

# Re: Windcupters

---

*Source:* <http://sci.tech--archive.net/Archive/sci.astro/2007-06/msg00043.html>

---

- *From:* Saint Isadore Patron Saint of the Internet <[tadapope@xxxxxxxxxx](mailto:tadapope@xxxxxxxxxx)>
  - *Date:* Tue, 05 Jun 2007 05:16:27 -0000
- 

Of all the posts I've read and thought over and reviewed and tried my very best to make connective sense of the compound complex sentences were beyond my skills to comprehend. I've been reading Usenet posts for 12 years and this one is the most vivacious scientific collectives for correcting global warming that I have ever experienced that went in so many different directions. The 'Windcupters' and their political musings if accepted and implemented as such would be the perfect formula to jump start WWII with a well blended internal revolution degrading towards pure race, class and social riots with anarchy from coast to coast in the good old USA.

My compliments on your intense essay of certain rapid and rabid mass decay.

WOMP WOMP

Tom

Saint Isadore

Patron Saint of the Internet

gb6726 wrote:

Ideas can get one in trouble. Held by the back of my hair in public and my book burned. I mean script. Whatever. Once it was a book, then I screwed up one part, forgot how to restore it, then ended up changing everything into a film script. Was it a good idea to publish something that has 20 inventions for global cooling? Big brother couldn't take it, 1300 new nuclear power plants in the USA, end of story. And the public encouraged all to end any further attempts to mess with the plans of big brother. I wrote it in my book, I predicted that I will be held in public by the back of my hair and my film thrown in fire. Either way. 20 inventions for global cooling. Those whose sole purpose is to mess with big brother are not welcome in our troubled society! My experience here with the ku klux klan is criminal abuse of human rights, crimes against humanity, terrorism. A genuine bookburning classic. There can be no words describing their jewlisting

## Re: Windcuppers

excessive bullying, and they are over 50 years of age. Like Bush. They say I'll fucking burn your book, nobody wants you! You are a writer, unsocial, you don't know how to take care of people, as a collective jew hater and dominating world of law, excercize of futility, you don't have it in you boy, you don't have the guts to shave your cock and walk in line like a world leader, pioneering over the population with our great leader's vision of a model Iraqi, the erection of a model Arab, one better than Arabs, and the course is taken to the end with futility! US of A rules your humanitarian insanity. Call it big brother, call it human rights violation, call it nazi, call it unappologetic, call it walls of governmental addiction to power united to downgrade jewgrade masses for a higher purpose in this world, and taking no shit from anyone, from any country, from any human being for taking advantage and destroying people and lives for Americans! Sir John Googer on a horse erected these knights with a very long sword tapped on the shoulders. Shouders. Destroy mankind, prevail violence. Prevail crimes against humanity in the face of all, the American nazi confiscates and destroys with unilateral terrorism. No more infiltration, burn these books, burn these books, burn these video tapes! Burn all materials and restore our prestige and those who show disrespect to our streets will face our precedence in this society!

An ancient promoteus, a caveman who sat and rubbed two sticks all day while others worked, in their minds the story tells everything. And then one day as he rubbed two sticks together, sparks appeared and these spars sparked a fire, and all the cavemen were shocked. Then they said: This is great, we need to celebrate. Let's eat somebody, but who should we eat? Somebody who is not needed for anything. Everybody looked toward the great promoteus. They celebrated throughout the night and ate him. It was good, a sense of understanding. But the fire died out by the next morning. And everybody was back to work with a sour face. In a world where 20 inventions for global cooling is considered spam, no words can... anything any more. It is the limit of humanity. I started giving out monkey sounds: Oo ooo ooo ooo oo ooo oo.

In the face of fire I noticed a man in public. He reminded me of Einstein. I knew right then he was a futurist who understood my book. I mean my film. Was it Borat, what was he doing here? A man standing there silently in the crowd. Borat... Borat... Borat... He had his arms wide open like an airplane and he was turning round and round. I took out a pen, and began writing. Somehow the man holding me by the back of my hair and yelling to his public didn't bother me so much any more. I wrote up a sketch and every word he used, I wrote it down. He referred to Bush as the great global comoter, he referred to the people as the hearts and souls of the nation. Then I envisioned a powerful quasimodo swinging in on a rope, he is Mr. Rope and grabs this man behind me and swings him with great speed through pine trees with a lot of ouch sounds and takes him to a Cathedral.

Is this a mean joke? It is not only in the USA where kids play mean

## Re: Windcuarters

jokes on another. In Hungary I remember a Mongolian kid was told to 'go back to Japan'. Give Rambo a gun and in the USA he kills down the jokers. In the USA people are taught to accept violence and defend oneself Americanly, in other countries the response to stupid namecalling does not come with murderous violences. There is a difference. This Mongolian kid lived in Hungary with his parents.

Forget the stereotype that most Europeans speak four languages, Hungary has the lowest percentage of people speaking another language than their own, something around 20 percent I believe speak another language. The Hungarian language and culture is immensely rich. No, there are no problems of racism in Hungary but kids tend to act as hooligans in an often intelligent and culturally humorous ways. Having a mongolian family renting rooms in our apartment I remember seeing the Mongolian boy always being stressed because other kids thought he was Japanese. As with the lack of speaking a second language, there were not many kids from other countries in town, and only 20 years ago a foreigner such a black person was stared at on the streets because most never saw a black man or a foreigner of any kind before. Since the wall came down tourism rose, but Hungary lives in an environment where time stopped and villages didn't change much for 200 years, horses are still used for farming, quiet and a slow pace of life describes the country. Cities are noisy and villages seem relaxingly quiet getaways.

Compared to this quiet life, in the USA there is violence, over a 100 times more murders per capita. Greece is the most peaceful country in the world, and it is really the quiet that makes a difference in my opinion. Hungary has no enemies, no wars threatening the culture, no public enemies are being pursued in ways reminding of the Soviet era or the Nazi era of pursuing Jews.

Under the soviet era those who didn't work were arrested as 'publically endangering work-avoiders', another form of public enemies communism saw under an Orwell factory world where all must work and benefit Stalin's dreams. No housewives stayed home with kids, no rich people were exception to take time off and travel the world, in fact travel was not allowed. Well, Hungary was an exception under the Soviet curtain. Travel was limited in Hungary to the West once in three years, and a person wasn't allowed to own more than a minimal amount of Western currency. But in other countries like in East Germany travel to the West was completely blocked as those who left probably stayed in West Germany and didn't return. Guns were illegal and violence was generally limited to barfights and police beating citizens they interrogated then washed the blood off them with hoses at the top floor of the police building. Information about violence was kept out of newspapers and there was the "cops" equivalent on TV with teaching public about criminals of the society, people who brought porn from the West were publically crying about their horrible crimes, and there were other criminals posing as 'public enemies'. The people in the show sat handcuffed on television and were interviewed

## Re: Windcuppers

on why they decided to do such horrible crimes. Nobody wanted to get on this television program. Communism was big on creating a public shame over certain communist ethics.

Most of these crimes were not considered crimes in the West. I remember a man who made a porn film, he made an advertisement in the papers that he needs actors, and made the film. The cops program went into details speaking of each scene and how immoral those scenes were. Morality and a public brainwash was a big thing in communism/socialism/Marxism. Ashaming and fear was the primary tool of population control. The guy said he is a liberal and had fun doing this film, most of it for him was just that: fun and liberalism. Only a few years later did the walls of communism come down.

Being in school in Hungary I remember how those who had lower grades (C-s) were not allowed to join the youth communist party that all students in highschool were mandatorily made part of. A great participation with a system of success was most important.

Those who had worse grades were made a great shame of and most students did not want to relate to these kids who were kept out of the communist party due to bad grades. It was all about us and them, the communist success and those not wanting to relate to. But I was a special kid, had long hair and went to school with a skateboard, wore a backpack, something unseen in a socialist country at the time. So kids didn't want to be seen with me due to the school and political system as I didn't make it in to the youth communist party and represented shame, but they were envy. I however had a skateboard and backpack and didn't care. I was told later that everybody in class loved me.

I was one of these kids, a public enemy in highschool, but most of my friends were from other schools and from all over town, I also had many friends who did not study in a top highschool to plan on for a college degree. My best friend was studying to become a butcher, my girlfriend studied to work in a coat factory while I was in an elite highschool. Highschools were reserved for those with top grades and most ended up studying specific professions in technical schools after the 8 years elementary school, ordinary professions, some with abilities to move on to technical colleges later but not Universities. If one was to be admitted to my highschool, he/she was expected to prepare with studies for a University, and even there only 10 percent of those admitted to my highschool were admitted to. I was in the second toughest highschool in the city, in the city of Szeged in the South of Hungary with a population of 170 thousand. The second toughest highschool from where those who graduated were admitted second most in the city to Universities.

Those who stood out from the society as kids with lower grades were talked of during public school speeches at school ceremonies as kids of shame, and teachers and school directors who gave these regular

## Re: Windcuppers

speeches ensured that most kids did not want to relate with trouble makers who are ought to be looked down on by the whole school. Though I had no interest in politics, there was one secretive kid in school who was expelled for posting anti-communist stickers all over town. After he came out of youth jail, the state banned him from admittance to Universities in case he completes his highschool studies in a night highschool. That kid was in a higher class than me, he was quiet and on art classes he drew complex pencil drawings of naked women. He was spoken a lot about in school ceremonies on how badly he performed in school, that he didn't listen in class and represented trouble all the time. His grades were straight A-s.

Some teachers took leading roles in the Communist party. Speeches in school ceremonies were made about particular kids in school, kids not eligible for the communist party. Talk of particular individuals were made by between communist singing and speach ceremonies of great communist history. Public enemy kids had communist teachers who regardless of the actual test grades flunked and eliminated these kids from school. My grade average in Math tests was a C, but the math teacher flunked me because of 'participation'. I wasn't the worst at math, I became a computer programmer and earned a degree later and worked at mathematical programming jobs where I used the Fortran programming language to solve tasks. Regardless, this math teacher declared me a public enemy and though I was prepared for the makeup examn throughout the whole Summer by a great mathematician who said I am perfectly prepared for the makup examn, upon the first mistake during the verbal examn the math teacher opened the door and told me to leave. I was expelled from highschool. My mother went to the house of this math teacher, grabbed her hair and physically beat this teacher. There was no police, when calling the police on the public phone, they simply always claimed the call was a prank and never responded. To me it was normal to violently attack and pull the hair of a math teacher who is a dedicated servant of communism. Because of her the whole highschool was against me, kids were ashamed to talk to me and the teachers association gave public examples about my C grades as the lowest in school, and about me being the only kid in school who was not allowed admittance to the youth communist party, and as that, I had to be rid and had to find work at age 16, under a society that jailed those who didn't work, by law I had to work. I worked in a factory, went to work at 4:30 am and steam-ironed after that.

It was then when I broke out in incredible depressions and had panick attacks. I didn't care really that I was expelled from highschool, I was not a carrier-minded person. I had infinite amounts of friends and played in a band and traveled the country performing in concerts. There was a lot of life in Hungary. One of the person in the band worked as a computer operator and he got me a job where he left, to replace him. It is how I got into computers. There were no resumes, no background checks, to hire somebody was based on knocking on the door and speaking to the boss at the factory who knew they needed somebody with skills to computers, which I didn't have. The band leader who got

## Re: Windcupters

me this job quickly taught me how to do this work, and it turned out to be quite simple. I was 17, a computer operator while those in highschool in my class were entering their last year, while I worked. I found a love with computer programming and quickly moved ahead of most programmers and soon had my own Windows OS for which I received an honorary (special case) summa cum laude and was the only person in college at the diploma-handing-out ceremony to receive A as a final diploma score with honors. My father made false highschool documents claiming a highschool degree from the USA and got me admitted to a technical college to study computer programming, a school that I finished in two years as I signed up to complete two years for each year. It was loose administration that I figured out for being able to skip through two years at once. Throughout the school I relied on my programming knowledge that I aquired as a street programmer. During college I worked, and also spent considerable time and everything depended on the final semester test scores where I copied as much as I could from those around me and passed. Then I moved away from a programming job and during school where I was supposed to attend two years of classes at once I worked in Sweden as a waiter and appeared for examns. Most students in college didn't understand who I was, that I appeared in examns, then on the last day walked away with an honorary summa cum laude and the only man in that year who at the least got an A as a final diploma grade that composed of the grades, test scores, final grades, thesis and defense of thesis. A lot of my final score had to do with me writing a Windows OS. I graduated in 1989, and writing a Windows OS with a thread multitasking hierarcy turned on those teachers who were conducting the test as something that must belong to a more prestigious school, something that is beyond the expectations of this school. On the market Microsoft had an experimental Windows 2.0 at the time, and Microsoft Windows became popular in 1990 when they came out with Windows 3.0 that had 3D pushbuttons. So the teachers sitting and watching a working Windows OS were amazed, so much that they forgot to ask computer science test questions they were supposed to ask. Needless to say, I learned computer programming and had programming skills, and for that I deserved the diploma and they came to that conclusion that my programming skills were above average and the final test that was supposed to consist of the hardest questions was left closed as passed with 'A' and no further questions. So on the last dinner where the class got together after receiving the diploma, I had a lot of questions to answer on who I was and from what planet I was from, as most looked down on me as they said they went to class, studied their asses off and couldn't get an A as a final grade. So most felt cheated, but they never saw my Windows, so they just saw a guy who has connections and stuff, but he must be more like that Bush guy in the future. But final A and the Honorary Summa Cum Laude stuck me with as much surprize and confusion as all my classmates. I sat as them, looking strangely at the situation. That Morning I was expected to walk away being flunked as a cult was doing their thing in my apartment. The final examn and defence of the thesis followed the announcement of the final grades and handing out of the diplomas, and

## Re: Windcuppers

this whole thing happened over a single day. Sometimes things seem unfair. Usually success is a good thing, that's why we were all having a dinner, but that night I was the public enemy in the eyes of most people there who were my so called classmates and graduates. Many weren't happy because they tried so hard and the situation that I never even came to class... resentful. So where were you? "I was working in Sweden."

After I got into programming, most of my depressions and panick attacks went away. When I was ironing in the factory coming every day to work at 4:30 am, I remember sleeping on the bus to work every morning on a freezing bus, I was happy with the people working there, and I had a secret spot where I often took 4 hour naps, on the top of a room-size drier where hundreds of coats were dried, a noisy machine. I slept there while the kids in my class were in school studying. I also had a horrible astma-like allergies to animal furr, and the factory was full with furr, this factory made all kinds of coats, and many used rabbit collars and stuff. But other times we made our own leather gloves, coats, ties, belts with women who worked there. They knew all the ins and outs of taking leftover materials and using them for making things for home, then at the end of the day when security checked all bags for stolen items didn't realize we were wearing them.

Now you need to know that since I didn't come to classes much in college, I didn't know what to expect on the final degree. I was expected to be tortured with the hardest math questions like everybody else. I had school books but by all means I expected to flunk. That day a friend of mine who became a charismatic, a sect where they speak in tongs came to my apartment, he brought a group of Arabs who converted to his sect. They came to our apartment because their church was renovated and their group did not have a place to meet for prayers. I went to the final examn seriously expecting to flunk, and this group stayed in our apartment to speak in tongs, something of an unrecognizable language spoken by God. When I left to the examn, my friend, the sect leader said why pray for a D, when you can go for the whole thing pray for an A. This group prayed to God in my apartment for an A for me as I took the final test. Some of my friends came by looking for me that day and found a sect consisting mostly of Arabs converted to Jesus and to follow my friend who had charismatic powers over others (fainting and stuff) and they were speaking in tongs and beating drums. I don't know what the name of that sect is, but they spoke the mysterious unrecognizable language of God, and the unexpected finding in my apartment of people (and many Arabs) made my friends inadvertently laugh, and this laugh is one of those that one cannot stop as they were told to come inside and await my arrival. But those in the sect were not expressing any concerns of strangers having tears and dieing from laughing and grasping for air on the floor. Something about when one comes to visit a friend and supposed to sit silently for my arrival, I don't know.

I received my diploma in November, 1989.

## Re: Windcupters

1989. It was this time in history when the walls of communism came down, and Ceausescu was executed a month later on December 25, 1989. I was freely traveling to Sweeded already and worked as a waiter in historic downtown Gamla Stan, Stockhom, but the main reason was a Swedish girlfriend who lived there. My love for her overwhelmed my interest to be in class and I worked there as a waiter, actually I met her in that restaurant. With my brother during a short visit to Stockholm the year earlier in the Summer we decided to knock on restaurant doors and ask if they need any help, and on the restaurant third door we knocked on we were hired as waiters.

We learned about 200 Swedish words, and this being the old historical downtown in Stockholm, many were angered by two waiters who only spoke English in this traditional national place. One of those men angered, I remember his face when he politely began speaking in Swedish from behind reading the menu was a newspaper journalist, and he didn't waste a moment to write an article of the historic Gamla Stan in Sweden having people serving the most honorable Swedish guests for dinner with a 'no speak Swedish but you must speak and order in English with me sorry' style. Our picture with my brother appeared in the headlines: "Public enemy" must not destroy our culture and national tradition, people must speak Swedish in the national heart of Sweden. He kept repeating at the table: "You are joking". And I kept repeating: "No, I don't speak Swedish".

For me it was another guest, one of so many. Often American busses arrived with old ladies, and those were the highlights where there was a lot of running around and serving many at once. I met people from all over the world when I worked there. The American ladies always had to bless their dollar tips and had a great time taking photos of me with them as a Swedish man in a Swedish restaurant. They always told the other women: "I just love being here in Sweden, just look at that Swedish smile.", then photos came and posing and many dollar bills and more smiles, then a few happy Swedish words of farewells as the group was leaving. My girlfriend worked with me, so life was beautiful.

I was once a boy, a bell boy in a first class Hotel and I loved that job. I loved serving rich tourists, they dropped a few coins into my hand for my services that included delivering food to the room, carrying luggages, and controlling the 100 year old elevator (The Hotel was called Hotel Royal). But this elevator didn't last forever and one day the rope broke and this elevator being designed for four had 20 russian tourists stuffed inside like cabbage as they did not read the sign: Maximum 4 passangers. I just came back from lunch hour and was not there to control the elevator. I rushed with a key to the top of the building to use manual controls and rotator wheels to bring the elevator back to a position where the door can be opened. Inside the large lamp on the elevator's ceiling fell on the head of the Russians and that caused the most damage as glass that fell on their

## Re: Windcuppers

heads made their heads bleed. The elevator fell a floor, and as I was informed of the tragedy that 20 russians fell a floor in the elevator I ran up the stairs with a laugh that I couldn't stop, but I saved them. Above the elevator system there is a giant metallic wheel that can be turned by a human and the elevator moved millimeter to millimeter. The ambulance arrived and assisted the generally minor cuts that resulted from this accident of too many packed inside and breaking all instructions causing the 100 year old elevator system to collapse and their elevator free-falling a floor.

This is their world, but they have crossed into the world of the bell boy, and this is my elevator. After this incident the Hotel got rid of the 100 year old elevators and installed brand new modern elevators that were able to carry 8 people at a time. My elevator. They tried to use my elevator. I push the buttons! I am the bell boy! I worked together with a hunchback, an old man, he was the other bell boy, there were three of us. The third bell boy was a bully who wanted to kick my ass all the time, but I refused to accept the challenge. The quasimodo was a greedy man, he wanted all the tips. He was called rope, as he used ropes to swing to the front and the back of the Hotels to be the first to greet the new guests. He was a bell boy all his life and was an expert in taking all the tips away from the other two younger bell boys. The old man was pushy and forced all customers to his service. He had a huge piggy bank with tips. No I am the bell boy! It was all about tips, the just as a customer asked me to assist him with his luggages and I was reaching down to grab them, the quasimodo moved in from behind and took the luggages with a quick move and followed the man to the elevator. Meanwhile the other bell boy was waiting for me outside and when I came out he offered a fight right here and right now! What for? He didn't know.

I remember when I was in Sweden working as a waiter and when busses arrived with old American ladies, there was a lot of work and running up and down carrying luggages to the room, pushing buttons. Then taking breakfast or dinners to the rooms. On other quiet days I sat in the room of the telephone operator, she had her own room, and the telephone system was from the early century where she plugged in two plugs on a wall full of holes and numbers to make a connection to outside or to the lobby people and assist in matters of telephones. Though quasi took all luggages from us, he was considered a handicapped person, and the Hotel director was unhappy to see him do all the work and he thought we, the other two bell boys are making him do it, especially when there was quiet time in the telephone operating room. There were three of us so there is always somebody at the front. Rope swung around the building at all times and needed all the money for retirement. He was handicapped but was still carrying those luggages faster than anybody so he is back down quickly for the next customer. He was working like Americans, it was for the money. My salary was 2500 Hungarian Forints, with 40 forints a dollar in 1987 it came out to around \$6.50 a month + tips. Before I became a computer operator I worked in 10 jobs. I still have my communist work book

## Re: Windcupters

listing all my jobs and salaries and stamps for entering and leaving the company with dates. By age 18 I had 13 jobs and the communist work book was almost full by the time all my classmates graduated and I was already on my way toward a computer science degree I received with a summa cum laude much faster than anybody of my age. While they were studying, I worked in many factories making coats related products, in three hotels as a bell boy, in one hotel as a receptionist, and in computer operator then at computer programming jobs, and later as a waiter in Sweden until I received my degree. It was a shortcut with so to speak more life, a time while most of my highschool classmates were studying I visited 30 countries, worked as a translator at international sports events and also traveled as a translator for a theater group on international trips. They didn't speak any other language than English, so their groups needed help when they traveled, a tour guide so to speak, allowing them to make hotel reservations or any for any translating needs to ask where is the market or who knows what, I was their servant, Igor. I spoke English, so that was sufficient for tourguiding Russians in Hungary and Hungarians abroad at sports and theater performing events. I also did many other things as Igor the translator for the theater group. Held lights and swung on ropes like Tarzan in a pine-tree forest, often plunging through pine trees with high speed and great yells of "oh shit, that's gonna hurt!" Millions of pinchos. Swung into the wrong theater equipment and set the stage on fire, then grabbed hold of something that opened something on the floor and the actors disappeared from stage, they fell below the stage. And me: I never seen anything so funny but the ambulance was needed as some ended up being seriously hurt. It wasn't me who pulled that arm thing on the wall, but somebody did, apparently accidentally that made all the people in the stage disappear, like a king who wants to drop somebody to the aligators below. The whole stage just disappeared like a magic show, plunged down below, they were not wanted any more by the King. And it was the same night that the stage went on fire. They used torches, and one of the torches started burning out of control down to where it was being held at. One of the man who held it during the performance, me, through it as far as I could, but it wasn't far enough and the curtain caught fire. I had no acting, I was an extra and held a torch as a soldier on stage, but the thing was burning like crazy and I panicked and threw it away toward the back area but it just didn't fly far enough.

Then I went to the US with my little Windows operating system and with a supposed best profession alive having a Windows operating system of my own, and there was that Microsoft Windows 3.0 with 3D buttons and everything and everybody wanted Microsoft Windows compatibility, and unlike in Hungary in college, in the USA everybody was laughing at my Windows operating system and all they had to ask was: Is it compatible with Microsoft Windows? I was even kicked out from software conventions with my Windows OS idea. I told people that programming with my Windows OS is 10-times quicker and easier than under Microsoft's OS. The only attention I received at the conventions were from some older ladies and their interest was of another convention-

## Re: Windcuarters

going nature of discovering new hot talents. I gave them examples of how quickly I can write Windows programs with my OS. One of the women, twice my age attacked me and tried to kiss me right there. Don't tell me, she was a Microsoft secret operative.

I never really cared about my Windows OS that much. It was bought, and last I heard it was sold to a teenager in the mid-90's for \$1. I became a comedian who without work became a CNN commentator.

The American culture mixes law and society (people), that's not natural, common. A book. Need to read more books! What! What! What? This was their reaction. Did I say something wrong? Go ahead, burn the footage of a CNN commentator!

I was the one who commentated that the first anti-Iraq war protests were not in the newspapers for three weeks, and that during those protests in Washington DC police used giant fishing nets to trap and beat protesters and dragged people inside these nets leaving lines of blood in the streets. And in one of the third floor windows there stood a government official looking down the window. Not even looking down, just from the corner of his eye. The police claimed that one car parked illegally and that the protest disrupted traffic and there was nothing about it in the papers. When I asked newspaper companies why they haven't written anything about the first anti-war protests, they like regime officials aiming to run a quick coup, a stage like the one in Moscow that intended to remove Gorbachev from power and said Gorbachev fell ill, the newspaper owners said: The American public is not interested in such news. No, the Iraq war is not in the interest of anybody but the US government and in this world people like 1st Lt. Ehren Watada are arrested for speaking of the President and of the Iraq war when off-duty, but those speaking Republican pro-Bush propaganda are hailed. Democracy is one that works both ways, but here the President enjoys unilateral status and opinions are eliminated. He was arrested for making contempt toward other officials and in court declared a deserter. He was kind of framed. What other option did he have in agreeing when it was obvious that there is no politics when 80-90 percent of Arabs think negatively of Americans as a result of the Iraq war, and politics is to avoid that, and there is no Democracy that is supposed to work two ways. Bush doesn't care, but the Democrats have been slowly arranging under a new direction, a turnover that 100 percent opposes the president, and this in a country where a president is granted unilateral status, a relationship that is supposed to live up to the tradition of the American culture that gives great respect to presidents but expects a president to respect that relationship and trust in return have all gone into private wars and private affairs by a war declared on TV against Saddam on 9/12/2002, a day after Bush met the families of the 9/11 holocaust victims at the WTC memorial and Bush personally promised them revenge for Osama's crimes. A war declared on grounds of revenge did not receive any sympathy from most other Western countries who are founded on Democracy and human rights standards. Bush never gained popularity

## Re: Windcupecters

with derranged manners in wanting four wars as big brother and that Iraq is just a coverup, and as that keeping the war going so the terrorists stay there and won't come to the US. No human normality can accept it.

KKK man: It is better if we burn your footage and not your foot, we are descent people.

Where did the KKK come from? In 1992 they break into seminars in Universities and disrupt classes held by foreign Ph.D students in Colorado Springs, Colorado, and nobody does anything about it. They tell the usual things: Everybody out of the seminar. And you, Swedish teacher, if you don't like it here like this, why don't you just leave. Political science, subject: improving the USA's political relationships with the world. The USA is not the only country with neo-nazi problems and a simple mind and a wire in the ears, looking important, like the FBI. They followed me and all my activities for years to come. And what did the University Dean do? He called me that he nailed me as I worked illegally in the United States and that he notified the Immigration and shit. I worked as a volunteer at the time at MCI. A volunteer foreign worker awaiting a work permit. Dean's message week after week: "I got you boy. I know you are working illegally in this country. I have proof and video recordings." Who knew the Dean was part of the KKK. He runs a strict private institution in a state-owned University, where prestige is all that counts. He denies foreign students with near perfect grades to enter the University based on his personal selection of the students. He himself runs all matters of everything, particularly takes matters of government and security number one. He who is molested by the KKK is probably an unwanted individual in the country. Anyway, Americans win, he won, and my viasa status was revoked by immigration due to suspicions of work violations, and I was basically thrown out of the country. I was really a volunteer at MCI. I solved a software problem they asked for help that nobody could find a solition for, and they wanted to hire me afterwards and sponsored a work permit for me, but the Dean spoiled a carrier opportunity. Only a year later I returned to the United States and this time no demented hitler university dean or KKK could stop me from a success in a great carrier. A suspicion is sufficient in the United States to be thrown out. Innocent until proven guilty or suspect and enemy of the public until a nationalistic victory prevails has a lot of content, not that a big brother has a place in my heart. No, I didn't cry when the Hungarian socialist president Janos Kadar died. I was not interested in matters of big brother, and facing the Capitalist nightmare in the USA under the patron big brother version of comrades in the CCCP was just a horrifying experience, they are nothing special, just the usual elite in power taking precedence and engaging in inner circles in regards to all matters of public affairs in a hysterical, suspicious and in an 'I am watching you' quickly calling the FBI/CIA/Immigration/you should thank us Americanly active stuffy-nosed fighterpilot way that sees one

## Re: Windcuarters

direction that is so powerful and so big and governmentally perfect and crooked in brain in ways of watching others people don't understand. Wicked and outraged and powerful and self-governed under one government and a gun always in his car. He collects license plate numbers of suspicious cars and follows them and makes video recordings. Just get two German shepherds and bang on all students' car windows. Safety first, prestige University status. Cameras everywhere. Stupid ill fucking psycho, one that has direct lines to Google that otherwise restricts communication with the world at its headquarters that is as silent as the red square was with a compound of 25 thousand employees, and the dean is the first to provide all library materials to Google, like Harvard did, a prestige image comes first for his state-owned University. But Google said 'on the phone' no thanks and expect a special visit from Sir John Google on a horse for your services as in your world those two men in an American car factory who beat a Chinese man to death with baseball bats because the Japanese cars were hurting jobs in the American car factory and the two men were let go in court because the judge felt emotional about these two men and said they are simply too good citizens to be in jail, in your world those two men are really not criminals because the court says so. My father was a professor in that University, he was a fellow exchange professor. The University Dean didn't care that my father worked for him as a staff member. A serious mental illness. Welcome to the Bush reality. Government number one. I was a violation of immigration, a suspect who had to leave the country. The Dean left threatening messages in my parents house with a bit of mental illness in his voice: "You are in great trouble. I know everything about you. You will hear from the Immigration. I know perfectly where you work." Why do paranoid delusional big brother psychos lack interest in things in finding out the things that are other than big brother? Why the big brother bitching and the taking of unilateral actions, unilateral resolutions, showdowns, hysterical intolerance, threatening messages of 'revenge' on the phone of 'whose the boss', that it is big brother the boss, why? Because he is not romantic. My desk in the University in the rat lab, a desk half the college students used for sex and had a computer on it and the table full of pubic hair was removed. My computer transferred to another department. I was declared a public enemy. I will miss my rats. Two years in a rat lab. Good bye University, good bye studies. Good bye secret job opportunity. Eliminated from my studies in a Capitalist system, thrown out. I used my Summa cum laude, the Hungarian school didn't understand what the University of Colorado, Colorado Springs was asking in regards to transferring credits, in Europe one goes to school and gets a degree, but in the US they recognize a degree solely on hours, which I had a problem with. It's about passing the tests and a proven knowledge, but I told them what to send, tripped my credit hours immediately and apparently I was about to get a Ph. D. so everything worked out at the time, but I was just too suspicious in regards. I never went back to study and kept my BS from Hungary in computer science. There is only a certain amount a person can ask for. My lab was the only smoking facility in the University. I always told the police when he came by

## Re: Windcupters

that it was the professors who smoked in the lab but he never caught these professors. Poor rats, they were only used for neutering at the college, of course half the rats died from the student attempts. Teachers succeeded 95 percent in not killing the rats. Was it a psychology or biology rat lab, who knows, the only thing that was taking place is rat neutering and key favors by anxious guys, I was a computer science student and this was my designated office. No matter what, he wanted me out the American way, through the big brother protocol, following me in the night, listening to my phone calls, leaving threatening messages on the answering machine, gathering evidence, recording me with his video cameras entering the MCI building, I was the public enemy. My mother didn't go to his house and drag his big brother American hair around. Bushface with a video camera. But now they have more important things to do.