

Hello Tenzin. Our comments are ~~crossing and~~ out of sync, but that's inevitable. So, why would you say I'm "tipped off" by "fanboys" and moderators? "Tipped off"? About comments on my own blog? Lol. ☺ No, I call home often, and I've naturally wanted to know all I can about the recent activity here. The info I get is limited, though — for example, I heard you commented my "Perception of Whiteness" post, but until I get the Reply ID # from BTB, I still can't respond. I do my best with what's available to me. No one from BTB does me any favors (but... aren't they "tipping me off" when they mail my comments? ☺). They are, however, always very professional when I write them. As you said, these volunteers do wonderful work.

By now, my 3rd reply to you should be up (beginning "I hope BTB's readers understand..."), but it is not posted as I write this on April 19th. It should be clear that what you seemed to assume was my reply to your relatively mild Apr. 4th comment was actually in response to your screed addressed to Abolish Borders in March. Not sure what to do about the chronology problem — just be aware of it and clearly identify what's being responded to, I guess? It's not so terrible... this could even engender some restraint, and that's no tragedy, right?

The trial propaganda you posted doesn't embarrass me. It's upsetting because such drivel harms my friends when they are belittled and labelled "victims" by know-nothing journalists following the know-everything pigs and prostitutes, but I can't be "embarrassed" by fiction. Yes, the judge "gave me" ~~a~~ 600+ year sentence, but what's left out is his acknowledgement that it was mostly out of his hands. Where the sentencing statutes did leave him a tiny bit of discretion, he chose to "give me" fewer years, not more. I believe he simply opted to not add insult to the injury of an already comically cruel sentence. The fiction is that this sentence reflected his idea of justice. I think he was too intelligent for that. And, of course, we have the fictional fantasies invented by cops to support charges, just barrels of bullshit sold to frightened and gullible people by cynically opportunistic pigs. You should know that.

I'm also not embarrassed by the insanity plea: it made sense. To the minuscule extent I could legally be found "guilty" of any ~~of the~~ charges, and insofar as I was found guilty of the rest, there were only two possibilities:

Possibility 1) I was so oblivious to the true "nature and quality" of the acts covered by the laws I was charged under that I was/am legally insane for my inability to comprehend what everyone else perceives so clearly and intuitively, or...

Possibility 2) Those who push and believe in the youth/sex/harm narrative — which is almost everyone — are themselves insane, stupid, or lying, or perhaps just duped.

My money remains on the latter possibility, but if I'm wrong, then the former (my insanity) is all that remains. Because my integrity and sincerity could not plausibly be questioned in light of the evidence and testimony, a jury buying the DA's bs. could only reasonably conclude I was legally

insane, hence the plea: I clearly don't comprehend the nature, quality, or immorality of the charged acts. Ultimately, it was really my BELIEFS that were on trial, since virtually nothing that was charged had ever occurred, and I was prosecuted entirely for daring to live and speak in open repudiation of conventional prejudices against youth sexuality. In fact, Tenzin, you make a case for my insanity yourself, you know — suggesting I "learn about myself" from a university study, implying a lack of competence for which I require psychiatric help. And you may be right... but I don't think so.

It's worth noting that even the Prostitute, Patricia Lavermicocca (Lavermicocca? "Larva" for short) understood there was no meaningful "victimization" in all this. All the testimony clearly evidenced caring, genuine friendships, so she went out of her way to prepare the jury for "victims" who didn't match their common-sense understanding of the term. Further, she even warned my lawyer to not count on a dismissal due to absentee witnesses, as she was ready to arrest my friend — "her witness", the "victim" — if, as she anticipated, he refused to participate. Imagine that: this foul bitch smiled to his face while hiding a pair of handcuffs behind her back for him if she didn't get the cooperation she wanted. What scum. She never gave a shit about him; he was 14, yet she was willing to lock him up to coerce him into reciting under oath which lies she and her cronies had put into his mouth. What an absolute trashbag. These are your heroic knights of justice — filthy pigs who LITERALLY abuse young people who balk at giving them what they want.

It's also worth noting that no humans attended or participated in the sentencing. Victims in America are strongly encouraged to speak (the punishment system needing the justification for its crimes)... but no one came. No one sent a letter. Odd, no? You'd think if I'd actually hurt someone, at least one person who doesn't carry a badge and who actually knew me would want to say, if nothing else, "I support this." But no one did. The people supposedly being "avenged" never wanted any part of it; this was clearly just a lynching by the power structure. Are you familiar with the concept of Restorative Justice? It's interesting to consider how in my case, that process would've been literally impossible, because no one needed restoration on account of me. Think about that. No one wanted the retribution being shoved down their throats in their name; no one wanted revenge or protection of any kind, because no one was a victim. I'd venture to guess that the only restoration, the only "justice", any of the people involved really wanted was ~~to~~ have their lives restored from the mess the punishment system created, but curiously, nothing like that was ever offered. Turns out, repairing the damage they do is not a pathway ~~leads~~ ^{that leads pigs} and prosecutors to their coveted promotions.

Tenzin, you wrote that you wouldn't ^{"answer"} ~~answer~~ any of (my) ramblings, because I "got pissy" in my replies to your comments. What a strange stance from someone who accused ME of not answering questions, this whiplash-inducing reversal of your promise to "Reply in full to all your ramblings." One might even call it "pissy". Anyhow, the only thing really requiring response was whether you'd considered the possibility that I hadn't actually done what the police accused me of (I suspect you haven't), and whether you can imagine you might have some blind spots of your own in terms of self-awareness. You may still reply, but meanwhile,

I have a new question for you to not answer. You insist you don't attack people here; you challenge them. Ok, so, setting aside the absurdity that your all-caps screaming for BTB to ban me is somehow not an attack, I ask you: What makes you think people want your "challenges"? More importantly, why do you think you have a right to "challenge" caged bloggers? This is what I was referring to when I originally suggested you're a narcissist. I doubt many, if any, of the prisoners here asked for your critiques/attacks/challenges, and I wonder why you'd believe your "insight" into complete strangers is welcome or helpful in any way? Have you noticed that I say rather little about you as a person, save for some regrettable sarcasm? The reason is, I do not, or did not, know you; how can I "challenge" someone totally unknown to me? Of course, by now your comments have revealed a bit about your character, and hopefully I and others will limit our "challenges" to these slivers of self you've provided. The way I see it, they're all I have to go on; anything else would just be my speculation, projection, or prejudice. Do you believe you have more than that for people you've never met?

You're right that I "spend too much time in (my) own head, with a medley of memories." My life is reduced to that, sadly, but I'm trying to add something to it. As for "distorted narratives" ... again, who do you think you are to determine the "distortion" of another's narrative? These are lives of which you know nothing but what's been shared on this blog. I smell narcissism again in your belief that you are the arbiter of "distorted" thoughts, magically able to apprehend (as if it were an objective thing) the fundaments of others' experiences, then to "call bullshit" whenever another's perceptions don't fit the image you've invented of them. Is there a mild God Complex going on here, T? If I were more arrogant, I might say you seem to be working from a distorted narrative yourself.

Finally, Tenzin...it wasn't 4 years ago you first commented me, it was about 2½, on my late-2020 post, "After All These Years, I Finally Had to Say Something". And it wasn't just one comment, but a barrage of quasi-psychotic raving and threats. You attacked me, Charlie, and anyone else who dared even SEEM to support me. But no, I don't "hold onto it"; there's no comfort in verbal abuse, and I was happy you seemed to disappear. Now you're back. Yay. The difference this time is that I've decided to engage you more fully — to "challenge" you, you might say. Actually, I'm almost thankful you've resurfaced (rather like shingles?), because you've created a forum for addressing sticky issues I couldn't comfortably raise before. In a way, you're helping me accomplish exactly what you keep imploring me to do, which is all I've ever really WANTED to do, in prison or out: to somehow be of service. I appreciate the opportunity.

(P.S., I mentioned before that I'd provide my friend's perspective — a person you'd insist on degrading as a victim — and I await his permission to share his words. You'll see for yourself, then, whether I've "distorted the narrative," or if people like you have. It seems clear where you'll land on that question, but I have hope that his personal account will provide some much-needed perspective for others who are not yet so ideologically fossilized.)