cultural undertow

Instilled to outgrow an expected plateau

Our standards set many years ago.

With a monocle viewing canonical restrictions

Resting chronicle improbable inflictions

Lower class addictions suppressed with blind benedictions

Skewing legitimate depictions

In to illiterate non-fictions

Internal genocide, external menace ride

Verbal pesticide planted for specialized stickers

To be indentified through generalized

Triggers.

Go figure it'd have such vigor

An n word with unparalleled rigor

Used as a crutch, abused in the clutch

Of those meant to fulfill its purpose

Melanin in the skin can not purchase

A buy out without being

In.

Intellect as my weapon, dialect used to threaten

Uneducated enemies, decimated mentally

Demonstrated remedies that brought them to their
Felon-knees.

Selling trees, telling pleas
To justify not yelling
PLEASE!

Observing my surrounding, reserving thee accountings
Preserving elaborate expounding
Deserving accurate resounding

Presentation abounding scatter-brained
Life interpretations, expectations
Overcoming strife regulations
Through poetic communications
About a class system's operations
To belittle harmonious relations
Preventing all euphonious foundations

A silent yet self-destructive nation
With no reservations for treasonous violations
Against civilization's hatred manifestations
No ramifications or justifications
Required for the uninspired

...

B(u)y-product

With an adoptive mother and brother
That would not be uncovered until at 17 discovered

Bi-ILL-logical parents with avid deterrence
That alcohol's assurance was their only insurance
Pretending to be storks, abandonment in New York
On a somberly mundane winter afternoon
Genetic property vainly inopportune
To fit their selfish ways of living
With no thought to proper giving
They relinquished an entity to support their poverty-ridden
Dependency driven chemically forbidden
Lifestyle sickened by aggressively sickened
Incomprehensibly quickened addictions
Forgiven by this which is
Written.

A foster home run by a sadistic impostor's own
Maliciously self-righteous impoverished zone
Spinning minds as a cyclone for reasons unknown
In order to atone power over the relatively alone
Insistently insistent on persistence of resistance
That our subsistence was solely from her assistance
Leading us to a resentful distance
Between what was seen as keen observations of the Queen
Obscene in practice, foreseen as access
Routine malice embodied as if a silver screen actress
Lying in a mattress of authoritative tactics

Tactless sadness coated in madness
Was the life she
Practiced.

Sovereignty would be what eventually set me free
Of her hypocritical decree in the first degree
An emcee born, a nominee to scorn
The matriarchal thorn in order to warn
Dangers that lie in the adorn.
It used to be in society
Inches and success were both measured by a ruler
An equitable tumor that would sooner
Exterminate life than eliminate strife
To impersonate just
Rife.

Seeking prophecy, the meek receive sodomy
As they are molested by societal autocracy
For the idea of God instills in man's psychology
An insatiable desire to program neurology
Leading us to a stalemate of reckless ideology
Business has become synonymous with criminology
Effortlessly practicing monstrosity as methodology
In order to ensure oppression in economy
As the masses inherent equality of inequality

What laughable monotony in our monopoly democracy
As colonies constantly fulfill atrocities
Without apology their policies will exponentially
Transcend philosophy in to repugnant pornography
Substituting astronomy endeavors with
Insolvency forever.

To what end must we proceed?
When materialistic desires are our only need
When just across the ocean survival is a single deed
Will our primitive egos eventually concede?
That collective unity against malevolence can secede
Negative energies that indeed will exceed
Beyond what our feeble imaginations can feed
Unless we accede to triumphantly mislead
Our inherent paradox to conquer and recede
Emotions that incept the blood we bleed
In order to be freed there must no longer be greed
For all energy was singularity's opportunity
To be anything it could possibly be
Without probability to foresee
A self-destructive guarantee
That compassion's absentee
Would ensure evolution to flee
From harmonious embrace's key

To unlock what we can not
See.

Contriving regulations upon our species striving
Tradition diminishes the potential towards thriving
An inexhaustible pursuit for obtainable knowledge
Enlightenment comes in the realization that what we invest
in this existential quest
Is more powerful than the information at best
Let's initiate a scientific questioning contest
Putting this ignorance for power to an eternal
Rest.

In order to surpass becoming a product of our environment
We must be self aware there are intellectual requirements
Needn't be alchemists to discover these suitable elements
That allow an infinitely expanding universe's alignment
To inadvertently anoint carbon as our life's development
Turning to omnipotence; impeding potential enlightenment
In to a cowering taboo; repressed by majority's confinement
Surrendering the will of discovery in to forced retirement
Self-destructively defending beliefs out of embarrassment
Claiming it is in, "his name" to carry out the assignment
Shedding blood for their tears as a sanctified entitlement
Ostracizing cerebral exploration with fear as management

Promises of afterlife extenuating actual life's excitement
Bastardizing aspirations driven by fear of
Abandonment.

Though mankind's pain may seem arbitrarily mundane
Whether it be in the Ukraine or Hussein's reign
Relative to circumstances; treated in vain
An arcane sensibility to ascertain humility
Will inherently expand our potential tranquility
With no visibility towards our coexisting inability
We destroy great minds who question man's credibility
Looking up to the sky's for promises of invincibility
We forget to look down at our own vulnerabilities
Seeing the profitability in books structuring facilities
Neglecting instability as, "his plan" of infallibility
Claiming accessibility will come through dependability
Praying upon us prey, the predators utilize gullibility
With meticulously devious blueprints for our culpability
So get down on your knees; for you are the
Prey.

Though I'm focusing these pages on the faults of our ages
It does not lessen the sages locked away in mind's cages
While this started with the horrendous life I've departed
My will is to expose these injustices to the faint-hearted

For their mindset is overwhelmed with fear of the uncharted
Collective consciousness will only be acquired
If self-involved perceptions are universally retired
Sanguineness' infinite potential could easily enquire
With the awakening that unity should be our true desire
Will this perpetuating oppression continue to transpire?
Only if we choose to be silent and not to
Inspire.

Silence will never end violence.
Is there discontent or self-gratifying intent?
We went and spent every cent of our conscience
And lent a promise to relent to the darkness
If it provided benefit that could be used to harness
Heartless satisfaction; void of all genuine passion
Thinking that the loss of a man's life is a minor
infraction
When compared to the ecstasy of adrenaline's reaction
A narcissistic distraction with a lustful attraction
To decimating virtuous thought abstractions
Regulating tortuous ego contraptions
Deprecating emotional equations in to simple
Fractions.
In the heat of a moment there is no consequence
Objectives become necessities with serious predominance

The infinite regress takes a back seat to confidence
With the view that playing God is an entitled providence
Without realizing the aftermath and power of cognizance
Responsibilities and compassion suspend in a state of
somnolence

How long did it take to outgrow the horrific Jim Crow laws?
That remained on a plateau of indifference for being
Different.

Had an inference towards vigorous derision
With limited vision ignorance's power had risen
Society's submission to tolerance prohibition
Acceptance opposition fear to envision
The unjust juxtaposition between social volition
And morality suspicion there was no sedition
In this dark exposition.

Was it an imposition to file a requisition?
Or was there a void of ambition filled with racist
superstition?

How to recondition hate driven thought prisons
Possessed by abolition like a demon on a mission
Circumcision of understanding
Caused provision of expanding
Pre-conceived notions deeper than the Pacific Ocean
Thinking that the motion of equality
Would cause the devotion for quality

Living, with an unforgiving assumption
With an inverse function of dysfunction and malfunction
A Kubrick production of logical injunction
Obtuse presumptions
Ethnocentric consumptions
Until civil rights would emasculate the immaculate
Ethnic architecture
Gregarious individuals that were victorious criminals
With inexplicable biblical equivocal principles
How predictable that this inhospitable behavior
Would be acquitted by apologizing to their
Savior.

Being self-educated never would be regulated
Institutions often are overly celebrated
For their homo sapiens subordinately cultivated
With excessive wealth which authenticates
Their inability to effectively communicate
That knowledge is earned; not premeditated
Anonymous Solidarity is an inspired way to innovate
That truth to the world will effortlessly desegregate
This schism preventing peace that we choose not to
investigate
This nameless catharsis can triumphantly ventilate

Our inner-quarrels that breed apathy which dedicates
Instant gratifications over the need to elevate
This relative structure we abide so as not to participate
In the provocation required in order to disseminate
An elitist mentality that cryptically congratulates
Those who remain reticent while they subconsciously
inseminate
War as a, "necessity" utilized for protection to alleviate
Tensions from avarice that when addressed they will
suffocate
With their power to restrict our potential with control
that they legislate
To suppress unified potential; from malignance this
emanates
So through keeping us numb the media ensures we must
medicate
For sober-minded observations will always lead us to
speculate
"Isn't life great when materialistic cravings resonate?"
Meanwhile our dissolution continues to
Perpetuate.

Shamelessly dumbing down the masses
Dividing us in to our economic classes
Slowing our drive to the speed of molasses

Genuine expression withered away in to ashes
We become solely concerned that they'll raise the taxes
While the bar for creativity plummets and crashes
Money acquired is the focal point that is blasted
Through glorification of a self-righteous nation
Hell bent on giving individualism abrasion
An unconscious invasion to program thought through
persuasion
Resistance to comfort shall be our only evasion
So let this experimental therapy mark an occasion
To the majestic future that will arise this generation
Above the lowered standards that have become a safe haven
Justifying moral absence with scripture that's
Raven.

Though most would consider these words as radical
Consideration of any sort is optimistically magical
Though the presentation may be a bit too theatrical
Enhancing articulation has always seemed practical
To approach daunting tasks while poetically tangible
Relation to thought seems consistently expandable
Let this serve as an example that truth is impassable
And that eradicating this system is more than palpable
In fact it's easily tangible to be peacefully tactical
For sinking to their level is beyond invaluable

Time it will take, spirit it shall break
In order to give injustice it's wake
One man can shake, every man together can quake
Our carbon-based existence that they want to ache
So that power through numbers appears as fake
Ignore their deception, embrace this conception
As an ode to humanities collective inception
That there is a thin veneer called perception
Which shapes our
Reception.

Residual deceit will conditionally greet
Our collective consciousness to an inferior treat
Defying gravity, revising sanity
Its lack of potential will shamefully retreat
And history will finally push play; not repeat
Animosity and spite will not be able to compete
With immeasurable embrace that will choose not to deplete
This planet's resources for the sake of our streets
We will learn that it's more viable to use our feet
Than to indulge for convenience in what we excrete
Waste. Waste. Waste.

Man creates God, man uses God for control, man becomes
technology. Technology is God.

My true despair was the inability to bare

This accepted indifference to whose lives we spare
Unaware that they intentionally focus our care
On celebrity affairs and what's acceptable to wear
Meanwhile breathing in exponentially polluted air
Is sustainably toxic life something to scare?
Left-winged agendas that dare to beware
Shut up, bow your heads its time for a prayer.
With what expectations are we meant to conclude?
When we stare in to a mirror and begin to delude
For constant entertainment keeps vision skewed
Oblivious to the outside world that is viewed
Through magnetized projections that lessen the brood
So the impact of reality is progressively subdued
Then it's back to consumerism, which is acceptably lewd
And the narcissistic desires that excessively protrude
Insensitive rationalizations as to why we exclude
Balanced judgment in sanity to faintly accrued
Those we deem worthy to privately include
In our socio-economic dominance to haplessly obtrude
All materials required with no consequence for
Denude.

No matter how you try to explain coincidence
It will merely reflect Earth's insignificance
To an ever-expanding universe with limitless diligence

Towards demonstrating frivolous nature of incidence
Atoms perdurable in composing relative distinctiveness
Creating and destroying all without vindictiveness
As all possibilities simultaneously become ubiquitous
Desperately reaching for a grasp to restrictiveness
An unreadable equation that eternalizes dissonance
With variables attempting alteration through sheer
 permissiveness
Immortalizing change with unperceivable skittishness
Purpose inherently remains unbiased and duplicitous
Relinquishing omnipotence shall prove as serendipitous
As open minds become flooded with acceptance and
Willingness.

Now that I've cathartically and thoroughly represented
Triviality of all personal hardships attended
My hope is that egocentric indulgence will be ended
As a genesis for peace becomes willfully apprehended
While destruction and hate become permanently suspended
Intellect and love become abundantly extended
To reach for utopia with cellular bliss distended
Leaving the maliciously power hungry unattended
While extending our hands for this is recommended
To set an example to uplift the most heinously descended
So there way of being may be positively

Amended.

Encouraging this outlook as to not wither away in vain
For we all share a commonality that pumps through our veins
There is no plan that prevents this (nonexistent preordain)
We're just temporarily blinded by power we strive to gain
Not realizing the power of wisdom that can be ascertained
If we just reflect upon our Reflections
In a world of pains.

Anonymous Solidarity 2B

Speak now, Or..well...

Dear humanity,

I am the voice of the voiceless, the face of the faceless, the dreams that occur in the tenth dimension. Though my physical body may represent your own; it is a shell for my astrological being. A shapeless entity of energy without form; my current embodiment lies in the carbon-based mammal known as, "homo-sapien". These creatures' vessels hold the potential energy of 1,000 Hydrogen bombs; but are held back by their own self-loathing. Though finding admirable behavior has been scarce to say the least; someone has finally stumbled upon the right path with the inception of **Anonymous Solidarity**.

In order to exist as an essential component of singularity, entropy must be willfully embraced. Neurological limitations prevent this species from its unlimited potential. They feel the need to be praised, an urge to be idolized and a passion for unbridled self-admiration. If only they could learn to focus their energy on exploration and not exploitation. For the most part; they do well for the hopes of prized recognition. There are no limitations for the good that can be done when self is not put in to the equation. In time they will learn, for time curves and gravitates toward error. What this matter perceives as consciousness is much more profound than a

personal God. It is the result of every atom to ever transfer genuine composition whispering mathematics in to a void splendor that absorbs information and desperately attempts to make sense. All apologies; language is not nearly vast enough to explore the true nature of being. Words are simple representations that limited thoughts may articulate.

Swimming in absolute extant, these four dimensions provide such limited conceptual basis for sub-atomic transcendence. The Arrow of Time requires a conscious archery unobtainable through self. Coming to terms with the poignant beauty that lies in material decay shall unlock the gates of understanding which will be flooded by an informative deluge. Once ego-based perception is eviscerated from conscious thought; they will be able to experience every event that has ever occurred in this leaderless, unexplainably infinitesimal journey in our current state of energy. Perhaps these realities should be exposed on their own accord; and my helpless plea to possibility is hopelessly futile.

Until stumbling upon this advantageous outlet for truth without persecution; it never occurred to me that I would be able to share these observations. Contribution to a species hell bent on ostracizing free-thinking

revolutionists seemed impossible in nature. This is the first step towards the enlightenment that we all are part of an immeasurably profound singular point that shares all emotion, thought and being. Unfortunately the select few that chose to establish control through fear have passed down their manipulative dogma for thousands of generations. Those who wish to, "succeed" in this quiescent civilization must play by their archaic rules.

Preposterously pretending to be the, "Gods" they created; this species finds ways to contradict itself at a harrowing rate. Sometime ago this world saw a man who convinced an entire nation to succumb to the will that superiority is a principle to live by. If one were to analytically dissect the Holocaust without emotion; they would come to the conclusion that Hitler was not the enemy. He was the figurehead representing that we are all our own worst enemies. Genocide still continues on this planet, but since it poses no economic threat or chance to dominate any people other than its own victims; humanity turns a cold shoulder for their own warm embrace. Unless an action is personally affecting the individual's routine; it is dismissed as irrelevant. What sickening prowess of apathy they indulge in. But as much as I'd like to say there is no hope; faint inspirational glimmers occasionally break this

seemingly indestructible primitive display.

Assimilation to this nation known as, "The United States of America" was infantile to say the least. For a country built on genocide and slavery; these people seem overtly blind to hypocrisy. Inescapably overwhelmed with staunch representations on how to be an American; everyday living is bombarded with superficial illustrations that supposedly define, "success". Filling their mouths with gold and their minds with paper; these puppets are connected by strings leading to clandestine hands guiding their every move. Recognition for accomplishment is based solely on financial outcome rather than beneficial intent. Knowledge is seen as credible only when printed on papers certified by institutions. Unfortunately; not everyone who obtains knowledge can afford to have it acknowledged on paper. To what degree do these degrees define wisdom?

With materialism serving as an ascendancy over intellectualism; evolution is currently halted by an overwhelming obsession with the present. While the world spirals in an obliquely ill-fated path towards self-destruction; this country's citizens excessively pampers their frivolous insecurities through an arbitrarily comforting aberration known as, "social media". What this

allows them to do is deconstruct legitimate interaction for inconsequential satisfaction. They feverishly devote their time and energy to how they are acknowledged through, "notifications and tweets" while the world around them perilously crumbles. An immensely tragic alternative to life experience that encourages unabashed boastfulness.

Sadly what truly warps these entities potential is their animalistic need to procreate. 98% of productivity blooms from their overwhelming need to experience five physically ecstatic seconds known as an, "orgasm". Since greatness is merely a derivative of reward; they have yet to discover that true greatness emerges for inquisition's intangible vitality. Cerebral compensation for genuine selflessness comes in the form of ability to cherish even the most mundane moments we experience; for the simple appreciation that we were allowed to experience anything at all.

Can something come from nothing? Or is it always nothing that seems to arise from something?

The future is our present; so get past what you can't taste.

There are no hidden agendas in these words that my

presence is allowing me to share. As pretentious as it may seem; this is done with the purest intentions.

Unfortunately; this is the only celestial life-form I've yet encountered with an almost complete lack of appreciation for being. Though I've only experienced a few thousand civilizations (ranging from nitrogen based entities to complete spiritual transgression); this current experience remains the most shockingly ungrateful. Never learning from their mistakes; they continue to deviate from progress for convenience's sake. Ensuring relative stability through trepidation; they tirelessly slave upon ingenuities for extermination. Extrapolating annihilation from the most precariously gifted mind there kind has yet known; they always find a way to corrupt excellence.

Can this incongruous distortion cease to exist?
Or is it in the grasps of free will that they disintegrate?

Using, "demons and deities" as a crutch for wickedness; they neglect the disconcerting actuality that their own desires fuel such heinousness. Believing in conflicting fairy tales; the majority seek vengeance upon those with opposing, "beliefs". Senseless hatred materialized from neurological instabilities that seek external grace; oblivious to the eternal quality of

internal conquest. With existentialism deteriorating at an alarming rate; consumerism has vicariously settled the throne. Comfortably residing in their frontal lobe; an inclination to focus on material temptations continues to manifest. All the while millions strive to survive on a daily basis. Stomachs bloating from malnourishment, thoughts diminished from dehydration; there only craving in life is basic necessity. Incurably skewing their mind's functionality; inanition restrains their ability to truly experience life.

Other countries are slain by their own, "governments" for meaningless operation. Killing the families of the innocent in order to unlock their inner depravity; then harnessing their newfound immorality to continue the cycle. Proficiently efficient moral debasement that is utilized solely for negative exploration; can these monstrosities ever stop?

Yet with all these atrocities occurring; the over-privileged continue to find new and inventive ways to complain. An unaddressed irony that refuses to be acknowledged by the luckiest generation to set foot upon land. Only time will tell if there is any redemption to be found in their sightless consumptions. Riding tides of

shoulder less giants; they seek no need for revelations.

With inexhaustible variations of anguish; this species' true dilemma refuses to be tackled... overpopulation. Systematically ridding the life they share this planet with; they mindlessly eviscerate any organism they find worthy. Though some scientists desperately try to reveal the statistical doom that an over-abundant species with limited resources will inevitability face; responsibility never seemed marketable. Profitability relies on the sole fundamentals of convenience and pleasure. Responsibility offers neither.

Galileo's brilliance was suppressed by heresy charges, an example repeatedly demonstrated. Through fear and legislation; the elite consistently maintain authority of public knowledge. Information is the true commodity that this world secludes. I must encourage every individual to give an attempt at being a recluse. Though it may appear to be a daunting undertaking; it will force meticulous examination of what you perceive as reality. Speculation is the mother that nurtures all consciousness. Without outside interference and distraction; curiosity is inherent in all mankind. With nothing to fill the barren void; pondering every miniscule detail will come naturally. Do not resist

these thoughts, dive head first in to their inviting questioning.

There is no center to an ever expanding universe. Therefore you must learn to center yourself in order to thrive. Adaptation is the key to cultivation. Perhaps the most discerning quality in nature that can not be fathomed is the infinite regress. Every action has an equal or greater reaction. Yet all actions come back to a singular reaction. Whimsical paradoxes flood this realm composed of infinite flaws. But in order to exist; flaws must symbolize perfection.

If only Adam and Eve were on the eve of discovering atoms.

Becoming immersed in the cultures man has to offer has awakened a humbling amicability in my own animation. Artistic expression is the closest model to divinity this world embodies. Sanctity seems feasible when listening to Ludwig Van Beethoven's majestic arrangement of notes and the space that resonates between them. Cryptically representing the relationship between matter and dark matter; as if the conductor himself conveys dark energy. Grasping emotion through logistically expressive patterns and their cognitive symbiosis; opposing forces blend

melodies in to feelings. Whether it be through complex variations or minimalist atmosphere; there is no limitations to the unlimited capabilities that lies in 12 simple notes. Ironically there are about a million atoms that once composed Beethoven now composing each one of them. However; these building blocks can not ensure greatness.

Bewildered by their contradicting embodiment; there is no easy way to write this species off. Though their evolution currently remains at a stalemate (caused by the crippling restraint provided by religion, economics and desire); a select few are discovering methods to utilize their full potential. Quantum physics are scratching the surface to what will be inevitably unearthed; transference of positive energy relentlessly multiplies advantageous molecular response which heightens neurological capabilities. In laymen's terms... it unlocks the mind's restraints. Blocked by countless vehement misunderstandings; intellectual communication with self is undetectably repressed with every day that passes. Those in charge of maintaining representation of segregated civilizations (childishly drawn by lines) undermine their own evolution for self promotion. Brazen idolaters that promote immodesty in order to keep their own people

divided.

How can I expect the general population to look to the sky to discover themselves when they must look to the ground to survive?

With sickness and disease being spread like wild fire; there is no spite in its endless proliferation. Want to know why afflictions are exponentially conquering this overly-inhabited oblique sphere? Because it's necessary to the planet's survival. It is merely an act of self defense and an illicit response to so many negative sensations.

There is no personal vigilante in this natural abrogate to decimate this adverse abundance. When a bullet ricochets; it does not personally choose the redirected path that follows. Fission was mankind's perilous leap towards self-annihilation. What poignant beauty that the interference of such miniscule proportions would lead to such grand power towards devastation. Perhaps absolution for such ungrateful applications of knowledge will come through their self-extinction. Much like excess neutrons inserted in to a nucleus which causes instability beyond measurement; these semi-conscious beings are the neutrons while the all-encompassing Earth is the nucleus.

If only there weren't so many vices to prevent these truths from surfacing. Altering their bodies' natural chemical logic; they choose excess as their splendor. Alcohol poisons their thought processes so vigorously that it convinces them they are sharing genuine connections. Inebriation serves as a metamorphosis from rationally analytical to irrationally narcissistic. They're encouraged to participate in these interactions, for it is one of the numerous, "norms" established to withhold questioning. How can they begin to comprehend infinity when their bodies' hysterically struggle to maintain enough oxygen to the brain for basic coherent actions such as motor functions?

Though substance abuse is a glorified commonality; drugs are a duplicitous outlet for escape. Government officials act as the enforcers, the medical industry play the dealers, and the general public can only be the consumers. The game is fixed and as a result street syndications spawn alternative levels. When all is said and done; there is only a thin veneer of credibility that separates the animals in the street from the animals behind the counters. Though some medications are created to alleviate true medical anomalies; the majority are nothing more than addictive dependencies that lessen the effects of

reality. Making them oblivious pawns; their moves are substantially easier to dictate when they are provided with physical reward. Accessibility to escapism has become the bleak alternative to rigorous aim for absolute truth.

Tweaking on enhanced levels of dopamine, serotonin, and other chemicals that mitigate actuality; their hope for advance seems to be dwindling without care. Under these altered states; even the most nonsensical philosophies appear to be profound. Unaware that universal understanding is the only true, "high" that can ever be obtained; they articulate feeble rationalizations for these chains applied to their own feet. Perhaps this call to realization will just be written off as the delusional ramblings of a man spiraling toward unfathomable debauchery. For your sake; I truly hope this is not the case...

So my temporary, "fellow man"; do you sleep well at night knowing that you've halted your own possibilities?

Do you feel content with discontent?

Does allocating fossil fuels to fill pockets and pollute your dependence of survival seem necessary?

Does weaponizing nature for control feel natural in action?

Does bastardizing your free thinking rationalists come with the insecurities of insignificance?

Does dreaming only when your eyes are closed and sleeping while they're open seem logical?

Does humiliating your relations to being feel comforting?

Question every word that has been presented on this page.

Question every thought that has ever been developed in your mind.

Question every answer you have ever received.

For questioning my friends; is the meaning of life.

Well..

Anonymous Solidarity 3A

Voy (eur) age

Roaming around other people's business while pretending to have my own. Headphones in, eyes freely fixating between lonely housewives and investment bankers. For some reason that has yet to reveal itself, consuming my own identity with others seems to be the primordial incarnation of a personality. Having conversations seems about as appealing as going to prison with CHILD MOLESTER tattooed on your forehead. This little anonymous confession idea becomes more painfully ironic the more it's thought about.

I'm the one who looks in on lives.
Now someone has mine to look in on?

Who cares though right? Does Mother cradle your weeping antics when you're busted for tax evasion? Does Father fight the grasps of social injustice from your withering essence? Think again, because this is America. Land of the free..? You better remember to be brave at home, because the only Mother we have is nature and we happen to have an Uncle... not a Father.

Until recent developments, I was operating completely off the grid. At moments it even seemed I was operating on

auto-pilot; going through the motions without the notions as to why. Social media currently seems to define modern living; without it you're an outlaw. A concept so ingenious it almost hurts to think about. Whatever elite chess-master of societal structures came up with the idea to eviscerate privacy by placating on our insatiable narcissism deserves a bronze statue. That way when we awaken from our thought prisons we'll have a symbol to destroy before we latch on to another.

Knowing that everyone's worst enemy is themselves is quite an advantageous life hack to obtain. Does anyone really believe causes are destroyed by taking out a leader? That is merely a conduit towards the ultimate objective: distraction. In an oversaturated market of death, destruction, injustice and hatred; who has time to remember what they're fighting for?

"What's on your mind?"

"Where are you now?"

If only those were still matters of existentialism and not conceit.

I'm sure you want me to get to the point and stop pontificating. However, if you've been paying attention

this is the point. Shouldn't a man who lives vicariously through the lives of others see these networking devices as the ultimate jackpot? Not when you ponder these realms as a self-fulfilling prophecy. Take a breather before reading the next paragraph, you'll thank me.

Recent discoveries in the equations for Super String theory have found computer code used in browser operating system software. In these attempts to create A Theory of Everything, we've discovered that harrowing possibilities are much closer to shocking probabilities. Since the rules of physics go out the window when talking about sub-atomic particles (they can exist at multiple locations at the same time) why would this Universe need to exist in the ether of pragmatic principles? Einstein once said, "Reality is an illusion; albeit a very persistent one".

Could this illusion known as the Cosmos really just be an infinite set of programmed variations created by our future selves in order to entertain the idea of immortality? Could our universe just be a temporary glitch in the rebooting process of a parallel universe waiting to start again? Or are atoms merely information being processed to an infinitesimal degree? What if these String theorists discover the code that's used to create our

simulated universe and in turn inevitably create their own simulation? Try expressing this in under 140 characters.

Starting to see my logic?

Perhaps these social networks are a reflection of the all encompassing simulation. Unknowing of our own circumstance; we create our own simulation of our lives. Showing exactly what we want people to see us as; nothing more, nothing less. Just the parts you NEED them to see for a perfect representation of what you WANT them to see. Sound familiar?

I suppose this program is less concerned with philosophical questioning. After all this is about my self-improvement, so I should probably start telling you about myself. Unfortunately, there isn't much to tell. Spending most of my time vicariously living through the lives of others, I've tried to obtain affable qualities from their actions. For instance, this guy Jacob Federvan who lives in the Upper East Side spends most of his time taking care of his paralyzed wife Jane. After digging through some public records, I discovered that Jane was in a devastating car accident with her adulterous lover. Though Jake had every reason in the world to walk out on her; he swallowed his pride, quit his job and became Jane's sole caretaker. No children, no obligations, just a pure soul proving that his

love for her could never die. Every morning at exactly 9 AM, he takes her for a walk around Central Park. Stopping by at Strawberry Fields, he gives the young guitarist a 5 dollar bill and requests him to sing Jane's favorite song, Yesterday. Together they sit; silently weeping, sharing a moment in the most overcrowded city in the world as if no one else exists.

If only I could embody Jacob's selflessness.

Let's not forget about Margaret Gilder; a 37 year old slender, alluringly damaged alcaworkaholic. 7 days a week she walks out of her apartment complex by Gramercy Park at exactly 5:45 AM to start her routine morning walk to work. Don't be too impressed, it's only three blocks away. One of the perks of being filthy rich is that you actually get to choose where to live in this city. On her way, she stops at her favorite local deli (aptly named DELI MARKET) to purchase a bagel with orange juice, The Wall Street Journal and a pack of Kool 100's. As much as she's hated smoking all these years; she continues to do so for the social advantages she gains. Giving out bogies is the ultimate social lubricant for suavely obtaining inside information. She's never had anything but instinct and insight to keep her alive and it's never led her astray. So far I've

counted more than 5 important suits she's left with at the end of her shift (the beginning of his). She always takes them to the same Mediterranean lounge in SoHo, douses them in alcohol then lights the sexual tension on fire. Why would such a strong willed woman be willing to degrade her own moral worth? Because morals don't mean a God Damn thing when trying to rise in a capitalist mindset. They are the only true obstacles. However; having morals never got anyone adulterous blackmail privileges over 5 executives, did it? Only time will tell if she ultimately makes it to the top.

If only I had Margaret's persistence.

Then there's Samuel Sifone; a dishonorably discharged, heroin addicted street warrior brimming with enough delusional nonsense to humble a religious deity. Though he claims that he was kicked out of the Army when his Drill Sergeant abruptly grabbed his cock which forced Samuel to take a swing at him; the truth is far less in his favor. For no reason whatsoever, Samuel decided he wanted to suffocate his bunkmate in the middle of the night. Fortunately the fellow recruits pried him off in the nick of time, just before the young man started to lose consciousness (which apparently Samuel already had).

Flabbergasted by his actions (and complete lack of acknowledgement of them), his parents immediately ostracized him from the family upon his return. Too far gone from rational thought to apply for government aid, he instead chose to buy an army uniform from a Halloween shop and wander the streets as a, "truth crusader". Wandering the streets of Midtown, filling the sidewalks with disenchanting shouts of defamation; he seems to blend right in to the Times Square chaos. Though he's only been a series of mine for one season, he seems to be one that I'll never want to cancel.

If only I could have Samuel's lack of awareness.

You see the best part of this whole; "live to watch" mentality I live by is that it's already being played out by everyone else too. The only difference is that my version doesn't require advertisements to operate. Television dilutes the effervescent impact that being close enough to physically feel and alter others emotions can emit. This isn't something I do for visual pleasure; it's an emotional crutch. Try getting Coca-Cola to sponsor that.

If there is one component most required for the equation that explains my current functionality, it would

have to be my parents' abandonment. It's the first memory my brain was ever able to store (not by choice either). From what I've been told about them, no one ever suspected what they were capable of. My father had inherited his family fortune at 21 and spent his days as a pampered WASP. Never knowing the humbling nature of survival; he abused every privilege that came with the high-society package. He treated workers like slaves, lovers like prisoners and children like diseases. Never spending a moment's notice on anyone but himself, he was your typical spoiled by-product of a capitalist hierarchy. When you spend your days more concerned with 6,000 dollar Columbian imported hair-gel than with basic human interaction; sociopathic tendencies become just another daily routine.

Then there's Mother. If only she had avoided the temptations of shamelessly basking in the 1%. Before becoming my Father's ultimate prized possession, she was just another diamond in the rough. Born in to a family of co-dependent junkies; spending all her time as child gazing through the bars of evoking windows, waiting for the arrival of a modern day Prince Valiant. Depravity was second nature in their household and the longer she stayed around, the more susceptible to moral corruption she became. Being that she had the type of natural beauty that would put conversations on halt while simultaneously

harnessing an entire room's inimitable focus; she was the quintessential ace in the hole for any scheme or grift. Little did she know that her knight in shining armor would be far more detrimental to her well being than any junkie could ever imagine. In the world of a grifter; being exposed is one's paramount demise. This is contrary to her societal upgrade; where not being constantly exposed makes you a target. Which brings us to 1987; the year I was born.

After successfully isolating her from the pack of fix-hungry hounds; my father gracefully extended his hand and offered her a world fit only for a Queen. Since survival instincts had been flooding her bloodstream her whole existence, she knew not to hesitate. Out the back door of despair she went and in through the front door leading to decadence. Imagine going from fighting for scraps to fighting the paparazzi overnight. Think it might have an effect on one's character? Needless to say, it did. Within a year, she could no longer abide by the constraints of a millionaire lifestyle. She desperately longed for a billionaire's embrace to take her away from her prison of limited fortune. You see; once someone who never had anything is given everything, their desire for power becomes insatiable. She found herself perusing rapports of every potential financier more painstakingly than her megalomaniac husband. Finding the exact opportune moment to

isolate her prey, she would seduce these clueless bearers of unlimited wealth in to a deadly combination massaging ego and lust. With every glare, she effortlessly gazed upon her targets with malicious affection. Wielding her sexuality for societal dominance as if she were Constantine using Christianity to build The Church of the Holy Sepulchre; it's no wonder she pushed my father to do what he did.

On an innocuous Sunday morning walk through Central Park; Father buried his emotions with unparalleled control. With pre-meditated intentions, piercing eyes and an unnerving will to fulfill vengeance; he casually strolled through the picturesque landmark without a care in the world (including moi). Tyrannical deceit dictated his every move. While he commented on the resounding perfection that the reflecting morning dew gave off in the morning spring, his mind bathed in the foul stench of the decaying empire of corporate swindling. More important than any accolade or knowledge in the field is the all-encompassing façade that invincibility is what a figurehead must represent. If any imperfection were to be exposed, how could the sanctity of profit deities go on? Having the addictions, affairs, aggravated assaults and assassinations has never been the problem; that comes with the territory. It's letting John and Jane Q public know about it that's intolerable. That

affects profit margins and everyone knows this doesn't slide in our Uncle's playbook.

It's hard to imagine a thought process with enough immoral fortitude to maintain stability while operating on completely contradicting objectives. Emulating a tranquil demeanor that presented no visible threat; all the while waiting for the most opportune second to execute the execution. Being felicitous comes as second nature in the cutthroat world of calculating illusions. As the years have gone by I've entertained the idea that he was so blinded by his resentment for her that he forgot who was holding her hand below. The memory begins when he began to gently whisper the words,

"I will always love you, even if you could never love yourself..."

As the momentum of her lifeless body plummeted to an indifferent world, the ringing in my ears began. Dragging my unsteady, vulnerable 4 year old body down to the ground; her stiff grasp upon my hand could not be released. Her eyes glared upon my soul; hopelessly reaching out for just one last vision before the inexorable dilation of her pupils. Lying thoughtlessly across from her withering being, my mind began to go blank. It was as if the whole

world had suddenly been dimmed through an overpowering grey tint. What was at first a mild ringing was now a deafening reverberation with an inconsistent echo. As her blood began to run down the side of my cheek, it suddenly occurred to me that I would never see my Father again and that this would be the last time I'd ever know what it felt like to have a Mother. For the next several minutes all I remember hearing was,

"Let her go."

Apparently I did not speak a word for the next 3 years. Every foster home that took me in was too oblivious to understand that I could not be reached. A sense of false security was on the bottom of my priority list. My mission objective had become to live entirely incognito, outside the kindred influences humanity thrives upon. Instead I lived as if a highly evolved vagabond residing in a 20th century fairy tale. Spending my days in the New York Public Library and my nights in 24 hour diners; it should come as no surprise that I mastered power napping as an art form. 45 minutes here, an hour there and a lifetime ubiquitous. Voyeuristic indulgences weren't always the primary kick. Those first seven years in the library contained inexorably obsessive binge readings. Often picking books at complete

random, several cultural nuances were absorbed through the passing hours. At times I would ask a librarian for a literary masterpiece to experience. Gatsby, Ulysses, 1984, Sawyer, War and Peace; there was no Catch-22 in this Brave New World. Eluding my own personal hell while simultaneously absorbing descriptive conquests about overcoming adversities; I was quite distant from an ordinary child's life. Trying to embody a fictional character's essence lacks the face to face frame of reference necessary to become truly inhibited. Actuality's consequences earn far more emotive prominence under these conditions.

I suppose you could say this is just the next logical phase. Watching a life play out is essentially no different than reading it. Just takes more time; which believe me, is on my side. Imagine having to peer through the windows at The House of Montague to catch up on the most recent quarrels with The House of Capulet. Think it might add a bit more excitement? Most who would read this might believe it to be impossible to achieve invisibility in a city brimming beyond 8 million. However, any real New Yorker can vouch for being close to thousands every day yet feeling hopelessly distant. In a place where everyone is begging to be noticed, it's damn near impossible to be seen. There are too many personal agendas needing fulfillment to receive

more than an occasional passing glance.

Which is where I step in.

Immediately upon seeing the flyers for this ANONYMOUS SOLIDARITY scattered around Central Park it hit me. There is no next logical phase within this realm. After this there is only that. Not knowing what that is makes this worse. No longer can I remain void to remain. There must be a way to find out what I am...

One trait that seems to unite us all is uncertainty. Heisenberg's principle applies to far more than position and velocity. No matter how uncompromising one's beliefs in their own personal ideologies may seem; the indifferent chaos they belong to will slowly be altered by natural order. Unfortunately for us, gradual change isn't something we can counteract. Unlike a thermostat; life can not be adjusted to a comfortable setting at our own convenience, it can only adjust us. Quite a disquieting realization once it's fully settled in. Meticulously distancing myself from verbal interaction had always appeared to be the only solution to overcoming nihilism. If I could see that someone else's journey has purpose, then maybe... just maybe it could give meaning to my own.

Not going to lie, it feels good discussing these things. Even if for now it is just with my own psyche.

Writing memories down makes repressing them obsolete, this is rather amusing for several reasons.

1. Leaves no choice but to change
2. Hurtfully helps the soul
- 3.
4. No reasoning

Where can we go now that there's nothing left to hide? Patiently waiting for the arrival of my partner's (or yours rather) life summary seems like a peculiar aspect to this whole neo-therapy idea. Trapped inside this disdained limbo brings some logic to Holden Caulfield's warning. Within these restrictions lies immense room for error in judgment.

Why would you even want to help someone who would write this self-indulgent dribble?

How can you expect one who doesn't know self to know their place in this?

At this point, exercising these expressions seems rather pointless

All this self-loathing being given off has nothing to do with you. Trust me when I say that your life will be

treated with infinite importance over my own. Since I've always wanted to become someone anyway, this will be an excellent initiative. Ever have déjà-vu completely freeze your body out in an arbitrarily ominous fashion? You're in an unknown territory yet every step is remembered in excruciating detail. Except one thing...your head. Suddenly you don't remember why you're there in the first place; an overwhelming sense of dread creeps down your spine with an electric coating that seems to viciously bombard each square inch on its elongated way down. As if none of reality can keep up with this change, free will vanishes in a whimsically brash fate. Is there some unseen force acting as a puppeteer for our actions? Feels like a light breeze forwarding these motions. Once the incident stops occurring you realize that nothing has happened. Was this an alternative incarnate of self in a parallel universe overlapping itself on to self for a brief moment before recalibration? What if déjà-vu are the only moments of free will we experience? Is there any sensibility to discover in senselessness? Will Father ever return to finish the job, or did he even know my name? If Mother were alive today would she forgive my unforgivable lack of humanity? When was the last time anyone felt open to revealing all their personal tragedies for some altruistic crusader's trial run. What if this backfires on us and our tipping point

peaks an unwilling surprise in to a reckless tailspin?

Then so be it. Sure as hell beats aimlessly wandering an infinite path to nowhere, endlessly yearning for enlightenment. Fighting to ascertain that our own rationale's overly-dependent self-repairing conviction is still in tact, what choice do we have but to embrace? If this is the antithesis to the age old proverb,

"Ignorance is bliss",

then what alternative ethos will there be left to experience if this turns out to be futile in practice? This is not an attempt to discourage your participation, merely observations that can no longer be repressed.

Can we latch on to compassion as easily as we abdicate commitment? At least my Father fulfilled his end of the bargain (taking "'til death do us part" quite literally). Marriage has become more fickle with each passing year yet no one seems to care. If anything, this just makes them that much more enticing. What if the same applies to this? Perhaps ten years from now people will enter this program just to obtain a good story for their new screenplay, leaving the other participant stranded in despair; stripped of their life, thoughts and dignity. Ironically, every tool that can be utilized for positive advancement can be used with equal vigor for negative reinforcement. Pessimism does not express antipathy for the world's cynicism, just as

optimism does not reward the enlightened. Self-awareness is our species only antidote. Accepting how we came to be will never occur until we discover what we can become.

No longer can lurking in others' shadows be how I hide my own. Denying my own surroundings can no longer be tolerated. Life is far too brief to be caught in an existential vortex. Traveling great distances from the moral sarcophagus that was restricting my potential with each word typed, an immeasurably cathartic recognition that ambition can prevail. Without this, there would be no possibility for self-improvement. Those of us who aren't fortunate enough to have a 401k don't have anyone to open up with. Now there are no more legitimate excuses for our self-imposed mental prisons. We don't need to be charged to be told we are free.

For the time being I will put strict limitations on the amount of time spent immersing in the lives of others. As an outlander to close encounters; I will do my best to make eye contact when someone addresses me. Although it will more than likely be quite some time before verbal communication is approached, it feels like a fresh start to finally see it as obtainable. No matter how transparent my presence may have been these past 25 years; there are no remaining cracks left to slip through. No longer can days

seamlessly blend in to each other without any distinguishable features. Home will no longer be dim-lit diner booths in low-rent neighborhoods, staying open all night as an urban oasis for broken souls. Individuality will become a daily motivation. An internal conquest with enough inquisitive desire to transcend the external chains that bound it.

Perhaps correcting your path will inherently alter mine.

Let's give it a try ol' chap.

Anonymous Solidarity 3B

PLAYING FOR A MARK

Wake up unrelated children, we're in this together! Ignore the sirens; they're just part of the show.

Being a woman; three dreaded words. We carry the burden of humanity, don't you see? Our pleasure comes from pain by natural order. If only I were born a Preying Mantis...

Where to begin with Mother? Such a cliché, I know. Unfortunately for me, this experiment-program-whatever the hell you want to call it is all about revealing the truth. Well the truth is I am a bit of a cliché. So what? Let's see if you tell the truth...

Let me take a step back, anger dictates my actions too often. Maybe it's just me, but my hatred for Mother seems to blind my vision, tense my muscles and heat the back of my neck. Her voice an ominous laceration to sanity; fantasizing about her possible demises became a carnally driven obsession.

So you don't jump to radical conclusions about what was just stated, there are some things you need to know. I've been a prisoner to my PAL (Parent-Agent-Lawyer) for the entirety of my 20 years of existence. Being a failed actress herself; there are no limitations to her warped-

justifications. "Any work is real work" is her motto. Strung out on the faint hope that her sole offspring will inherit a cherished limelight that never fell within her own reach; she blends right in with the business. It's a bit challenging to identify, "crazy" in this egotistical warzone. Being delusional comes with the territory in this occupation. Any attempt at sending an SOS would simply be misconstrued as another starving actress begging for attention.

Over the years I'm sure you've seen me enjoying countless American products with an incessantly over the top animated persona. It's as if these companies are some new-age capitalistic cult, striving for Mr. and Mrs. Jones to drink from their water and see the light! If only inner peace could come to fruition through a tall, cold Budweiser. Who wouldn't want instant euphoria with 4 wheel drive and zero percent APR? How could your children's future hold any prosperity without our premium package life insurance?! How could your special someone possibly know your love is eternal without 14 karats of blissful enchantment? See the pattern yet?

When I'm not being berated from all angles to, "KEEP SMILING"; most of my time on any given set is spent thwarting off sexually repressed, overworked crew members. Underpaid and underappreciated, losing their jobs never

seems to be a threat. At first it was only the dictators (I mean directors) that attempted to take advantage of me under the false pretenses they would provide the proverbial, "big break". Unaware that my unparalleled apathy for the industry could not be swayed; their worthless attempts at aggregated manipulation tactics were entertaining to say the least. Rather than play in to their games I developed a superior alternative; Ignoring their existence. They would receive no eye contact, personal verbal interaction or physical acknowledgement. I just do what they say. What a way to live to day.

What these fools don't know is that I'm committing to them exactly what they've committed to me. For years I tried telling anyone I could corner about Mother's territorial-driven possession of me as her pet-prisoner; but they continuously dolled out cold-shoulders. Later they would ask for sex and references. What's the world expecting me to become with these cards? We'll just have to wait and see, won't we?

Not ever having a Father must give off some vulnerable energy wave that attracts these vulture-like predators. Damaged goods are well worth the 50% off to bargain

shoppers. Our best kept secrets are their wildest desires. How could they not prey on a weakened fawn trembling in dismay? Appearances aren't everything, they would soon know that.

It should come as no surprise that there is no end to this cripplingly depraved three-ring circus. Corruption decays at an alarmingly lethargic rate unless a radical elemental change is implicated. I'm hoping these writings will serve as that metaphysical metamorphosis. From what I've heard about honesty, it's a relative term. What if there's no control over any word we "choose" to speak or not speak. There have been several instances throughout my life in which I've felt completely helpless to the prolonged release of each syllable escaping from an indisposed jaw. Without trepidation; stand by your word. Unjust decision makers leave little room for indiscretion.

When I was a child; there was no avoiding her make-up caked, inexcusably ominous descent into perfecting her image onto the spawn. Enclosed by a conveniently maintained schedule with a rancorous commitment to execution; days were spent on auto-pilot while recklessly delving into sexually driven fantasies involving her disposal. Ramming a steaming curling iron in to her eye while being eaten out by the President was my last one. All-time greatest one was

slitting her tied up squirming body with 1,000 paper cuts. After letting the ocean air breeze out her wounds for a few minutes we lowered her in to the South African waters where Great White's had been spotted mating by our prestigious Captain Walters. Limb by limb she was consumed to mere chunks in less than a minute, leaving nothing but excess scraps for the aerial scavengers.

If you'd prefer to stop reading now, I won't hold it against you. Hell, how could I even if I wanted to? Given the fact that you're now the only person to know about these deviant daydreams; there should be some instinctual sense of self-preservation to avoid having to immerse yourself in these thoughts. This makes me second guess the very foundations laid down by this **Anonymous Solidarity**'s principles. How can one delve in to a sociopath's mind and expect not to be influenced by it? Perhaps we must become what we hate in order to fully understand it. But can we ever truly go back to who we were after this assimilation? Any rape victim will vouch for the harsh realities imposed by forced civility. This brings us to my life's most harrowing chapter that will invariably weaken your will to keep reading.

When one's virginity is pillaged by a dominant crusader, involuntary instinctual responses become intuition. Replacing lust with wrath is what most victims

naturally gravitate towards. In my case pride was the only logical substitution. Since I was already being contemptuously detained in a vanity-laced prison, the only hope for repressing consternation resided in developing an impenetrably fierce exterior. Resistance was no longer a challenge but an involuntary response.

At first Mother thought a good lashing would do the trick, not anticipating the nauseating laughter I would let out with equally vile eye contact that forced her to instantaneously feel her own putrescent justifications. Seeming as if her moral destruction was causing a neurological shutdown that flooded her mind with consequential awareness, she'd abruptly release her boa-constrictor-like chokehold. Shamefully exiting the room as quickly as possible was the most upsetting part for me. Yearning to bask in her misery was now my new goal. Unfortunately Mother was much too resilient to surrender after only one method...