

A Public Outrage -- "Bad Blood"

By Anna Von Reitz



It is a truism among elite dog breeders that a bitch who has had a litter of mixed breed puppies (due to owner lapse and indiscretion on all parts) is "ruined" for breeding purposes and must be spayed and "retired from the line" so as to guarantee the purity of the breed.

When I first heard this (a conversation about prize-winning Beagles at a dog show) I stared at the British Dog Show Judge who said it as if they had grown at least three heads, and although I politely said nothing at all in response, I was thinking --- what? How does one pregnancy affect another separate event?

I was also thinking -- if that is true of dogs, why wouldn't it be true of other mammals? Like people?

And if it is true of people, what does that imply about women who have had children, lost their husbands, and married for a second time and started another family?

Are they "ruined" in some sense, too? Unable to "breed true to the line" in the snobby Brit-speak of the dog show circuit?

When bluntly confronted about this very question some years later, on the occasion of a biochemical research conference where it was announced that women continue to carry the genetic content of any man they have ever had sex with, the promoters all blinked like rabbits in the headlights, as if it had never occurred to them to follow their logic to its obvious conclusions.

At least one man choked on his coffee.

"Are we to believe," I said mildly, "that a married woman in her forties could conceive a child with the genetic content of a lover she knew twenty years before in college?"

Harrumphhhh, ah, uh, uh.....

"And if so, is this actual, factual, research-based information, or merely supposition based on the fact that male-based genetic detritus continues to be reproduced in the female body, once introduced?"

Uh, uh, ah....

Soooo..... It's not proven that this kind of "pollution of the blood" actually gets transferred to a baby or, looking at it from the other end, substituted for the genetic content of a Father, but that's what the Eugenists --- both dog breeders and would-be people breeders --- assume.

In support of their assumption, at least some of them, the Jewish contingent, point to the Old Testament obligation of a man to marry the widow of his deceased brother(s), so that that brother (and that brother's wife) might live on in the family lineage, and the widow would not be left without support for herself and her children.

Talk about "keeping it all in the family".

And, by the way, attempting to find a Biblical and scientific basis for justifying incest....

Yesterday's truism becomes today's law, which becomes tomorrow's discarded (and repugnant) theory.

"So then," I asked, so mildly that my voice seemed lost in the immensity of the silence, "is the present pollution of the blood via the introduction of foreign Messenger RNA from unknown sources similarly presumed to ruin the breeding stock?"

I looked around the table. Out of a dozen imminent scientists firmly confronted with the results of their thinking and their doing, three of them turned beet red, either in rage or in shame, five of them by my count, turned pale instead and seemed quite drained of life, and the remaining four couldn't quite keep eye contact and kept glancing away.

"Well," I said, after several uncomfortable moments, "did anyone bring a bottle full of leeches?" I paused and went on, "After all, It has been proven that stimulating blood loss causes the generation of new, fresh red blood cells, and can aid the immune system....."

Dead silence.

"I suppose that this fact could also be an excuse for the practice of vampirism?" I drummed the eraser on my pencil on the glass-topped table. I sighed. I felt my eyes drawn inexorably upward to the ceiling tiles and I imagined the clear, cold, blue sky beyond.

"Gentleman....ladies....you have polluted the blood of millions upon millions of people, and by your own testimony, you knew that foreign genetic material --- once introduced --- would continue to self-replicate indefinitely in the host."

"You have deliberately, knowingly, polluted the breeding stock of the entire planet---- according to your own reasoning and your own estimates of the situation." I paused. "And the scrap of mRNA that you chose to introduce, appears to be a transcriptor of the HIV virus, so that all the victims of your experiment will eventually develop acquired immune deficiency --- AIDS, if they don't die of opportunistic organ failure first."

I looked around the room. A chill had descended. Nobody spoke. So far as I could tell, nobody was breathing at that point. Perhaps it was the word "victim".

"This makes the Tuskegee Experiment trivial by comparison," I observed quietly, remembering the infamous "study" in which African American men were used as guinea pigs to study syphilis and "track the progression of the disease" to its logical end -- death.

"So, this is the sum total of all your brilliance and our great investment as a culture in your upbringing and your education --- to combine Messenger RNA from HIV with the endlessly mutating Common Cold Virus, and just unleash it on humanity."

Instinctively, I felt my lips curl inward over my teeth, and the tiny trickle of blood as one of my wayward incisors cut through my skin. Screaming wasn't an option. "What was this? An act of revenge?" I asked. "Is Dr. Fauci homosexual? Striking a blow back against the medical and military establishment that released HIV in the first place?"

Studying AIDS was a large part of Fauci's life's work, his claim to fame. Perhaps witnessing the slow wasting of the disease drove him mad. Maybe he was mad to begin with -- a Sadist living in a different kind of closet?

We may never know.

What was apparent, was that all these "brilliant" scientists couldn't reason their way around a paper bag, and if they could, they were not willing to admit it. They stood on either side of the table looking stunned, as if I had dumped a pail of cold water over each one of their heads.

Oh, yes, this is what it means..... Point A, Point B, Point C.....

Neither the forest nor the trees were apparent to them, only the small, well-defined compartment of their own research, which, added to other small compartmentalized research endeavors, supplied the pieces and parts of a whole that none of them could imagine.

They couldn't even use the Nuremberg Excuse, because nobody gave them orders --- just paid them to do a job, by doling out grant money.

"But we're not responsible," one of them finally blurted out.

"Then who is?" I asked.

Ultimately, there was no answer. They didn't know who was collecting their research and using it for these unseen ends. They were just researchers, researching things, just as the guards at Dachau were guards, making sure that prisoners didn't escape.

"Any discovery in science can be abused for evil purposes," he said finally, and I had to agree.

A chain saw can butcher a man as well as a tree. Yes, it's always the evil inside of us, the unseen thing lurking within, always a matter of intent.

As I looked from face to face, I found no trace of intent, just dull, bovine stares, horrified, glazed over, and numb.

And as I left the building, I heard a radio playing in the Staff Room. A nurse was asking in a plaintive voice for Donors of O Negative and O Positive blood.

See this article and over 3400 others on Anna's website here: www.annavonreitz.com

To support this work look for the Donate button on this website.