



YOU CAN OFFER ME HEAVEN

Ahem ahem

Perhaps a disclaimer to start us off.

- All views are purely my own unless otherwise stated.
- This will go left, right, up, down, purple, potato, etc. keep up/quiet(?)

I'll be the first I'm the biggest idiot, clown, donkey wtv insult I assign anyone or any entity I talk about here. I know, I promise. However, I'd like to borrow from a professor by the name of Shelly Kagan who started off a lecture series with the following:

"There's, roughly speaking, two ways to do a class, especially an introductory class like this. In approach number one, you simply lay out the various positions, pro and con, and the professor strives to remain neutral; sort of not tip his hand about what he holds. That's approach number one. And sometimes in my intro classes that's the approach that I take.

But the other approach, and the one that I should warn you I'm going to take this semester, in this class, is rather different. There's a line that I'm going to be developing, pushing, if you will, or defending in this class.

That is to say, there's a certain set of views I hold about the issues that we'll be discussing. And what I'm going to try to do in this class is argue for those views. Try to convince you that those views are correct."

Pretty neat disclaimer.

Anyway, I know the world is full of intelligent and marvelous people that surpass me in every field. Nonetheless, I've thought about this for a long time. I know why I believe the things I believe in and so I am trying to relay to you my point of view. I feel like I'm honestly saying this more for myself to legitimize this endeavor.

What business do I have to speak on any of these issues? Is reading some text and discussing it in class the prerequisite to speak on these kinds of issues? I honestly don't think so, but I don't think it's not without value either. Point is if I say ethics vs morals, I know what I'm referring to. Anyone is *free* to speak on whatever subject they want.

And I am free like crazy.

I am able to speak how I wish and say what I want. Although, I don't think *want* really comes into play here. I don't *want* to be writing any of this – I'd rather be doing other things I swear. It's more I couldn't get this out of my head – I would be writing paragraphs(?) – or making sense of what I'm seeing or experiencing in my head when I should be doing other things. And it was quite persistent.

So, the most sensible solution it seemed was to let it out – let my pen go whizzzzzzzzzzzz. Until I lay it out, it will keep bothering me and I want it out.

It's not a pleasurable experience – I'm not enjoying it. I'm not having fun trying to remember how I felt when I saw something awful a year ago, 2 years ago, 3 years ago, 14 years ago. *It's not fun*. So, like a

A vagrant lays dying on a street corner. The government says to him: I'll help you. The doctor says to him: I'll cure you. His daughter says to him: I'll give you money. His friend says to him: I'll share my wine with you. And the Church says nothing to him. The Church is thinking about him.

The implication here being that you can do everything in the world for someone but unless you're thinking about them, it's not actually *love*, it can be an expression of care, sure. An affirmation of your own moral code, whatever, point is unless you're actually thinking about them, you don't love them.

Allow me to elaborate on this, I think the idea here is that all of those other expressions of care can be performed by anyone because they are voluntary - whereas thinking isn't.

When I started writing this, I sent a draft to my friend (obviously every1 and their mother has something to say about love 😊)

M:

Love is bigger than thinking about someone. Otherwise, it's no different than obsession.

M(e):

Obsession's is just love taken to an extreme, no? And what is love if not relative obsession?

The Church in the story is the only one who can't fake it though. The help, the cure, the money, the wine — those can be done by anyone, regardless of love. Thinking is the one thing you can't perform on command.

M:

I think obsession is selfish and love is selfless. The thread between all the kinds of love is sacrifice. Sacrifice is action. Thinking is useless.

M(e):

You can't sacrifice for someone you're not thinking about. Someone you've known for thirty years dying hits harder than someone you knew thirty years ago. Thinking about them is what makes it painful.

M:

Loving a person and loving an idea aren't the same thing though.

M(e):

Loving a place or an idea can be one-sided. Palestine doesn't know about me. Liverpool doesn't know about me. The receiver gives nothing back.

Another idea I want to point out here is that this is also be able to identify fake acts of solidarity. Not to own some imaginary moral high ground. More so, because I believe those fake acts of solidarity are what give rise to tokenization – where you're not actually considering the people in question. You're just doing whatever just so no one says anything to you. I don't know m8 that never really works, does it?

Look at Germany and their relationship to Israel

Enter John Dewey (love da bastard). What resonated with me was his view that art is not separate from life. For Dewey, the aesthetic is not just about beauty, but about those moments when experience becomes whole, vivid, and deeply meaningful. The example that was given to me is, imagine you're skiing (I don't fucking ski don't @ me), the sun is out, the snow is crisp, the birds are chirping, the slopes are empty and you have yourself a sensational afternoon of skiing, it the ski trip that you compare all other ski trips by.

You can extend that to anything else; movies, books, sculpture, conversations, bananas, etc.

To Dewey that is what constituted something beautiful, the kind of shit that takes you from your normal flow. My favorite thing about this whole spiel is how much agency it gave me - I was the ultimate judge of what's beautiful. On the other hand, it is incredibly humbling because I have to realize that what resonates with me won't necessarily resonate with other people – after all I believe we like the shit we can relate to - but it's magical when it does. It allows people from across the world to experience the same emotion or feel the same way across space and time - wowzers!\

How wonderful is that?

I was provided with a toolkit to be able to asses what I am seeing and experiencing - not what to think. I can tackle the most abstract of art forms but also realize that the most beautiful and moving experiences can originate anywhere at any time - you just have to keep an eye out. :)

Pretty nifty if you ask me.

Which makes it that much more remarkable when something *does* cross the gap. When a song moves a stranger you'll never meet. When a film made fifty years ago in another language somehow gives rise to a familiar you've never felt before but somehow feels very familiar. That's the universal language manifest. Not because the object is objectively great in some sense, but because it's tapping into something familiar enough to be shared across very different lives.

Like instant coffee innit.

The thing I want to point at is the dark twin of that(?) da inverse. Violence does the same thing beauty does, in terms of mechanism. It cuts your everyday flow. Whatever is claiming your attention is, by that fact, violent — and whatever is violent will claim attention.

It's just Dewey upside down. He said art is what pulls you out of ordinary distracted living into a singular experience that integrates everything you are and leaves a changed world behind it. Violence does the exact same thing — pulls all your faculties around itself, defeats ordinary distraction, leaves you different on the other side. Art transforms toward fulfillment. Violence transforms toward grief (or shit).

Once something passes that threshold, your brain doesn't get a say anymore. It's claimed you. Which is also why we don't really choose who or what we love. It happens on its own. Sure, you can CBT yourself into thinking about someone less, but that's not the point here. Now a few implications for me:

- You can't really choose who you're in love with
- Just because you're assisting someone somehow doesn't mean that you love them like that

I would also like to say that this is love we're talking about here — the aim is to deal with it in its absolute form; perhaps the form it takes when it relates to one's love for their country, religion, team, reality tv contestant, woteva.

When you love someone, they occupy your thoughts, infiltrate your decision process and shape your opinions and decisions. You can't help it. I absolutely love sports for allowing shit like this to happen.

Meet Roberto Firmino, fate would have it that he grows up under pretty dire circumstances in Brazil and a few decades later tens of thousands of people in Liverpool (a city on another continent) would be singing his name *years* after he leaves the club.

Why?

[They love the mf - duh.](#)

They are *thinking* about him.

Q: fuck u I think about many people that I don't like, what then?

That is of course true, we all think about people that we like, don't like, somewhat like, like sometimes, like in sun light only, etc. you get the point. And to that I'd argue that love and hate are two sides of the same coin. They both manifest internally in fairly similar ways, they exist in the same way — *in your head and your body*.

The only difference is how they make you feel. The idea here is that love and hate exist on the same spectrum. They utilize the same measurement unit so to speak. They're both movies that you watch on a screen, irrespective of what kind of movie it is, the same format (for example .mp4) but different genres.

If I genuinely didn't care about something, would it truly be able to affect me? i.e. would someone's opinion of me on some remote hypothetical island be able to truly affect me? Would it bother me?

Probably not. I am only affected in a substantial way by the people and things that I care about. Which is why I'm writing this. I care about this deeply. This is my home as much as it yours.

I remember sitting outside at Mansions summer of '23, sharing a smoke with my friends J. and F., one a rabbi in training, the other a lawyer. I remember distinctly telling them that I felt incredibly fortunate and honestly really happy to be a part of this blossoming scene in NY.

Faces were becoming more familiar, more and more connections were being made, and I felt firmly at home. If you bumped into some familiar faces at an unknown function you would feel more at ease as a consequence.

That sense of belonging came from knowing that the people around me shared the same values and ideals. Please allow me to elaborate. I am not talking about some mindless hivemind here or a collective loss of agency.

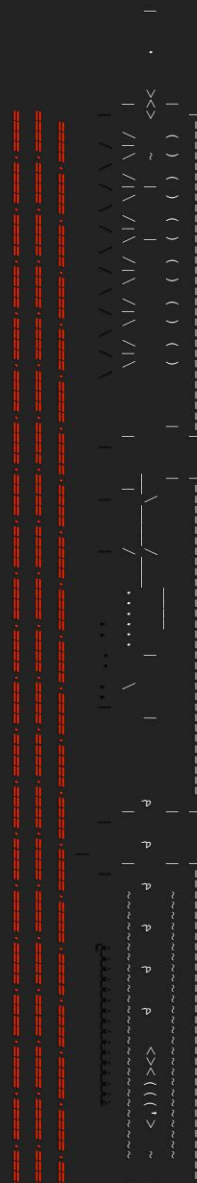
The simple shit really, don't be an asshole, don't discriminate, etc.

I felt incredibly reassured in such an environment. To the point that I felt much much much more at home at a wedding I hosted at my house with people from our community than I did just a week earlier at another lifelong best friend's wedding around people I've known for decades.

I felt more comfortable and more in sync with the people around me. Shit you probably could shake us upside down and we wouldn't have been able to cough up \$400 together but we felt priceless, we felt at home and exactly where we needed to be.

You can't really love something you don't know, so I think it would be pretty unreasonable to expect everyone in the world to feel the same way I do about the things that I care about surely, and vice versa. The times when I've found heaven are when I felt the people around shared the same ideals and subscribed to the same language, even though we all came from all over the fucking world, we managed to build that tower like they did in Babel and reached the heavens like it was absolutely motherfucking nothing.

In any case, I love you all.



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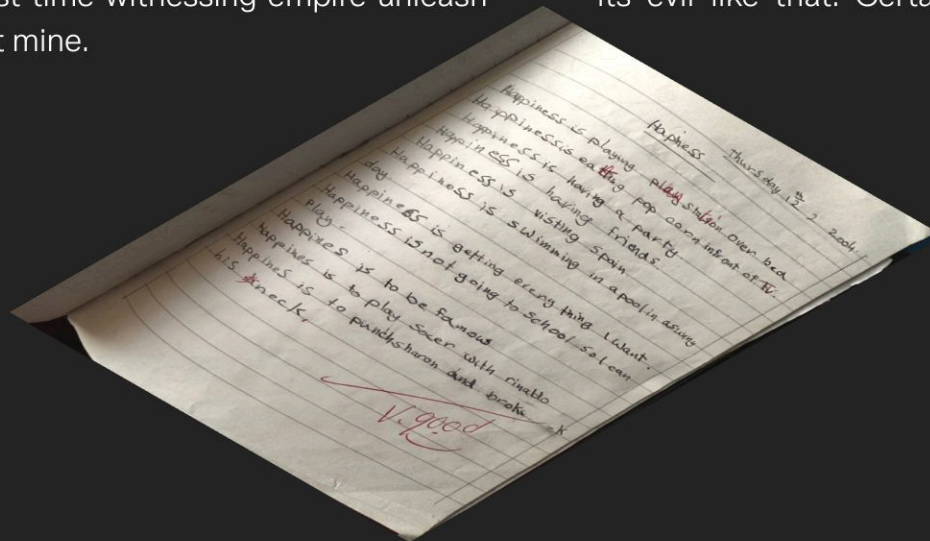
Y

THIS

INVOLUNTARILY

PART

I was five years old when Mohamed AlDurrah was shot in the head by Israeli forces, only I didn't realize it. I actually thought it was his dad that was shot. I remember that shaking me the most because his father looked like mine. Well, more like they had the same coarse head of hair, short and black not the kind you brush any kind of direction; my brain just made that association - It would keep me up many nights. That was my first time witnessing empire unleash its evil like that. Certainly not her majesty's first – but just mine.



It was one of the first examples I recall where something so obviously wrong, so absolutely horrendous is happening and no one is doing anything about it. How can that be? How can you shoot at a man and his son hiding behind a makeshift barrier like that?

Shit, does evil actually win???

This was something so absolutely wrong, so disturbing and sinister that it just forces you to see the world through a different lens, one that unfortunately includes that sort of fucked up shit in it. One where evil is normalized, celebrated and championed as good. Wowzers.



Ever since the age five, a sheikh would come to my grandmothers house and give my brother and I Quran lessons. I distinctly remember the very first lesson. It was our first time meeting him, his name was sheikh Mohamed. As the lesson started with my older brother and I just sat there at the dining room table, I began to play with the tablecloth and started creating makeshift borders by creasing the table cloth to create makeshift barriers.

"o-Right this side is Palestine and this part is.. wait.."

I adjust the table cloth because the proportions didn't seem right.

“alright here we go, this part is... Palestine and... this part... is Israel...”

I mess around with the table cloth some more to give Palestinians back their land and fix the world.

“and this is what's going to happen once we get it back from the Israelis..”

At this point the sheikh is trying to start the lesson and I'm telling him what should happen and stuff. Sheikh Mohamed is fed up at this point and sends me away, while he works with my brother and then myself separately.

My brother and I have had separate lessons ever since.



Now I'm not even Palestinian, what the hell do I care about a country that isn't my own? I care because I am *thinking* about them, I am unable to stop myself from thinking about it and the many many implications that it has on me as an Egyptian/Arab/wtv tf////human being.

Update April 2026: WTFEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

I feel helpless watching more and more people die, my *desire to desire* has weakened. It's hard to feel good after witnessing so much bad, you feel guilty you feel shit you feel angry you feel like the motherfucking world should stop but the world keeps on spinning.

I have family members that were in the 1973 war when Egypt took back Sinai from Israel; the same bullshit reasons that are being used to justify the occupation are the same bullshit reasons that can be used tomorrow to lay siege on my beloved Egypt once again.

Update May 2026: It's whatever the fuck they're pulling out their asses to justify occupying Lebanese land.

TF

ATTENTION

=

VIOLENCE!

I'd like to talk for a second about indignation, somehow a foreign concept to many in this day and age. I want to say I'm not surprised but I find it somehow baffling.

I'd like to pass it to my boy Fyodor in *Ze Brothers Karamazov* to help elaborate:

I will describe that scene to you.

My tow was thicker a week ago—I mean my beard. That's the nickname they give to my beard, the schoolboys most of all. Well, your brother Dmitri Fyodorovitch was pulling me by my beard, I'd done nothing, he was in a towering rage and happened to come upon me. He dragged me out of the tavern into the marketplace; at that moment the boys were coming out of school, and with them Ilusha. As soon as he saw me in such a state he rushed up to me.

'Father,' he cried. "father!"

He caught hold of me, hugged me, tried to pull me away, crying to my assailant, 'Let go, let go, it's my father, forgive him!'—yes, he actually cried 'forgive him.'

He clutched at that hand, that very hand, in his little hands and kissed it. And that is how our children—I mean, not yours but ours, sir, the children of the despised but noble poor—learn the truth on earth when they're just nine years old, sir. The rich ones—what do they know? In their whole lives they never sound such depths, and my Ilyushka, at that very moment in the square, sir, when he kissed his hand, at that very moment he went through the whole truth, sir. This truth, sir, entered him and crushed him forever," the captain said fervently, again as if in a frenzy, hitting his left palm with his right fist, as if he wished to show physically how "the truth "had crushed his Ilyusha.

...Ilusha and I walked along hand in hand as usual.

He has a little hand, his fingers are thin and cold—he suffers with his chest, you know.

'Father,' said he, 'father!'

'Well?' said I.

I saw his eyes flashing.

'Father, how he treated you then!'

'It can't be helped, Ilusha,' I said.

'Don't forgive him, father, don't forgive him! At school they say that he has paid you ten rubles for it.'

'No, Ilusha,' said I, 'I would not take money from him for anything.'

Then he began trembling all over, took my hand in both his and kissed it again.

'Father,' he said, 'father, challenge him to a duel, at school they say you are a coward and won't challenge him, and that you'll accept ten rubles from him.'

'I can't challenge him to a duel, Ilusha,' I answered. And I told briefly what I've just told you. He listened.

'Father,' he said, 'anyway don't forgive it. When I grow up I'll call him out myself and kill him.' His eyes shone and glowed. And of course I am his father, and I had to put in a word:

'It's a sin to kill,' I said, 'even in a duel.'

'Father,' he said, 'when I grow up, I'll knock him down, knock the sword out of his hand, I'll fall on him, wave my sword over him and say:

"I COULD KILL YOU, BUT I FORGIVE YOU, SO THERE!"

You see what the workings of his little mind have been during these two days; he must have been planning that vengeance all day and raving about it at night.

"But he began to come home from school badly beaten, I found out about it the day before yesterday, and you are right, I won't send him to that school anymore.

I heard that he was standing up against all the class alone and defying them all, that his heart was full of resentment, of bitterness—I was alarmed about him.

We went for another walk.

'Father,' he asked, 'Are the rich people stronger than anyone else on earth?'

'Yes, Ilusha,' I said, 'there are no people on earth stronger than the rich.'

'Father,' he said, 'I will get rich, I will become an officer and conquer everybody. The Tsar will reward me; I will come back here and then no one will dare—'

Then he was silent and his lips still kept trembling.

'Father,' he said, 'what a horrid town this is.'

'Yes, Ilusha,' I said, 'it isn't a very nice town.'

'Father, let us move into another town, a nice one,' he said, 'where people don't know about us.'

'We will move, we will, Ilusha,' said I, 'only I must save up for it.' I was glad to be able to turn his mind from painful thoughts, and we began to dream of how we would move to another tow.

I think that is a perfect representation of indignation and how it affects one's soul. It's a horrible feeling; knowing that you've been wronged and not being able to do anything about it. Frustration builds up when you feel no one around you will even acknowledge your pain.

Now, neither thing happened to me personally, lady L/fuck decided that wasn't meant for me, but it didn't really matter. I witnessed something really upsetting that sent my brain into overdrive and I was imagining my dad in that video instead. His eyes lifeless, shaking back and forth.

I was scared that it might happen to us in Egypt, what would really be able to do about it? To put it simply, I was terrorized by terrorists.

0.o

It shook me because it was the first time I remember seeing something so absolutely and abhorrently wrong and nothing was happening about it – you just have to accept it.

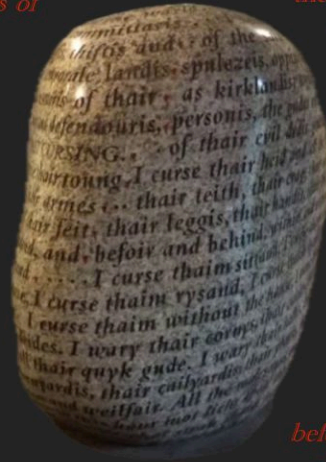
Because *it is evil* there are no two ways about it. And there's fuck all you could do about it. I think that might've been one of my first experiences with indignation.

And now over to Gavin Dunbar, Archbishop of Glasgow (1525):

"It was during this period of weakness, almost of total moral collapse, that the Archbishop of Glasgow took it upon him to excommunicate the Border thieves. Had the same vigorous measure been adopted at an earlier period, the result might have been more favourable. As it was, the launching of this ecclesiastical thunderbolt really created more amusement than consternation. It was regarded simply as the growl of a toothless lion."

At this moment – I'd like to imagine he went "Ahem Ahem"

*"I CURSE their head and all the hairs of
their head;
I CURSE their face,
their eyes,
their mouth,
their nose,
their tongue,
their teeth,
their skull,
their shoulder's,
their breast,
their heart,
their stomach,
their back,*



*their womb,
their arms,
their legs,
their hands,
their feet,
and
every part of their body,
from the top of their head to the
sole
of
their
feet,
before and behind,
within and without*

*I CURSE them going,
and
I CURSE them riding;
I CURSE them standing,
and
I CURSE them sitting;
I CURSE them eating,*

*I CURSE them drinking;
I CURSE them walking,
I CURSE them sleeping;
I CURSE them rising,
I CURSE them lying;*

*I CURSE them at home,
I CURSE them from home;
I CURSE them within the
house,
I CURSE them without the
house;
I CURSE their wives,
their children and their
servants (who) participate with
them in their deeds."*

What more can I possibly add? -3

WAAAIIIIIT

**FUCK U AND YOUR HAMPTON
HOUSE**

I FUCK YOUR HAMPTON

SPOUSE

CAME ON HER HAMPTON

MOUTH

AND THEN HER HAMPTON

BLOUSE

I'm sorry I couldn't help myself.

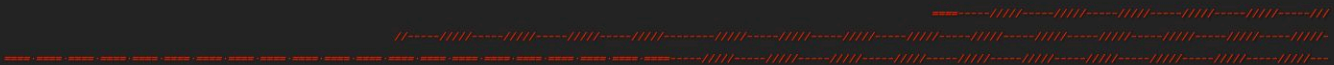


In the movie *Ali*, there's a scene where Mohamed Ali mentions that the Birmingham bombing was a turning point for him, to which Malcom X responded with Emmitt Till was his.

It's the same kind of shit that pushes people to a point where they feel genuinely so aggravated by the horror of what's happening that they're setting themselves on fire.

You have grown ass adult men, regular-degular folk literally rushing the border with no arms hoping that they would be able to help in any way. Does that not tell you anything???

There are some things that are just too fucking impactful on one's soul, that enables you to see past the fucking noise.



I remember meeting an Israeli friend of mine

*"Riddle me this – you're one of the most technologically advanced countries in the world, you ****have**** access to information. You're not North Korea for example where people literally don't have access to information.*

How is any of this shit possible? Can't you see what's happening in front of you?????"

To which he replied:

"brainwashing – from a very very young age"

Tab ha shit what are we to do now? Because we've been doing cartwheels here trying to make you see that we don't want this shit anymore. The US provides cover and they don't really seem to have much say in what hitler 2.0 does anymore. He does it anyway (after his wife busts his balls about it 🤔🤔🤔.)

SO WHAT NOW? WHAT DO WE DO?

Well, you want to know the bitch of it?

YOU WANT TO KNOW WHO COULD END THIS SHIT YESTERDAY??????? 🤔

!!!!!!!ISRAELIS!!!!!!!

WOW!

They can literally decide "uhhhh fuck that" and bring the nation to a halt and that's that – good luck fighting a war when the entire country is at a standstill.

The warlords would probably still find a way to get money and keep doing it anyway - just look at the past 2 years – but hey maybe it's something???)

Something is better than nothing?????

Right????

The thing is what we have now is someone who is born in Philadelphia and is destined to serve jail time once he's out of office for corruption and so he's trying to elongate this genocide and land grab as long as he possibly can.

This is a very bad thing that is happening – anything done to try and stop it is a good thing right????????

~~You've studied the holocaust so much, but you can't recognize when you're doing it yourselves??????????~~

To separate the actions of this demonic state from all of the people that help run this savage machinery is a fucking joke. Sorry, that doesn't make any sense to me.

It's akin to saying Hitler, and only Hitler, was responsible for the holocaust. See how silly that is? See how ridiculous that sounds?

Does anyone in the world believe that? Stand up so we can see you dear.

So no, it's not just bibi netinshit that is responsible, it's the peoples that keep voting him in office, the people that buy into the hatred and fearmongering and everyone that thinks that in order for them to survive on this motherfucking earth they need to kill another human being. You're fucking crazy bananas.

See only four countries in the world have mandatory conscription. Egypt, South Korea, Israel and North Korea. The two at the last are the same.

Except 1 set doesn't know shit about the world more or less (or if they do shit's too fucking insane there that any possibility of dissent is negligible) and the other is one of the most advanced countries in the world, touting themselves to be the bringers of freedom and democracy and goodness to this motherfucking bleak world.

HALLEMOTHERFUCKINGLUJAH

HALLEMOTHERFUCKINGBERRY

HALLEYOULOSTYOURMIND????

YOUR WILLFUL IGNORANCE IS DEMONIC

So no, this doesn't stop at Bibi, every fucker that oppresses another people for whatever fucking reason is evil – I said so. There is no motherfucking branch in the IDF that is good. There's no research or administrative desk job you can hide behind. It's all part of the same motherfucking entity – this unholy apartheid machine.

You know who had an administrative position? Some motherfucking receptionist at the prison where they gangraped a man in a huge room with 100+ other people right next to them all for them to hear. Ya3ny that was a receptionist, no?

(I'm still seeing shit on Netflix pop up all the time about former SS soldiers that have been hiding in the US..)

This is but one instance, the horrors are too insane for any one person to actually sit down and list, I'm just showing you that these concentration camps require nazis to run. So no, the buck doesn't stop there.

Is this somehow okay to you, defensible or excusable? Is this is what you're about? This is what you're defending? The flag is different but it's the same shit I promise. Shit because there's no swastika doesn't mean it's not happening.

Someone who likes to practice on their cousin once said:

"These people are khamas – dey will grow up to be a terroritz"

(incest is the only remaining shocker western culture has to offer at this point) (See White Lotus et Parthenope)

After the Naksa, a young Amr Diab was forcibly displaced from his hometown Portsaid due to Israel's attack on Egypt. He was one of those people that had to flee their home as a child because shit's crazy some bloodthirsty white man is in a tank and is coming to kill you, everyone you know and steal your land.

Well, what about him? Here's someone that could've just as easily been one of the countless faces we've seen their lives ruined over the past few years.

Did he turn out to be a terrorist? Or someone that has made an entire geographical region dance and sing for 40+ years?

I think Amr Diab's history speaks for itself. After all, the entirety of Israel could not recreate his toenail.

Is that why you're trying to kill everyone? Is that why you snipe children going to the beach?

Think for a second about the tens of thousands of children dead, how many could've been physicists, teachers, writers, plumbers, electricians, engineers, anything their blessed heart's desire.

Why are you adamant on killing them you motherless coward?????

Because you'll never be as talented?

As beautiful?

As *worthy* of the land you're standing on?

Cause you ain't worth shit if all your about is death and destruction – I'm saying it, I can see it for myself; I don't need to wait on someone else to pass judgement on it for me to recognize it as evil.

Nothing in the world will make me unsee it or move on with my life as if nothing is happening.

So, you're cuckoo bananas dear if you're Israeli and you call your restaurant Portsaid in New York City.

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Because I swear it's not me you guys, I'm not killing Palestinians. And this one is a shocker too, but Palestinians aren't killing Palestinians.

But Israelis are killing Palestinians.

Israelis are killing Palestinians like there's no tomorrow.

Israelis are killing Palestinians as if they have nothing else in the world to do.

Israelis are committing genocide literally as they're claiming to do.

And yet somehow, mass dehumanization and collective punishment is being touted now as the just and right way. "America stands with Israel"

Are y'all motherfuckers cracked in the motherfucking head? Open your mouth – how many teeth do you have?

Girl I am America and a half, and I hate a nazi wtaf. Fuck you I don't agree with that, and I'll chew anyone out who does. The fuck. Or do we not matter? Should we just shut up? Are we not fully fledged citizens yet? Are we American yet?

We'll be American when we stop getting slapped on the face and saying thank you sir, I promise you that.

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While we're here:

I'm watching The Bold and the Beautiful with my aunt and grandmother on a sleepy Saturday afternoon. I'm spread on the living room floor, and the air conditioner is providing us with the most sublime white noise, drowning out any external noise.

The lights are turned off in case, a siesta comes to be.

Someone on TV says:

"What have we forgotten? WHAT HAVE WE FORGOTTEN?"

Someone (notme):

"لقد نسينا النسيان"

(We have forgotten to forget)

Translating it just because it's too good:

After I bought the ticket that cost 1000 pounds and went to the concert:

I told Amr to sing a song that would make me forget someone:

and he said:

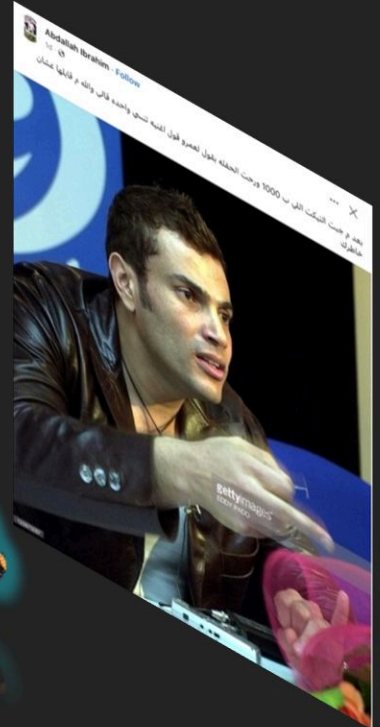
"Tab walahzy

I won't sing it just for
you."

Weird jump but I'd like to introduce Nicholas Winton, one of my heroes. A British banker with absolutely no political or activism history. He was due to go to Switzerland on a skiing trip with some friends, instead with world war 2 about to break out, he somehow found himself smuggling hundreds of Jewish children outside of Nazi Germany to save their lives.

He didn't do it for any money, he didn't do it for clout, he didn't do it for recognition, I don't think he was Jewish(?)(I should check)(He's not, I checked)

- He didn't say "hey that's got absolutely nothing to do with me."
- He didn't care if he broke the law and forged documents.
- He only cared about saving as many children as he possibly can.



That's it. Anything else can get fucked twice.

Because people shouldn't be killed just for existing you fucking idiots.

So he saved hundred of Jewish children from an almost inevitable death at the hand of the nazis and found them foster parents all over. No one knew shit about it until a ledger with all the kids names was discovered decades later in the attic. He did the deed and moved on with his life. Didn't claim to be Mr. fantastic or nothing.

That is an ideal to aspire to. History is full to the brim with similar characters.



ENGLISH

(YTD)



show. We were all going to perform for free. We said it was an event to raise funds for humanitarian aid.

The answers came back in different shapes of the same no. One of them said it was nothing like Ukraine O.o. What do you mean??? So, Palestinians can just die and you don't even register them? You don't compute that?

This brings me to the crux of this piece; that we're not speaking the same language anymore.

If we assign the word *chair* to be the word representing the object on which we sit on, it's how we can communicate with one another about that object in particular; we're speaking about the same thing.

If I see something and go:

“dead person”

and you say:

“I see nothing”

Then we are quite literally not speaking the same language. We have different meanings for the same words. You do not regard Palestinians and more generally Arabs as equal to you. They do not sit in the same bucket nor live in the same category as you.

- Why?
- Are you better?
- Do you really think so?



On the other hand, that ended up morphing into the most organic form of community I've known.

If it's bad for business, then too bad.

Our basic rights are just that: basic, fundamental, given at birth – not assigned by white people who live halfway across the world.

Mind boggling that somehow recognition from people halfway across the world is so necessary that *millions* of people are forced to live as second class citizens on their own land. And on the other hand, here in the US students are kidnapped on the street for writing an op-ed denouncing this barbarity.

TYRANNY IS ABSOLUTE

I think it's just worth noting here too that I don't want to just come across as some sort of YT-hater lol. There's no way for anyone to truly feel the same way I feel about the same things because they haven't experienced things like I have and vice versa. We can experience similar situations/experiences but in different contexts.

For example, I can't claim to know what it's like to have grown up Muslim in America post 9/11 – but boy oh boy it sounds rough. Regardless, it is not *my* experience – I have no way of knowing this. That is my cue for me to shut up on that subject matter – which doesn't necessarily mean not being able to have any thoughts on the matter, more so that I can't speak to their specific experience.

The same goes for white people, we are not looking at you for a moral threshold or whether something is okay or not. Girl the time for that is long gone (if there ever was one Astaghfirullah). Wherever would we fucking be if we just let white people have their way?

I'm not looking at you to tell me whether something is fucked up or even expecting you to say anything about it (do you see how little I expect of you?) I just don't want you to obstruct or disparage people trying to end this with whatever means they have.

After all, every1 and their mothers matters

(except arabs) - YT

YOU CAN OFFER ME HEAVEN BUT YOUR SILENCE IS SCREAMING

YOU DONT BELONG HERE

Since when are artists and (my eyes are in the back of my head) and creatives (booooo fucking you motherfuckers) supposed to be so indifferent?

So aloof?

So fucking flaccid?

Who said that shit was cool?

You're supposed to be the sensitive one you fucking sock.

Fuck sock.

If that's the Berlin way then baby fuck berlin and whatever they believe in.

This prevalent sense of I have to look out for me and me alone.

What good did that ever do?

Sure, take care of yourself and eat your veggies but fuck me no wonder shit's been stale, you can't bring yourself to imagine what it would be like in someone else's shoes. You've been limited.

I can't be bothered to pull up the exact quote but it was Celine that said war is like beer to people with no imagination.

The best artists are the most sensitive ones, the ones with enough imagination to go round an entire nation.

- ➔ One of my favorite things about Dostoevsky was that I couldn't really figure out what he personally was about. For 20 pages he would argue a point from the perspective of one character and in the next 20 pages he would turn around and start giving you the counterargument from the perspective of another character.
 - Like he would be writing leaning forward with his right shoulder and then he'd switch over to the other side when he had to write an opposing character.
 - Promise.

➔ [Godard](#)



I think my third time(?) going to a festival, I bumped into A.D (yes, this is all A.D's fault) He was playing the following night and I bumped into him in the woods after he had just come back from a run to let loose or some shit. He was dressed in grey dri fit nike gear from head to bottom, just like my dad.

He looked cool as a button.

We're talking about his set the next day. he tells me he always likes to listen to Nas to get ready and relax before shows, I tell him I like listening to Susan Boyle.

A.D:

0.0

He then tells me that I have a responsibility. Not just me personally but all of us, we make it work. Not anyone else. Ownership is crucial.

I don't mean that in the literal sense where it's "ME! ME! ME!" Moreso that it really up to us to make it happen. No one else will do it for us. We are the party.

If you want to see someone play make it happen, support your friends who are trying to do shit that's out the norm, for the love of fucking god don't ask for list or don't jump at the opportunity for list or a chance to pay less than someone you know is in a worse financial position than you.

The more niche the art form is the less money there is. If you have the means to uplift your community like that do that, if not there are infinite other ways to help.

New York is stupid special and it spoils us rotten with an abundance of choice. It's not for everyone but it is for anyone.

However, if we don't stand up for ourselves, I swear no one will. They'll continue walking all over you as they always have. We're dumb as shit if we refuse to learn from history.

Sorry (again, not) I don't believe in that, never have – never will.

Not even..

1%

Or 36%

Or even 0.0000000000001%

Because you see the thing is I don't even fucking want to be thinking about any of that. Why the fuck would I?

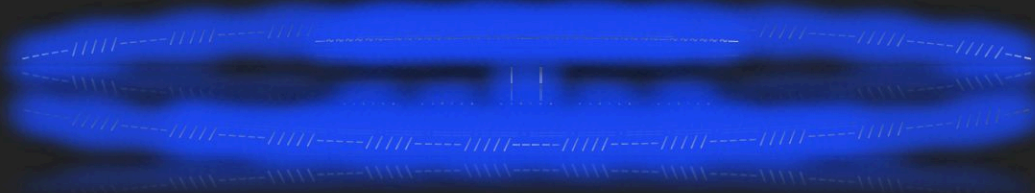
It's horrible and it leaves you feeling hopeless, powerless and frankly disillusioned. I truly believe carrying resentment inside you poisons you in many ways.

I wish none of this was happening – nothing about this is right, I swear nothing at all. But I also feel like I can't just switch off like that – I am a human being too. If I see the body of a child flayed across the side of a building shit I'm going to be bugging for the rest of the day – I really don't know what else I can say about it.

It's shit a million infinity times over.

The people that are *****thinking***** about it are the ones that can't seem to help but stay involved somehow somehow. It's not optional – you can't not care.

It's also a drive that I know is not present in everyone. Not everyone is going to be as engaged as much you'd want them to be – but shit can we fucking agree on a fucking baseline here?



Two points in the genocide stick out for me.

The first being a [news report](#) where the reporter's eyes are red with tears and he's unable to string together a sentence. Gives the disclaimer and it switches over to footage from outside a hospital emergency entrance (just a standard camera fixed on top of a building).

A vehicle rushes in and out steps a father holding his headless child's corpse up like a world cup trophy for the whole world to see.

Everyone around him just grabbed their head as soon as they realized what they were looking at, they looked like the figures in the *scream* painting I swear.

I thought to myself "HERE ARE YOUR BEHEADED CHILDREN – SURELY YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY JUSTIFY THAT"

Nothing.

Not a single western news outlet picked it up. Buddy, they can justify garbage like Anora, they can justify anything.

It doesn't matter, that beheaded child is not a child to them. Not only are they unbothered, but they're also demanding more.

The second comes much later on around the time death traps were being disguised as aid distribution sites. Because gee the killing savants they have over there need to spice it up a bit. Like it's not hard to imagine how they must gather around a table and discuss what new insane gizmo they're going to test out on human beings.

It's dystopian, it's evil unleashed and unrestrained. It is the failure of the human spirit manifest.

I'VE SEEN CHILDREN FLAYED ACROSS BUILDINGS,

I MISTOOK A WOMAN'S FACE FOR HER TORSO BECAUSE SHE WAS FLATTENED LIKE THAT.

I'VE SEEN MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN BEING SNIPED,

SHOT,

BOMBED,

BEATEN UP,

STRIPPED NAKED

BURNT ALIVE,

SUFFOCATED,

CRUSHED,

KIDNAPPED.

KILLED KILLED KILLED KILLED KILLED KILLED KILLED KILLED KILLED KILLED KILLED KILLED KILLED

Shit we even have rapists being paraded on national TV; like they're war heroes. motherfuckers the hunger games didn't go that far what the actual fuck.

I digress, aid distribution sites.

Nothing but a convenience for the nazis to facilitate killing the numbers they want whilst minimizing casualties. Why bother launching an expensive drone? These reservists that don't know shit about shit except hatred for Palestinians are suddenly thrown into hell on earth – what the fuck do you think is going to happen?

The genocidal fervor has reached mind numbing levels years ago; it's in overdrive now.

IT'S WE CAN DO ANYTHING WE WANT BECAUSE WE CAN

IT IS I AM MORE WORTHY OF YOU,

IT IS I TAKE YOUR LAND

IT IS I TAKE YOUR HOUSE

IT IS I TAKE YOUR RIGHTS

IT IS I TAKE YOUR RIGHT TO SPEAK



TO EAT

TO MOVE

TO MOVE

TO MOVE TO MOVE TO

MOVE

TO MOVE

TO MOVE YOU FUCKING IDIOT

It's literally not seeing an entire population as equal human beings. It's apartheid through and through and fucking through. Now I don't give a flying fuck if you're from Israel, Pink elephant, wtv the fuck. Show me that you're a human being and that this shit is not okay by you. I'm not expecting anything from you to begin with, I swear.

That's not to say, I need to ask every single person I meet for the first time whether they support Palestine or not. The fuck is this? But then again, this shit is too motherfucking catastrophic to be vague or indifferent about it. If you can't see it, you're literally in the same category as Alex Jones and all the other holocaust deniers.

The point is, it's easy to spot a donkey like that but it's even easier to suss out a racist. It's too easy. And at that point fuck your fucking life buddy, I will literally not honor you with my presence.

We're not talking because you're I'm not going to argue for my humanity, my *being*. I don't owe you or anyone that.

Again, I don't care if you have pink hair, go to Equinox, go to the Hamptons wtv tf you're racist and you're rancid.

I remember asking a Ukrainian friend of mine about her Russian best friends to which she said, yeah they talked about it briefly from the very beginning – it was addressed from the very beginning – I see you as a human being, let's move on with our lives (if that's even fucking possible), this shit sucks. We can talk about it whenever we choose but at least we both recognize that the same thing happening in front of us is bad. We don't have to waste our energy and time arguing with one another over it.

But wait, fuck you if you think I shouldn't talk about it or I should just accept it – I'm sorry (for the umpteenth time I'm not). We're not supporting different football teams here.

I digress; the footage I'm looking at is from a dashcam coming from a us colonel or some shit. As they're driving up to the site, you can start seeing people rush towards the car in a manic frenzy

with absolutely desolate eyes and gaunt faces of all ages, children too of course, why would they be excluded?

What shook me I suppose was how they were behaving. Being so starved and desperate that you're literally rushing towards your oppressor in the hopes of anything happening (what can happen??)

It's mass confusion [and inbred Americans screaming](#)

"YEEEEEEHAAAAAAAAAAAAWWWWWWW I DONE GOT ME ANOTHER 1 BOYAH".

The only time I recall seeing something so disturbing was when US troops were freeing Jewish people from concentration camps. It's the same fucking face. Fuck you forever if you can't see that.

I found myself somehow equally heartbroken by the actual instance of it. What tf is this dashcam for at this point???? I mean shit they ain't delivering aid for shit and too many would die every time it would happen.

- Who is this footage for?????
- What are we doing here????
- We're seeing this shit and then what???
- We're still arguing over whether a sentence is antisemitic or not?
- Motherfuckers have you lost your damn minds???????

If you won't bring yourself to actually see any of the footage yourself but somehow think this is overblown or think that anything Israel has done in its entire motherfucking history is defensible then you are cracked in the head, I promise.

Because my dumbass decided I needed to see both sides, I saw the shit that went down on October 7th and it disturbed tf out of me. I know that and I'm not ashamed or afraid to say it.

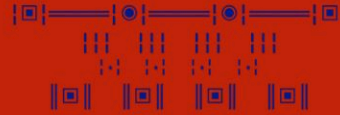
Seeing people die is a horrible horrible fucking sight and so I curse anyone that wishes that to continue from head to toe, Gavin Dunbarly.

I decided I needed to hear all the arguments the other side has to offer? Cause my dumbass Arab brain might be too biased? Maybe I'm missing something?

All I found are despicable human beings that can't seem to string a fucking cohesive thought together without drowning it in misinformation and half truths. Hypocrisy at its finest/worst. Who even fucking knows anymore.

War is humanity at its worst and its most fragile. I don't want it; it sounds fucking horrible and not the kind of shit that you recover from it seems. I shrug at clowns that are calling for other people to go fight in a war but won't dare go themselves.

And my heart breaks for those who would but can't (and yet there are those who go all the way to the border because it has enraged them to such an extent)



|||| | It has made them light themselves on fire.

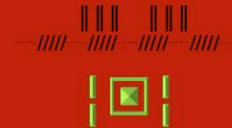
It made them write essays.

It made them march for hundreds of miles.

It made them write letters to their reps.

It made them say "not in my name"

It made them protest on Minecraft © <3



I was struck by an interview they had with a Palestinian doctor who lost an unfathomable number of relatives to the IDF – 19 over the course of his life. The man literally had tears streaming from his face throughout the entire interview.

It didn't matter, he spoke so softly and eloquently and delicately and beautifully.

He kept repeating over and over and over and over and over that he wanted peace and that the killing and the fighting has to end. He wasn't calling for the destruction or annihilation of anyone, he's literally saying "please don't hurt me" in plain English, for you and me and everyone to understand.

How the fuck is that not registering? How the fuck are you not registering that if you say, "please don't hurt me" and then proceed to literally flatten an entire motherfucking city to the ground – it invalidates that? I swear I'm going to lose my shit.

That is also to say that I can not speak as to what should fucking happen. I don't live there, I have no claim to the ground. I shouldn't in any way get to dictate what happens to a group of people that I've never met, that's insane.

1state2state3state - it's not my fucking call. Girl even Hamas accepted a two state solution in 2017, there was a press conference and all I promise.

One thing I can do however is burst a lung shouting...

MURDER

When need be.

Why the fuck would I want to shout murder though?

Does it matter?

If people halfway across the world don't think you're people you don't get this thing called human rights or freedom or this dumb bitch called sovereignty– ahem, not you not your great-grandfather, not your grandfather, not your father, not you.

Press conference, shmess conference what difference does it make? The killing machines have been at it for decades and decades and decades. There's no rhyme or reason to it. That *is* genocide. It's I'll kill you no matter what you do. No matter how many concessions, no matter how many accords, or collabs. The killing machines are whirring; they are unsatiated and it seems they never will be. No matter how many talks. It doesn't matter – I'm not interested in talking I only want your DEATHDEATHDEATH.

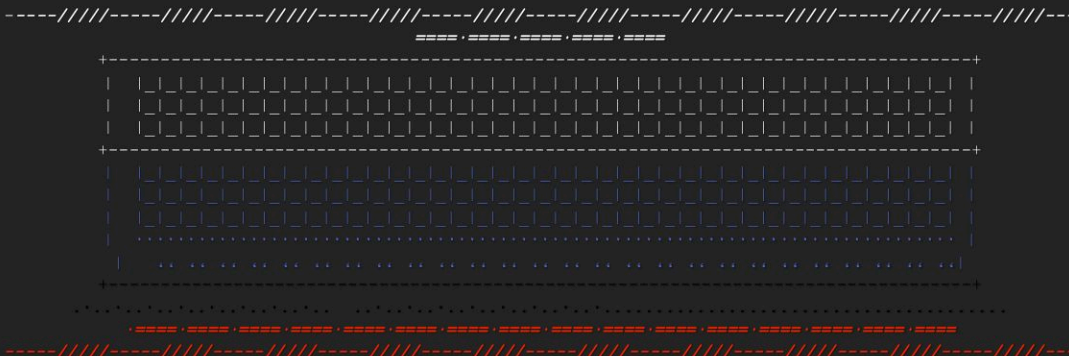
You don't get to eat what you want, you get to live literally within eyesight of the sea and yet your whole fucking life, you can't actually go. You literally can't move. Freedom of movement is considered a luxury to these scumbags; can you imagine that?

Someone telling you where you can and cant go, on the land that you were born on, and they were born in Michigan....

Thinking that the enslavement of millions of people is necessary for your survival, how fucking rancid.

How demonic.

How bleak.





This is what all spurred the title of this piece I suppose. See, I love video games, always have. They allow you to be a detective, an astronaut, an assassin, a god of war, a mutant. I think they're a phenomenal experience and really think I've gained so much from them.

I remember going to the game store on a random weekday bang in the middle of summer. I only had money to buy one video game for my PlayStation 3– I had to make sure I was buying something good!!

The guy working there had red eyes and as soon as I asked for his recommendation he basically told me he won't let me buy anything other than the last of us. it came in last night and he hasn't stopped playing it since. It was noon.

Alright bet.

I absolutely fucking loved the game, wow!

Thrilling beyond belief – scary as shit, fresh and exciting but not only that, it was a fucking movie and a half (I mean shit they did turn it into a tv show). But the reason I liked it so much I feel was because it touched me on a deeply personal level.

See around the same time someone v close to me was raped. Seeing something similar unfold in a video game and how it was dealt with struck a deeply personal chord with me. It helped me process something so incredibly motherfucking garbage and it's only a motherfucking video game.

Fast forward a decade+ later and I find out Neil Druckmann is Israeli. My heart sinks. I like the fucker, his reaction to hearing the music from Gustavo Santolla when he played him the music for the hospital scene for the first time is etched in my memory (he doesn't say anything only pushes Gustavo – great reaction) And not because being Israeli is inherently bad like that.

But my heart is anxious – I'm wondering where Palestinians fit into the story and very very very fearful that somehow, they're represented by the zombies.

I hate saying this, I hate that it's manifested itself so, but seeing those scores and scores of people in such mass panic and hysteria your brain can't help but wander.

I mean there's also no shortage of videos online of Israelis in gaza taking videos of Palestinians superimposed on music from the walking dead for example.

Naaaaaaah

Fuck that, fuck your tv show, fuck your game.

***YOU CAN OFFER ME HEAVEN BUT IF YOU THINK I'M SUBHUMAN I REJECT YOU
ENTIRELY***



I remember being asked my thoughts were on some theater actor in some off-Broadway production company going on hunger strike until his company sign on to PACBI. It wasn't a taunt or a challenge but more a genuine desire to understand what good could possibly come out of something like that.

What good could they possibly do?

I responded that people like to feel seen and to have their sorrow and pain acknowledged, shit, otherwise you're in pain and no one around you seems to notice or care which makes it 10000x worse, especially if you're surrounded by people that claim to uphold the same values as you.

I'd like to modify my answer now to that it is because we are literally no longer speaking the same language. Here is yet another catastrophic thing happening that are shaking people to their absolute core and they're asking the people around them to acknowledge it, to use the same words for the same things, catastrophe, murder, torture, rape, kidnap, bomb,

bomb,

bomb.

Another fucking bomb.

And fuck my life and fuck the 21st century and how we're being live streamed a genocide in front of our fucking faces and we can't do anything.

So shit, you'd at least expect the people around you to subscribe to the same set of ideals, universally that would be the human rights deceleration. Shit, sorry to be fucking corny like that y'all but I think we could get somewhere if we all just actually use it?

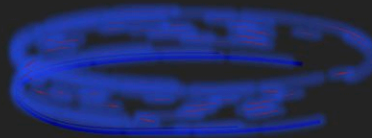
I hate that I have to be this obvious. But that is honestly and genuinely all there is to it. This is why I brought up Nicholas Winton, someone who saw through all the motherfucking noise and did his best to help save people he's never even met. I don't know about y'all but that's the kind of person we should emulate and learn from.

And I don't mean that germanly either. Where you purpurate a genocide and you spend all this time money and effort claiming that you've learnt from your mistakes and

NEVER AGAIN IS NEVER AGAIN

NO MAS IS NO MAS

NIE WIEDER IST NIE



*WIEDER, DU
VERDAMMTER, BESCHISSENER WICHT*

Yet you provide all forms of cover to a state that is committing the very same atrocities that you yourself were perpetrating.

Girl fuck your life and fuck berlin tf – u dress like shit. Fuck the US too obviously - we are not impervious to criticism but more on that in a sec. This is what is meant when people say the world isn't going to free Gaza, but Gaza freed the world.

It is finally and very painfully unearthing all the drudged up racist shit that is a buildup of decades of propaganda, brainwashing and deception.

If you think that Arabs and (literally anyone who isn't white) are worthy of death like that but the world should stand still when something bad befalls white people, then fuck you. Mr. racism is waiting for you and is asking for you by name I swear.

YOU CAN OFFER ME HEAVEN BUT IF YOU DON'T CONSIDER ME EQUAL, KEEP IT

Standing outside Nowadays with an American woman and a Turkish woman. It was at a time when the killing machines were really operating in full swing at that point. My Turkish friend said she felt ashamed to be using the English language, she hated that we were forced to use it to communicate with one another.

She hated using empire's language, so she started speaking to us in Turkish. The other person and I stood there with our dicks in our hands not really knowing what to do or say. As she responded to us in a language that we don't understand. She flat out rejected a language that doesn't include us in its definition of human beings, or puts us on an equal pedestal,

I call it English(YT).

Very different from English (US) which is always 4 us  and by us.



Now when the people around you are no longer speaking the same language what happens? Shit unravels.

I am reminded of this experiment where they monitored children's reaction to their parents after they were hidden from them by a curtain and then by a screen. Upon seeing their parents, they all reacted positively and with excitement. Upon seeing their parents on a television screen however they started becoming anxious. They were performing an action but weren't receiving the expected reaction in return. The communication loop was broken and the toddlers started crying.

It's pretty neat when art helps you make sense of the world around you; in *Severance*, characters are tortured by making them listen to themselves repeat negative things about themselves over and over and over and over and over and over and

and
over and over and over and over and over and over and over and over and over
and over

and over.

(shoutout Marshawn Lynch)

Until they break down.

I later found out that same technique was actually started by a psychologist (lol) who was trying to reset a person's behavior was it? Or personality? Idk some crazy ass shit like resetting a POW or some shit. They wanted to see if they can erase the culmination of a persons' lived experience.

The idea was to break them down completely so you can perform a fresh install of the new personality – so to speak. And so they breakdown.

It's that same mental breakdown that is present in every curse in the Gavin Dunbar text above. It's hatred and indignation manifest.

Damn me and damn you – damn us all. Damn us all again.

It's horrible I swear

But you need only look around to see that same mechanism operating all around us. Constant dehumanization all round; dehumanization that we see on a day-to-day basis.

It's African immigrants lining up the streets of lower Manhattan, rain or shine, summer or winter, with the products they're selling on a blanket so that they can wrap it up as soon as porky shows up. They must go out and make a living every single day with the threat of arrest/deportation over their heads.

They easily put in 18x as much effort on a day-to-day basis and yet I hear YT talking about how they didn't come here legally. How they somehow don't deserve to be here. s

You can see it manifest on a governmental level when they shut off aid to Minnesota over the action of a few scammers, because they woz maslem yall. Think about how motherfucking crazy that shit is.

IT'S HOMOGENY AS THE GOAL

It's constantly hearing you're undesirable, it's YT MT saving you and your people over and over again, it's terrorist terrorist terrorist, it's boring. It's fucking noise. It's garbage through and through. Fuck that.

I recall coming across an article that talked about how the US doesn't have some centralized database with all its citizens, after all doesn't seem that absurd does it and virtually every country in the world does it. So why not us?

Well because when that shit came into effect they really really really didn't want to include African Americans in that list you guys – so they just decided to scrap the idea. Because they are not *equal human beings*.

ENGLISH(YT) STRIKES AGAIN

(or is it before?)

I could keep going but you know the talking points.

A . FOR DIVERSITY

I'd now like to leave the floor to Richard Feynman and an excerpt of his book which I found to be one of the more compelling arguments for diversity (watch me make a point for diversity using only white people):

When I was in graduate school at Princeton a kind of dumb psychology paper came out that stirred up a lot of discussion. The author had decided that the thing controlling the “time sense” in the brain is a chemical reaction involving iron. I thought to myself, “Now, how the hell could he figure that?”

Well, the way he did it was, his wife had a chronic fever which went up and down a lot. Somehow he got the idea to test her sense of time. He had her count seconds to herself (without looking at a clock), and checked how long it took her to count up to 60. He had her counting — the poor woman — all during the day: when her fever went up, he found she counted quicker; when her fever went down, she counted slower. Therefore, he thought, the thing that governed the “time sense” in the brain must be running faster when she's got fever than when she hasn't got fever.

Being a very “scientific” guy, the psychologist knew that the rate of a chemical reaction varies with the surrounding temperature by a certain formula that depends on the energy of the reaction. He measured the differences in speed of his wife's counting and determined how much the temperature changed the speed. Then he tried to find a chemical reaction whose rates varied with temperature in the same amounts as his wife's counting did. He found that iron reactions fit the pattern best. So, he deduced that his wife's sense of time was governed by a chemical reaction in her body involving iron.

Well, it all seemed like a lot of baloney to me — there were so many things that could go wrong in his long chain of reasoning. But it was an interesting question: what does determine the “time sense”? When you're trying to count at an even rate, what does that rate depend on? And what could do to yourself to change it?

I decided to investigate. I started by counting seconds — without looking at a clock, of course — up to 60 in a slow, steady rhythm: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.... When I got to 60, only 48 seconds had gone by, but that didn't bother me: the problem was not to

count for exactly one minute, but to count at a standard rate. The next time I counted to 60, 49 seconds had passed. The next time, 48. Then 47, 48, 49, 48, 48.... So, I found I could count at a pretty standard rate.

Now, if I just sat there, without counting, and waited until I thought a minute had gone by, it was very irregular — complete variations. So I found it's very poor to estimate a minute by sheer guessing. But by counting, I could get very accurate.

Now that I knew I could count at a standard rate, the next question was — what affects the rate?

Maybe it has something to do with the heart rate. So I began to run up and down the stairs, up and down, to get my heart beating fast. Then I'd run into my room, throw myself down on the bed, and count up to 60.

I also tried running up and down the stairs and counting to myself while I was running up and down.

The other guys saw me running up and down the stairs, and laughed. "What are you doing?"

I couldn't answer them — which made me realize I couldn't talk while I was counting to myself — and kept right on running up and down the stairs, looking like an idiot.

(The guys at the graduate college were used to me looking like an idiot. On another occasion, for example, a guy came into my room — I had forgotten to lock the door during the "experiment" — and found me in a chair wearing my heavy sheepskin coat, leaning out of the wide-open window in the dead of winter, holding a pot in one hand and stirring with the other. "Don't bother me! Don't bother me!" I said. I was stirring Jell-O and watching it closely: I had gotten curious as to whether Jell-O would coagulate in the cold if you kept it moving all the time.)

Anyway, after trying every combination of running up and down the stairs and lying on the bed, surprise! The heart rate had no effect. And since I got very hot running up and down the stairs, I figured temperature had nothing to do with it either (although I must have known that your temperature doesn't really go up when you exercise). In fact, I couldn't find anything that affected my rate of counting.

Running up and down stairs got pretty boring, so I started counting while I did things I had to do anyway. For instance, when I put out the laundry, I had to fill out a form saying how many shirts I had, how many pants, and so on. I found I could write down "3" in front of "pants" or "4" in front of "shirts," but I couldn't count my socks. There were too many of them: I'm already using my "counting machine" — 36, 37, 38 — and here are all these socks in front of me — 39, 40, 41.... How do I count the socks?

I found I could arrange them in geometrical patterns — like a square, for example: a pair of socks in this corner, a pair in that one; a pair over here, and a pair over there — eight socks.

I continued this game of counting by patterns, and found I could count the lines in a newspaper article by grouping the lines into patterns of 3, 3, 3, and 1 to get 10; then 3 of those patterns, 3 of those patterns, 3 of those patterns, and 1 of those patterns made 100. I went right down the newspaper like that. After I had finished counting up to 60, I knew where I was in the patterns and could say, "I'm up to 60, and there are 113 lines." I found that I could even read the articles while I counted to 60, and it didn't affect the rate! In fact, I could do anything while counting to myself — except talk out loud, of course.

What about typing — copying words out of a book? I found that I could do that, too, but here my time was affected. I was excited: finally, I've found something that appears to affect my counting rate! I investigated it more.

I would go along, typing the simple words rather fast, counting to myself 19, 20, 21, typing along, counting 27, 28, 29, typing along, until — What the hell is that word? — Oh, yeah — and then continue counting 30, 31, 32, and so on. When I'd get to 60, I'd be late.

After some introspection and further observation, I realized what must have happened: I would interrupt my counting when I got to a difficult word that "needed more brains," so to speak. My counting rate wasn't slowing down; rather, the counting itself was being held up temporarily from time to time. Counting to 60 had become so automatic that I didn't even notice the interruptions at first.

The next morning, over breakfast, I reported the results of all these experiments to the other guys at the table. I told them all the things I could do while counting to myself, and said the only thing I absolutely could not do while counting to myself was talk.

One of the guys, a fella named John Tukey, said, "I don't believe you can read, and I don't see why you can't talk. I'll bet you I can talk while counting to myself, and I'll bet you you can't read."

So I gave a demonstration: they gave me a book and I read it for a while, counting to myself. When I reached 60 I said, "Now!" — 48 seconds, my regular time. Then I told them what I had read.

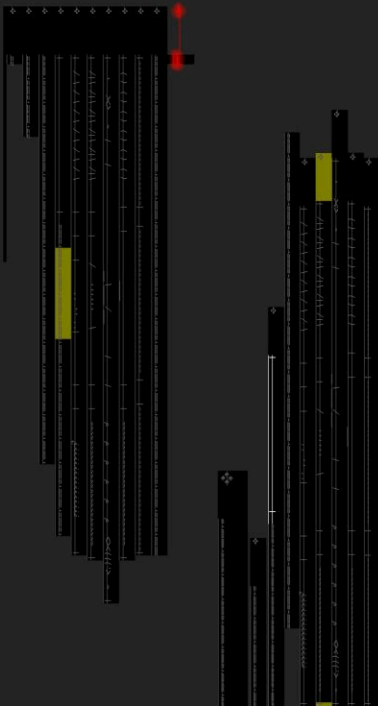
Tukey was amazed. After we checked him a few times to see what his regular time was, he started talking: "Mary had a little lamb; I can say anything I want to, it doesn't make any difference; I don't know what's bothering you" — blah, blah, blah, and finally, "Okay!" He hit his time right on the nose! I couldn't believe it!

We talked about it a while, and we discovered something. It turned out that Tukey was counting in a different way: he was visualizing a tape with numbers on it going by. He would say, "Mary had a little lamb," and he would watch it! Well, now it was clear: he's "looking" at his tape going by, so he can't read, and I'm "talking" to myself when I'm counting, so I can't speak!

After that discovery, I tried to figure out a way of reading out loud while counting — something neither of us could do. I figured I'd have to use a part of my brain that wouldn't interfere with the seeing or speaking departments, so I decided to use my fingers, since that involved the sense of touch.

I soon succeeded in counting with my fingers and reading out loud. But I wanted the whole process to be mental, and not rely on any physical activity. So I tried to imagine the feeling of my fingers moving while I was reading out loud.

I never succeeded. I figured that was because I hadn't practiced enough, but it might be impossible: I've never met anybody who can do it.



By that experience Tukey and I discovered that what goes on in different people's heads when they think they're doing the same thing — something as simple as counting — is different for different people. And we discovered that you can externally and objectively test how the brain works: you don't have to ask a person how he counts and rely on his own observations of himself; instead, you observe what he can and can't do while he counts. The test is absolute. There's no way to beat it; no way to fake it.

It's natural to explain an idea in terms of what you already have in your head. Concepts are piled on top of each other: this idea is taught in terms of that idea, and that idea is taught in terms of another idea, which comes from counting, which can be so different for different people!

What a lovely anecdote.

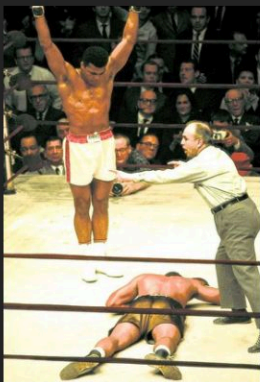
So no, I am not white supremacy or homogeneity or however you want to put it. I don't think one person's way of thinking is inherently better than someone else's, I don't think it can. I think ideas come from all over the motherfucking place and the smaller the pool the more limited the options.

Everyone perceives things differently, and if they want, they can output that somehow if they so choose. I am nothing if not a hunter-borrower. I have nothing special to offer, no original ideas; I'm only referencing shit I've seen or experienced somehow. And that's fine. There is no original idea or thought – it doesn't exist.

The four horsemen of the apocalypse can be found in some form in Judeo-Christianity, Greek & Norse mythology. Tolkien ripped Wagner's *The Ring* for *Lord of the Rings*. Maurizio Cattelan stole another artist's exhibit for his show on original ideas hehe

A few more examples:

INPUT



>>>> **BASQUIAT** >>>>

OUTPUT



>>>> **BOTERO** >>>>



They both took some kind of input, processed it and created something based off what they saw/felt/knew.

Their brain was the function.

What a motherfucking neat way of showcasing it; and people say art is useless.

Back to what I was saying: no idea is inherently better than another one – it can just be better suited to the circumstance. No brain is better than another brain – they're just different. No better, no worse.

Sometimes I feel like I may skip over some parts of my argument because I'm too eager to reach the conclusion. I don't really feel like that's the case here. Shit's pretty fucking self-explanatory.

You're cracked in the motherfucking head if you think I'm buying into white supremacy, or that all Arabs are terrorists or that you decide what's good or not.

Or idk wtv tf u can come up with (can u come up with something?)

Capiche donkey?

When the people calling the shots, funding projects, curating shows, hiring talent, choosing lineups, wtv the fucking fuck, are all drawing from the same pool of references and experiences, it gets stale fast.

(wait marshall mathers)

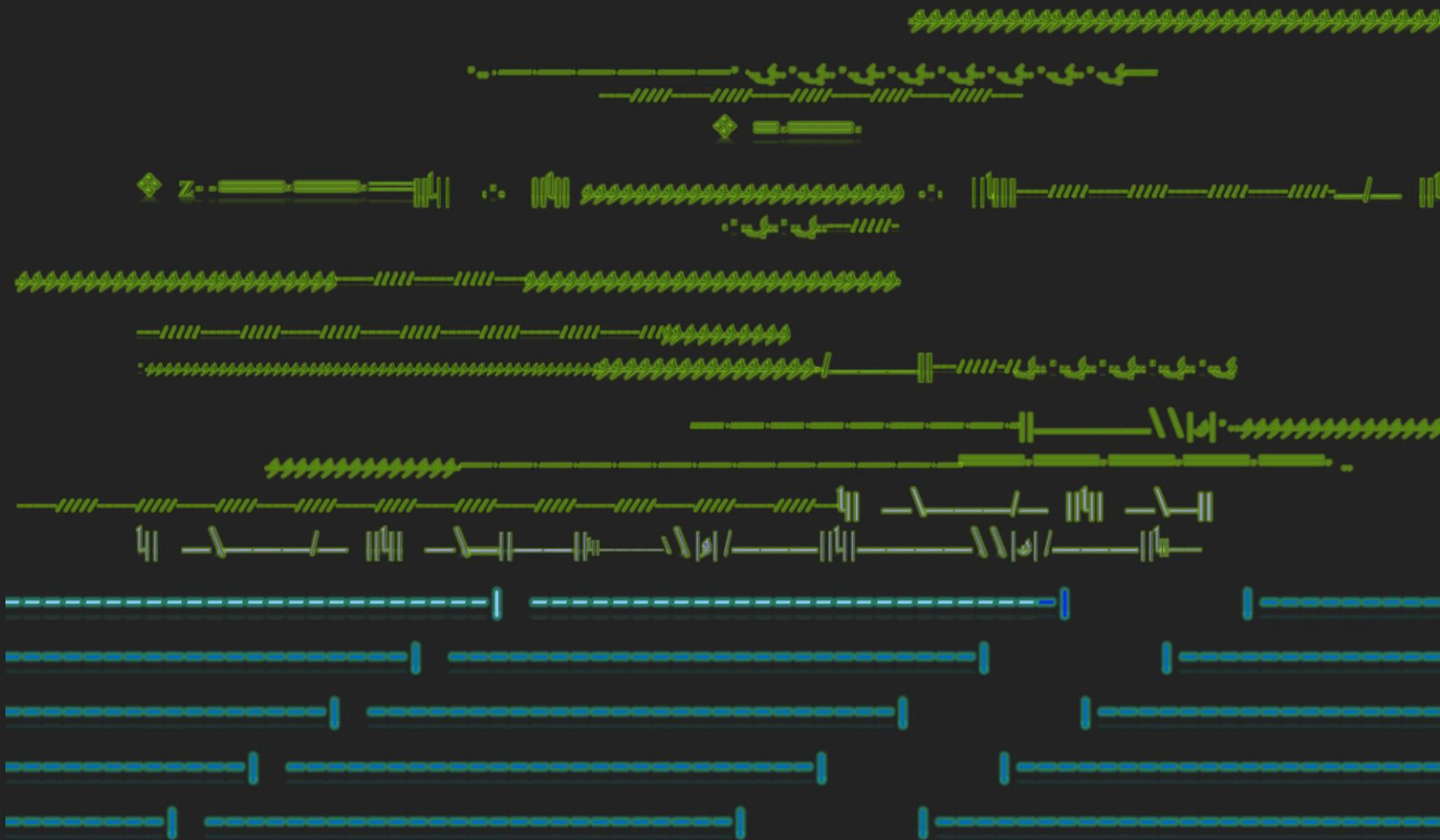


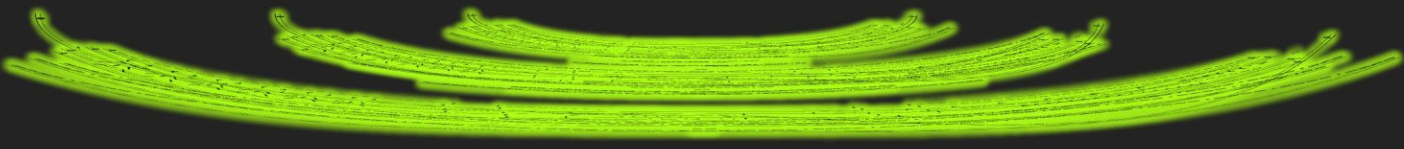
That's not to say that you can't be a good musician, artist, writer, wtvtfuck, if you're white, more so to say that I don't care for English(YT). When you're all drawing from the same pool of experiences and references then the signal becomes quite monotone.

Again,

YOU'VE BEEN TONE DEAF

They your clubs, your theatres, your schools, your stores, your universities, your galleries first and foremost (on paper), you're *free* to do anything you want and





There is no binary indicator within human beings that make them racist or not racist, a racist is as a racist does. We don't reach a place of tolerance and take our foot off the pedal, it takes constant work to try and find one another within the chaos.

Cities are built, people converge, lives prosper unrest kicks in, distrust spreads, city falls?

Take Andalusia for example, a region that benefited greatly from a period of coexistence, ideas could spar and what a repository of ideas it was. That meant that the better idea won – everyone benefits. After the expulsion of Muslims & Jews the region went to shit, go figure. I wonder how did that shit start though.

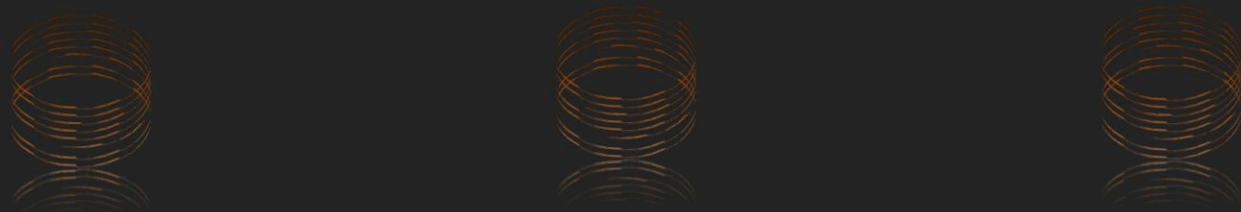
How did they go from coexistence to expulsions? Is that how it happened to jews in Europe and Germany? Is this how it happens for Muslims/A-raabs now?

Tab why on earth would you not want to take advantage of us????? Why seek out homogeny every chance you get? Everyone losses then.

If you make fun of my accent, you're racist. If you make fun of how I look, you're racist, it's not that complicated. If you make fun of me for wearing white shoes, then I deserve that. I can take the shoes off, but I can't shake off my ethnicity nor my tongue.

YOU CAN OFFER ME HEAVEN BUT IF YOU THINK I'M A TERRORIST BECAUSE I HAVE SHORT HAIR THEN YOU CAN GET FUCKED CRUSTY

Obviously nor do I fucking want to. To what end? I love myself too much to accept that shit on myself, and if you think I should accept it and move on with my life then fuck you three baby.



The Dalai Lama likes to say:

***"A FAKE FLOWER IS JUST AS GOOD AS A REAL FLOWER,
BECAUSE IT REMINDS YOU OF THE REAL ONE"***

***"A FAKE FLOWER IS EVEN BETTER, BECAUSE
IT KNOWS IT'S NOT"***

-

MOHAMED

(live)



I'm graduating on a fine May morning, feeling quite happy and pleased with myself, my family flew out for it, and I was feeling really happy that I managed to make them proud. And then the motherfucking guest speaker starts talking. Mr. fucking attorney general, gives the usual drivel and then proceeds to talk about Ukraine for 20 minutes. And nothing else.

I started getting really angry. Wtf why?

Why is him talking about Ukraine affecting me so?

I was flush with anger; not because I have something against Ukrainians but motherfucking fuck when are you going to acknowledge anyone else in the motherfucking room????? What about literally anyone else in the world who isn't white? Does your gaze extend that far?

***YOU CAN OFFER ME HEAVEN BUT IF THE ONLY LANGUAGE AVAILABLE
IS ENGLISH(YT)***

BITCH I'M OUT TF

I used to play football – I think sports are a great way for human beings to channel the shit that we endure on a daily basis in a healthy manner. Sure, it can be intense at times but from a physiological standpoint at least, you can say it has many benefits.

Unfortunately, I can barely walk across the room at this point without my knee popping and cracking 17 times. Point is, sports are a no no (or I just run in a straight line).

You know what's a great alternative? Dancing!

You get to shake your booty and if the DJ is good u can find yourself immersed in a way that makes you feel stupid good. A song becomes a movie, a conversation with a friend or someone new can make u feel like a million bucks, the sun shining at the right time can turn your week around and have u feeling invincible for 3 weeks minimum.

I've gone out at times feeling like absolute death and within 10 minutes of getting to the club I'm already feeling better after hearing the music. An hour later I'm beaming with joy. Sometimes that happens, sometimes that doesn't happen too. But it's fine; it's all part (and parcel) of going out. Woteva.

But beyond the music and the social aspect, the physical aspect is super fucking cathartic to so many. That's why I take issue with anyone messing with that.

I'm catching up with a very close friend, and her partner works in some legal suicide prevention policy mumbo jumbo (not being dismissive just literally can't remember the name). Both my friend and I have been experiencing sleep paralysis since we were children to which her girlfriend interjected with:

"that's trauma! It's generally defined as something negative happening to you and you're not being able to do anything about it."

Ring any bells? It would be hard to describe the feeling anyone who's been following genocide as anything other than collective trauma. After all what *can* we do??

Now trauma can manifest itself in many ways I believe, and I ain't no motherfucking psychiatrist but I'm 98% it doesn't manifest in a positive manner. I would wake up *running* in the middle of the night. Nightmares upon nightmares. I'd be startled very easily – a sudden loud sound would make me jump. Appetite is diminished and you find yourself finding it more and more difficult to feel good or excited about anything. This is only a preview.

It can manifest itself in addiction – I've seen beautiful people get more and more addicted to substances because they're trying to feel *good* again. It's heartbreaking.

It's not good to feel hopeless all the fucking time. Shit especially when we can have so much to fucking hope for.

And not only that but if you think you're being savvy by playing it safe and staying neutral and by going apolitical/humane all of a sudden; you're denying me the same right given to everyone else to speak up for themselves.

That is how you're hurting me. That is how you're signalling me out.

I can't force anyone to do anything, but then again, I'm free. I am so stupidly free I can reject the whole world if I so please and I will if it means I have to accept some subservient position.

Boring,boring,boring.

There's so much beauty and happiness in life, I don't fucking want to waste a fucking second trying to convince some crusty YT that I am his equal (*I am better*).

There's so so so so so so much to do and I don't want to have to keep holding a mirror up to clowns so that they can act right. Can't you figure that out on your own? Or at the very least actually digest what I'm giving you?

Shit's bleak I know but there is a way out of this. See I know fun. I know fun very very well. I know fun left, I know fun right, I know fun up and down. I have found heaven many times over and I am certain of my ability to create it wherever I go.

However, it's predicated on feeling accepted and comfortable around the people you're around. And vice versa.

It's when you're all speaking the same language (even if you really aren't) but are treating one another with the same kindness, respect and empathy you would want for yourself. You can relax then, for you have found your place, no ill will befall you here for you are with friends! Trumpets!

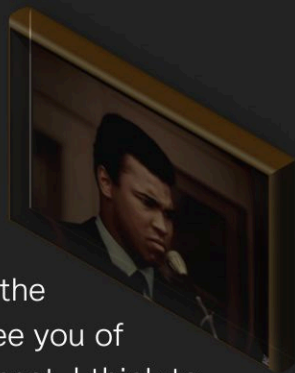
That is what I mean by speaking the same language – not actual mechanics u dildo.

What a wonderful thing that is and what a privilege it is to be a part of it. Why would you deny me that? Especially in this day and age when people that look like me are being rounded up in the streets by people that look like you. I'm being worked to the point where I can barely look up at my screen anymore. I need a good night out to help balance this shit.

But you can't have a truly great night of dancing if someone was harassing your friend all night now can you?

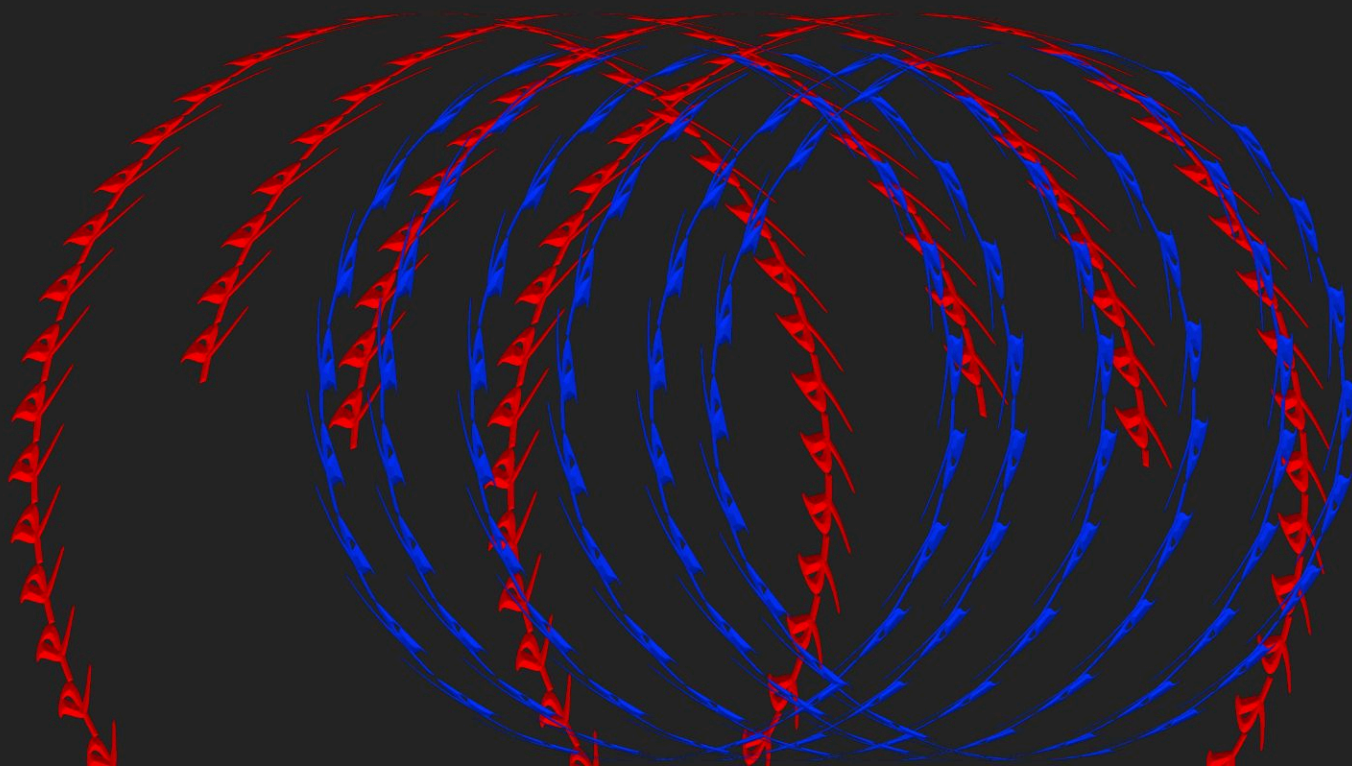
Can I be truly happy, when a friend comes up to you with a black eye after they got mugged in Ridgewood for wearing a keffiyeh?

Can you have a sensational night of music and intricate rhythms after you've just seen children literally flayed and you have a mob almost lynch a woman protected by one policeman 10 minutes away from where you live screaming death to arabs (not a single arrest was made) (I am an arab)



I love that he's pouting here and not heartbreaking more than anything to find the seemingly disregard you like that, won't see you of It's the face a child makes when they're upset. I think to

expressing anger per se because *it is* things you hold dear to you someone equal of pain and sadness. me that's why it's so poignant.



I'm at a festival upstate for my 6th year? I'm walking to my friend's car to pick up my swim shorts, it's a fairly long walk – 45 mins or so. I meet someone I met on my first year, I figure it's a long ass walk might as well try and break the silence and just start a conversation so it's not weird.

"Ah the journey begins..."

"000000.oooooo WHATTTTT?"

Ughhh okaaay. Music it is and

On the way there I stick out my thumb to try and hitch a ride, but no one stops for me, whatever.

I finally make it and see a friend I haven't seen in a few months and I'm glad to see her. She's waiting for the bus with some other people.

As I'm walking towards the car the grounds keeper pulls up and starts telling us to line up at the front of the parking lot so that it's easier to load stuff in the bus. I tell him that's okay, I don't have anything on me. I'm just picking up something from my car.

Around the same time someone else jumps out of car they managed to hitch a ride in.

"That's what you should've done: stick your thumb out and flash a smile"

"I did that but I guess im just having a bad hair day."

"yeah but he looks like a native you look like a terrorist"



Taken aback. "Fuck you white boy!"

The other person goes:

"wait so the Asian guy looks like a native?" (nice1 m8)

The groundskeeper seems to be surprised that this rubbed me the wrong way. He tries and moves past by letting us know that the bus is coming at 3 (I'm thinking to myself "it's already 3:15 you inbred donkey").

"I'LL BLOW UP THE BUS AT 3.", I shout back. (a7a nice1 me2 --__--)

At that point the other guy just exits the conversation and I'm left alone. The groundskeeper just stares at me as I walk to the car, and the god damn swimming trunks are nowhere to be found. Ughhhhhh.

I'm walking back from the car and trying to make my way back to camp. I see groundskeeper standing in the middle of the parking lot with 4 of his buddies. Raised beard lines and all. They're talking amongst themselves and at that point I start feeling scared. Is my dumbass mouth going to get me shot? Was it a bad idea to say that shit about the bomb? But I didn't start shit? Does it matter?

I'm outnumbered and they're talking amongst themselves and staring at me. I keep walking. He starts waving his arm as if to shoo me like a dog. I ignore him and just keep walking back.

He starts yelling at me to get off the road.

Mind you this is in the middle of fucking nowhere. We're on a side road of a side road. Bumfuck, NY. I ignore him and make it to my friends. I tell them what happened. Not sure what to make of it, feeling embarrassed, scared, afraid, all types of shit, I decide I need to get out of there. And I make my way back.

On my way back, I actually finally get a ride (sixth time's the charm!). A Cadillac that drove by on my way there – I remember thinking to myself how sexy the car hugging the road was. Turns out it's the head of security and I just let him know what happened and I start crying.

See I was very angry. A few days prior the BBC published an article into the Gaza Humanitarian Fund and the people that constitute that despotic organization. See the BBC emailed them for a comment, and the dumbasses forwarded that shit internally to warn their staff from talking to the media, but the dumbasses mistakenly added the BBC to the list of recipients. lol. In no time they unearthed their Facebook profiles and all. out they're part of some biker gang in the US.

Here is one person recruiting other people to go shoot Palestinians for fun.



Because *it is* a sport to these barbarians. They don't want to miss out, what the hell.

I digress.

I'm in the car driving back to camp and that's all I can think about. After I make it back to camp I run into some friends and they start talking to me about the music from the night prior or something. My head is elsewhere. I try and tell them what happened. They say they're sorry and that sucks.

I'm in a rotten mood so I just excuse myself. This happens a couple of times and I feel like I can't really be around anyone at that point.

I'm too much of a downer and I didn't want to ruin my friend's time; shit they needed it too. In any case, I could feel their patience running thin with me talking about it. After all, you don't want anyone to burst your magical magical weekend do you.

I was very very angry, what should I have done? Why did that happen? I had short hair at the time and I know I look uglier with short hair. I also didn't shave before going to get the car, shit maybe if I looked nicer he wouldn't have said that.

I'm trying to take a shower and waiting for the water to get warmer (the night before someone who always stays in that cabin said it took a min), this guy sleeping in the same cabin decides to get on my ass and telling me it won't get warm so I might as well jump in and he's standing in front of me. I really don't fucking have the patience to argue with someone else at that point, so I just get in and start hyperventilating from the cold water --__---

I see a friend of mine and I tell him what happened and shower guy overhears me and offers me a line of K as an apology? Ya 3am kos omak I don't want shit. Meanwhile this other group of people are using our cabin to cook because they don't want to cook in their cabin, because it'll smell. But it's fine if it smells for us. I'm just thinking to myself who tf are these people at this point.

At that point I just felt like my weekend was over and I didn't care to hear calvin harris or dj ethnic.com, I just wanted to go home. I didn't want to make my friends leave early, I also didn't want to feel like I ran away from something(?) idk

I don't know what to do, I feel like shit and I feel I'm not really able to express to the people around me how I feel. Sure, being called a terrorist sucks (but more on that in a sec) but it wasn't that really that bothered me at the time, it was the fear I felt walking back past mr hillbilly.

I hated how he made me feel afraid, I hated how I felt cornered, I hated how he looked like the fuckers in that BBC article. I hated how I couldn't stop thinking if they were a part of it. I hated that I paid money to experience any of that shit.

Why the fuck am I paying money to be scared?

Anyway, thank the heavens I was offered free drink and meal tickets for next year because the possibility of fake money a year from now is exactly the right move here.

What's the right move here?

Fuck if I know. I thought about it long and hard: what would make me feel better? I couldn't think of anything, there's nothing to be done really. After it happens that's that. Best case scenario is that it doesn't happen, otherwise, there's nothing really to remedy it. Prevention is key.

And again, none of this shit is the end of the world. I don't care if I'm called a terrorist. What I find upsetting is the loss of a space that exactly one year before, I was dancing and thinking to myself how lucky I am to have such a place, where me and my friends can be silly and stupid and shake our booties however we see fit. I feel like many people take it for granted.

But then again amidst the shit lies you can find moments of magic.

I got to spend time and dance with people dear to me. I got to be silly as shit with Kev. and spoke French all night long (I don't speak French), I recall falling asleep at the ambient stage and waking up to find myself cuddled by two of my friends with another two sleeping on us. I remember thinking to myself "what a shitshow" and falling to the ground crying and L. and D. holding me.

I was later told that the same groundskeeper has a history of saying some fucked up shit to people. The thing is, you may have accepted the indignation for yourselves and me too. I never will. I feel cheap being offered alcohol and food for being made to feel scared. So, I decide to offer some suggestions:

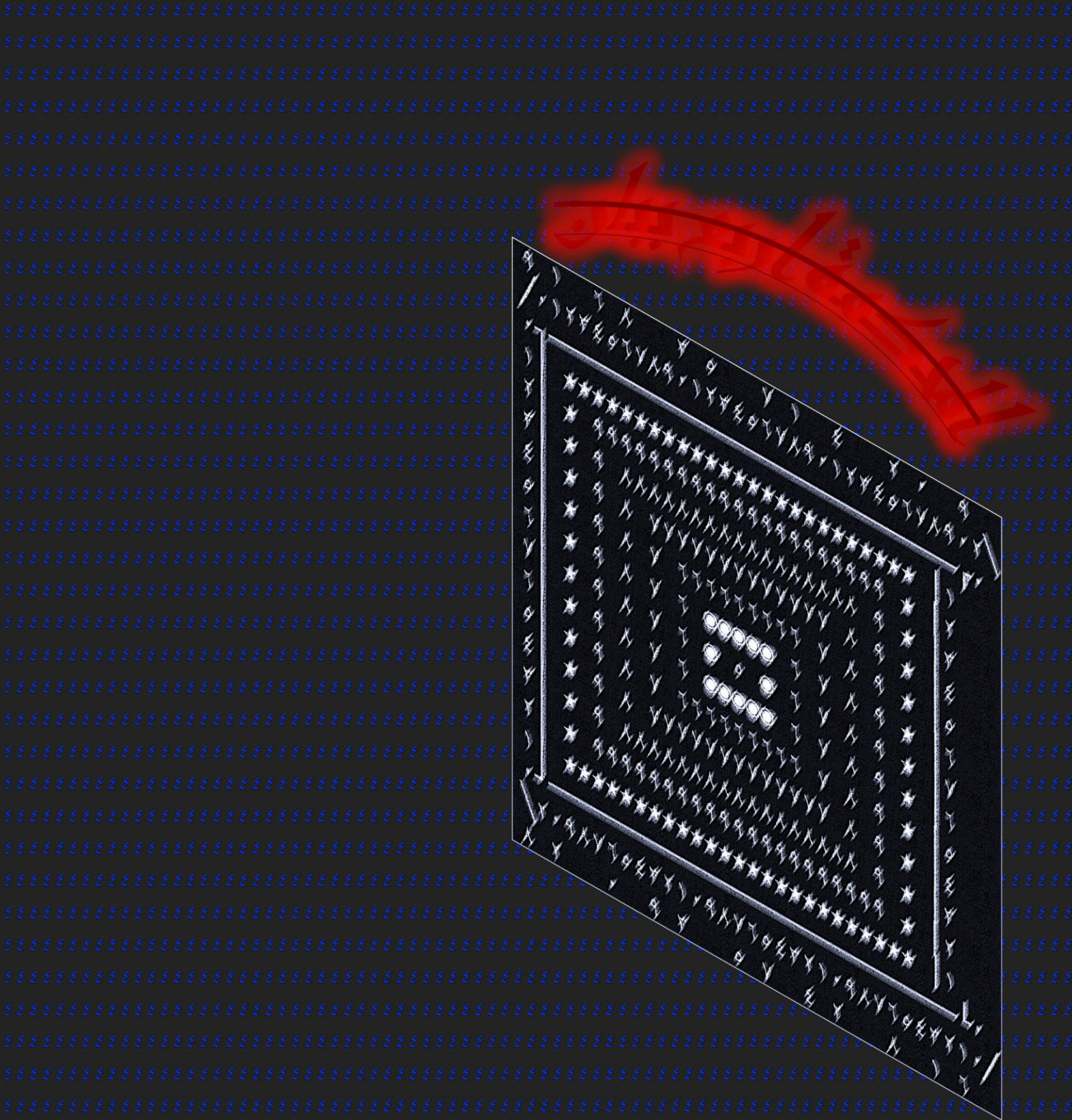
- This shouldn't be treated as a one-off. If a groundskeeper is regularly making racist remarks and drinking on the job, somebody will eventually get seriously hurt or retaliate.
- With people wearing keffiyehs and cultural dress around the site, targeting like that creates an unsafe environment.
- I get that you deal with campground staff you don't directly control, but having visible staff/security at key spots (parking, check-in) during busy times would help.

In my mind I was thinking tie him to a tree or send him to Disneyland I don't give a fuck.

Radio silence.

First, I thought, they were taking some time to get back to me. After all, I made sure I was calm and collected when I was recounting what happened. Alas, no. Credits come out and there's his name at the very top. Fucky in all its (dis)glory.

I guess I'm crazy then (Walahy I'm not 😊).



I'd like to finally bring up the one of the main centerpieces to this thesis. Mr. Kafka (this is a very reductive take on his works but still accurate). I realize that many things have influenced his writings, but they can also be considered a glaring symptom of rising antisemitism in Europe.

The trial being an obvious one. Being faced with unknown charges by some unknown entity. Feeling you're being persecuted when you haven't done anything worth persecution. Vague but quite tangible, nonetheless. Being held to a higher standard (I don't mind) but still not being deemed good enough. That no matter how friendly and no matter how much you lower yourself, it's never enough for YT.

You're guilty by default, being a-rraab, a lower being, a god damn misogynistic, volatile and crazy man. You're horrible to women and gay people and cats and dogs. Meh.

Ya 3am stick and stones may hurt my bones yada yada yada yes I know, I don't care, it doesn't actually hurt me. But when it reaches a point when my own close friends are ashamed to be seen out with me then it breaks my heart.

Back to Kafka, *The metamorphosis* being another one. It wasn't until I revisited it again for this piece that I couldn't help noticing how similar my experience was when I felt tainted by racism and my close friends were there to help. Until it was time for me shut up about it you know.

It somehow reached a point, where my own friend didn't think she could be around me because people around her didn't like me for some reason or another. I need to explain myself to people I don't know their names?? Yet somehow, privately they have no issues with me whatsoever, or at least they were never verbalized. I'm just a bad look? A burden? Wait what? I held you in my eye!

In the metamorphosis, the protagonist is aided initially by his sister, she is the only one that hasn't abandoned him yet and feeds him. Until nothing happens and the situation keeps deteriorating and she finally gets fed up with him and disowns him the same way the rest of his family did.

That's what it felt like. Suck it up and move on with your life otherwise we don't want you among us. Shit I don't want me among us. I'm very angry and heartbroken that the same people I stood up for time and time again, both physically and in conversation, decide to bury their hands in the sand as if nothing happened.

Meanwhile, this shit is persistent, I'm not able to easily shake it off. Why? It bothered me deeply and I hated how alone I felt because of it. I couldn't think about anything else. No one could make me think about anything else.

I also have to acknowledge that to many people in our community, this *is* the highlight of their year. It's exciting for many to be able to experience a weekend like that with friends and like minded people.

Shit, what else we got for us really???

It doesn't feel good to be talking about any of this, and I didn't intend to ever talk about it publicly, but I think it's just symptomatic of the rising racism we've all been witness to these past few years.

I feel the need to point out – I don't think this is the worst thing in the world. It just came on the back of some bad news and some personal shit – I was just hoping that I would at least I would get to be free of that for a few nights.

Is there no reprieve?????

So, should I shut up so that my friends can have a nice weekend? Should I accept indignation so that other people can have fun?

Am I okay with being made to feel scared and humiliated for something that I paid money to attend? Why?

*YOU CAN OFFER ME HEAVEN IF BUT IF IT MEANS MY
INDIGNATION SO THAT PEOPLE CAN HAVE FUN
THEN I COULDN'T CARE LESS*

I was watching *Gattaca* for the first time and the protagonist is under suspicion for having committed murder, it turns out he didn't. "I committed no murder, you must be disappointed" and it struck me. Maybe that's why it affected me so, what fucky said to me.

When you call me a terrorist you're calling up that racist stereotype. The backward illiterate bearded maslem with no teeth smoking his vile hookah.

That's what I'm being accused of and what I am trying to consciously and subconsciously trying to prove my innocence in. I'm supposed to be hehe haha hoho when it's coming to me from the kind of person that goes abroad to shoot people like me for shits and giggles.

Nah, fat chance. The word terrorist is nothing but a racist slur meant to dehumanize people like me over the actions of a few of us.

It's especially jarring when you hear it from YT when we have moral perversions like Guantanamo Bay, Rikers, Iraq, Iran, Syria, Afghanistan, Libya, Sudan, etc. etc. etc?????????????



buddy any time someone in the foreign department says good morning 4 arabs die what are you on about.

What about all allied forces that were raping and pillaging all across Europe during WW2? Were they not fighting the good ol' fight???? But it's okay as long as YT is doing it. It's always okay.

Nah, history is not written by the victor, history is written by me motherfucker.

The double standards is just more evidence of English(YT). Motherfucker how dare you think I'll accept that? You call me a terrorist I'll chew you inside out,

YOU CAN OFFER ME HEAVEN, BUT IF YOU SOMEHOW THINK YOU'RE SUPERIOR I'LL MAKE 10 MORE HEAVENS



I can't believe I got this from a weekly team call, but I did. The question of the week was would you rather learn any language in the world or any instrument. And then it struck me, music *is* the universal language. Art *is* the universal language. Movies, photos, sculptures, widgets, poetry, books, they are all attempts at this universal language. Attempts at capturing an emotion, an essence, a physical feeling. Somehow, they allow us to connect with strangers over this shared effect this piece of media has on us – it's magical.

Shit, I'll do u one better, the better the art the more universal it is.

Donkey, allow me to elaborate. If it speaks to more people, then it's able to call up this innate feeling that somehow feels very familiar even though you're experiencing the piece for the first time. You're lucky enough to be able to do that to one person? Let alone 5 people? Let alone millions? Let alone a billy???

Like instant coffee.

[#للطالب_اللي_طالب_اكثر_من_الدنيا](#)

Plsplpsplspls that is not to say that niche art is inherently worse either, it can be the kind of art that is universal to literally everyone in the world except, unfortunately everyone around you cc: Van Gogh, idk there's a fuckton innit. Both are beautiful and valid and worthwhile.

I digress but maybe I'll elaborate on it below. It's almost a year into the genocide. I've been out of work for close to 8 months now. I'm behind on rent for 2 months – my roommate 4. We've both noticeably lost weight – literally unable to provide our bodies with sufficient calories. I lost 4kg, my roommate 8kg. I'm spending every waking moment at this point trying to find a job – I want to eat properly again and shit life's better when you can afford shit.

Our landlord put us in touch with a friend of theirs who is interested in the extra room. Weird juju but beggars can't be choosers. My roommate and I had our suspicions but we also suspected that our landlord was a Zionist and we felt that if we were to reject that person based on whether or not they were a Zionist it would open the door for our landlord to do the same to us. Bruh.

And again, we didn't really have a leg to stand on based on our financial situation.

For some reason, I decided to search for a couple of keywords on the guys twitter. 'Arab', 'Islam', 'Muslim', 'Gaza', 'Palestine', 'Israel', you know, the works. A bunch of shit pops up but one of the main ones is that all Israeli arabs should wear an armband. You know, just like they did back in the olden times innit.

Another is calling all the protests happening antisemitic. The protests I go to. Right.

I'm flipping the fuck out, I'm supposed to live with that Yung lean looking motherfucker? He's 40 – he was 30 when he tweeted that. As in he wasn't some edgy 13-year-old from bumfuck Nebraska or some shit. Mans was travelled and shit.

I let my landlord I don't feel safe living with this person – mind you this was after that psychopath stabbed that poor Palestinian boy [37 times in Chicago](#). Let's not skip over this please.

1	8	15	22	29	36	
2	9	16	23	30		
3	10	17	24	31		
4	11	18	25	32		
5	12	19	26	33		
6	13	20	27	34		
7	14	21	28	35		37

Hell nah.

Where was I? Yes. A mediation chat was arranged and I very very very begrudgingly agreed to sit down and hear what the they had to say. How rancid: I have to explain to this person why they're racist, ugh.

I recall asking:

“Would you be okay living with someone who says that Jewish people should be wearing armbands?”

Wanker:

“I’m not Jewish..”

Me:

0.o

Roommate:

<https://youtu.be/Fo77sTGpngQ?si=3KB71qndefaRsfX9> (thank fuck cause I was flabbergasted!!!1)

Anyway, taught him his head from his ass, he declares defeat by kicking the door in, and moves out.

Another day in the life of a bad bitch.



I'd like to shift gears for a second and go to the UK circa 1820's. A brethren forms to denounce religion in its current form. Denouncing the church and accuses it of steering humanity away from God. They did not have any liturgy, order of service, or even any ministers; their guide was "the Bible alone" they sought to do it according to their own interpretation of the biblical text.

Enter raging antisemite John motherfucking Darby. He decides to reinterpret the Old Testament according to however he sees fit.

"He developed "Dispensationalism" a theory that divides history into seven distinct "dispensations" or eras, each representing a different way God interacts with humanity.

Darby believed that the current era would end with the Rapture, where true believers would be taken to heaven before the great tribulation and the Battle of Armageddon. Crucially, Darby reinterpreted Old Testament prophecies literally, asserting that the Jews must return to Palestine and establish a Jewish state for the prophecy of Armageddon to be fulfilled.

This was a radical departure from traditional Christian interpretations that viewed these prophecies as symbolically fulfilled with the coming of Christ."

(im not gonna lie I copied this bit from google because it's a motherfucking mouthful and I needed a clean description)

(fuck yoself)

Pure motherfucking garbage but it spoke to people's inner fears. His teachings, offering a divine plan amidst uncertainty, resonated deeply. When Darby visited the United States, he found a society undergoing a major religious revival making it fertile ground for his ideas.

RAPTURE

YEAAAAAAAAAAAAAH 🤩

In short, this is why the US traditionally has sided with Zionists. Because that is what *needs* to happen for the world to end obviously you guys. And, we don't want them amongst us, they should go over there, far away from us.

Sheeeesh

This is your guiding light???? Your true north????

I recall a comment made on reddit after yet another horrible mass shooting here in the US.

“What do you expect from a country that still follows a book written by 13 racist old white men 300 years ago.” Sometimes you just need to say out loud to realize how absurd that is.

We continue letting kids die in school because we absolutely must follow the words of 13 racist white men who know nothing about our lives and the world we live in now. The same logic can and should be applied to Darby.

Are we that fucking braindead that the words of a 19th century zealot are so powerful that they can justify a genocide? The obliteration of an entire fucking people???? Motherfucker really?

Fuck you you fucking idiot.

***YOU CAN OFFER ME HEAVEN BUT WHO EVEN
GIVES A FUCK ANYMORE?***

Because I'm trying to negate this misconception in their mind that is frankly nothing but a manifestation of islamophobia and racism. I'm not doing it for my health I swear, or to disturb people I know already feel more or less the same way,

I'm trying to reach the people who actually have family and friends that support this shit.

People with family or friends in the IDF or that support the genocide in any motherfucking way.

- I want them to stand up what's right.
- I want them to be able to recognize a genocide on their own.
- I want them to stand up for me like I stand up for them.
- I want them to act right without me having to hold up a mirror to them all the time.

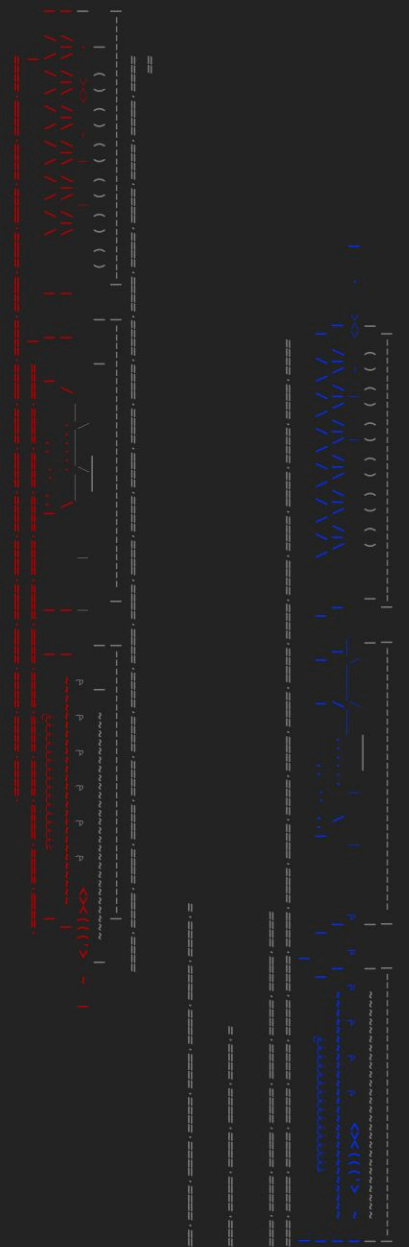
These will be shit conversations I'm sure, it most surely will suck ass and you may find yourself estranging yourself but girl:

YOU CAN OFFER ME HEAVEN BUT IF EVERYONE AROUND ME IS RACIST AND HATEFUL, YOU SURE YOU DIDN'T OFFER ME HELL?

Some call it virtue signaling, I say sit your spoilt ass down mama's boy. You never stood up for shit if it didn't benefit you, keep your mouth shut – we don't need no motherfucking distractions here while we're doing anything we can to stop the fighting over there.

I know you find it difficult to emphasize because you've never had to struggle like that. You just co-opt for your benefit. How rancid.

We're infinitely stronger when we're united, were infinitely more influential when we're looking out for each other and being there for one another as the world crumbles apart. We are New York.

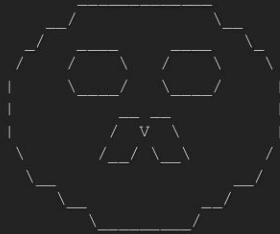


**MOTHERFUCKERS WE SET THE
STANDARD**

=====

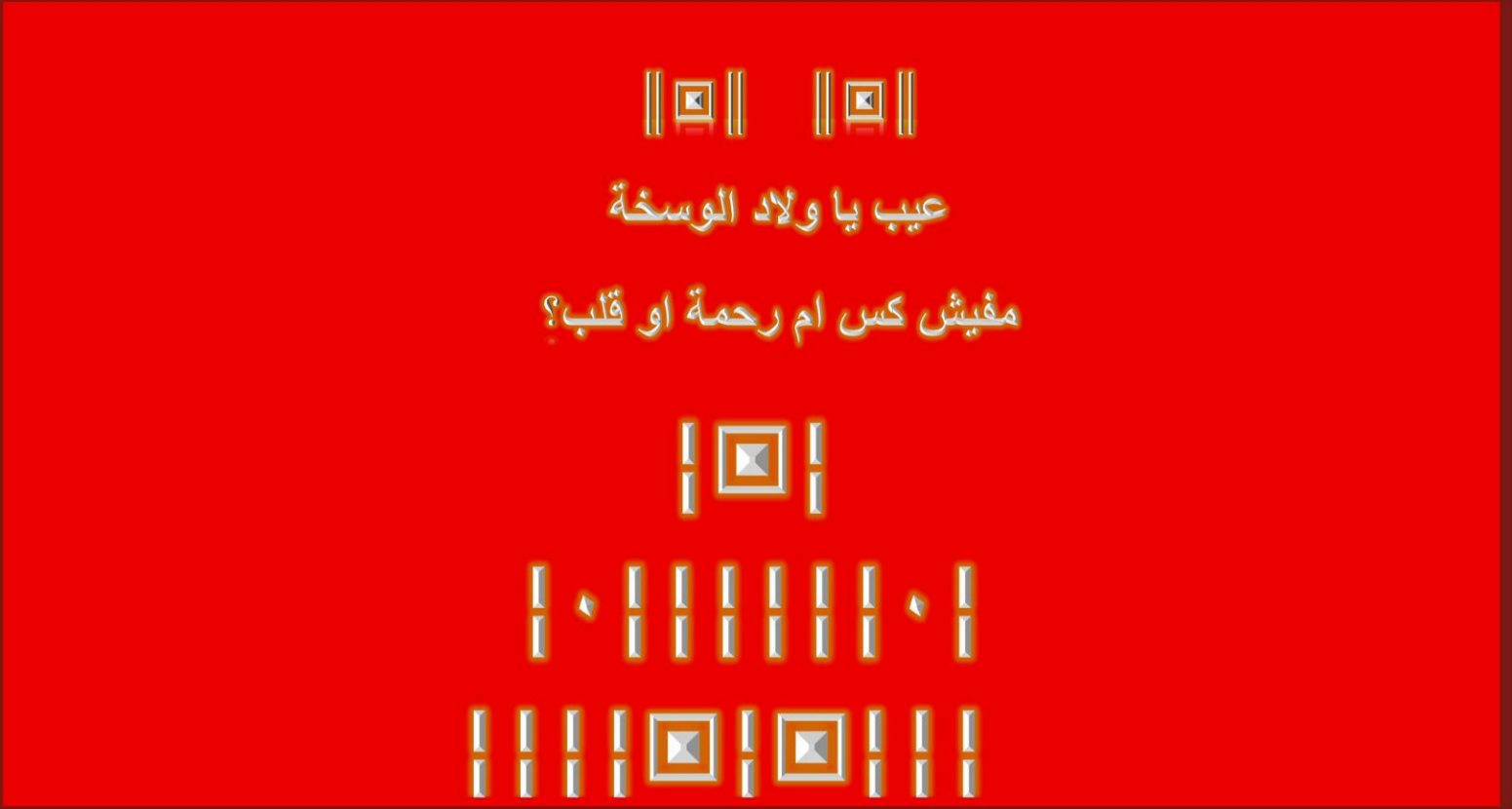
There's a very clear distinction to be made here. I know I won't feel the same way Armenians do for example about Azerbaijan, but that doesn't stop me from being able to figure out what's what.

"WELL HONKEY DONKEY WHY U AIN'T SAY NOTHIN BOUT SUDAN?"



No problem buddy:

Fuck the UAE and whatever they believe in (\$\$\$) if they are flooding Sudan with weapons that are fuelling canage upon carnage then fuck you. If they're trying to overthrow a government so they can get gold for cheap then fuck them 14 more fucking times, super easy.



I say fuck them right to their faces. No amount of fucking money is going to make that shit right, no races no expos no motherfucking nothing you fucking uninspired fucks.

Human lives are worth less to them than gold.

So, how about this – we say a very very big fuck you to anyone who dispenses chaos and terror for profit. I hope you lose a million times more than you make if what you make necessitated blood. If all you care about is money, then I hope you lose all your money. If people were to boycott you and end up making you lose out on precious tourism income – would you change your ways? Is all you care about your bottom line? How rancid. How depressing.

"it's complicated"

It never is. Enter Sartre.

Now I'm butchering his shit right now but mans was basically calling for people to regain agency when it comes to their decision making. Not to rely on external sources such as religion, the government, other people, etc. you get the point.

"Well doesn't that mean I can just go up to you and shoot you in the face because I really really want to?"

No, you wanker.

Enter negative rights.

We are all deserving of the same negative rights. They're not negative in the traditional sense more so, these are rights that you should be free to exercise without anyone infringing on them.

Such as your right to walk the street undisturbed.

Such as your right to walk your land without being

harassed, kidnapped, tortured, raped and bombed.

Understood?

That is why the state of Israel in its current form is a motherufcking demonic fascist state that is no different from Nazi Germany. Because its very existence is infringing Palestinians negative rights on a daily basis.

You're not free to move, to build, to learn, to travel, to receive treatment. Built on this very potent idea that "I am more worthy than you". That is what Hitler is fundamentally and truly about.

That is the pussy of fascism:

"I CAN SO I WILL"

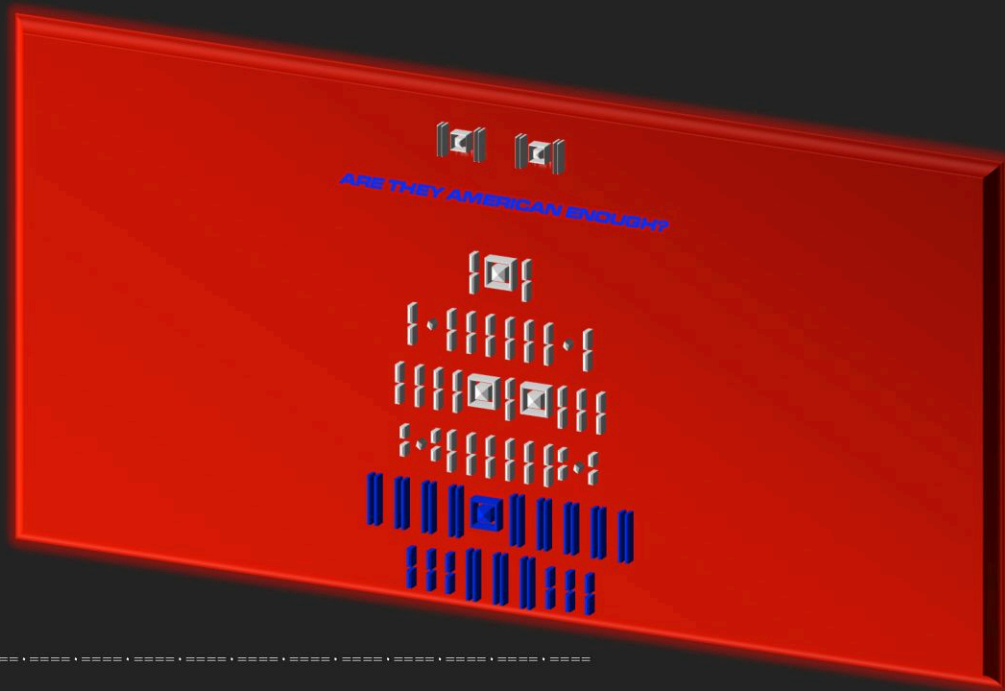
That is Zionism:

"I AM MORE WORTHY OF THIS LAND MORE THAN YOU, EVEN THOUGH I WAS BORN HALFWAY ACROSS THE WORLD"

It doesn't compute. I don't believe that. I don't believe that the holocaust allows for that either. Two wrongs never make a right.

It's the same mindset that fuels ICE. Rounding up people based on:

- are they the right skin color?
- Do they have an accent?
- Did they take English as a second language?
- Did they ever take English(YT)? 🤔



Z:

I want to challenge you on the "we are New York, we set the standard" line. You say it twice — around page seventy and again at the end. After everything you just spent the book documenting — the racism inside the spaces you thought were free, the silence about Palestine, the friends who walked, the groundskeeper, the roommate — it almost reads like you spent the whole book grieving the idea, only to land on it again. The dot doesn't quite connect.

M(e):

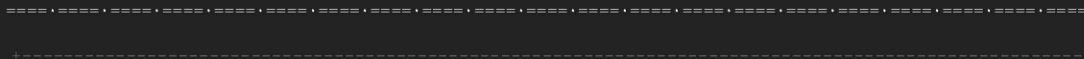
The standard isn't about NY being the moral center of the universe. It's a structural observation. If NY is openly and resoundingly pro-Palestine (or pro-anything else really), other cities follow. That's how cultural influence has worked in this country for the last sixty years. It's not me saying we're the best. It's me saying we're the lever, and we should know we're the lever.

Z:

Okay. Then I'd say that needs to be more legible, because right now it reads as a return to the ideology you just spent the book taking apart.

M(e):

Fair. The grief and the lever aren't in conflict though. I can grieve what NY isn't and still ask it to do the thing it's actually capable of. That's not a contradiction — iz possible. That's how you stay in a place you love.



I'd like to maybe end with final thought. I detest how it hating more things somehow is confused for being righteous. I'm talking about moral absolutism. It doesn't take much to hate but it takes fucking mountains to forgive.

It's easy being good but to love someone that is trying to hurt you – that's next

motherfucking level. This is one of the most obvious examples for me https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=C1SbF4e_Y9k

Being good isn't about being "woke" or "politically correct" or whatever adjective these airheads may throw our way, it's about forgiveness, realizing that the person opposite you contains a motherfucking universe of emotion just like you and me.

It's embracing someone so wounded they're lashing out at the entire world. It's knowing that we are all deserving of happiness.

HOWMOTHERFUCKINGEVER....

I can't go as far as accepting someone who thinks of me as a lesser human being, or a non-human being. I can't go as far and exist peacefully with someone who thinks they're superior because of... (what was the reason again? I don't even know if you can come up with one anymore). Again, we're not supporting two different football teams here you fucking clowns.

Fuck that, I don't want to share space with someone hateful and thinks that they're superior (they're inferior) to people they don't know.

Fuck that again. We set the motherfucking standard.

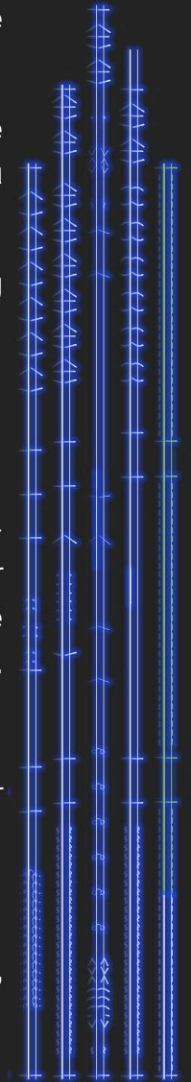
We're New York. We have heaven on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday tf.

FELT CUTE MIGHT DELETE LATER

It feels criminal to end this without bringing up Legends of the Galactic Heros – I credit that shit with turning me into a pacifist on god walahy bro.

A friend asked once "what is heaven to you?"

I responded with "Friends!" immediately.



See I wasn't trying to say that love is going to heal da world or something like that. In the series, a character is trying to come to terms with the loss of her husband – a champion of democracy (hurrah).

Here is her monologue:

It's all your fault... That I joined the military.

That Iserlhorn somehow became the last bastion of democracy.

And that everyone stayed to pursue the dream of the festival.

If u realize how much you're to be blamed, just come back to life right now.

Come back to life. Even if you go against the laws of nature, I'll forgive you just this once. When that happens, I wont let you die again until I die.

You used the fear the weight of your sins, for having killed so many people.

You used to say that you couldn't make up for it by just dying once.

But I didn't want you to make up for your sins.

I wanted you to live on, even if u had to take on the lives of the dead.

I wanted you to live long, as the pension thief...

I certainly did not lose you, but I'm happier than if I hadn't met you at all.

You might have killed millions of people,

but at the very least, you made me happy."

I love it so so so much.

Because I think it does such a tremendous job at showing how much empty her world's become. Democracy/schemocracy/the whole motherfucking world be damned. None of that matters anymore.

She knows that she's being selfish, she knows she's not being proper or right or kind or just. She's overwhelmed by loss and a feeling that only someone who lost a loved one like that would feel.

It's all motherfucking fluff - we're throwing words at one another all the motherfucking time but I don't know if we're even trying to reach one another at this point.

When I say "friends." As a response to "What is heaven to you?", it is no more an extension of that. To be surrounded by the people I love and care for – what more could I possibly ask for?

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