

The Man Who Died Alone

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Who was he? And who are we?

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It's 2021.

Our gravely concerned Globalist jailers have placed us in psychic open-air graves clear around the world. As the sun rises and sets, they bray and bray, like mules made of recycled tin, their unceasing hammer blows to our exhausted souls, that we must, as the singular and final act of human decency, "get vaccinated." So they think we didn't hear them the last ten thousand times they said it? What does it mean to repeat ONE THING over and over and over and over to a person, or to 400 million people? It means you don't acknowledge their aliveness, or your own. There are no longer ears, anywhere, no give and take, no dialogue. No life.

I just watched this Biden Propaganda clip, and as ever, the man makes me despair, even though I don't believe in despair.

Somebody working for the US Gov actually wrote the words: "This is *not about* your freedom."

Oh you think?

"Martha, come quick! The President has explained this is not *about* our freedom. We can totally change and upgrade, Martha. We no longer have to be dirty, selfish Americans. Come listen to President Biden explain everything!"

He touches his ear in that creepy signaling way that to me simply makes me feel I am about to be thrown in the back of a

white van. And I'm 6 years old. That's how much I am actually frightened by the visual and auditory experience of "The President." Also, please can somebody explain the wallpaper to me? What is "Vaccine.Gov?" I imagine it is the final end station whereby the Pharmaceutical Cabal overtly overtakes the "US Government."

Watch the horror [here](#):

Meanwhile, God is changing the colors of all the leaves, wishing we would look at them.

Instead we peer into the goggles, go to the machine, checking the Death Weather Report. A now 1.5 year hostage crisis in which the dead are killed, to be weaponized against us hostages. And that's only part of the shell game.

The dead hold the secrets of what really killed them. One must never question Covid as "cause" of death; Morticians have to be skilled resistance warriors to even obtain any "Covid" [corpses for post-mortems](#), let alone tell us what they found.

The dead are exploited ruthlessly to fuel the PCR and "Vaccine" gold rushes; You might say they *are* the gold. (Better to say, the graphene.)

But they must remain silent, never reveal how they died. They are loved after death in political Covid "memorials" only if their loved ones agree they *died of Covid*. All other deaths are stripped of state-sanctioned sympathy.

Meanwhile, there is, [as this paper states](#), "great reluctance worldwide" to perform autopsies on those said to have died of "Covid-19."

(I'm running out of quotation marks.)

WHY?

Let's not exhaust ourselves. This is a very crude and obvious Tiger Show. Same tricks as with AIDS, massively amped up and refined.

Their best weapon is a one word magic wand that literally achieves for them transformation of any *thing* into whatever they need it to become. It's a four letter word:

Risk.

Risk is always trans-calculational in essence, so can always be whipped out and used to abuse people to the end of time. You may notice, *they* control the Risk Projectors at the back of our cages while we can never get a word in edgewise that it is in fact *them* we fear.

No "virus" behaves like this. Nothing found in nature behaves like this.

But that's part of the new One World Religion: To not question how *this virus does* behave like this. (HIV is sitting around in a retirement home looking at newspaper articles from her bygone glory days.)

And whereas previous despots admitted they were eliminating people, (albeit for the common good,) these narcissistic beasts insist they are *protecting* us, *and* they try to make us thank them. One of the Covid Reich's favorite domination and shaming rituals is to get the spouse of a person who died following injections to [urge people to still get their shots.](#)

We are all culturally pressured, bullied and gaslit now, to mimic the dead as much as possible, by shutting down expressions of life, love, motion, aspiration, and hope.

The mask is the Lenin Bust of this final revolution, the unifying symbol— the idol we use to guard against this era's complex gulags.

I was in the Soviet Union with my father in 1985, consciously

partaking in a propaganda mission I'll tell you about another time, if we have nothing better to do. (It was to do with the POWs in Afghanistan, and trying to persuade their mothers that the government cared. They invited: A Rabbi, a Priest and an Anti-Communist, my father.)

One day, in a restaurant, my father stopped to ponder a Buddha statue, and made a joke to our guide. "Let me guess. He's *thinking* about Lenin. Right?"

Our guide turned white and begged my father: "Please Barry, no jokes about Lenin." My father dropped his arms to his side and repressed a smile. He believed there was no subject you can't joke about, but humorlessness is, indeed, the go to tonal-setting of the wicked.

When we can make jokes openly, we will know the Jacobins have lost terror power. I think we are approaching it.

If you are a *loser*, you want nothing more than to impose some new *thing* at all times on the minds and souls of your victims. That's what the mass murder based ISMs are all about. (Bolshivism, Communism, Fascism—what shall we call this one?)

Beauty, art, literature, faith, history, music, traditions—all these are but potential portals of infection, as they take our minds off the drum beat of "Covid," (as I write, being displaced by Climate Change 2.) They make us *remember*, our lost civilizations and no revolution permits that. They make us long to transcend separation. But wait! You're supposed to worship separation too, which prepares you excellently to resemble the dead, while still biologically alive.

Have you noticed: Covid mostly appeals to people who were *always* sour-pusses?

Our minds are trained upon computer generated speculations: Who died, how certain people are failing to fear death sufficiently, how much debt we carry, to those who

have *banked* on our death speculations, what we will *do, pay, surrender, or become*, in order to buy their fake bonds of ostensible Death Prevention (“Vaccines.”)

Want to see a real hockey stick?

The spike in all deaths reported to VAERS by year:

This is [OpenVaers.com](https://openvaers.com), a heroic one-woman website that clarifies all the data which, on the official VAERS website is rendered deliberately and shamefully inscrutable.

As you can clearly discern, every day this website remains up, is that it is as reasonable to say the Covid Machine is preventing death as it is to claim Stalin prevented the deaths of Ukrainians in 1932.

Which the *New York Times*, come to think of it, did.

In its way.

Here’s the Pulitzer Prize winning Walter [Duranty in his own words](#), denying there was famine in Ukraine on the front pages of the Paper of Record. (I can’t address rumors of his necrophilia, but I feel that somehow this [‘rumor’](#) seems less crazy every day.)

Here’s the truth about Stalin’s unfathomable genocide by famine [known as Holomodor](#).

The New York Times to this day won’t revoke Duranty’s Pulitzer, because the prize apparently maintains its sheen by pompous defense of “whatever we printed,” as opposed to “what actually happened.” Every journalist offered it *should* refuse it until Duranty’s is revoked. (But even if that happens, we still would have to deal with Laurie Garrett’s Pulitzer, and so many others.)

No longer are we permitted to live until we die, we must die before we die, or at least, in incremental ways, stop *moving*, so we all the more closely resemble the dead. It’s a very

bizarre Neo-progressivism, which tells people they risk something worse than death if they state publicly they are not afraid of a Corona/Cold virus. They will be re-assigned as part of the “far-right.” And they will of course, be accused of murder.

The new “left” has collapsed entirely into a shrill nanny state of “[prudent jailers](#),” expressing its decomposing atheism by way of Synthetic Virus Worship. Scientifically bankrupt contagion mania alchemizes, for them, into chronic indignation, disapproval, accusation and finally homicidal rage. If only they would go back to telling us from which nations we may not purchase grapes due to unjust conditions for the workers.

No—there are no more “workers,” there are no more branches of progressivism that do not invoke, as supreme and only cause, Contagion and its social and economic hostage demands. Progressivism (by which I mean global corporations) is cheering the mass decimation of *all* working classes, professional classes, underclasses, anything you can come up with. (Migrant caravans whose children and women can be trafficked are, for now, set aside.)

The industrial destruction of the whole world and all its inhabitants, in case you’re missing the plot, must proceed unabated in the name of “fighting the virus,” which is a direct descendent of the HIV/AIDS UFO. What people learn only too late is that “the virus,” since it is born in silico, and wielded through synthetic meta-verse perceptions achieved by a set of trans-calculational PCR CT settings, will win every round of this video game. With “variants,” forget it.

All you have with which to defend yourself is “But I feel fine.” You are never “fine,” Rube. You are perpetually in *debt*, in these new black-debt parallel financial systems that emerged after the first debt-based future projected surrogate marker based illness known as “HIV/AIDS.”

The mantra: “Get tested” really means, worship the Debt Idol. It is now an act of social terrorism to even think in these terms. Whatever next? *Horse-paste*?

Many people did try *very* hard, for many years, against almost indescribable psychological warfare, to shoot down the HIV/AIDS UFO, with a clear understanding of how dangerous it was. Why could it not be done? Because of woke-ism having overtaken, indeed become inseparable from, “science.”

It was a stain, you see, to “suggest” that “HIV was not the cause of AIDS.” It was denialism. Fringe. Conspiracy. Right wing. Homophobic. *Anti-science*. Responsible for the death of millions. And so forth. Somewhere in there, we lost most of our potential allies. Still, the fight was formidable, and soon to be documented in a whole new light. If you have not done so, consider ordering Robert F. Kennedy Jr.’s book *The Real Anthony Fauci*, [here](#).

The dominant power insists inside a well lit media psychosis that a “Corona virus” formerly understood as a common respiratory “virus,” which can’t even be witnessed, or made “available” as bio-material in the very hands of Christian Drosten (lesser magic) is nevertheless killing *millions* around the world. The *Numerologists*, let’s call them. Lynn Margulis called them that.

So what about the man who died alone?

I posted [this video](#) the other day, despite how disturbing, shocking and transgressive it was. A good friend and reader of this page, “CathPath,”made an important observation:

“Sadly, such events are no longer surprising. Yet, am I alone in questioning the appropriateness of the acquaintance going “live” on social media with this public break-in into his house— invading this poor victim’s privacy even— or especially— in death?

I also doubt that such dreadful videos will even change any of such captive minds at this point.”

I have been thinking on and off about the man who died, the man who filmed it, the firemen, and what exactly I myself was doing when I shared it.

I actually felt, when I first watched it, that the man who films and cries, and tries to get the truth out, was being respectful of the dead man.

Why?

Because he was there. He witnessed, he lamented. Without him, the dead man is in even more trouble, he is simply removed. Why was it left to a near stranger to *miss* him, to note he'd gone silent?

Ivan Klima's novel *Love and Garbage* is a heart-searing meditation on this very dilemma. How totalitarian regimes attack love to transform it to garbage. (Which they can't do.)

Still, I draw a blank. I can't find North, South, East West.

I can't say which is more right or more wrong. Maybe I myself have ceased to be entirely human, or maybe we all have.

In 2020, I lost my best friend and my father. I was not able to bury either of them. My father's ashes were handed to me and my son, curbside, by a woman in a mask outside the Greenwich Village funeral home. No fault of theirs.

Incidentally, those people—the ones who work with the dead and their families—they are among the kindest people you will ever meet.

Covid presents impossible choices by design. I feel I am lost in a vault, frozen in time before 2020, when I knew what it meant to be human. Now I only know how to pump out “information” and “warnings.” I'm homesick for my lost inner

landscape, and the places we all used to meet. Homesick for the human landscape.

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