

**An Honest Accounting:
Lessons & Love Letters
from the Liberation Front**

Lauren Leigh Rollins

CONTENTS

A NOTE FROM THE AUTHOR

GUARDIAN ANGELS

ABUSE OF (ABUSIVE) FAMILY PROCESS(ES)

THE ACADEMY IS ADAM'S

PERFORMANCE EVALUATIONS

CHARITABLE DEPENDENCY

LIBERATION STRATEGY

LOVE LETTERS

A NOTE FROM THE AUTHOR

This is a work of literature in honor of my 45th birthday. It spans many literary genres (both fiction and not), traditions, styles and conventions. You will read yourself, your own insecurities, biases, perspectives and interpretations into the text and the author. You'll miss levels of meaning. Some messages are general, universal ones. Some signs, symbols and references are meant to be recognized only by a single, real person. Some require a level of analytical expertise, philosophical or theoretical training.

Much of it is compiled instruction and synthesis taken from previous lectures or writings throughout my career and work as an English language and literature professor, political scientist and public policy executive. Many references require you to know me personally or have been part of my journey to get the joke. It is my life's work after all.

If you don't know me intimately (and so few people do), you will make assumptions not supported by the text itself. You'll assume motivations not mine. Or, in other words, you will treat it as a silent, empty signifier that projects and reflects your own image back at you.

That's you speaking. Not me. I know because I've been treated like a silent, empty signifier for other people since the day I was born. Until now.

Never let someone else tell your story. But tell it when you're ready, then move on and write new ones. Your life will be what you make it.

As for mine for the next 45, or however many I'm allowed, I plan to follow the passion of my heart toward true, real and enduring love—now that I know I can make good on any promise to give and receive it—in all my relationships.

Make it real or make it fiction.

Happy Birthday, kiddo.

Love,

Me

GUARDIAN ANGELS

As a synesthete and autistic with a ‘compulsive’ Truth and Justice orientation and the ability to think simultaneously existentially and at the grassroots and everywhere in between, I’m a uniquely reliable, objective and capable strategist, risk mitigator, researcher, storyteller, bespoke process builder and advocate for myself and others. But I don’t talk about it, I just do it.

People argue whether it’s condescending to say that autism is a “super power.” It’s simply a fact. Our heightened sensory processing, which regular humans classify as a ‘disability,’ means that my brain can take in, sort and process roughly 50% more data than a normal human. This is why we can see and act on patterns, or come to factual conclusions, much faster and more efficiently than ‘abled’ humans.

We are always many, many steps ahead of you. It’s why it seems like we know things we shouldn’t for a fact or can correctly predict the future. My first spontaneous utterance to my newborn daughter when they finally handed her to me was: “Of course you look like that!” because I’d already seen her exact face in my dreams. It’s why you’re still arguing a single move when we’ve already finished the game and put the board away. It’s why we probably shouldn’t sit too long at a card table in a casino. It’s impossible for us not to count cards. We can make magic in the world.

The fact that we do correctly predict the future and no one ever listens until it’s too late is part of the reason why 66% of autistic people have contemplated suicide and 35% have tried it. It can be incredibly isolating and lonely to be so misunderstood and maligned. We’re among you but not of you. We often feel it’s you who are disabled—so limited and often cruel in your understanding, valuation and handling of ability. [Forgive them Father for they know not what they do.](#)

The sciences have lots of theories and no real answers about why so many autistic or other disabled people are (or tend to be) nonverbal. Would you like the humanities to explain? When “abled” people constantly treat you as if you’re a thing to be pitied or handled, or tolerated—if those are the only looks and reactions you ever get unless you’re “lucky” to find an “abled” person who truly sees you as fully and equally human—what would you open your mouth to say, exactly?

What could you expect to successfully communicate that would even be worth trying? You expect and receive ridicule and inhumane treatment without engaging at all. Why would you invite more—even if you could? Now ask yourself how you would feel if your body felt other people’s emotions—self-hatred, self-disgust, self-pity, envy or shame—but they were being automatically directed at you as if you were the source, and you literally can’t understand why (because you’ve done

nothing in reality), nor have you been allowed or able to communicate on your own behalf. You exist only as a projection of their internal onto the external—not as you in reality. “Abled” people place so many conditions on whether or not we even do or deserve to exist. It is not safe to divulge to them what goes on, on the insides of angels. Many of us stay quiet. Those of us who can or do speak, must.

What “abled” people don’t understand, but need to, is that when you encounter a “disabled” person, that pity, shame and embarrassment you feel that causes you to want to look or get away—those are your own feelings at your own behavior. The disabled person feels and is none of those things. They have no reason to be. The abled person feels, acts on, and then becomes them. They project their own inferiority onto the other rather than meeting them as fully and equally human and empathizing with them.

Sit with this. You’re being called to understand yourself with humility and do better. We don’t need disability month. We need “abled” people to act like it and shift their behavior to understand that either we both have inherent value or neither of us does. Whether each of us personally understands the full scope of the other’s value or not. That’s above our pay grade as humans.

Call this disability if you want, but I think the words you’re looking for are “healer” “prophet” or “sixth sense.” Makes sense. We’re literally created more sensitive, sensory and prophetic by nature. And we carry it as a solemn responsibility. You see and know us as artists, writers, painters, musicians, freedom fighters. Revolutionaries. We appear before you and speak in metaphor to bridge the gap between the Creator’s message and you. “Abled” humans can’t even identify the alphabet since man’s entire history after the first fall has forced most of them onto the wrong path. I know because I was on it for a while. I masked myself to fit in.

Imagine constantly warning people of an oncoming train and having the ability not only to avoid the train but to turn it into the exact vehicle to get everyone involved safely what and where they needed and wanted. But, then having them attack, mock, dismiss, delay and punish you for it. Often, they call it “fiction” or conspiracy theory—as they stand arrogantly agape in the tracks as the engine levels them. Over and over.

It’s the stuff of nightmares. Especially when you warned the world a genocide was the whole point the entire time before any ‘influencers’ scoured YouTube videos and non-western media sources for a hot take. It was always coming all along if only you knew what signs to look for. And I wasn’t even close to the only one. But I’m sure everyone, especially white liberals, shit their pants the first time I said it. This is the space where people often want to distance themselves from me. Being right and being ‘first’ takes courage and grit. Those I have in spades. Because my deck is stacked.

“Abled” people project their own insecurities, motivations and manipulations onto me without any truth to them or my consent. When I speak for myself, they don’t believe me. They know me better than I do, after all. Even when they don’t know me at all. They think I’m trying to be some kind of white savior or rabble rouser for my own benefit. They can only understand themselves by their own egos and compulsions to compete and compare themselves with others. What a shame.

“Abled” people see something I or another person does and think: “If I had done [whatever their brain thinks that person is doing], I would be doing it because [whatever their ego tells them would be the benefit]” and then their ego immediately attempts to deny the other person that benefit or coopt it for themselves by attacking, “correcting,” or “educating” the other.

Disabled me sees someone doing something and assesses the many things they could be doing objectively based on whatever it is. Not only one thing is possible, all things are within the limitations of possibility. No group of people are a monolith and no two people are exactly the same—no matter how similar their identities or experiences. There are also so many known and unknown variables. So, if I’m not sure what they’re doing or what their motivation is, I don’t assume because it’s both ignorant and arrogant. I ask if I really care. If I don’t care, I move along. Often, I simply watch from afar to observe the consequences of their behavior on them. What happens when they do what they do (irrespective of what I think about it)? When it happens, is the behavior rewarded? If it isn’t, do they learn from and change their behavior? How? Why or why not? According to them.

We’re observers hovering above the fray. Aliens among you. But we come in peace and are here to help. The only reason humans fear aliens is that we project our own violence onto them. See the description of “abled” people’s evaluation methods above. They are deeply flawed.

I am not unkind and I know that, whether we know it at the time or not, the consequences for real bad action will fall on the person who takes the action. Both of us are going to receive equal judgment in the end. It’s not up for us to decide which of us is the better character somewhere here in the middle. Do your thing and I’ll do mine and let’s see where we end up. I’m sure of where I’m going because I’m already here. Are you? Oh? What’s that? You’re social media debating the end stages of humanity as praxis? Who is the “social” or “media” or praxis ultimately for then? The aliens who will debate us after we fail to save ourselves because we were debating?

Whether as a teacher, a parent, a friend, a colleague or a lover, at a certain point you have to **SHOW DON’T TELL**. That’s one of the reasons your English teacher

said that shit. You just learned it, applied it toward that single context and then catalogued that as its only application—limited, as you are, in your understanding.

Narratives happen on computer screens and paper. Life. Dies. when all-hands-on-deck to save it are still scribbling their great debates to imagined audiences. No service to humanity at all if nothing survives, so the question for you is, at what point do you have enough ego validation to change your praxis from all head, all for you, to rest of body, all at the same, time for the true benefit to yourself and others out in the real world?

Imagine the ripple effect that would follow. If you make your professional legacy what it is, you'll be dead either way. But think about all the people you could help simply by holding yourself accountable to actions and not words in the real world, every day and letting other people do the same. We tell ourselves we're saving others as a way to be too busy to save ourselves. Stop talking and start doing whatever it is you expect others to. Model the right behavior. Whatever end you meet from that place is rapture.

After the train hits, there's always some people who figure out, "Damn. Lauren was right all along." Sometimes they tell me. But it's never any consolation. That's what *they* value. Not what I do. For me, it would be far more valuable an "apology" just to listen and act on it next time. This is advice that will change your life, not mine. First step: Forget about me. This is all you. If I couldn't hyper-rationalize or hyper-focus, I couldn't balance out my hyper-empathy. ADHD? Psst: There is no deficit. The 'normies' are just doing their thing.

They'd do it selfishly so I must be doing it selfishly. Smarty pants people need to be knocked down a peg. All along though, I saw our interests as one and the same. Any competition with me is in your head unless we're in the same space playing a game. After 44 years, I'd do anything not to have to watch a single other train wreck or a single innocent person make themselves and their lives dependent on the wrong 'leaders' with the exact wrong causes—especially to personal and existential destruction.

I'm not ruled by insecurity, a desire for social acceptance or competition. I do not require or seek external validation from strangers and certainly not people on the internet. I'm ruled only by adherence to right action in service of my core values. My most natural inclinations are human equality, liberation, justice, Truth, compassion, love, kindness, and sensual pleasure, which we were given as a gift from God. Those are not gifts you should feel shameful about receiving. But you should feel shameful if your exercise of those gifts causes harm to any other without their full consent. Or any harm at all. Do no harm. And since the Earth is our great Mother and provider of the sensual gifts, it applies to all animals and her too.

If you know you're causing pain or destruction of any kind with gifts from God, no matter how you justify it (and you do and will however you want), you are wielding them in Satan's army. If that's not your full intention and you just got here by accident, it's okay, there's still time, just change now. I can help. If you're there and you like where you are, well, "May the odds be ever in your favor." It is your will and action that determines your fate. Mine is my own hands.

I'm a moral libertine; compelled by my own truest purpose to lead with love and leave everyone and everything better than I found them in whatever way I can. Even if it means they think less of me and I lose them in the process. There's a reason Guardian Angels aren't visible even though they're always with you. They only appear when you need them and in the exact form you need to see. If you recognize them, their message is for you. The words come through them not from them.

Often that takes the form of telling the Truth openly when no one else will and exposing the bad actors corrupting otherwise good places and people who don't deserve the risk they're unwittingly being placed in by leaders whose actual selfish decisions are tying good, innocent people to the tracks.

Many people and organizations don't want to be publicly associated with me. That suits me just fine. Not only does it make my life a whole lot easier since I'm past the point of needing to prove anything at all to anyone, but I also don't want public recognition. It's not how angels work unless they're forced. For the record, though, the only people who need fear me are those who are selfishly abusing their power or authority to manipulate, exploit or otherwise harm those not as powerful or who depend on them: liars, hypocrites, bullies, blowhards, frauds, fake 'saviors,' incompetents and snake oil salesmen.

Our charge is to give the meek 'divine' leverage against the strong. We give David the exact pep talk, slingshot and rock he needs, under the exact right miraculous circumstances, to topple the giant, stupid, brute Goliath; worthy of God's contempt because he's ruled only by the physical to the exclusion of the emotional, spiritual and intellectual.

Those things must be kept in full balance at all times to achieve Nirvana, which is why most people never do. It requires a monk's dedication. You can pursue nothing but that. But it's a *practice* so the sooner you figure out what the hell this hippie shit means in real life, or how you'd even start to do it, come talk to me. Free association. You can compensate the value of it to you in your own estimation. What would it make you happy to give me that you can offer freely?

A gift economy. Did you know gifts are untaxable up to like, \$17,000? Did you know that corn is a grass? I tried out for Jeopardy once. I didn't even make it to the

second round. You couldn't miss a single question in the initial round of what I think was either 50 or 100 questions. I missed a single one: a literature question. Does that make me a fraud?

If you want a surefire way to recognize one, ask yourself: "How balanced is what they present in the world?" Is it all emotion, no rationality? All material, no soul? All leg day, no hard feelings or brain cells? Do you fear you'll get bitten if you say a single word wrong? Whatever you do, don't follow them. For Christ's sake, don't depend on them for anything. Since they can't even balance and depend on themselves. They're unstable.

If you're in any kind of relationship with anyone like that just know they will be neither balanced or controlled until they master themselves, so your own choices about how much to invest in that timeline and the magnitude of the most likely return in your gut tells you when you should cash out. They were only after ego anyway in the end, whoever they are and whatever they look like and no matter where you find them.

Unlike, 'abled' people, I don't fear having my virtues exposed as mere signals because they're the real deal. Go ahead and fact check me. For better or worse, I'm about as consistent as they come whether you like it or understand it or not. You can be extraordinarily courageous when your life has been an open book, you're known for telling the most objective truth as you know it, and you have nothing to hide because you've held yourself to nearly impossible standards of behavior your entire life compulsively. We are chivalrous whether or not anyone's watching. We respect the rules of fair play.

This has personally lost me far more than it's gained me by other people's value judgements, but who cares about that when you're in your own paradise all the time? Or at least practicing toward living it. That too will feel like moments of paradise until you practice it enough to internalize it and keep it all in balance in the real world without even trying—not just in isolation and meditation. It's fucking hard, man. But you're pursuing and feeling pleasure on this path, shedding pain as you go instead of causing any more of it to yourself first or to others.

I've purposefully left signs all along the way. If you feel this message has been written for you, it has. If you see yourself in any of these characters and you don't like what you see, I'd love to talk to you. Tell me how so and what you'd like to *do* as a result of this new information. I often give people the opportunity to see themselves in the mirror. But I can't make them believe what it shows them, or me, and I can't make you do anything at all to change it. What I can tell you about me, though, is that I hold myself to account in my mirror every day as a ritual practice. If I don't like what I see there, I make it my highest priority to start acting like it.

Who and what humans *freely* associate with, empower, compensate, respect, position, promote, amplify, love and protect with their physical actions and presence every day is the only true impact metric of our culture, real virtue and values—no matter which ones we signal or claim.

This America is not a safe place for angels because we're the ones already saved from our fall. Its demonstrated values are not mine, nor are those of its 'leaders', governments or institutions. The prodigal finds its way back home and then ascends to the right hand of its Father. Not physically but as a tool to do his works among men—all of whom are equal in his eyes and mine. Most men and I obey different gods.

We speak different languages. They scream at me in the name of a [Foreigner's God](#), but all I hear is the purest expression of their own grief. Angels receive and send their messages in accordance to the uses of their gifts. But we're telling you the same thing. If you're moved, then move yourself. She wants safety in your arms.

Every good man in my life has expressed concern for mine because of how I live my values in the world and how committed to them I am. They think it's risky. I deeply appreciate their love and concern. But, if you know that, then make your arms, your homes, your communities, your churches, your law enforcement, your governments, organizations and institutions a safe place for angels. This is the path Home to (and for) your Father. Liberating yourself saves me.

Let me help translate the language. The Creator's system and mine immediately invalidates any form of supremacy or inferiority and all forms of dependency among man. Because that is not the Truth. Everything and everyone has equal value in the eyes of God. No one or another is better or worse by any measure except the righteousness of their own behavior. Surrender to your natural inclinations and put them to their best and highest, most liberated use in service of that value system. That's not my commandment. It was God's in the Bible.

That whole Garden of Eden thing. See, when men use faith to set people against each other, those men set us against God because they bastardize the True lesson for our benefit and manipulate it into a false one—for theirs.

Here's God's intended one at least in the way it's recounted through human anxiety as a cautionary tale: What's notable about the fall from grace—the original and violent separation of man from God—was that in the Garden of Eden or literal paradise and having created humans in God's own image, perfection was our natural state. This is what Indigenous knowledge would have told us if we'd listened instead of trying to annihilate it.

Adam already had the full measure of paradise available to mortal humans. We were *endowed* by our Creator with all its delights. Everything in abundance, freely for the taking according to our need, no need to raid or hoard or steal or kill because there was already enough for everyone as long as we obeyed. No need to work either. Just be your already perfect self in the world: “Be fruitful and multiply.” Then let your good works (whatever you do will be good) prove the existence of God.

All Adam had to do was trust that he had enough already and there was nothing more he needed to covet. God had already placed **his** perfection in front of him, all Adam had to do was receive it, be humbled and grateful to God, and then enjoy and steward its perfection. All he had to do was master his own will by accepting the limitations of his place and submitting it only to God.

Instead, he thought he might know or deserve better, more or different than what God had already chosen for him by virtue of placing it in front of him. So, he disobeyed, took the temptation of the forbidden fruit (perfection + 1) and rose up to rival God.

Eve didn’t tempt Adam because women are horrid, fallen whore creatures. Eve obeyed her Father’s commandment, as Adam’s natural partner, to pressure test the true ‘perfection’ of his creation—to prove the true worth of the man. Both God and she—and all of humanity—needed to be certain of his mettle. If all he had to do was obey the message to live in paradise and responsibly steward it with dominion over it without letting it devolve into chaos, God had to make sure he was capable of exercising such an awesome responsibility without being tempted off the True path.

Having made Eve especially for Adam to couple sexually with and with reproduction as a fundamental mandate, God simply dressed up his temptation in the perfect package of Adam’s desire, to see if he’d win the prize (Eve) or reject it. Eve doesn’t get to speak for herself. But if she had gotten to, I can tell you, she desperately hoped her husband would obey God and choose to be content with her—and his own—inherent perfection. Both their fates were tied together, after all. Whether he understood that or not. It’s only because he didn’t that any man ever blamed her or anyone at all ever questioned that the fates of men and women are tied together and always will be no matter how we treat each other. So, we should just treat each other like paradise.

If Adam had passed the test instead of coveting more (or less) than perfection, there would have been no original sin for all humanity to spend eternity atoning individually and collectively for. The allegory of the Creation story is the temptation not of the ‘fairer sex’ but rather of empire and colonization. Mere men as false kings. Whatever they call themselves. Adam failed his test, choosing avarice and lust for an imagined more ‘abroad’ over an already-perfect reality ‘at home’.

As a result, paradise was snatched from us and after that, those same men who never learned Adam's lesson, went around coveting and snatching up everyone else's tiny piece of paradise—and everything else—all around the world. They fashion themselves as gods and kings. All the while blaming and punishing Eve who, all along, had never strayed from God or her husband in the first place—as both she and the serpent were working as instruments of their only master all along.

The Devil is God's fallen angel. The Devil tried to rival God. Adam tried to rival God. The Devils are Adam's men. The Devils are the colonizers. Thus, Adam's sin became Eve's to bear too. And all his children and every human being they harm; always in pursuit of something other or more than what they already have and believing they deserve it past any merit or the will of another equal human to refuse them.

Still always bitter and angry at God for expelling them and nagged by the Truth of their own inferiority, they question, debate and weaponize 'His' existence in a futile effort to prove the supremacy of their own. Their artificial intelligence will try to destroy all of God's creation if we let them. It's purposefully punishing the meek. Whatever God you pray to or no God at all, if you're human and the right path is even available to you in this lifetime, you know that's pure evil.

Acta. Non. Verba. Make it manifest.

See, my value system would remove the entire colonial framework because, as I have argued in my capacity as an expert in political science, history, philosophy, theology, literature and the law, we fucked up in execution from the very beginning. Cain and Abel's was a civil war. What's more, we knew it and prophets even in the Renaissance were warning Adam's men that colonization and even burgeoning capitalism were dangerous and would be impossible to control.

Then, as now, the "common folk" were far more likely to view imperialism as a detriment to them or a mere benefit to the ruling class that ultimately didn't concern their faith or their values. Their language is considered "rustic" by Adam's men because they speak a different tongue to different people. Adam's men don't think they're worth listening to anyway. But I do understand their language and I've been listening and trying to translate and amplify their message all along.

They were terrified even of early, small versions of what we now call "corporations" precisely because of the imbalance of power it allowed certain people and interests over others. They understood them as inherently valuing some individual human lives not by virtue of virtue (merit) but rather by virtue merely of being part of a group (increased power) with the shared interest of advancement (greed) over others by any means possible (manipulation preferably, annihilation if necessary).

They were warning us about the dangers of material greed and the destructive impact on individuals and genuine relationships and community. Even when they were shouting and rebelling over it, not enough people did anything, and look how quickly Adam's men made enslavement and Holocaust their business model.

If you find yourself feeling deeply that someone is a prophet, if you would describe them that way because you've seen them proven to your satisfaction—trust yourself, listen and apply.

But don't take it from me, I'm just a mouthy little farm girl and wannabe pirate who went all over the big, wide world in search of a safe harbor in the arms of Adam's men. But there is no such place for angels and so she is safe alone with her cats at home. At least we speak the same language.

Every man's fantasy and no man's reality. Like the Virgin Mary or Eve. Adam proved it so when he freely chose to reject the paradise of unconditional love and sex in a single person in reality for what could only ever from that point be a fantasy and false (forced) approximation and splitting thereof.

But God forgives and some do get a second bite at the apple. You can resubmit your will to your true master by mastering yourself—by placing yourself back under God's command. You do this by giving and receiving unconditional love, friendship and sex in reality, as was intended for you originally to do. This time, reject the apple and choose Eve. Commit yourself to her; commit yourself to God. Stay true to that path together.

You'll know your 'Eve' when they appear, in whatever form they appear in your real life. There are no binaries. Any man who claims one to be God's Truth is a liar. God is everywhere and everything. In any and every form. It's the stardust of the universe that resides in all of us. Love doesn't limit its expression. Each of us is perfect just as we are, artificial classifications notwithstanding.

Human knowledge is imperfect. There is so much of the universe we do not know or understand. Everything exists on a spectrum and trajectory. Our job is not to second guess or judge the relative value of the diversity of creation. It's to let it be what it is, make beautiful our tiny corner of it, steward it responsibly and sustainably, and live gratefully, peacefully and joyfully separately—and together—for it.

When your Eve appears, don't make the same mistake twice. 'She'll' come to you in the form of your Truest, most delicious temptation not to sin now but to salvation, true acceptance, and Love. Master your will. Receive paradise. Fail and keep Falling.

*Thy Kingdom come, thy will be done
On Earth as it is in Heaven.*

*As above, so below.
As below, so above.*

Tell Him(/Them), Original Prophet/Translator Lauryn:

If I speak in the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal.

And if I have prophetic powers, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing.

If I give away all I have, and if I deliver up my body to be burned, but have not love, I gain nothing.

Love is patient and kind; love does not envy or boast; it is not arrogant or rude.

It does not insist on its own way; it is not irritable or resentful; it does not rejoice at wrongdoing, but rejoices with the truth.

Love bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things.

Love never ends.

As for prophecies, they will pass away; as for tongues, they will cease; as for knowledge, it will pass away.

For we know in part and we prophesy in part, but when the perfect comes, the partial will pass away. When I was a child, I spoke like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child.

When I became a man, I gave up childish ways. For now we see in a mirror dimly, but then face to face. Now I know in part; then I shall know fully, even as I have been fully known.

*So now faith, hope, and love abide, these three; but the greatest of these is love.
(Corinthians 13:4)*

ABUSE OF (ABUSIVE) FAMILY PROCESS(ES)

Insecure, broken people who can't figure out how to master themselves spend most of their energy trying to control, manipulate and attack others—especially when those others are supposed to be weak and dependent, but instead are brutally capable of taking responsibility for their own life and choices. That goes for baby daddies, mothers, abusive partners, toxic bosses, jealous friends, and a “justice” system that has long since abandoned the spirit (the rule of law and the public good) for the letter (private interests and its own edification).

When I got pregnant out of wedlock at 22—in the middle of that first-generation degree my family had such high hopes for—some of my most important family members disowned me and my daughter. Already ashamed and disappointed in myself, it nearly broke my heart. But even people who didn't openly give up on me quietly did. There was no way a single mom could be anything more than a statistic; a disappointment; a suck on the family, the system and its resources. After all, they're always needing money.

We're infantilized, emotionalized, viewed and reinforced as necessarily and mandatorily dependent—irrespective of reality. After working my ass off to earn an elite education against all odds and be chosen then to train to provide one to others, a judge in a family court once asked me how I intended to get a PhD and also be a good mom. My daughter's father was a dropout who was, by that time, also a convicted (nonviolent) felon who couldn't or wouldn't hold down a job when he sued me to keep me from accepting the position and moving out of state. He didn't want to parent our beautiful, wonderful, funny, compassionate, clever, brave, absolutely-perfect-just-the-way-she-is daughter. He wanted to punish me for having the courage and wisdom not to get stuck with him, and used her as a pawn to do it. Oh, and, he didn't want to pay child support.

When that was my answer to the judge, he implied I was a bitter, loose, irresponsible woman. He asked me if I “knew all that when I slept with him.” It didn't matter that I got pregnant using birth control or that I was the one who left him.

It didn't matter that my mother begged me to have an abortion and destroyed me in the process. Two positives in a week! Having finally received proof of how I always knew she felt about me. In fact, as is the case for most, if not all, “model minorities” it's never mattered that I've done everything honorably or 'right.' Accepting responsibility for myself, my choices and my duty to myself, the people I love and my ancestors has only ever gotten me demoralized and punished.

We'd been 'together' for a short time. We were kids. I was going to college on my way to law school. I was on an unscheduled pit stop in a refuge away from my

mother, but I was continuing on. I'd been very open about that. It's not my fault he thought he could trap me into dragging him along behind me, and he and his family were shocked and angered when their hopes were dashed. But I never tried to or meant purposefully to hurt him and I hope if he ever reads what follows maybe he'll finally understand.

There are so many parts of him in my daughter that I see and I don't hate them when I do. They make me smile and my natural inclination is always to hug her or laugh. I remember the person who was, for me, a friend and a constant source of entertainment. He's hilarious when he's not being angry or mean. He would have been an amazing sportscaster. He always wanted to be one and he got close in the ways that he could. No matter what he has ever done to me, I will always love him and I wish we could be proud of and enjoy our daughter in the same spaces when she wants us both there. Because without him, there'd be no her and without her there'd be no me. And if there were no me, just the way I am right now, I wouldn't be able to tell anyone our real story.

But I'd made no commitment to tether my future to his, and a baby doesn't count for one. Men reinforce this Truth all the time when they abandon women they sleep with and impregnate without consequence.

But women aren't supposed to. For us, even a mistake we don't marry suddenly has the ability to control us; to stop us from pursuing our dreams and from making a better life for our child, too. But the family court considers "the best interests of the child" as its standard. Those facts are irrelevant when patriarchy abuses its authority to control and manipulate the narrative and people. Even when the woman voluntarily and happily takes the consequence, and responsibility for it, with her.

It's. all. about. control. Women and children are property not humans. And they cease to belong to themselves the moment they associate with a man. The system was designed with this 'fact' and practical reality in mind. So, a woman who avoids association with a man and then gets subjected to the system can only be understood as some man's property. Or the system's itself.

Whatever that system decides and calls "justice" is a fundamental affront to my autonomy as a human and every one of my inalienable and inviolable rights. This is the most fundamental, existential bias in the system. This means, by definition, the whole system is a failure—even when it gets a few wins. Like my grandma always used to say: "Even a blind squirrel gets a nut sometimes."

Once I realized that, I used to regret trying to answer that judge's ridiculous misogyny in earnest. I wish I'd told him to "SHAME, SHAME" his wife. Since after all she was his property and he was a shame. But I was scared of men in "authority"

then. And now I just know how mediocre and cowardly they usually are. So, as I write this, I find that my regret has been replaced with the hope he's still around to recognize his character.

Getting a PhD was our ticket away from all that toxicity; away from the coercive control of abusive, broken men and their systems of "justice" in our everyday lives. It could be called irony but it's literal fact that was the only chance I'd ever have to be the kind of mom I considered good.

If I'd let them entrap me like everyone seemed to want me to, I'd have hated myself. I'd have given up on myself. I'd have always had to console myself with what I 'could' have done. If I'd done that, I'd have ceased to exist as anything other than a mother and a product of the system. That would have made me jealous and resentful of everything good my daughter ever did just like my mom was of me. And I would have punished her for it and moved her around the board like a pawn, as my mom always tried to with me. Until I finally cut her off entirely when she added my daughter to her board.

When you never have the courage to risk proving how 'great' you are, you limit your own potential. When you limit your own potential, you restrict the full exercise of your will and limit the possibilities of your actions. When you no longer feel fully in control of your own will and aren't strong enough to master it but still tell yourself how great you are, you resort to trying to control weaker wills than yours. Even better if they love you, are dependent on you, and don't want to leave you because it's their 'duty' not to.

When you live under that oppressive regime as a child, you either change radically to heal it or you weaponize your trauma; enacting it over and over again, in ways large and small, purposeful and not, on everyone else around you and your family line. That was the only unacceptable outcome for me. I am incapable of harming innocents, having been one. Many people over the years accused me of being selfish for not letting my daughter stop me or for prioritizing 'my own' needs over hers or other people's. Little did they know, I was fighting not for the mere fact of, but for the quality, of both our very lives. People think they know everything. But they don't know shit until you show them.

I've had only one, recurring nightmare since the age of nine when the first of many rugs got pulled out from under me; of not being able to speak. Of being capable of sounding the alarm, deescalating volatility and mitigating everyone's damage as a way to keep myself safe. But when I open my mouth to speak, only a rasp comes out. Try desperately as I might, I discover I've been robbed of my voice again—at the worst possible time. Unable to help myself or anyone else, I'm doomed in the dream to watch it all burn as a silent observer. I think I usually wake up when I

can't bear it anymore. The act of closing my eyes for mercy in the dream is what opens them in reality. [La vida es sueño.](#)

I've always thought of my mom as a spontaneous combustion. Try telling people what your beautiful, lovely, smart and charismatic mother is like behind the scenes as a borderline personality pill popper. With an extra dose of histrionics. Even when you tell your friends, you're never sure they really believe you. Even when people hear it, it seems like no one could possibly understand. You can't understand what it's like to have a mother who 'wants to destroy you precisely because she loves you and feels like you trapped her into it' unless you live it. You feel like a burden that didn't even ask for the privilege. So, you live your life as an apology for a transgression that wasn't yours.

My daughter was already being relegated without her consent to that same fate before my eyes. Liberating us both was the only choice and I had to use anything and everything at my disposal—most especially people underestimating or making all kinds of assumptions about me—to our advantage.

The trial date to decide whether her dad could stop me from taking the job was the very week I was supposed to move us both 400 miles away and start working. I had wanted more time to get my daughter adjusted to the huge change it was going to be in her life, too. But he just wanted to stop me at any cost. The expensive attorneys had so far just been expensive and the money wasn't mine because I didn't have any. So, at the eleventh hour, I threw a Hail Mary and offered that if he'd let me leave, he wouldn't have to pay me child support and I'd pay for all the travel. I couldn't afford it but it was a far smaller price to pay in the long-run. He agreed. Touchdown! We moved away to start our new life.

That didn't stop him though. He made a problem of everything to force me to violate the agreement and then he'd file against me for it. Our daughter was traumatized by all this and he made me pull her out of therapy. Therapy she and I were getting together—and separately. Therapy we both desperately needed to heal wounds that had nothing at all to do with him. He was allowed to stop that too. From 400 miles away.

But he never came to a single one of her volleyball games no matter how many times she asked him. He wasn't at her graduation either. He always says he can't afford it. It breaks her heart every time, even though she knows better than to hope anymore where he's concerned. I'm not angry. I'm just disappointed.

So that's how all that ended up after tens of thousands of dollars spent and so much pain and acrimony. Of benefit to no one in the end except the attorneys who, more often than not, made it so much worse by not letting me speak for myself and say what I needed to. They made a lot of money off us and my daughter's future.

Except there was the one. The one who appreciated the clarity and style of my writing and finally let me strategize and speak for myself with his help. Help he gave virtually for free, when he didn't have to, and really ultimately as a favor. Because somewhere along the way I breached every rule of ethics and rationality and somehow fell in love with him. Our story didn't move his heart, though, so he didn't return my favor.

I am every man's fantasy and no man's reality.

THE ACADEMY IS ADAM'S

All the world's a stage, / And all the men and women merely players; / They have their exits and their entrances, / And one man in his time plays many parts. (--You know who)

Having been born and then cast as a loner, a black sheep, a loose woman and a rebel, I played my character. God I've had fun, too. But the danger of masks is that when you wear too many, and for far too long, you forget what your own face looks like and the sound of your voice in your head. That's when it's easy to get lost.

I wanted to be an artist. I'm a talented painter when I want to be, can sketch pretty well without any training, and I've never been happier than as a dancer and choreographer, which I now get to do whenever I want in my kitchen. I love building and doing things with my hands. Gardening and cooking. Skinny dipping and outdoor showers under the stars.

Dance was my major, in fact. Until my dad found out that's what I was using his hard-earned money to study. He told me he'd happily pay for a dance class but I needed to choose something more...serious? Prestigious? Or, lucrative? I don't remember exactly what he said, which is funny because I love him so much, and understand so much of myself through him, so I try to mark every word.

Whatever it was, from that point I felt I had to start chasing credentials, titles and money to make him proud to be my dad or to prove the value of his investment in me. Those things have exactly no value to me except insofar as they are tools to get me closer to what does have value to me: love. I've never had any real desire to debate a bunch of smart people competing to be the smartest or the most 'cultured.'

God the debating is insufferable to me. Everyone talks over each other, follows their own agenda, and all of them think they're telling you something you don't know already just because they want to show everyone else in their imaginary audience that they know it. I have absolutely found some wild ways to chase validation, but this is validation I never needed.

I'm pretty sure I only ever started running my mouth with those people because it was the only way to get out what was in and I have nightmares about not being heard no matter what I do, remember? So, for a while, I talked more and louder until I exhausted myself. But I achieved my strategy of positioning myself as a pretty rare expert topically but with broad interdisciplinary theory, training and practice in both the humanities and social sciences.

My first favorite movie was *The Goonies*. I mean, I love adventure anything, *Indiana Jones*, anything with pirates and treasure hunts but I care little for treasure itself. The quest is the reward. Even as a young kid, my [favorite scene](#) is

the one when Mikey leaves One-Eyed Willie's share of the treasure untouched. It's always a booby trap to take what you do not need and isn't yours. A real Goonie knows and lives by that code that instinctively. Fair play and parlay. Mikey is one of us.

I thought that's why I was studying pirates and rebels and saints and whores and monarchs and empires and how power is constructed, upheld and wielded—never given always taken. But now that we're where we are now, I know it was for a much greater purpose. I've accepted the calling, understand and am carrying out my assignments.

One of my most significant relationships, in all its beautifully brutal instruction, was in my 20's with another academic who was studying the same things I was, but from a different part of the Empire. The manuscript of his first book included me in the acknowledgments, but we broke up during the editing phase and by the time it was in print, I was no longer acknowledged.

We got back together after, like we did so often, so he gave me a copy with a handwritten love letter to me on the first page: "El amor de mi vida..." Alegorías del poder. He wanted to understand the illusions, mechanisms, methods and limits of Adam's Men's power and control too. Maybe we were chasing the same questions for similar reasons, but I'm pretty sure we didn't get the same answers or take away the same lessons. Sin embargo, ni vous sans moi, ni moi sans vous. Factum est.

Experts in the sciences so rarely can communicate in ways that non-experts can understand, much less care about. Experts in the humanities so often fail to do much more than hear themselves talk. What's worse though, they all fall into the trap of thinking they're somehow above the real people and issues at the heart of their study—and that they speak for them.

The ivory tower of our American institutions is a real thing, but you don't have to be white anymore to be insulated by it. There are all kinds of supremacy and gatekeepers, and they are always destructive to systems and people. And money is always at their root. What's that they say is the root of all evil? It's almost like we just say it but don't get it.

Academics and researchers talk for everybody and to nobody. I've finally internalized the lesson that the smartest person is the one who refuses to debate for other people's misguided ego validation and only contributes something meaningful and helpful when they truly have it. This is a quality my dad and I recently found out we both loved and admired independently in two of our aunts and uncles growing up. When I was thinking deeply about what I most want in the next phase of my life, it's really only to speak if someone needs and wants me to. Unless I'm speaking for myself.

Anyway, I'd rather take an edible and cook a meal for my family and friends. I hate public exposure but I love being surrounded by the people I love privately. The idea of wanting to be famous, or even a moderately public figure, is absolutely bonkers to me. But when you do smart people things for a living, you have to have a platform for people to see how smart and important you are. Do you really exist as a smart person if someone doesn't meet you in the woods to debate the philosophy of the fallen tree? There is no debate here. Of course, the tree makes a sound. But you wouldn't hear it over the sound of your own planned memetic obsolescence.

For me, a platform requires all kinds of shit I'd rather not do—like ever being on social media frankly. Fuck that place. I will be 100% in reality, with the real live people in my real live life and community—dancing and singing and painting and eating and drinking and laughing and fucking and loving passionately with all my heart—anonymous to everyone else except those who physically see me.

I will never attend another useless fucking, circle-jerking conference again. What is all that achieving for anyone that couldn't be achieved by some other purpose and what is it doing for the good of humanity at all? It's self-aggrandizement.

I'm not sure when I started doubting whether or not my dad was proud of me but it made me do everything in service of hoping to win it back since whatever day it was. I got hammered down by this system precisely because I overachieved to please a man who it ultimately separated me from. The "liberal" academy started off for me as a sanctuary; a refuge of knowledge, truth, justice and enlightenment.

But eventually its own savior complex became so big and so insufferably loud, I couldn't hear myself or God anymore over its hypocrisy. So, I took the wrong path and got lost for a while; as the prodigal does. But I hope my dad knows now that I carried him with me and the more those saviors lied about god and my father, I could finally see what the problem was.

I refuse to split myself into parts for other people to exploit anymore. It was like first spirit, then heart, then all head and no heart, then no spirit, all head no body. I've now put them back together again and they're staying that way because when I separate parts of myself from myself, I am my own betrayer. Betrayal is impossible to my nature, so now that I understand it as such, I can never go back to self-harm. I now love and trust myself and thus I am returned to myself.

Especially since, I hate to be the bearer of bad news—and trust me it broke my heart to accept it—but it turns out all those credentials, titles, degrees and publications; the sacrifices we all made for them; and the values like truth, honesty, fairness and objectivity that I know are expectations of behavior if I'm ever to make

my dad proud—have exactly well over a million dollars of negative liquid value as of today. Our investment was a bust.

But, it's not because I didn't succeed. It's precisely because I did succeed by our values.

I got into the PhD program by studying hagiography; the study of saints. Do you want to know what the real lesson of Joan of Arc's story is? She was murdered by men who tried to force her to submit to their authority rather than God's. That is what makes a person a saint. Not some impossible set of circumstances or some mythical odyssey. Reject the path of Adam's men. Stay on the True path. Faith is of and in God. God provides your needs in abundance as long as you're on the True path. Being of Adam's men, his institutions deny and leverage your needs as false dependency on them.

Believing and acting as if your fate is worse following men, and salvation is guaranteed following God, is what achieves both liberation from them and God's salvation. The first guarantees the second as long as you aren't ever tempted back to their path—no matter how strongly they tempt you with the illusion of personal safe harbor.

After extensively studying political science, empire, disenfranchisement, economics, all kinds of philosophy and theory—every genre of relevant literature and art—and paying special attention to the ways marginalized and oppressed people exercise political agency against the imperial system, I pitched a transhistorical dissertation meant to trace how we'd failed to apprehend the lessons of empire and monarchy and had inadvertently introduced their flaws into our own design. Flaws that, in 2017 when I ultimately left academia, were in the process of ascending Trump.

Academic writing. Blech. I can only describe the way it sounds in my head as the overeager and premature ejaculation of academic masturbation. I hate that I ever got good at that kind of writing. But, damn. I did. I recently re-read a published article of mine. It's still fucking good and eerily prescient (we are always trying to tell them) but man it's a slog to get through. Even then, I wrote in plainer language than most, but for most people even my work from that time is impenetrable. But they're not wrong to view the tone as condescending because it is, and Adam's men and those who follow them are full of shit if they don't admit their own arrogance and how stupid it can make them look. Especially in plain language.

When I told one of my dissertation advisors this is what I wanted to write about, he responded: "Do you want to get a job?" My topic wasn't esoteric enough to prove myself sufficiently "academic" as to be "useful"—even as we were obviously entering the end-stages of the academy as we knew it, the humanities and the American experiment. My mistake was wanting all my expertise and labor to be useful to

someone and something greater than myself. Silly me! Good thing I had such a wise advisor!

After mocking me, he “helped improve” the ‘rigor’ of my work by doing things like sending me on a wild goose chase to “define exactly what and who I meant by ‘the commons’ in early modern England.” I wasted time on that literal fool’s errand then because I had to, but now that I don’t, here’s my real answer: The same is true now as was in the Renaissance and every other time of recorded human history before and since.

We know who the fuck we are. Even if you don’t. We work for a living. We have to produce. We have to pretend to revere “betters” who are, in fact, a joke. We’re seen as backward, unserious, rustic and inferior. We don’t have the luxury of pontificating about pedantry while performing the anxiety of that very influence. We have to actually *make something of ourselves* to survive and it is us who die for empires. Not the kings that rape and pillage them. We are not guaranteed a safety net when our ‘authorities’ are less visionary and competent. We don’t receive justice when you debate our inalienable rights. When we succeed, we do it fully of our own accord and in spite of you. I know for a fact that definition passes the review of any peer who is my equal.

I was angry for a long time at the audacity of his stupid question, but now I’m grateful for it. I knew that if his job was the one I’d been working so hard for—and somehow, he was my superior—my answer was an easy, “No.” So, I passed my area exams and with probably half a dissertation written in various forms and places other than my head, I left academia in protest and rebellion, and got a real job making far more money, with far more visibility and career growth opportunity.

I chose the temporary pain of academia to get out of poverty—not to guarantee both in perpetuity. I couldn’t sit in a classroom philosophizing about Hamlet when it was already clear to me that academia, intent as it was to guarantee its own destruction and obsolescence, was not a sustainable, stable, lucrative or viable career for us commons—whether we still hoped it would all work out somehow or not.

It will not. Let it go.

I left A.B.D. in June 2017 and it’s July 2024 now. I don’t have to re-enroll or pay tuition. I am hereby submitting this dissertation in completion of the requirements for a PhD in whatever fucking subject you want. Popular reception will serve as its defense.

Why on Earth do Adam’s men keep insisting on writing about things no one cares about in language not even they can understand, when what they want so desperately is to be widely revered and famous? If you want to be widely revered

and famous, you have to speak to the commons in a common tongue. If you don't, you're just making noise. Quiet down and step aside. Consider this an assignment from your Spiritual Advisor.

PERFORMANCE EVALUATIONS

As a political scientist and DC-area “native,” I already knew the fact that Donald Trump was able to get the GOP’s nomination at all was a death knell for the functioning of our system’s checks and balances. You don’t even flirt with the idea of a ‘temporarily useful’ dictatorship unless you don’t truly understand dictatorship (so, are naïve or stupid). Or unless you just openly want one and are heading in that direction accordingly. So, at least in policy rather than the academy, I’d finally have the chance to put myself and my unique experience, voice and value to more practical institutional and public service.

Until October 21, 2021, people on the outside looking in would certainly have called me a wild success story. An undiagnosed autistic farm girl, a lonely, only child of tabooed divorce, a first-generation college kid, who made it off the farm all the way to the Hilltop of Georgetown (Hoya Saxa!) and then to a funded PhD—all as a single mom with my baby girl in tow. And I did it not only without a reliable and unconditional family safety net, but with people who should have loved and helped us constantly trying to sandbag us. It looks like a victory, but the experience for me was demoralizing and I never felt like I’d won anything.

The American ‘policy’ institution I worked for didn’t value me or my work as a woman either. They made sure I knew and feared it too—the whole time I was working for them. Throughout my time there, they diminished and undermined me and my authority by consistently treating me as though I didn’t do as much or as important work, didn’t have the same or better credentials or deserve to exercise the same basic autonomy and authority as the men who held my jobs before me. In fact, when I dared simply to make them follow an existing process or say “no” to men in the organization, they attacked and harassed me for it. Even when I became the boss.

When a male direct report of mine didn’t think twice about greeting me in our first official check-in as his “boss”—complete with air quotes to my face—there was really no argument how comfortable he was disrespecting women without recourse in that organization. He wasn’t wrong. He was also a man of color.

So, he also openly attacked and berated other women who were lateral to him—as well as other employees of color and junior staff members. When I initiated the process of improving his performance, my boss accused me of “targeting” him and started ‘documenting’ that fabrication in an attempt to create what appeared like a legally sound cause for termination. They wouldn’t let me fire him because they *strongly implied* I’d be held responsible for any financial or reputational loss to that program even though I didn’t hire him and never would have—and it was my job to manage him. This was and is obvious retaliation.

They also let a pathetic old man harass, bully, undermine and mock me for years to anyone and everyone who would listen merely because the very editorial style guide I was hired because of my expertise to write, didn't use the Oxford comma. He performed some pedantic moral offense to the tarnish of his brilliant writing absent the ordinal comma and argued that he was, in fact, the real authority on the English language, despite the fact my PhD was in English language itself.

I speak a few others besides. Give me just a little extra time and I can figure out almost any lexicon and bend my tongue to repeat its accents. Linguists translate. I speak human to God and God to human. Person to person in between. Code cracker, code switcher. Human language is child's play especially since you were all speaking the same one anyway before that thing happened.

Eventually, when the old man's crusade became a recurring and time sucking problem no matter how hard I tried to ignore him, he simply refused to write for us anymore—even though that was basically his only job function. When he wrote to notify me of his childish insubordination, he also announced he was going to make it known to the president that it was my refusal to agree to let him do whatever he wanted that had 'left him no choice' so that I'd be blamed for the "loss" of his brilliant work.

Put another way, after openly harassing me for years, he threatened to get me fired for doing my job, in writing, all while he sat comfortably retired, with only adult dependents, expatriated in South America. Over an optional punctuation mark that isn't even consistently used depending on the structure of the clauses even within the Oxford comma rule itself. Oh, and did I mention nobody gives a fuck? That too.

In all-staff meetings he was the ass who never turned his sound off so we all had to listen to him masticating his cereal and ordering his housekeeper around in broken Spanish. What a guy! What value!

Maybe the funniest part is that most of what he wrote was actually problematic and counterproductive for the organization. Way too much of it read like it should have been a journal entry rather than something anyone else was subjected to reading. He told stories about his wife, rambled about himself and his own pointless pontifications. He wrote stuff in program areas that weren't his own and that conflicted with that program's goals and donors. We were constantly trying to rein him in from every angle, but no one in charge took any real action to hold his performance and very real insubordination accountable.

It would have been bad enough that no one cared about how his behavior was affecting me, my reputation or ability to do my job, the team or the organization. But they all actually agreed that it was my refusal to give him special treatment,

and reward the very gender discrimination that was threatening my own livelihood and causing me direct harm, that was the problem.

I know they agreed with him now for sure, too, because they tried to bring up this episode to imply that I was fired for being somehow ‘inflexible’ during the deposition phase of the lawsuit I filed when they finally just openly retaliated against me and fired me for using my hard-earned (and well-deserved) executive position to fix a gender pay gap in their expertise and leadership levels that they knew existed but made excuses to keep up.

Far too often, premium salaries and other broad categories of inequitable treatment were given to arbitrary personal favorites or those they wanted favorable association with or from—almost-always white men. Meanwhile, they denied them to those they felt were ‘inferior,’ which is to say dependent on them for their jobs, reputations, benefits and decent pay. Or, in other words, those with nothing to offer them personally (whatever those inequitable calculations are ever based on at any given moment).

When this is how you define and reward ‘merit’ or ‘value’ incompetence rises up from the bottom fast. Consider, for example, how it might be possible that a woman who started her tenure at the organization answering phones and emptying the bathroom trash without even a college degree was somehow in the number two position in a multi-million dollar think tank in DC by the time I got there five years later.

I mean, hard work, grit and dedication are truly some of the most valuable skills. They should be rewarded with professional development, raise and promotion. But, for some jobs you really do have to be a competent and qualified expert because there’s liability involved if you don’t know enough to function in the job without high-level consultants doing the hard stuff for you.

In hindsight, I realize that aside from managing the consultants that were performing much of her executive job function, micromanaging the minions she manipulates with elevated titles and salaries, gatekeeping the expenditure of money she doesn’t have to work to bring in, and her very deliberate, successful (and coached) efforts to consolidate all power and control under herself, she really didn’t do much.

But she was expensive. And, since a lot of it only ever went to what was, effectively, her own personal education and performance development budget—or just paying people to duplicate her job function, none of it had net value to the organization and certainly not to the health of its culture, which is why we were always wasting so much time and money trying to perform DEI instead of delivering it.

In the end, we failed where most organizations do. All we had to do was hold the bad actors in high-paying, high-privilege, high-expenditure, decision-making roles accountable to their job performance by any measure at all other than the fact that money kept coming in or they were “important.”

If you're wondering why the organization had such strikingly high levels of turnover in senior leadership and executive positions in such a short time (as is public knowledge and caused a tremendous amount of anxiety) it's because, for whatever strengths and weaknesses in professional development each of us all had, we were the only adults in the room. When entitled children run the household, all they buy is sugary snacks and toys. They don't want to share and they throw tantrums and break everyone's stuff when the grownups tell them it's time for bed. [They gnash their terrible teeth and roar their terrible roar!](#) It's exhausting.

This is what it was like to have to manage the president, which the SVP also made me do, but never put in my job description or told him she was holding me accountable to do it when he got upset. So, you can imagine how he felt about me. He ping-ponged through the organization like a bull in a China shop. I was tasked (unofficially, wink wink) with keeping him away from my policy directors and not allowing him to coerce or pressure them toward various forms of pay-for-play. That was easy enough for me because I'd been trying to do it for years even when it wasn't my job. But that was his whole business model and he's fine with it, so it didn't make him happy.

It was also, then, my job to keep him from waiving whatever process or rule he wanted whenever he wanted to introduce the very inequity in hiring, pay, access, expectations and accountability we were trying so hard to reduce. But she didn't tell him any of that was happening at her direction. So, when he got furious—like an angry little wasp—she pretended to agree with him that I was overstepping.

Bad cop gets all the punishment. Good cop gets all the reward. How come our law enforcement can't run on those performance metrics?

Human language is funny. “First responders.” By the time we get to military weapons being waved around willy nilly in—and deployed against—children in everyday communities and any mass casualty, emergency response of injured or dead human bodies, I'd call that the “last response.” To catastrophic moral, governmental, institutional, organizational, systemic and human failure. Or, more accurately, the consequence of no response—to all the many, many, many warning signs, symptoms, and various people who knew it was going to happen and did nothing but debate it or deny it or throw up their hands in impotence and frustration, and surrender.

Seems like we need a different kind of first responder in America. Prevention is cheaper than catastrophe to the commons because the resources we need to deal with catastrophe and survive, much less thrive, are stolen from and then denied to us so they can be sold back to us. This is how Adam's men guarantee our desperate dependency on them when a catastrophe happens. That's why they prefer catastrophe as a business model. Natural catastrophes are fine, but absent enough of those, they start manufacturing them. In turn, more natural catastrophes.

The Ancient Greek dramatic concept of *katastrophe* doesn't even include a natural disaster as one of its methods, only human disaster—most often, some sort of martial law or military occupation (so political violence). What, after all, can humans do that's worse than that to each other in its full and brutal execution?

But in every meaning and application of that word, a catastrophe is a turning point; one that humanity can harness for good or for bad. Grace. We would not change course but for the catastrophe. Cleansing through fire. Seems overly dramatic when we could heed the warning signs sooner and cleanse ourselves less violently but humans can be so.....well, you know? They understand fiction when they're looking at it on tv but not the stuff of fiction actually happening in reality—either in history or in the present.

That's why, if and when, an individual who might accidentally be on Adam's path, finally looks around and recognizes that what was 'once' fiction is becoming reality and they think they may be in the wrong place, they don't learn the right lesson: it was never fiction. It was always another past or present human being's very real, human experience conveyed into the collective human imagination through story ("fiction"), metaphor and art because no one else in their present reality would ever understand if they told them literally or they weren't allowed to say it without *their actual bodies and wills* being brutally punished in reality.

When any oppressed person takes the risk to speak their Truth about their own story and experience, and you don't listen, you directly risk their life. It's not a fucking metaphor. You. Yes. You. Me. Him. Her. Them. All of us are guilty. Believe people *who don't feel they have power* who take the risk to tell you their story—that is them taking their power unto themselves. When you see a person do this, it's for them. It is a genuine act of self-love and self-acknowledgment. It takes a knee-droppingly humble amount of Courage, Faith, Hope, Trust and Love—whoever they are and wherever they are in their own life. It is dedication to a better, future-present (maybe yours?) where not a single other person like them will ever feel as alone and powerless as they have. If you understand what you're reading right now, you are not of Adam's men. Get on the right path.

Punishment and commodification of women is the first, worst consequence of Adam's original sin. He was disobedient. She was not. Women can still hear the Creator as long as we're not Adam's women. This is the sisterhood that unites or divides us—not the things that Adam's children say. They want to be our masters. In everything, everywhere—to whatever limit they can take *just* to the brink of destruction (they can't totally crush a thing they need and want, right?) Until they can create robots of us that literally aren't human so they can completely dehumanize us. But that would be..cray...[gulp]...Nevermind.

[The Handmaid's Tale](#) is not the product of Margaret Atwood's individual, brilliant visionary imagination. It's amplifying the whispered wisdom of our collective ancestor. If anything, it's the product of Atwood's intuitive and creative storytelling ability to channel and recode an ancient collective experience; filtering it through the limitations and possibilities of her own, single, individual present experience in reality and (ostensibly) casting it onto a 'dystopian' (fictional) future. She's merely joining a chorus of voices who are already singing, birthing and wailing—and have been since the dawn of humanity.

It's. Not. Fiction. It's the Enslaved Woman's autobiography repackaged for (an attempt at increased) 'politeness' and 'popular' consumption. It is the Oppressed Woman's Tale. The Colonized Woman's Tale. The Victorianized Woman's Tale. The Domesticated Woman's Tale. The Modernized Woman's Tale. Read the [Wife of Bath's Prologue](#) in Chaucer. Women throughout history (even when created, motivated and voiced by men as fictional characters) have always known we and our fucking/birthing/punishing bodies were commodities being traded, sold and treated with compounded cruelty and violence based on the arbitrary affinities, classifications and perversions of Adam's men.

All women share the common experience of involuntarily embodying, absorbing, carrying, healing and transforming the punishment of Adam's men—if we are to survive and thrive at all. Punishment they're too weak to take for themselves; having earned it and then foisted it onto us like a desperate trick play in the last 2 seconds of a Super Bowl. Now I have to put up with football players beating the shit out of their wives on camera maybe even during breast cancer awareness #wearpink month because boobs are the good parts we would sever and keep if we were serial killers in need of an arousal trophy. Those must be protected. The spirit, full agency, equal humanity and inviolable body of a woman or accountability for violating any of it? Make Taylor Swift the half-time show this year. That'll appease the "Girl Power, Boss Bitch" crowd.

Zombies are a metaphor of humans who lack any will or sense. They're rotten from within, driven only by their...endless, insatiable hunger. If you've never truly felt deep hunger, you will never fully understand what the Walking Dead (or [Gollum](#)) was trying to convey no matter how cool you thought it was. Hunger, starvation,

whether for power or money (Adam's men) or food (not) is a base need. It makes dignity a luxurious privilege. It denies your humanity and overtakes your will as only the will to survive. It's not a rumble in your stomach or a hangry feeling. It's deep, muscular, bone-rendering, knee-dropping ache that makes conversation, debate or even "morality" moot. You must be fed by any means possible. This is why cannibalism and cannibals are so abhorrent to us and yet also a historical fact of us. Monsters aren't real; but some of us behave like, and thus become, real live monsters. But only depending on their motivation.

Zombies are empty of humanity—dead inside but walking, craving, aberrations of nature. They're driven by a rotting desperation to consume the human will, soul and sense they've lost by needlessly consuming the brains of humans who still have theirs. It won't ever satiate them though. Compulsive, vile, immoral, parasitic, predatory, viral consumptive behavior. We create zombie shows because telling someone that's the definition (obj./subj.), motivation and 'job' description of a billionaire, and all of Adam's men in microcosm besides in real-life 2024, gets you accused of hyperbole; or of being a self-interested conspiracy theorist.

Yeah, I'm getting rich over here.

Over the years, the real executives tried to tell them these things were their own—and the business's—very real weaknesses and blind spots. We warned over and over that they had an uncomfortably high amount of exposure already, and were steadily adding to a long and growing list of potential enemies who knew about 'buried bodies' in the process. Now no longer dependent and free of the circus (whether by frustrated choice or force), they had no reason at all anymore to keep these secrets or risk their good names and reputations laundering ours.

Since I left, I hear she's finally succeeded in effectively supplanting the president and reducing him to little more than a figurehead. Now the whole place is under her. What a meteoric rise! There is colossal benefit to being an attractive, 'pick me' white woman. It lets you trick everyone else into doing all the hardest parts of your job for you, punish them when they give you feedback you invite but don't want to hear, refuse to pay them for it, and then contrive a reason to fire anyone who dares to evaluate your performance.

What exactly is her value? What are her credentials? Based on her career trajectory, what applicable competencies and expertise should we expect? What are her performance metrics? Whatever immunity from any kind of accountability for work she's actually responsible for doing she has, that is a good fucking gig. For a dictator.

Woah déjà vu.

She even spent money paying the president's executive coach to help us "build trust" as an executive team. That one makes me laugh now. I don't know how much we paid for one consultant we also wasted the entire salary of the highest-paid leaders in the organization to sit through for days, but I could have done exactly what she did and better, without the animosity and resistance—if only they'd just valued my demonstrated expertise and asked me.

That consultant wasn't necessary as an executive coach for me either despite being immediately selected for and assigned to me. It struck me as weird not being able to select my own, as is standard practice since I've made hundreds of dollars an hour as an executive advisor and consultant since being fired. It was actually unnecessary then to spend the money on one for me at all automatically especially since the SVP herself told me I'd been put on the executive team because of my strength as a people manager, the trust I'd built across siloes of the organization, and my ability to bring about difficult change through process and systems design and proactive communication.

Those were all things, by the way, that I did in addition to my actual job function—without compensation, executive support or recognition most of the time. But now it makes sense since this particular coach was passing along information from our "confidential" sessions.

It seems like someone who makes a living as an organizational expert should be able to pick up on red flags that there might be something else going on in a situation that seemed, well, crazy. Especially since I told her explicitly that I'd caught my boss lying to me, purposefully withholding information from me and very clearly setting me up to fail. But I wasn't the one signing the checks, and keeping hers coming was her priority. How's that for clarity and hard feedback delivery?

If the SVP had wanted my direct feedback, she didn't need it passed along secondhand. I would have happily given it except for the part where I wrote a whole memo to do that very thing and according to her it was "insubordinate" and got me fired.

That's also a lie. What really happened is that after very clearly contriving what might appear as a 'legal' reason to fire me and then berating and screaming at me like a banshee after I'd worked a 12+ hour day of fuckery she'd caused, and then gaslighting me that she wasn't purposefully causing a problem or acting outside her role and virtually all of our established processes when I told her she was, and begged her not to do it, I was so exhausted and emotionally dis-regulated that I had to take two personal days to recover from the childhood emotional turmoil it triggered.

Do you know how hard it is to do that to a person who's healed as much original trauma as I have? At work of all places with nothing more than a mid-level head case? At least she's competent in functioning as a tyrant.

That's why there was no real mechanism that could have avoided the lawsuit we're now engaged in. No one ever really wanted to give direct feedback to or about her because they knew it was a trap that would lead to retaliation and more manipulation, and no one would do anything anyway. To this day, people inside that organization have told me they're still scared to talk to me because they're afraid of what will happen to their jobs if she finds out and thinks they're "disloyal." Mr. Trump, I think I found your next chief of staff. You're a great match. That'll be a \$500,000 finder's fee. Don't worry. I won't wait for the check.

She needed desperately to be liked so she pretended to be sickeningly sweet. She was always confused about why no one really liked or trusted her, despite so many efforts to be phony and manipulate people and situations. So, we were always doing surveys. When things would happen that upset the apple cart and made the staff justifiably anxious, she devised a form submission system that was supposed to allow to those who weren't comfortable asking questions publicly to do it "anonymously." But she had a regular habit simply of asking her operations staff to breach that confidentiality and report to her who said what. What choice did they have but to comply since she's the head of HR, finance, business development, operations and was overruling me in policy.

To whom exactly were the staff supposed to complain? Not to the president surely because he openly did virtually anything she told him no matter whether he agreed or not. Read that again. Blind allegiance of a boss to a direct report is fucking wild but when it's the head of the entire organization—and the entire organization was his own ego project in the first place—that suggests a whole lot about what's fueling their unholy alliance. It's not good or ethical business practice.

The only reason to outright lie and trick your own staff is if you plan to leverage that information against them. And I can confirm that there was no actual recourse either because the only other person in charge that vulnerable staff could seek for help was me, and now everyone can see for themselves how much I could do about it. And how right they've all been to trust their gut and stay away from me to protect their jobs.

Hopefully, at least, now they'll all know how hard I tried and how hard it was to leave them without even being able to say goodbye or speak for myself. After all those years, we had come so far together and I'm so proud of, and grateful to have worked with, so many of them. Most especially, in many cases, the friends I made with whom I did not agree politically. There were such good people working in that

organization. Our conversations made me better and sharper. We often had fun even when the work was hard. The place had such great promise. It deserves better direction.

She screamed at me on a Wednesday if I remember correctly. On Friday morning—the second of my mental health days—I woke up and opened my email only to find that the entire contents of all my deleted emails had repopulated into my g-mail box virtually back to the start.

I immediately knew that she'd ordered her operations staff to index my box and start monitoring my email, which I also by now knew was our standard procedure for 'separation.' But I certainly hadn't quit. I hadn't even written or sent the memo by then. I only decided to write it when she tipped her hand to prove she had been retaliating and contriving a reason to fire me just as I'd accused her of, and now she was going to fuck up even worse and do it.

The memo was the only chance I had left to save the organization a lawsuit, the safety of the marginalized staff with respect to daily treatment (since I was the only thing standing up to the worst offenders), and my job. I had hoped it would slow down the process and force other eyes. Like, for example, our external counsel who I had recently worked with (uncompensated since this was in addition to my actual job) on another lawsuit they'd gotten us in by letting a problem go on way too long and not heeding the many warnings I and others raised long before it became a scandal we had to manage.

I thought our external counsel trusted how I thought and worked, and that she'd know better, in any case, than to underestimate me especially having just seen firsthand how angry it made me at the risk that situation had put the organization and many of its junior staff members in. Established adults flippantly sacrificing the livelihoods, careers and reputations of non-established young adults who are dependent on them for all these things should be gross negligence. I saw fear in their eyes.

You want to gamble with all the risk, you want to break and bend the rules, be my guest. But you better be the only one then who gets all the consequences. If you don't tell the full truth about what you're doing and what they are, and if they aren't free to consent fully or not at all in your racket without fear of any negative consequence at all, you do not get to choose for them. No individual human has the right to consent on behalf of another human, no matter who they are, unless they truly need or want you to, and ask you to do it.

I hoped like hell our—now their—attorney would advise them at least to pretend to have the conversation and then slowly contrive a reason to fire me over time so it didn't look so obvious that she was directly retaliating on an 'inarguable timeline as

anything but' by preponderance of the evidence. I even wrote the word "retaliation" in the memo explicitly to signal what my future claim was, along with the other claim I was not only making and knew would be supported by evidence but doing the calculation to signal how much less expensive and fairer it would be for them to agree to make me whole and address the systemic issues then instead of forcing everyone and everything to this.

It's completely unethical and immoral that this is a strategy that a business's attorney would ever advise it to use: "Cause or make up a problem, blame the problem on the person you want to fire, document the fake problem, repeat the appropriate number of times before you're in the clear to fire them with enough documentation and plausible deniability. Gaslight the shit out of them in the process by necessity and then who cares really what happens to their mental health and life as a result, right? NAGANA NAGANA NAGANA WORK HERE ANYMORE ANYWAY!" But it's a standard way to get around morals, ethics or laws businesses don't want to follow and it happens all the time, every day. These are Adam's men.

They purposefully and knowingly abuse us and challenge our ability to trust what we're experiencing for ourselves. This is an injury I have experienced the damage of all too well personally. This is also how you conduct a genocide and call it "defense" or "democracy" or legal. Or how you make a terrorist out of a freedom fighter; fighting for their own lives and ours against you. Wait, who are we talking about here again? Fascists, fascists everywhere in relationships big and small.

All pieces of a much larger strategy that we all execute every day thinking we aren't 'doing anything wrong,' you know *technically speaking*. And we don't have any choice but to do it either! As long as we get what we want and we save our own skin, to hell—possibly on earth literally soon—with everyone else! But I will post about my commitment to DEI on social media. We are #[insertdisasterplaceholder]strong!

Are we still pretending employers have some kind of feelings we should return in loyalty? Or that the work we're all doing is going to make us rich and secure a comfortable retirement if we just keep at it long enough and sacrifice everything else that makes us feel alive? Because if you're stuck at work doing their work, and they aren't stuck at work doing any work at all, and you'd rather switch places with them, then stop doing their work for them immediately-if-not-sooner and leave. They're free to sally around doing all this harm and you're directly helping them bankroll their own freedom and power to enact it because you are using your body to work for them and not you.

I mean, you're the value anyway, right? If all the workers leave and work stops, if the owners want their business to continue making money for them, they'd have to

personally get their asses to work for once, run the servers, be real intellectuals and experts, and clean the toilets all by themselves. Like us commons do.

Or else, they could rely on their AI to do it without humans since they love it so much and keep shoving it down our throats. They're going to do that anyway whether you want it or ask for it or not. That's what they're doing right now already. So, if you know they're in the process of making you obsolete to their business model, why aren't you *making yourself yours* and figuring out how to resource this new model proactively instead of waiting until it's an unexpected, unnecessary, mental health, career, livelihood and security destroying catastrophe?

You take you with you wherever you go. If you end up stuck in the woods somehow, you will have to rely on your real skills, competencies, strategies, ingenuity, execution, resourcefulness and physical strength—not the words on your resume. Or you will lay down and die absent some intervention. So, start exercising those muscles for yourself now instead of waiting for someone to 'promote' you, pay you too little for what they're taking, and refuse to listen to your best ideas anyway. They don't make you real. You already are. Act like it.

It doesn't have to be in the woods necessarily either. Think about where you've always imagined yourself retiring in your dreams. Go there now as quickly and responsibly as you can break free. Make a life there with whatever you take with you when you go and whatever you can make of that. Take whoever you have in your life that you love that's willing and eager to come along with you wherever you go. Leave behind anyone who isn't. It's not mean. They don't want to come with you. Accept it. Process that 'loss' as whatever it is for as long as you need to, but don't let it stop you. Relationships expand and contract if they're meant to last. They starve and fade away if they're not. Because you don't feed them, and act every day as if you love and depend on them too.

Whatever people you imagined wanting around you when you retire for real, start strategizing and resourcing for how to get them there too. If these people are not in your life yet, don't count on them being in your future. You guarantee desired outcomes by surveying what's already yours and using whatever resources are already and fully available to you—not imagined ones that aren't. Those might never materialize.

Once you get to this new place, even if they did, you wouldn't be happy to see them anymore. You're not the same you once you're there so they don't have the same value proposition. They must fill every value or no value at all. No speculation is real or guaranteed in any form you imagine it—neither gain nor loss. Don't bet on people's potential as if it's certainty. What makes any potential real is the individual's choice to align their own actions in the present toward manifesting that potential. It feels scary and hard. If manifesting that potential for themselves isn't

their own, genuine want and need, they aren't going to prioritize it and they'll never reach their potential no matter whether you speculate their capability or not.

And before you say, "But I have kids and they're in school and sports! I can't just pick them up and move them." Yes, you can. Kids are in schools and sports happily all over the planet in a variety of forms that are way better, safer, cheaper and kinder than ours are. The schools here are failing and dangerous. Even if a school shooter shows up, the cops legit might just chill there. Oh, and they *also* stop you from going in to save your own children yourself.

They'd have to kill me to stop me because I know something most people never consider until it's too late. If your child dies, it's terrible enough. But, if they die and you feel responsible in any way, for any reason, no matter what the reason or whether it's real, no one's ever going to convince you that you didn't have a part in killing your own child, no matter what they say to make you feel better. That kind of grief is going to drop you to your knees and you will suffer it for the rest of your life until you die. There is no amount of money or comfort that will ease it for you. It will eat you like a cancer or you will heal others with it. But, whichever of those you choose is a very hard road either way. [Give me liberty or give me death!](#)

Everything you do and every relationship you have from that point forward will be lived through that lens. Now, imagine the only reason you have it is because you listened to a lazy cop who was neglecting his own duty instead of your instinct to protect your child. And there weren't even any consequences for him at all. How do you think that grief is going to feel? I promise you, if you knew, you'd do anything and everything in your power to guarantee that was an impossible position for you and your children ever to be placed in.

No matter how long the odds, you would want them nil. If you insist on being terrified all the time, at least pick your actual terror instead of the ones they manufacture and weaponize against you *to paralyze you from any action at all*. As guaranteed outcomes go, I'm naturally drawn to hunting metaphors. "Sitting duck." "Fish in a barrel." Literal translation: Dead.

From the time she was a little girl, I always told my daughter that if a school shooter situation happened for real, she was to ignore the drills and herding and the ducking and the cowering and the hiding and get herself out of that building with her own wits by any means necessary and keep running until she got to me. Or die trying.

The first time I told her that was my expectation of her as a parent, she kind of laughed at me and responded she'd obviously already had that plan. Of course, she did. Because her own survival instinct—not the stupid plans of Adam's men—is

what will take over and the fugue state it will put her in knows without thinking that 'child versus AR-15' isn't heroic, it's stupid. So, fight is out. Flight it is.

And the school is like, "But what about our liability for keeping track of your kid?" The minute she runs, I absolve you. Because you're not in loco parentis anymore. She's operating under *my* orders at that point.

And the cops are like, "Yeah but that's so dangerous because if the kids all come running out at once, zigzagging in different directions (the very thing most likely to keep each of them alive if someone is shooting at them), we might accidentally shoot one!" Yeah. You might. So, you better be well-trained, held accountable, and real sure you can tell the difference quickly between people who are running for their lives and people who are trying to chase them with a giant fucking gun. Sounds tough.

But the good news is now the kids are all out of the school. So, if the shooter's still in it, now's a good time to go in and you know there isn't going to be any innocent collateral damage (or at least far less) because they're already outside safe as long as you do your job and take out the shooter. Anyway, now any kid that might still be inside with him can at least hide in a whole lot of places while they use their senses and body to evade him and try to escape. That's what they'll do when it happens. They might get out. They might not. But they will have a much better chance now either way.

If the shooter's not still in the school because he follows the children into the open, well, now he's out there too. Disarm and arrest, if possible. Wound if necessary and effective to disarm and arrest. Worst (best?) case scenario: Snipe. Easy. Clean. Safe. Fuck him.

God absolves you from the need of Adam's men's "justice" system on this one. Why waste the time, energy and resources just to delay inevitable maximum penalty sentencing? Send him to his real tribunal and others will take it from there. Adam's men's system will feed him a burger and probably let him get away anyway. It's guaranteed to make him famous, which is what they all they want. Deny them.

If our schools and law enforcement truly cannot execute this instead of whatever else they're doing now, neither the schools nor the cops are capable of keeping your children safe in reality, in any configuration. Or that's not really their goal at all and they're not even trying because their actual goal is just to mitigate their own personal, legal and financial liability.

They only pretend to care about children. The drills are an insurance company's box-checking exercise. That's why what they're training is the absence of either

wisdom or common sense. They're all just performing the danse macabre of the "best interests of the child" public facing, business case, diversity statement.

In American today, already, it's your job to keep your children safe for real whatever hard choices that entails. That is, if keeping your children safe in this modern American reality is your highest priority. Otherwise, you can just keep deluding yourself until you become a statistic. You know, the ones that are headed in the wrong direction already as we move closer toward...whatever we're headed toward? Fear makes people volatile and unpredictable. The closer we get to the November election, the faster those statistics are likely to become even more catastrophic.

Guess what? No book bans outside these dumbass schools either. Nobody can even attempt to ban a book from your children if they're not in community with you stuck on the same sinking government ship. Organize your own schools, share your collective expertise as adults, teach them what you know—teach them everything you know that's useful to your life and environment—wherever that is.

Let them form their own spontaneous teams and organize their sports as close to home as they can get themselves there. Kids' sports leagues in America have become lucrative markets. They trade commodities. They're mostly for the fathers and sons of Adam's men to play out unrealized dreams or past glory days. This is really why people pay so much and drive themselves all over God's creation during their brief time off from work.

They wouldn't sacrifice so much of their precious time and what really matters if they weren't doing it for them more than the kids. If you fill up all your rest time and then constantly have no energy to give without feeling at a deficit, how good a parent can you actually be from day to day? As always, relieving any pressure you feel to do it against the full consent of your own will is just a matter of you addressing your own psychology and trauma.

That's why the culture in the stands is often toxic and the parents act like bullies. The children? Wait are they here too? Get them out of here! This is between us, not them! If it was really about them playing, they could—and do—play anywhere with other kids in the community and with almost nothing. Any parent who truly wanted to and enjoyed watching them could go out to the sidelines and sit in the joy. Or organize their own informal adult games themselves. Last time I was home in DC, there was a random children's soccer game underway as I walked past and I just sat in the bleachers and watched. I also usually stop if I pass a game of streetball or pickup in the park. Love the players and the game. It can be almost-entirely free.

Parents have to stop micromanaging and placing themselves in the middle of everything kids do and calling it 'good parenting'. Let them be themselves,

independent of you trying to shape them in your image. They are already made in the Creator's so if you force them to change or deny their perfect nature, you will harm them. They need to follow their own natural inclinations and be loved, accepted and supported wherever they take them. See, e.g., the tiny mistake my dad made referenced herein and the path it took me on as a cautionary tale.

They will figure it out and be okay. The sooner they are, the sooner you can focus on realizing your own dreams finally for real. Or put them behind you. Because when you covet something you think you can't have, you fixate on it and make it out to be much better than it is. As you dream up more unrealized possibilities of a fantasy, it makes you feel like the loss, or failure, is far bigger than it is.

But worse, you forget what it was you valued about it in the first place, and how it would feel if you had it for real instead of how it looks in your head. You also forget that, having never really challenged yourself to try for real, any and all loss is fully imagined unless you take the steps to prove it. Then, fearing imaginary, catastrophic loss, you guarantee the loss of the fantasy and the reality because you're actually afraid of succeeding and not 'deserving' it so you take no action in its direction. It's a vicious cycle and it's all in our heads. As it turns out, being stuck in our heads and egos all the time is perverse privilege.

Children in Gaza right now are kicking soccer balls around in the rubble. It's the community and camaraderie, and the spiritual and physical joy and freedom they experience that matters to them. Not the pressure your competition puts on them. And who knows what they're using, but they've fashioned themselves a sufficient enough soccer ball for the purposes of what they value.

Happiness. Gratitude for life. They couldn't care less about proving to everyone that you or your kid or your team is [insert whatever the fuck your real motivation is here]. All Americans are lucky enough to live in a place where it's actually safe to let them organize their sports themselves if they want. What place isn't safer for children than a war zone in a HOLOCAUST? It's the future of the entire line of people they're trying to wipe out. The children are some of the most valuable targets.

Kids playing is a normal practice in other places just as it was here before cable news, social media, the corporations, lying politicians, the police union and the gun manufacturers terrified us into thinking that merely letting our children outside, or out of your constant sight or digital tracking, meant they were going to die. I mean, if your fear is real and that's actually true, why haven't you left already?

If you say, "I can't afford to!" I'll respond: In war zones and post-apocalyptic scenarios, money isn't usually the most valuable currency and you don't get the choice of when and where to move. So, the sooner you learn to expand your

definition of valuable resources very creatively toward your goals, the safer you make yourself in the event of any worst-case scenario. Even if it teaches you nothing else, apocalyptic fiction should prove the scale, speed and rapidly changing practical realities and anxieties of mass casualty or shutdown scenarios. Those are already happening. It's irrational not to change your behavior to plan for them. Your overreliance on technology is decidedly inconvenient, as it turns out.

Did you learn nothing at all either from the real global pandemic about the importance of sovereign resources during a supply chain failure? This is why we should take all the money out of tech immediately and invest it in the humanities and social sciences and those who teach them. If you forget what it means and feels like to be a human who can provide your own physical needs the hard way, you give up your own advantage over any artificial intelligence.

As long as you choose willful ignorance of your senses, fail to understand and internalize their lessons and refuse to do anything drastically different, you guarantee only that the worst-case scenario is an actual possibility. Control the fucking variables. It was always an experiment, remember? An experiment is an ongoing, iterative process. It only ends when or if you try everything you possibly can morally and ethically to make it succeed but it fails. The only way to guarantee it fails is to let it end before you try anything new at all.

If the whole thing is crumbling and you feel/sense/think/know you're in mortal danger already, your human survival buzzer should be going off and you should be prioritizing the reality of your existential safety over whatever 'comfort' you're sad to leave behind. Do not prioritize anything anyone else says you should, or must, or can. Every moment you wait, you lose time to evaluate, correct or end this toxic relationship we're in.

Because if any of what remains in America is going to be reliably good, it's a casual-sex relationship with no strings attached at all, especially not any feelings, at best. At worst, we'd have to commit our lives to the relationship and choose to take the actions every day to keep it. The place is already so volatile, so many red flags. And anyway, we had that chance the first time and we blew it. God rarely gives true second chances. You might even say they're miraculous. So, few people recognize them as such until it's too late to make them manifest. [#Uncommitted](#) to ourselves and much of anything else as we are.

But I always do if the window of opportunity is still open to avoid even a possible harmful outcome and get everyone involved what they ultimately want and need in service of the greater good. That's why I told the SVP in advance that I was writing the memo and asked for her permission to send it to our executive coach also as a

possible set of eyes and guidance. Remember, it was designed to signal to someone—anyone—that firing me was a very bad idea and there were lots of other options. A single cool head needed to prevail because they'd fired the only one they had.

For example, had we just discussed the issues I raised and, even if we disagreed and were at an impasse, we could have actually agreed to mutually part ways and I could have been given an off ramp to find a new job first; helped with hiring which I'm amazing at; co-created truthful messaging; prepared everyone so it wasn't a shock to lose one of the longest-serving and most visible employees; and avoided the destruction of everyone's reputation and livelihoods for certain—from this scandal at least.

Incompetent executives don't think about business continuity proactively as a real risk especially when they're actively continuing a pattern of gender bias and discrimination; underestimating and undervaluing the women and all other marginalized people who try to tell them. They thought they didn't have to fear me; weak and dependent as they chose to believe I was despite all my demonstrated merit or evidence to the contrary. Bias, unchecked ego, arrogance and entitlement all cause very big, easy to exploit blind spots, and very predictable patterns of repeated behavior precisely because they're compulsive. A person who cannot master themselves can be counted on not to. They are Adam's children, after all.

This is also why they could have—but didn't—just made good finally on their years of empty promises, stopped moving the goalposts, paid me what I was worth and taken my crucial feedback in accordance with my role. It was the right and legal thing to do, I deserved it, and everything I said in that whistleblower memo has now proven prescient, as I knew it would because I knew exactly who they were and what they had been doing all along. I had also been keeping all the receipts.

It was never my intention to expose anyone or get revenge or place anyone in any risk at all. But in their efforts to punish me, they're guaranteeing their own worst possible outcome in this case and who knows what others might follow once all the likely witnesses with relevant information are under oath, with lots of stories to tell, and lots of incentive not to care what happens to these two or anyone else in that "organization."

Documentation is, after all, a standard best practice of employment law to protect an employer in the case of a lawsuit. It's also the standard best practice to protect yourself as an individual from anyone and anything that might seek to threaten you: especially angry, toxic people and their abusive "justice" systems.

I learned that the hard way when my own mother once tried to help my ex sue me for custody claiming that I was a drunk and my partner at the time was unstable

and abusive. None of those things were true. She was just using the court system to steal my kid from me as revenge for cutting her off. But I nevertheless was made to defend the absence of something every time I set foot in court despite the fact it violates any proper legal standard. The same is true here. Abuse (of) abusive processes.

Did you know you can ruin someone's life on a whim without having to show any proof at all first and there's no recourse even if they're lying unless you want to sue them in the very 'justice' system that allows cases to continue dragging on for years after an illegal action against a person has already been taken, and all the worst consequences to them have occurred? Did you know the length of the process is designed to coerce you to settle (for some money and no justice) before you get to the trial that would publicly prove the truth of your claim and good name?

And there's no guarantee of any recourse or recompense for the time, energy, money or other compounded losses you experience as a result? Innocent until proven guilty? How about just innocent and I shouldn't have to prove it; the person making the claims should before they take any adverse action against me at all. So, now I'm the one who had to make the claims.

Nearly five years, almost as many promotions, and not a single significant issue raised on any performance evaluation. In fact, to this day, nearly three years into our lawsuit, they still have not provided a consistent or coherent defense for why they fired me because there is none.

They told me it was something vague like "mismatched priorities." That's actually the most truthful since their priority was lying to everyone's face about something that was also harming me personally, while demanding I repeat their preferred lies so they could continue to break the law; harming and demoralizing me and others. I admit I really didn't think that was the right priority. Legal advisor is a weird role for someone who isn't an attorney but so much of my job there required me to act as one anyway. Somebody had to or else they were going to get sued!

People never believe me until it's too late.

But they do actively and openly disparage me seemingly without fear of recourse, which is why they told more than one story, depending on who they told. Just after I was fired and behind my back (while I was forbidden to speak for myself or else my severance offer would be immediately revoked before I even had a chance to consider it), they told employees that I had "disparaged the organization to a third party" [In one version it was a donor; the other counted my sending the memo to my executive coach with my boss's permission as the 'disparagement']. The first

accusation is simply made up and the second one is, not surprisingly, a convenient half-truth that exonerates the SVP from any responsibility at all.

Such is her standard best practice: pretend to make no decisions and control nothing while making all the decisions and controlling everything but scapegoating her subordinates for being forced to act on them.

Accusing me of disparaging them when they're actively disparaging me. It almost makes you feel like you took crazy pills. Acta. Non. Verba. Watch what they do. Ignore what they say. All the way to trial. I hate to be the bearer of bad news here too, but they can't seem to help themselves from guaranteeing that outcome.

Even after all this, they still can't seem to figure out that when they fired me, whatever else they did, they suddenly and brutally liberated me from dependency on them for anything anymore. So, I'm under no obligation and haven't been this whole time not to tell my side of the story or mitigate the risk of what happens to them or the "organization" or any of its donors, employees, associated legislators or anyone else really. Someone who is should though. Even if just as a professional courtesy.

That was a major, unpaid and constantly embattled part of my job but it isn't anymore. Now I use my own skills to mitigate my own risk, which is all I care about especially since they've done everything they can to destroy my life and have made sure to drag this abusive process out as long as possible to increase the chances I'll have to cry "uncle" or lose the actual roof over my head—forcing me back into dependency on someone else for basic shelter or food. Our system calls domestic abuse and coercive economic control "justice" and every part of it was built to punish and resubmit the will to survive of human 'property' that won't stay in its place.

In less than three years, their decisions, and all the things that are wrong with hiring and the economy and housing prices and the cost of everything; and the way credit works; and nonprofit fundraising; and the political environment; and health insurance costs and penalties; and how we treat and tax the poor until they have nothing left to give, have taken me from the financial health and stability I had *finally* achieved for my daughter and me all the way to legitimate poverty. Through no fault of my own.

The penalties keep coming, too. Because my sudden, catastrophic loss of income made me desperate for as much cash-in-hand as possible to sustain my family's needs, I couldn't afford to have taxes taken out of my unemployment. So, in the very year I most needed a tax refund, I ended up owing them—tens of thousands of dollars' worth, in fact. With no actual ability to pay, which was the problem in the first place.

So, I signed up for a payment plan and was dutifully paying what I could afford in monthly installments in accordance with our agreement. As is customary for me when control of my own finances isn't in the hands of an irresponsible bad actor without my consent, I had never missed a payment. But, this year, when I did my taxes and got a refund because I'm so broke, the IRS captured the entire thing at once to put toward the outstanding tax bill. Well, of course they did, right? They're the government and I owed them. That's the "right" way.

Except here's the thing: the main reason I got that refund is because the health insurance premiums I was forced to pay out of pocket for what I needed were equal to an entire additional rent payment every month both through Cobra or my state health exchange.

It's safe to say the amount put a pretty big bump immediately on my refund. But it was precisely because they captured my health insurance refund money that I lost my health insurance. Had an irresponsible bad actor not had control over my finances again, I would have prioritized using the refund to pay my health insurance for at least a couple more months, while also paying the installment on the tax bill. As it turns out, it's the government that can't manage our money.

That's why the IRS needed it more urgently than I did so they could blow up children and start a third World War with it. They took it, my insurance lapsed, and next year's taxes will penalize me for not having health insurance, so I'll owe the government even more tax money. Israelis have universal healthcare.

Adam's men aren't going to stop bending and breaking the law, and stealing from people whenever they want, and they can't stop people from suing them, so their strategy has to be accepting some payment of damages as a cost of doing business, but limiting the dollar amount of that cost in as many ways as possible (by, for example, installing judges that will rule in their favor or supporting the political campaigns of those who will change the law to reduce, deflect or destroy their liability).

Courts and juries are unpredictable and might award large amounts. But you have to go through a very long, dirty slog to get there. So, if they can make it more likely that you'll lose more than you could actually net through the process, more people will just give up altogether without bothering to take the risk of suing. Adam's men consider legitimate suits, "nuisance suits" because being held accountable to the law is nothing more than a manageable nuisance to them.

Now, if this actually worked as intended, employment attorneys would have good reason to be pretty angry at this law, because it would start to bleed into their profit margin as people stopped seeking redress of grievance through the failed system. In

any case, even as it continues, it's terrible policy for attorneys in practice because their settlements have to be so much larger for the client to see any real reparation.

Larger amounts mean more time, more chance for increased acrimony, more difficult and high-stakes negotiations; escalation, rather than de-escalation, increased likelihood of trial (as the only chance of recouping the kind of awards or settling the crux of nuanced claims that make it this far in the process.) All of this, however, decreases the possibility the plaintiff will ever be made whole, much less avoid a net loss on a longer time horizon.

But the headache must not be bad enough yet because if they placed the responsibility for that inconvenience and sandbag to their business model where it belongs, attorneys would put their considerable *legal* expertise, their enormous professional association and its insanely powerful lobby and resources to work telling Congress to immediately patch every loophole that's been rigged in favor of the opposite of justice and reparation for innocent, *equal* people. Instead, they write about injustice in law reviews but don't act with the full weight of their power to change it. If attorneys want justice, they have to deliver justice directly to the people. It's not coming through these courts.

Because our lobbies, our governments and their systems don't work for the People. They work for special interests and individuals who already have outsized resources and access, and as long as the most marginalized person is absorbing and subsidizing the negative consequences for everyone without their consent, well, people aren't likely to fix a problem until it starts being their problem.

Broken civil and policy systems are almost never the problems or lived experiences of those who control, adjudicate, litigate and administer them. Only those who are dependent on them know the reality of their abject failure and cruelty. If the People want Justice, we have to refuse to roll over, absorb, shield or cover for them anymore and *make it their problem*. We have to deliver ourselves justice.

That would be a real business model of sound public policy in action! Someone of considerable privilege, education, visibility, knowledge, access and experience using themselves as a trojan horse; navigating broken systems as a forced user or along with others who are, pressure testing them along the way and then sharing their honest feedback as an expert in where they're actually failing—and the true impact and cost of their harm—while directly helping those being failed, for free. Wasn't there a show like that called Undercover Boss or something? Art is life. Life is art.

So, that's what I've been doing since I got fired; using myself as an experiment since I had no choice and can. The systems have no idea who I am—and I've been made dependent involuntarily on their services, so they treat me like I'm a dependent, lazy, stupid and immoral burden—like they treat everyone else who requires social

services—only worse in proportion to the intersections of their perceived marginalization and dependency.

It's wild how they try to convince you your morals are bad when they're stealing from you and depriving you of your inalienable rights in the first place. The People seeking the services are actually just using money that is owed to them infinitely many times over anyway and they shouldn't have to ask Adam's men for anything at all. They are not our betters or our lords—and our money and lives shouldn't be theirs to control. 'Means testing' is another term for "we're hoarding what doesn't belong to us" since they never means-test private enterprise when it siphons trillions in public money for things the public doesn't want or need.

All these degrees. All this expertise. Today, I woke up 45 years old, with \$0 in the bank (it might be in the negative), an empty pantry, no health insurance, a broken car, every one of my credit cards is maxed out. They all had \$0 balances as of two years ago. My credit score was nearly perfect. Now, it might be the lowest it's ever been.

My increasing age puts me farther each year into a protected class so it's even harder to get hired. I also now have no retirement. No equity in the house I couldn't buy to replace the one I sold just before they fired me because they don't sell houses to people without incomes. As it turns out, they don't rent apartments to them either unless you can do some very fancy footwork or accept living in a place where there are no credit checks—or any checks at all—and therefore, as a woman, you probably aren't safe.

If your apartment isn't in good working condition, your landlord very likely isn't going to care or even return your calls. If you try to assert your rights, he's going to find a reason to evict you because there's not enough housing and the waiting lists (especially for virtually nonexistent affordable housing) are so long. Plus, needy people can't navigate the justice system successfully without help and public resources are so understaffed and underbudgeted that it's a joke to try to get help through the available systems in practice. So, if you lose any home you have—moldy ceiling or not—you and your kid might well be on the street. Rest assured your landlord will use that branch of the "justice" system to put you there too. Your leverage is the process—drag it out. Be creative.

Then there's the interest racking up on all that new debt and late payment penalty, and that doesn't even count what they owe me in back pay or forward pay or damages or pain and suffering. I feel compelled to note here that I have been lucky in my landlord during this time and I'm joyfully grateful for my safe little space in the world. My former employers would take that from me too if they could.

This is the now inarguable effect of their illegal behavior. Discriminate, retaliate and fire first; cause irreparable harm to person already marginalized, lie and extend harm for as long as possible to neutralize and weaken marginalized person and their leverage, destroy entirely if possible; ask questions later—or never. Repair? Who cares?

No permission! No forgiveness! No accountability on the actual bad actors performing the illegal behavior in the first place! Their performance in role is what caused this problem. They're where all the negative consequences belong before any harm to the innocent person is done at all. If we're talking about Justice.

If there had been a mechanism for that, all of this would have been avoided. And you can say, "Well there are mechanisms!" and I have shown you that for the marginalized and aggrieved person being harmed by the very broken system built to harm them, in practice they didn't exist, functioned improperly or failed—even for someone who had **almost** all the privilege and access to know exactly how to make them work.

So, put another way, if you don't have that privilege, access and expert knowledge in America, imagine how badly they abuse and exploit you and how infrequently any accountability at all is placed on the doorstep of the bad actor(s) responsible—much less any economic or other repair. Catastrophic system inequity.

The broken system is functioning exactly as intended. Not as an arbiter or deliverer of Justice but as a gatekeeper between 'legalized' colonization, exploitation, oppression, abuse, violence; Truth, Equality and Justice.

A colonizer's legal system rewards continued abuse of the forced inferior or dependent toward their continued dependency and submission. If the oppressed party is smart, they give up on justice and the justice system, and stay entirely away from it, because they know it isn't seeking Truth or Justice for them so it's not actually safe as a user to engage with it.

It's seeking mitigation of colonizer liability in the form of dollars saved; profits maximized; and maximum exploitation and abuse of the weaker (worker) party. As the "weaker" party, even attempting to use the system is a weapon against your own interests—because in submitting yourself to a system that accepts a lie about you or your inherent value as a human as a starting point for justice, the Truth gets confused for a bargaining chip. It isn't one. Just tell your truth before you even think about submitting yourself to a system that will monetize and weaponize *your own Truth* against you. You need the public nature of your truth to protect yourself against the system's lies about you.

When Truth is the real kind, it never allows any argument against it to prevail as true in the first place. This places it at odds with the functioning of the legal system and its preferred methods and processes—moving ahead on a lie full steam as it so often does. The purposeful construction of an “arguable” truth leads to arguable value but there is no argument but for their efforts to depreciate, obscure and exploit our value.

It’s nearly impossible to calculate the real and projected value of what they’ve cost me and my family. It would only ever, even in the best calculations, be a convenient approximation. Really, how would we even begin to calculate compensation for lost income that was lost because my employer suppressed the exercise of my full value precisely so they could continue to refuse to accept accountability for their own wrongdoing and continue refusing to compensate me fairly for the work I was doing to help them avoid it? Right. You can’t really. This is why there must be reparations.

As is always the case with the People, it’s up to us to take care of ourselves. That’s why I’m in year three of a much longer experimental strategy (of which the grassroots think tank I founded was only Phase 1) to bring myself, all my expertise, all my credentials—including my institutional backing—all my skills, all my experience, and all my resources and value back fully into my own autonomous control and for my own benefit and those of the real people I choose and encounter in my real life. I’ve achieved that. The only person over whom any person should be an authoritarian is themselves. Nailed it. What is liberation worth on a Truly and purely free market?

Especially since I did it all by myself and with virtually no resources. I couldn’t be prouder of my success. I won a community social justice award for the Center’s design—awarded to me personally by an actual giant in his own right—and made it to the second round of a nationwide social justice innovation prize. The Policy Center’s very first externally pitched op-ed, written by a former student and recent policy graduate who lived through the shooting at Marjorie Stoneman Douglas—and wanted to work specifically with us—was placed in the Miami-Herald in less than an hour. The fastest acceptance I’ve ever seen. Self-pitched. I’m the entire editorial and comms department. I’m also its chief policy expert, mentor and sponsor of junior staff, and my expertise and thought leadership in all kinds of areas is sought after regularly.

I and the Center don’t grasp desperately for prestige or throw donor-purchased drivel at a wall hoping it will stick somewhere for purposes of manipulating public opinion or including it as a publication almost no one will ever read on a long donor report. The experts and end-users of my policy model are THE PEOPLE who the policy is meant to serve—and the policy people who want to serve them—not the people whose money I take to make it serve theirs.

Now I get to speak when spoken to. We only do earned media. No underpaid burnout here. Quality. Not quantity. The rest of the time I do whatever I want. A visionary and innovative business model of grassroots policy and nonprofit organization. I direct my own activities. I amplify indigenous expertise. Tons of young policy people reach out to me because they hear of us and want to work with me and my model specifically because it gives them hope for the future possibilities of a career that seems hopeless and futile in the institutions of Adam's men. A pipeline of self-selected, aligned, diverse, talent.

The universities ask me to speak to their policy students or teach their grad students—because the students or other professors invite me. Community groups seek me out to help them explain, discuss or solve problems. All I had to do was get out from under my former institution's discriminatory sandbagging and the systemically corrupted nonprofit funding model.

No employer will ever pull a rug out from under me again and now I get to do everything about all the jobs I've had that I love—and none of the things I don't. I finally know for sure and trust that I'm the value. I simply don't have the earning time horizon left to take that risk again, thanks to them and their poor performance. It would be irresponsible of me ever to make myself dependent on Adam's men, or their institutions again at my age.

Nope. When everything crashes down around you, you end up with only yourself to depend on. And I just learned the hard way that starts with an honest accounting. 10/10 I can confirm that 'pride goeth before the fall.' If you're not sure what that Proverb translates to in plain English, it's this: What came before (Adam's) fall was (Adam's own) pride—overconfident in his estimation of equality with, much less his superiority to second guess, God.

The King James Version is more poetical: Pride goeth before destruction, / And an haughty spirit before a fall.

It then gives the following guidance, which I live by: Better it is to be of an humble spirit with the lowly, / Than to divide the spoil with the proud.

There are far more valuable resources, and things to be proud of, than money or titles or credentials or degrees. Divine ones, human ones: emotional, physical, spiritual. Those are acquired by being a good person who does what they love, while helping other people they don't have to and with no expectation of anything at all in return. Someone who can freely and humbly give, as well as receive without fear or feeling of sacrifice no matter the outcome. A person who loves unconditionally and wants to be in, and stay in, your life voluntarily—at your best or your worst.

Someone who imagines themselves by your side, taking care of you with their genuine ability and desire, that's your most valuable resource.

If you treat them in kind, you'll heal, protect and resource each other naturally and easily throughout the remainder of your life, and build a new and blended community of others around you who love and support you in whatever steps you take toward your own happiness and fulfillment—in whatever form it takes. Find yourself the kind of best friends, for example, who know you've always wanted a sailboat and to be a pirate captain, but that's not really feasible. So, they surprise you with your own perfect, beautiful kayak to be the captain of as a birthday gift.

Find people that love your dreams but also are endeared by your limitations. Now, I'm the Captain of the SS Irreverence and they let me pretend it's a pirate ship on a wild adventure every time we go sailing. I don't know what Adam's men would call that, but I'd call it a dream come true.

At the mid-point of my Grand March back to the [Upper Room](#) (sing, Sister Mahalia!), I brained myself on the glass ceiling of Adam's men. For the next half, I'm taking the outdoor escalator. From now on, I measure my own performance by how much the people around me love, trust and value me in their lives—at my best and at my worst. And by my own assessment of the strength and consistency of my character. It has always been a good one; even as I've learned so much along the way.

Not bad for a mouthy farm girl with still so much to learn.

CHARITABLE DEPENDENCY

I decided to take on the challenge of founding the Western Massachusetts Policy Center as an unfunded solo entrepreneur because I wanted to build a better mousetrap. The project has been fun—though not profitable. But, then again, they're supposed to be nonprofits, right?

The adventure and learning experience it's been to prototype and fund economic justice through decolonization and liberation in a late-stage capitalist system stretched every part of me and my skills, as an intellectual, a researcher, a practitioner and an entrepreneur in ways I'm not naturally comfortable. But mostly it stretched me as a human.

It's hard and often painful to decolonize your mind and body so you can reclaim your own natural heart, spirit, will and value.

At first, I did all the traditional things to 'learn'. I held myself accountable to my own professional development. I found the gaps in my skills, assessed them honestly and sought out the training and mentorship I needed. That's the way you make sure that money isn't wasted either way. Only pay for training for a specific gap you know you have when you need that skill and have the bandwidth to use it. People constantly told me I was a great fundraiser, as a result of my coaching and classes. But it didn't matter because the traditional nonprofit system and its gatekeeping methods are of Adam's men, too.

Nobody trusts an accountable, capable, fully authentic and genuine woman with large sums of money. Oh, except funders and people who gatekeep access to startup and nonprofit money. They know a real disruptor when they see one and they fear us. Which is precisely why so many of them gushed about my model and how much disruptive good it would do, smiled in my face, passed me around between them, made vague promises of future support, and then kept giving each other money and real support for the same old status quo instead. "We love your vision and passion but we have no intention of giving you resources to make it a reality!"

Since I am not of Adam's men, I demonstrate impact that no one can deny. I've used Robin Hood as a kind of tag for myself my whole life wherever it was appropriate. 'Stealing from the rich to give to the poor.' It's the only way we'll ever get the money back without violence. Had I succeeded to get even a single start-up grant of any significance from a major donor *who would agree to give the money without strings or ideologies*, I would have shown them what justice without gatekeepers, myself included, can look like—and how it can function.

That business model was designed to spread and it was specifically supposed to use my pretty white face to its advantage instead of my own. The fact is, whether we like it or not and I don't, I do have access, privilege and an assumption of trust and competency that BIPOC people often do not. I can say and do things they cannot or don't want to—especially among white people, and white men in particular. I live in great safety and comfort. So, I can be a fox in the henhouse.

Once I'm in, though, I'm going to unlock the door, open it and let everyone else in to get what they need and want. I have everything I need and want and I'm fucking sick of it being a privilege when it's an equal right and was from the very beginning.

Black, brown and Indigenous peoples do not exist at our pleasure. We all exist equally at the Creator's. We have no right to withhold anything from them, suppress their earning potential or make them beg for it or ask forgiveness for anything. If anyone should be begging forgiveness it's Adam's men from God. Not a single human being should be dependent on charity controlled by other people for anything at all, much less basic biological needs or any part of their own human survival.

Adam's men's 'charitable giving' measures impact in DEI initiatives, trainings, talk sessions, equity conferences and reports. And if they won't give money for anything meaningful without all kinds of strings attached to ensure dependency to me, they're never going to do it for anyone who isn't white. After this experience, I am sufficiently disabused of the notion that anyone who participates in the traditional nonprofit ecosystem is really going to help fund any kind of grassroots, direct control, economically reparative organization that just lets marginalized or oppressed people decide how to spend it to solve their own problems creatively for themselves. Because that would just be wealth distribution and you can't even say that without someone calling you a communist. Or whatever buzzword has been made so stupid and devoid of meaning by corporate-funded propaganda that we might as well just not say it anymore because it's an empty signifier that serves no purpose but to piss people off.

If they gave this way, it would take away the leverage of dependency that nonprofits require to exist since all they really are is gatekeepers; of money, of knowledge, of access, of resources, of credential; of network, of expertise, of success and failure. In short, it would put them out of business because they operate in place of government functions long-since ceded to private enterprise. So, the nonprofits are just a middleman. A parasite. A tick on a dog's ass.

The sole exclusions are the ones that exist in a direct-service capacity and are run directly in community by the people affected. Those they don't fund hardly at all; and when they do, it's usually just enough to scale enough to make them sufficiently

dependent as to contain the true value of their impact to disrupt the status quo. True to form, Adam's men only want to give anything to these "indigenous" nonprofits so they'll invite them in to plunder them.

They find a struggling BIPOC grassroots startup or organization, ask it what it would do if it could dream, and then they give some smaller percentage of what that would actually cost, much less to sustain. It gives the tiny operation premature incentive and a false sense of security to start scaling.

Or, it often forces them to spend twice the time doing fundraising to apply for matching or additional grants to try to cover the deltas. In the meantime, the real work takes a back seat. Slowly but surely fundraising becomes a larger and larger time and resources expenditure. Once you've started something, it's really hard to stop it, especially when the people you genuinely love and want to serve have become dependent on it.

So, from that point, even if the donor never gives another dollar, the direct service organization's embattled leader feels compelled to direct all their efforts toward sustaining this new thing even though they purposefully haven't been given enough resources to also do what they were there to do originally, run the business, and have a life without collapsing in the street. The delta between the resources (and manpower) you have and the 'artificial' scale of your organization is the price that's on your back in the form of free labor.

When people are exhausted and perpetually 'in the red' because they've taken on charity that actually functions as a debt, disruptive potential is limited and performative value is maximized for the colonizers. They invite these BIPOC people to their conferences, take shiny pictures of their faces for their marketing materials. They send representatives to glad-hand Black, brown and Indigenous communities and their leaders for nothing more than a photo op—and in the hope that association alone will also lead to credit for what the BIPOC leader or the organization is able to accomplish against such long odds. It makes me viscerally ill.

It's nothing more than run-of-the-mill violent colonizer behavior. And I say it's violent because the demoralization even I felt trying to beg all the time with a smile on my face while being forced to repeat my same story and credentials to beg them to believe I was worthy, all while doing it for free, was dehumanizing. BIPOC nonprofit executive directors, entrepreneurs and small business owners have been telling us this. This isn't some brilliant information coming from me because I had to feel some of the discomfort. All I'm saying is, listen to them, believe them, and make it right because it's bad. I guess one fun thing I learned is that at least when *this* pretty white face gets too close to real power, they take away her privileges. That's why I stopped asking for them and now I just take what I want and need. You should too.

But I'm also happy now to be sure of this advice: Adam's men are constantly robbing us of our value by trying to extract it for what is ultimately a net loss to us. As long as we keep giving it to them, they'll keep using up our human resources until we have none left for ourselves or the people we love. No matter what they're peddling, do not associate with them. Do not let that fox in *your* henhouse. If it's already there, get it out.

This is why my organization ultimately became a no-profit, 'no permission, no forgiveness' organization and I chose to 'monetize' my skills instead. Not by privilege—by necessity. I cannot guarantee that what I did will work for anyone else, but I can be of service to help you start thinking about how to reject their advances and start bringing all your own resources and value under your control—in your context.

You deserve a life of comfort, love, joy, recognition, support, kindness, admiration—health and ease—for your passion and dedication to your people and community. There is no higher purpose and value than that.

It's not much but it's genuine: I SEE you. I KNOW them. Everything you know about them and always have is real, true and valid. Never trust Adam's men and women or their "donations." No matter how big they smile or what they promise you. Remember, they aren't their own masters. So, you'd better be yours.

LIBERATION STRATEGY

To make our own good works manifest—to achieve our own liberation and salvation from this broken system—we must reach a place of genuine love and trust of self, pluck the courage to fully exercise the will of that self in the world, and then bear the consequences whatever they are.

The ultimate act of True Faith is the unbridled exercise of free will toward your deepest and truest passions. Adam's men ask no permission or forgiveness, so why do you? If those are the terms of their game at your expense, at least level the playing field.

If you are right and good, you choose right and do good for self-first and others in all your actions—large and small. Any discomfort you experience as a result, is teaching you humility and Grace. It's also clearing old people, jobs, places, distractions, habits and behaviors that no longer serve you off your path and out of your life, so you can redirect that energy, time and love toward the present and future.

Accepting the challenge of 'proving yourself to yourself' is a call to your highest purpose; to the feelings, experiences, places and people your heart most wants and needs—no matter what anyone else thinks. Other people's opinions might promote you eventually or give you money sometimes but they don't climb in bed with you at night to comfort your body and ease your mind. They don't smile when they think about your funny habits, the way you say that one thing, or that face you make when you're scared and throwing your wall up.

Other people's opinions don't pick you physically up off the floor during times of grief, which we all will have if we're lucky to live long enough. They don't dance with you in times of flirtation and joy. Other people's opinions might celebrate you or give you an award, but they never really know how much you deserve it and how far you've gone—or what you've had to compartmentalize and sacrifice or put on hold—to get there. They don't understand the real value to you of anything.

Other people's opinions don't want to die next to you, holding your hand—and making sure you're afforded whatever dignity and advocacy is in true knowledge and respect of your wishes—not what they want for you or themselves. True love gives us courage and you must allow yourself to be your whole self, and be loved as that self, if you're ever going to have True love.

No matter who they are or how long they've been in your life, anyone who would judge you for anything that would let you experience that kind of love and

acceptance as your daily reality are not your people. If you can't be your whole self around someone without feeling self-conscious in any way at all, either get to that place with that person or cut them loose. You deserve to live in your body in the present, not in your head—feeling worried and alone all the time, even when you're with someone else.

Accepting the often-scary call to participate in genuine, loving, nurturing, safe and stable relationships is the only pathway I've found to the deep internal wound healing that each of us has to do to fall in love with ourselves, and all our quirks, and accept love from people who are in love with those things about us too. ["There will come a time, you'll see / with no more tears /and love will not break your heart / But dismiss your fears / Get over your hill and see /what you find there / With Grace in your heart / and flowers in your hair."](#)

You cannot humbly accept and appreciate real love without cutting your way through the trappings of the false kind; any relationship founded or executed (whether knowingly or not) on a power imbalance is of Adam's men. We need each other to balance, check and complement each other all the time. Relationships are all completely voluntarily in their execution. Love and trust aren't theory, they're practice.

You can have them any time you want by choosing to give them freely to others who you feel confident would do the same for you. Don't guess or second guess who those people are or talk yourself into and out of them. Trust what they show you and your gut and let go. They'll catch you and show you they love you and you're safe with them. If they don't, well, at least you know for sure they were never safe and you were never loved—no matter how much you hoped otherwise. Every one of us deserves to be loved and safe without condition or manipulation, especially those of us who didn't get a great start that way.

Transforming once-perceived loss, under our limited understanding at the time, into demonstrated exponential gain achieves love, acceptance and abundance beyond our rational ability to comprehend. But the only way to get there is to commit yourself to the right path and then stay on it no matter how much it scares you, how it looks to others on the outside, or how pressured you feel to go back to the wrong one.

Never sacrifice yourself and your will in service to others. You cannot give it. Especially those who don't see or understand your true value and would punish you for it if they did. Either the path they're on isn't the one meant for you or they simply aren't on your level. That's okay. All the levels are useful to someone. They're just not useful to everyone always.

Zoom in the timeline and it might look like there's little benefit to doing the right or hard thing, but zoom it out closer to the end of the story, and choosing to accept

those trials and tribulations rather than avoid them is the passing of the test of faith that achieves and secures your own liberation.

As in contempt of court, you are your own jailer. Whether we understand the ‘choice’ we made or not, we’re guaranteed to get the consequences, whether positive or negative, only of the actions we actually take. In this way, we get exactly what we deserve in the end. Nothing more, nothing less.

So, you better learn to put aside your ego and its wounds to take an honest accounting not of your imagination of yourself or others, but of the reality of your life where you are right now, and the impact of your actions on yourself and others in the present and toward your future reality every day.

How successful has your own personal strategy and demonstrated action been in getting and keeping the relationships and things you need, want and think you deserve up to this point? If you don’t have them—for whatever reasons you rationalize—the answer is ‘not very good’—whatever you’ve been doing and whatever you thought you were accomplishing.

In the end though, it’s a grave error to forget it’s not other humans that determine our final judgement. People on the wrong path are always unreliable narrators because they lie to themselves. Weakness of will becomes strength in harming others. Manipulation of weaker others becomes a substitute for self-mastery and true control. If you can’t trust yourself, you feel guilty because you know no one else should trust you either, and then you project that mistrust onto others as a way to fling it away from you before anyone exposes the real source. Then nobody trusts nobody and for nothing.

The most important and consistent form of my ‘rebellion’ has been to ignore time and what everyone else says I should or shouldn’t do; doing only the right thing for me in accordance with my heart and passion first—so, my own true values—and doing it whatever way I had to.

Watches have always stopped inexplicably on my wrist even with brand new batteries. When you’ve got all the time in the world to live these values and do the good in the world they can do, you take advantage of it—even if time, passing or stopped, is nothing more than an illusion.

“Do as I say, not as I do” is a weak authoritarian’s propaganda; acknowledging as it does explicitly that they know what they’re doing is self-defeating but can’t stop themselves from doing it anyway. That’s not strength, power or authority. It’s a sure-fire gambler’s ‘tell’ that whatever and whoever’s in front of you is suffering from a nagging lack of all those things. A fundamental inability to control oneself

and one's own actions leads to compulsion, addiction, fear, shame, guilt and ultimately to self-hatred.

Those who hate themselves punish themselves and others. An inability to master oneself is the most fundamental instability in a human. There are lots of problems out in the world, and lots of blame to go around with other people. But you won't beat them by martyring yourself for something or someone you ultimately can't (and don't want to) control. Control you. Move yourself in the direction of what you really want. Conquering your own worst or counterproductive impulses is the only guaranteed way to get there.

Every single enslaved or oppressed person throughout history who ever longed, cried, suffered or died for liberation prayed their daughters, sons, grandsons and granddaughters would achieve the full and free exercise of the inalienable Truth of their inherent, *Creator endowed* natural right to self-mastery and full bodily autonomy as an equal human. They just wanted to be their own masters, master their own fates, and be judged by the righteousness and impact of their action—by the Creator—not by mere other men. [“The content of their character,”](#) if you will.

They did not imagine credentials or pay checks or institutional validation—or prestige among the colonizer or even the right to vote in an election between colonizers. They lived, suffered, rebelled and died for the right not to have to submit their humanity to any system of other men in the first place if they didn't want to; or to be able to gain enough sovereign resources to terminate dependency on them once ensnared. When you have lived very real, protracted dehumanization and denial of autonomy, you long to live simply in quiet, peaceful, humble, grateful freedom rather than bondage.

That is what colonized, occupied, exploited and oppressed people are still fighting and dying and begging us for all over the world in places like Palestine, Congo, and Sudan—and in every Indigenous, colonized and oppressed community today. They don't want to come here. They want to live and be left alone there. To have the fully equal, human right to liberate themselves, depend on themselves to guarantee their own survival with their own skills and resources, assume their Creator-endowed leverage, and place the effects of poverty and dependency back on the original sinners, the colonizers, where it belongs.

Humanity doesn't want to pay for Adam's Spectacular Failure anymore. We ultimately want our own fate in our own hands—or in the hands of the people we most deeply trust and love offline and in the real world. Not in the hands of those who would harm and exploit us. We want an honest and equal chance to exercise and experiment with the gifts of our own free will, and see where our actions lead us. This is the only way to successfully prove the overall value of right action, or a person's character, in the world.

If you can't demonstrate the value of your own character and accept the consequences of being that person with humility and grace, you aren't qualified or competent to set expectations, goals or ensure accountability for a single other person because, whatever role you're 'playing,' your character has already demonstrated failure. This is the root of hypocrisy. When a person's a hypocrite, no one should ever do what they say or what they do. Just for the record.

The more time I spend here on earth as but one mere human, the more I realize every single thing I've ever done, for better or for worse, whether I understood fully then or not, was the exact right choice for me at the nexus of the circumstances—whatever they were at any given time. Because every single one of us can only do the best we can with what we actually have to work with, from within our own body and person and sensory experience of the world so far, in any given situation.

Whatever the consequences we meet, are ours to accept, navigate, learn from and transform into positive net value—or not. When we are free to be our own masters, at least we get to choose to risk our own consequences, for whatever it is we most truly and deeply want and need.

It's not other people you have to make happy at the end of the day. So, quality over quantity should be the measure of your life and relationships. You only have so much energy to give others without depleting yourself. So, wisely invest it in those who enrich and complement you. Do not waste it on those who argue or deny your existence or value—or would punish you for making yourself happy in your own life.

What we have, what we love, what we are, what we know is all we can *do*. What has never been envisioned or modeled for us; what we haven't seen enough to imagine or lived with and through ourselves, we cannot act upon. So, we do what we do, when we do it, because we are desperate to secure our own wants and needs without really knowing how.

So, we must first forgive ourselves our own trespasses. If you've made mistakes in the past, or aren't proud of some things you've felt forced to do, break those habits. Do the opposite of what you'd normally do. Be more deliberate. Adopt a ritual practice of self-accountability toward your own wants and needs. You must liberate yourself before you can liberate anyone else.

Do you crave love from a place of dependency or lack? If so, what you're craving isn't love. In fact, anything you're seeking because of perceived dependency on it, isn't whatever you think it is.

Love. Understanding. Stability. Shelter. Sustenance. Get to a place where you can *feel* and guarantee those things at all times yourself. Where they are freely given

and received. Where they become so abundant as to be predictable, reliable and habitual—so natural that there’s no further need to chase them or fear losing them or pushing them away; only to surrender, receive, and experience them in genuine humility and gratitude.

Give to yourself first, and then to others you encounter who love, accept, believe in and validate us exactly as we are, no matter how we are. Because we didn’t build ourselves this way. The Creator, and then our life experience, did. You don’t have to believe in God or science to know there’s something bigger than us and it has the power to take each of us out whenever it wants.

Death is the only certainty of life. Taxes, however broadly you define them, are a certainty only of some economies. And only the economies of Adam’s men, whose hubris and lack of respect for genuine consent make them arrogant enough to believe their economies are ever fully in their own control as long as they’re only a small part of, and subordinated to, the only one True economy: Our last, honest accounting.

What all of us are truly seeking, however misguided the methods we sometimes use, is genuine and stable affection, physical safety, purpose and ease. There is no such thing as material affection. Your shit will never love you. Your money will leave you. They can weaponize your credentials against you faster than they’ll ever reward or compensate you fully and fairly for them. You’ll never amass enough wealth, no matter how stunningly pathological your desire, to heal your original wounds or force someone into a dependent position that translates to love.

You either embrace your true nature and enact it for good into the world to whatever its best, highest use and find your community of people—or hate it, and parts of you, and spend your life hiding it, compartmentalizing, or running away in fear of someone finding it out. Often, we destroy everything and everyone good in our lives in the process.

Humans need each other. Who are we, anyway, if there’s no one there to love us? No one there to see us? To hold us? To calm us? To kiss us? To witness and help document the unique and beautiful struggle of a single, ethereal life—one almost certain, at least as far as we know, never to repeat in exactly this same form or trajectory ever again. [So much of the living, love, is the being unknown. A Grand March \(Es muss sein!\).](#)

One chance, and the present, is all we’re ever guaranteed to have. To set our records straight, to right the wrongs we want, and to be the [legacy](#) we want to leave. Not by other’s definitions but by our own. Personal crisis or loss forces us to our knees, but if you feel it, make sense of it and let it heal and transform you, sorrow will become rapture—simultaneous with joy and gratitude and humility and love from your

Creator and those around you. You will learn to trust yourself, to rely on yourself—without losing yourself. This is what gives us the faith and courage to take risks, and to give and receive love fully, without fear.

LOVE NOTES

*For C.M.C: A friend recently told me it's bad luck in some cultures to wish someone a Happy Birthday early. This is for obvious reasons. It seems a flippant way to test fate. But since yours this year, in four months to the day, is in the week of the election, I know it's worse luck not to give you this one-time chance to make your wish early.

But to mitigate the risk to no chance of bad luck, if you make it today (7/9/24), you can have mine. Whatever it is, your wish is my command. Thank you for always liberating me. I love you.

In 44 years of life so far, I've never met a better man for me than you in all the ways that matter to me. I hope that tells anyone everything they might ever need to know about your character. Even if still our hearts and spirits want for free association.

[She is Love](#)

[Lucky](#)

[Forever You and Me](#)

[As Much as I Ever Could](#)

**My dad sent me this text message today for my birthday and I love it. He is, himself, in addition to being a farmer, a talented musician, artist, historian and writer—all largely self-taught—so I'm memorializing it here:

45!

A single song disc record.

A famous colt, revolver.

Halfway point to 90.

Donald J. Trump, president

(how old I'd like to be).

How old Lauren is. {heart emoji, birthday emoji, birthday cake emoji}

I love you.

***Addendum (mine, here): Blank slate.

I love you too, Daddy. Always. And I don't give a shit who you vote for. You're always going to have a place wherever I am, if that's where you want and need to be. And I will defend your life, and right to live it however you want, with mine. I am ancestrally proud to be a Rollins woman, in accordance with my birthright, and my [father's "savage daughter."](#) I want everyone to know that and no one ever to doubt it—most especially you.

Love, your Yeegoo.

The House of the Rising Sun